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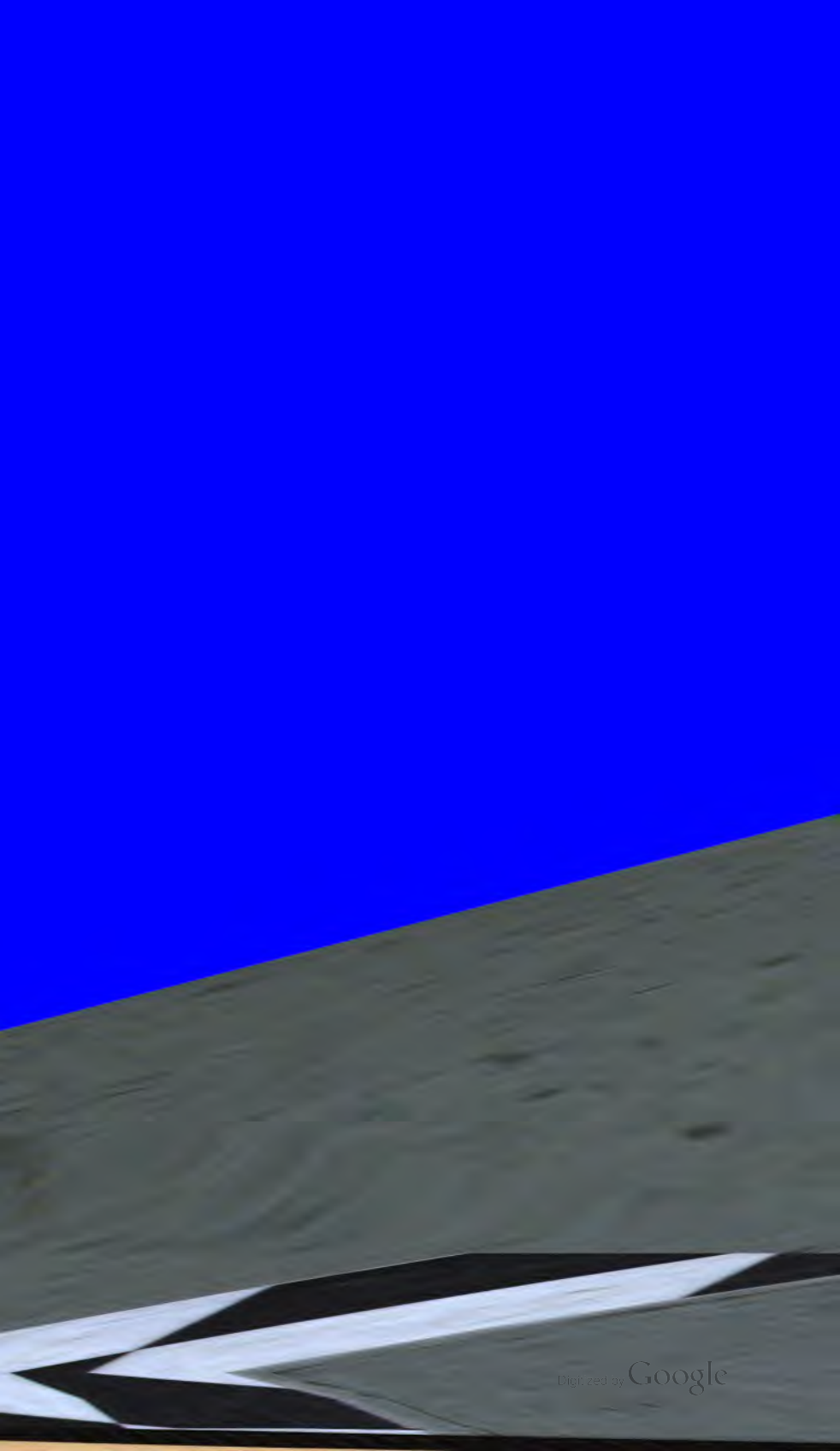
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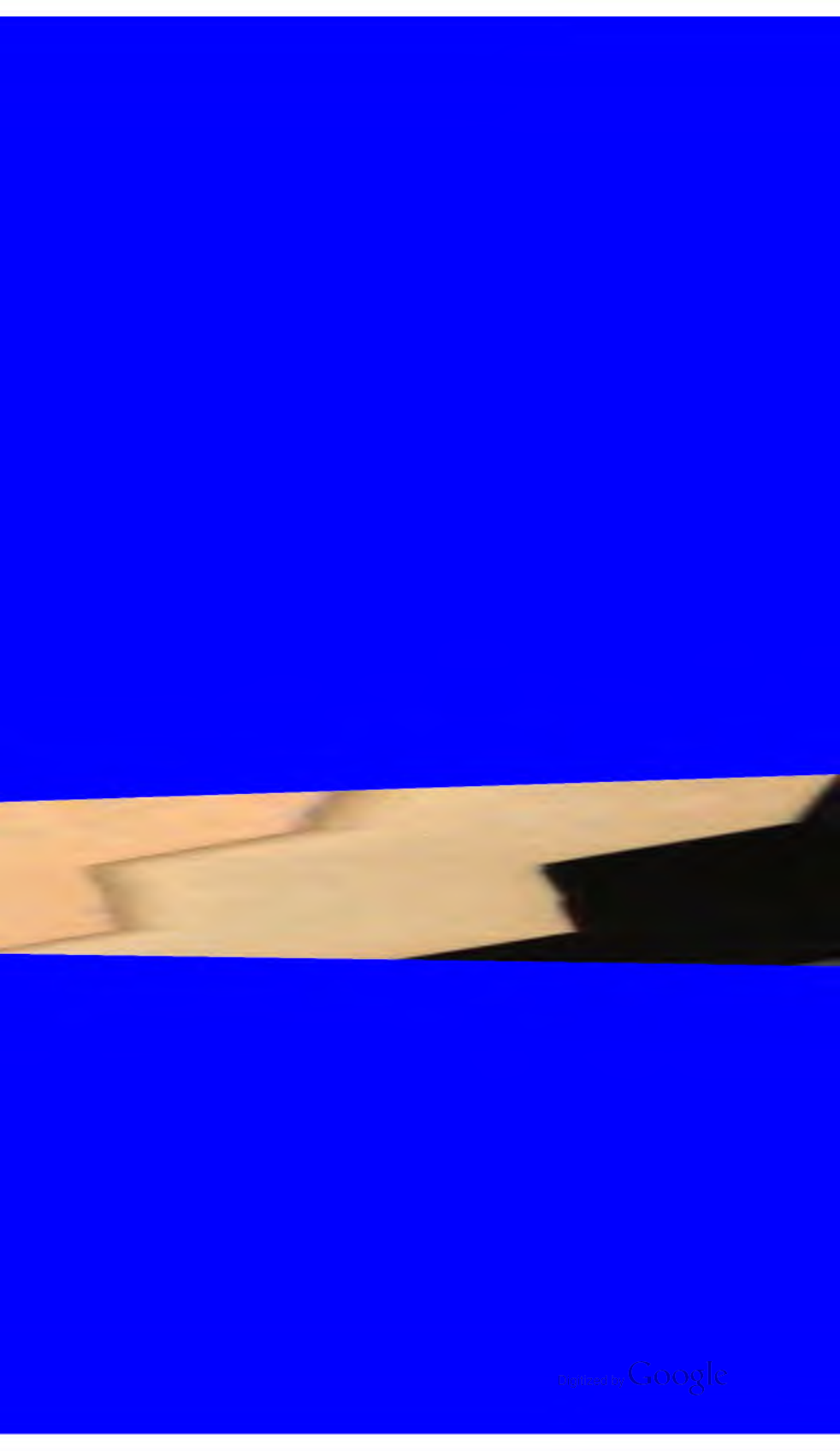
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BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

AMERICAN EDITION.

VOL. IV.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY JEMIMA M. MASON,
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1839.

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BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

JULY, 1839.

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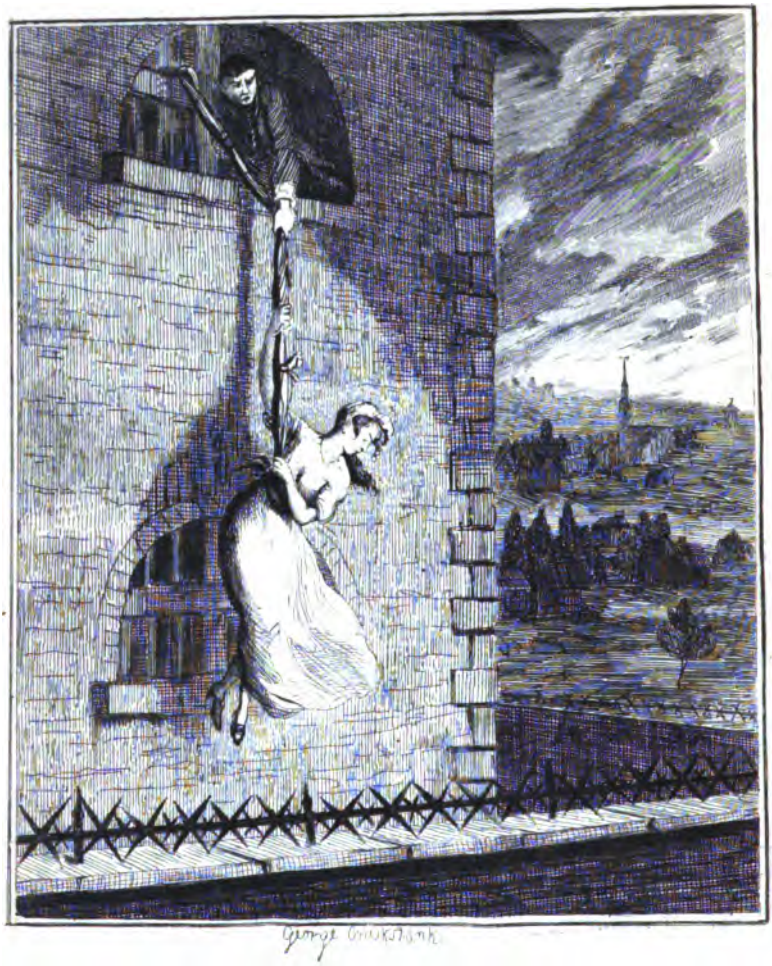

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Tears started to the young man's eyes on beholding the change,

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BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

JACK SHEPPARD.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD," AND "CRICHTON."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

EPOCH THE THIRD.—1724.

CHAPTER I.

THE RETURN.

NEARLY nine years after the events last recorded, and about the middle of May, 1724, a young man of remarkably prepossessing appearance took his way, one afternoon, along Wych-street; and, from the curiosity with which he regarded the houses on the left of the road, seemed to be in search of some particular habitation. The age of this individual could not be more than twenty-one; his figure was tall, robust, and gracefully proportioned; and his clear grey eye and open countenance bespoke a frank, generous, and resolute nature. His features were regular, and finely-formed; his complexion bright and blooming—a little shaded, however, by travel and exposure to the sun; and, with a praiseworthy contempt for the universal and preposterous fashion then prevailing, of substituting a peruke for the natural covering of the head, he allowed his own dark-brown hair to fall over his shoulders in ringlets as luxuriant as those that distinguished the court gallant in Charles the Second's days—a fashion, which we do not despair of seeing revived in our own days. He wore a French military undress of that period, with high jack-boots, and a laced hat; and, though his attire indicated no particular rank, he had completely the air of a person of distinction. Such was the effect produced upon the passengers by his good looks and manly deportment, that few—especially of the gentler and more susceptible sex—failed to turn round and bestow a second glance upon the handsome stranger. Unconscious of the interest he excited, and entirely occupied by his own thoughts—which, if his bosom could have been examined, would have been found composed of mingled hopes and fears—the young man walked on till he came to an old house, with great, projecting, bay windows on the first floor, and situated as nearly as possible at the back of St. Clement's church. Here he halted; and, looking upwards, read, at the foot of an immense sign-board, displaying a gaudily-painted angel with expanded pinions and an olive-branch, not the name he expected to find, but that of WILLIAM KNEEBONE, WOOLLEN-DRAPER.

Tears started to the young man's eyes on beholding the change,

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and it was with difficulty he could command himself sufficiently to make the inquiries he desired to do respecting the former owner of the house. As he entered the shop, a tall portly personage advanced to meet him, whom he at once recognised as the present proprietor. Mr. Kneebone was attired in the extremity of the mode. A full-curled wig descended half-way down his back and shoulders; a neck-cloth of "right Mechlin" was twisted round his throat so tightly as almost to deprive him of breath, and threaten him with apoplexy; he had lace, also, at his wrists and bosom; gold clocks to his hose, and red heels to his shoes. A stiff, formally-cut coat of cinnamon-coloured cloth, with rows of plate buttons, each of the size of a crown piece, on the sleeves, pockets, and skirts, reached the middle of his legs; and his costume was completed by the silver-hilted sword at his side, and the laced hat under his left arm.

Bowing to the stranger, the woollen-draper very politely requested to know his business.

"I'm almost afraid to state it," faltered the other; "but, may I ask whether Mr. Wood, the carpenter, who formerly resided here, is still living?"

"If you feel any anxiety on his account, sir, I'm happy to be able to relieve it," answered Kneebone, readily. "My good friend, Owen Wood—heaven preserve him!—*is* still living. And, for a man who'll never see sixty again, he's in excellent preservation, I assure you."

"You delight me with the intelligence," said the stranger, entirely recovering his cheerfulness of look. "I began to fear, from his having quitted the old place, that some misfortune must have befallen him."

"Quite the contrary," rejoined the woollen-draper, laughing good-humouredly. "Everything has prospered with him in an extraordinary manner. His business has thriven; legacies have unexpectedly dropped into his lap; and, to crown all, he has made a large fortune by a lucky speculation in South-Sea stock—made it, too, where so many others have lost fortunes, your humble servant amongst the number—ha! ha! In a word, sir, Mr. Wood is now in very affluent circumstances. He stuck to the shop as long as it was necessary, and longer, in my opinion. When he left these premises, three years ago, I took them from him; or rather—to deal frankly with you—he placed me in them rent-free; for, I'm not ashamed to confess it, I've had losses, and heavy ones; and, if it hadn't been for him, I don't know where I should have been. Mr. Wood, sir," he added, with much emotion, "is one of the best of men, and would be the happiest, were it not that——" and he hesitated.

"Well, sir?" cried the other, eagerly.

"His wife is still living," returned Kneebone, drily.

"I understand," replied the stranger, unable to repress a smile.

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"But it strikes me, I've heard that Mrs. Wood was once a favourite of yours."

"So she was," replied the woollen-draper, helping himself to an enormous pinch of snuff, with the air of a man who does not dislike to be rallied about his gallantry,—"so she was. But those days are over—quite over. Since her husband has laid me under such a weight of obligation, I couldn't, in honour, continue—hem!" and he took another explanatory pinch. "Added to which, she is neither so young as she was, nor is her temper by any means improved—hem!"

"Say no more on the subject, sir," observed the stranger, gravely; "but, let us turn to a more agreeable one—her daughter."

"That is a far more agreeable one, I must confess," returned Kneebone, with a self-sufficient smirk.

The stranger looked at him as if strongly disposed to chastise his impertinence.

"Is she married?" he asked, after a brief pause.

"Married!—no—no," replied the woollen-draper. "Winifred Wood will never marry, unless the grave can give up its dead. When a mere child, she fixed her affections upon a youth named Thames Darrell, whom her father brought up, and who perished, it is supposed, about nine years ago; and she has determined to remain faithful to his memory."

"You astonish me," said the stranger, in a voice full of emotion.

"Why, it *is* astonishing, certainly," remarked Kneebone, "to find any woman constant—especially to a girlish attachment; but, such is the case. She has had offers innumerable; for, where wealth and beauty are combined, as in her instance, suitors are seldom wanting. But she was not to be tempted."

"She is a matchless creature!" exclaimed the young man.

"So I think," replied Kneebone, again applying to the snuff-box, and by that means escaping the angry glance levelled at him by his companion.

"I have one inquiry more to make of you, sir," said the stranger, as soon as he had conquered his displeasure, "and I will then trouble you no further. You spoke just now of a youth whom Mr. Wood brought up. As far as I recollect, there were two. What has become of the other?"

"Why, surely you don't mean Jack Sheppard?" cried the woollen-draper, in surprise.

"That was the lad's name," returned the stranger.

"I guessed from your dress and manner, sir, that you must have been long absent from your own country," said Kneebone; "and now I'm convinced of it, or you wouldn't have asked that question. Jack Sheppard is the talk and terror of the whole town. The ladies can't sleep in their beds for him; and as to the men, they daren't go to bed

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at all. He's the most daring and expert housebreaker that ever used a crow-bar. He laughs at locks and bolts; and the more carefully you guard your premises from him, the more likely you are to insure an attack. His exploits and escapes are in everybody's mouth. He has been lodged in every roundhouse in the metropolis, and has broken out of them all, and boasts that no prison can hold him. We shall see. His skill has not yet been tried. At present, he is under the protection of Jonathan Wild."

"Does that villain still maintain his power?" asked the stranger sternly.

"He does," replied Kneebone, "and, what is more surprising, it seems to increase. Jonathan completely baffles and derides the ends of justice. It is useless to contend with him, even with right on your side. Some years ago, in 1715, just before the Rebellion, I was rash enough to league myself with the Jacobite party, and by Wild's machinations got clapped into Newgate, whence I was glad to escape with my head upon my shoulders. I charged the thief-taker, as was the fact, with having robbed me, by means of the lad Sheppard, whom he instigated to the deed, of the very pocket-book he produced in evidence against me; but it was of no avail—I couldn't obtain a hearing. Mr. Wood fared still worse. Bribed by a certain Sir Rowland Trenchard, Jonathan kidnapped the carpenter's adopted son, Thames Darrell, and placed him in the hands of a Dutch skipper, with orders to throw him overboard when he got out to sea; and, though this was proved as clear as day, the rascal managed matters so adroitly, and gave such a different complexion to the whole affair, that he came off with flying colours. One reason, perhaps, of his success in this case might be, that having arrested his associate in the dark transaction, Sir Rowland Trenchard, on a charge of high treason, he was favoured by Walpole, who found his account in retaining such an agent. Be this as it may, Jonathan remained the victor; and shortly afterwards,—at the price of a third of his estate, it was whispered,—he procured Trenchard's liberation from confinement."

At the mention of the latter occurrence, a dark cloud gathered upon the stranger's brow.

"Do you know anything further of Sir Rowland?" he asked.

"Nothing more than this," answered Kneebone,—"that after the failure of his projects, and the downfal of his party, he retired to his seat, Ashton Hall, near Manchester, and has remained there ever since, entirely secluded from the world."

The stranger was for a moment lost in reflection.

"And now, sir," he said, preparing to take his departure, "will you add to the obligation already conferred by informing me where I can meet with Mr. Wood?"

"With pleasure," replied the woollen-draper. "He lives at

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Dollis Hill, a beautiful spot near Willesden, about four or five miles from town, where he has taken a farm. If you ride out there,—and the place is well worth a visit, for the magnificent view it commands of some of the finest country in the neighbourhood of London,—you are certain to meet with him. I saw him yesterday, and he told me he shouldn't stir from home for a week to come. He called here on his way back, after he had been to Bedlam to visit poor Mrs. Sheppard."

"Jack's mother!" exclaimed the young man. "Gracious heaven!—is she the inmate of a mad-house?"

"She is, sir," answered the woollen-draper, sadly, "driven there by her son's misconduct. Alas! that the punishment of his offences should fall on her head. Poor soul! she nearly died when she heard he had robbed his master; and it might have been well if she had done so, for she never afterwards recovered her reason. She rambles continually about Jack, and her husband, and that wretch Jonathan, to whom, as far as can be gathered from her wild raving, she attributes all her misery. I pity her from the bottom of my heart. But, in the midst of all her affliction, she has found a steady friend in Mr. Wood, who looks after her comforts, and visits her constantly. Indeed, I've heard him say that, but for his wife, he would shelter her under his own roof. That, sir, is what I call being a Good Samaritan."

The stranger said nothing, but hastily brushed away a tear. Perceiving he was about to take leave, Kneebone ventured to ask whom he had had the honour of addressing.

Before the question could be answered, a side-door was opened, and a very handsome woman of Amazonian proportions presented herself, and marched familiarly up to Mr. Kneebone. She was extremely showily dressed, and her large hooped petticoat gave additional effect to her lofty stature. As soon as she noticed the stranger, she honoured him with an extremely impudent stare, and scarcely endeavoured to disguise the admiration with which his good looks impressed her.

"Don't you perceive, my dear Mrs. Maggot, that I'm engaged?" said Kneebone, a little disconcerted.

"Who've you got with you?" demanded the Amazon boldly.

"The gentleman is a stranger to me, Poll," replied the woollen-draper, with increased embarrassment. "I don't know his name." And he looked at the moment as if he had lost all desire to know it.

"Well, he's a pretty fellow, at all events," observed Mrs. Maggot, eyeing him from head to heel with evident satisfaction;—"a devilish pretty fellow!"

"Upon my word, Poll," said Kneebone, becoming very red, "you

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might have a little more delicacy than to tell him so before my face."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Maggot, drawing up her fine figure to its full height; "because I condescend to live with you, am I never to look at another man,—especially at one so much to my taste as this? Don't think it!"

"You had better retire, madam," said the woollen-draper, sharply, "if you can't conduct yourself with more propriety."

"Order those who choose to obey you," rejoined the lady scornfully. "Though you lorded it over that fond fool, Mrs. Wood, you sha'n't lord it over me, I can promise you. That for you!" And she snapped her fingers in his face.

"Zounds!" cried Kneebone, furiously. "Go to your own room, woman, directly, or I'll make you!"

"Make me!" echoed Mrs. Maggot, bursting into a loud contemptuous laugh. "Try!"

Enraged at the assurance of his mistress, the woollen-draper endeavoured to carry his threat into execution, but all his efforts to remove her were unavailing. At length, after he had given up the point from sheer exhaustion, the Amazon seized him by the throat, and pushed him backwards with such force that he rolled over the counter.

"There!" she cried, laughing, "that 'll teach you to lay hands upon me again. You should remember, before you try your strength against mine, that when I rescued you from the watch, and you induced me to come and live with you, I beat off four men, any of whom was a match for you—ha! ha!"

"My dear Poll!" said Kneebone, picking himself up, "I intreat you to moderate yourself.

"Intreat a fiddlestick!" retorted Mrs. Maggot; "I'm tired of you, and will go back to my old lover, Jack Sheppard. He's worth a dozen of you. Or, if this good-looking young fellow will only say the word, I'll go with him."

"You may go, and welcome, madam!" rejoined Kneebone, spitefully. "But I should think, after the specimen you've just given of your amiable disposition, no person would be likely to saddle himself with such an incumbrance."

"What say you, sir?" said the Amazon, with an engaging leer at the stranger. "*You* will find me tractable enough; and, with *me* by your side, you need fear neither constable nor watchman. I've delivered Jack Sheppard from many an assault. I can wield a quarter-staff as well as a prize-fighter, and have beaten Figg himself at the broadsword. Will you take me?"

However tempting Mrs. Maggot's offer may appear, the young man thought fit to decline it, and, after a few words of well-merited compliment upon her extraordinary prowess, and renewed thanks to Mr. Kneebone, he took his departure.

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"Good b'ye!" cried Mrs. Maggot, kissing her hand to him. "I'll find you out. And now," she added, glancing contemptuously at the woollen-draper, "I'll go to Jack Sheppard."

"You shall first go to Bridewell, you jade!" rejoined Kneebone. "Here, Tom," he added, calling to a shop-boy, "run and fetch a constable."

"He had better bring half-a-dozen," said the Amazon, taking up a cloth-yard wand, and quietly seating herself; "one won't do."

On leaving Mr. Kneebone's house, the young man hastened to a hotel in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, where, having procured a horse, he shaped his course towards the west end of the town. Urging his steed along Oxford Road,—as that great approach to the metropolis was then termed,—he soon passed Marylebone Lane, beyond which, with the exception of a few scattered houses, the country was completely open on the right, and laid out in pleasant fields and gardens; nor did he draw in the rein until he arrived at Tyburn-gate, where, before he turned off upon the Edgeware road, he halted for a moment to glance at the place of execution. This "fatal retreat for the unfortunate brave" was marked by a low wooden railing, within which stood the triple tree. Opposite the gallows was an open gallery, or scaffolding, like the stand at a race-course, which, on state occasions, was crowded with spectators. Without the inclosure were reared several lofty gibbets, with their ghastly burthens. Altogether it was a hideous and revolting sight. Influenced, probably, by what he had heard from Mr. Kneebone, respecting the lawless career of Jack Sheppard, and struck with the probable fate that awaited him, the young man, as he contemplated this scene, fell into a gloomy revery. While he was thus musing, two horsemen rode past him; and, proceeding to a little distance, stopped likewise. One of them was a stout square-built man, with a singularly swarthy complexion, and harsh forbidding features. He was well mounted, as was his companion; and had pistols in his holsters, and a hanger at his girdle. The other individual, who was a little in advance, was concealed from the stranger's view. Presently, however, a sudden movement occurred, and disclosed his features, which were those of a young man of nearly his own age. The dress of this person was excessively showy, and consisted of a scarlet riding-habit, lined and faced with blue, and bedizened with broad gold lace, a green silk-knit waistcoat, embroidered with silver, and decorated with a deep fringe, together with a hat tricked out in the same gaudy style. His figure was slight, but well built; and in stature he did not exceed five feet four. His complexion was pale; and there was something sinister in the expression of his large black eyes. His head was small and bullet-shaped, and he did not wear a wig, but had his sleek black hair cut off closely round his temples. A mutual recognition took place at the same instant between the stranger and this

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individual. Both started. The latter seemed inclined to advance and address the former; but suddenly changing his mind, he shouted to his companion in tones familiar to the stranger's ear; and, striking spurs into his steed, dashed off at full speed along the Edgeware Road. Impelled by a feeling, into which we shall not now pause to inquire, the stranger started after them; but they were better mounted, and soon distanced him. Remarking that they struck off at a turning on the left, he took the same road, and soon found himself on Paddington-Green. A row of magnificent, and even then venerable, elms threw their broad arms over this pleasant spot. From a man who was standing beneath the shade of one of these noble trees, information was obtained that the horsemen had ridden along the Harrow Road. With a faint view of overtaking them, the pursuer urged his steed to a quicker pace. Arrived at Westbourne-Green—then nothing more than a common covered with gorse and furze-bushes, and boasting only a couple of cottages and an alehouse—he perceived through the hedges the objects of his search slowly ascending the gentle hill that rises from Kensall-Green.

By the time he had reached the summit of this hill, he had lost all trace of them: and the ardour of the chase having in some measure subsided, he began to reproach himself for his folly, in having wandered, as he conceived, so far out of his course. Before retracing his steps, however, he allowed his gaze to range over the vast and beautiful prospect spread out beneath him, which is now hidden from the traveller's view by the high walls of the National Cemetery, and can, consequently, only be commanded from the interior of that attractive place of burial,—and which, before it was intersected by canals and railroads, and portioned out into hippodromes, was exquisite indeed. After feasting his eyes upon this superb panorama, he was about to return, when he ascertained from a farmer that his nearest road to Willesden would be down a lane a little further on, to the right. Following this direction, he opened a gate, and struck into one of the most beautiful green lanes imaginable; which, after various windings, conducted him into a more frequented road, and eventually brought him to the place he sought. Glancing at the finger-post over the cage, which has been described as situated at the outskirts of the village, and seeing no direction to Dollis Hill, he made fresh inquiries as to where it lay, from an elderly man, who was standing with another countryman near the little prison.

"Whose house do you want, master?" said the man, touching his hat.

"Mr. Wood's," was the reply.

"There is Dollis Hill," said the man, pointing to a well-wooded eminence about a mile distant, "and there," he added, indicating the roof of a house just visible above a grove of trees, "is Mr. Wood's. If you

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ride past the church, and mount the hill, you'll come to Neasdon, and then you'll not have above half a mile to go."

The young man thanked his informant, and was about to follow his instructions, when the other called after him—

"I say, master, did you ever hear tell of Mr. Wood's famous 'prentice?"

"What apprentice?" asked the stranger, in surprise.

"Why, Jack Sheppard, the notorious house-breaker—him as has robbed half Lunnun, to be sure. You must know, sir, when he was a lad, the day after he broke into his master's house in Wych-street, he picked a gentleman's pocket in our church, during sarvice time—that he did, the heathen. The gentleman catched him i' th' fact, and we shut him up for safety i' that pris'n. But," said the fellow, with a laugh, "he soon contrived to make his way out on it, though. Ever since he's become so famous, the folks about here ha' christened it Jack Sheppard's cage. His mother used to live i' this village, just down yonder; but when her son took to bad ways, she went distracted—and now she's i' Bedlam, I've heerd."

"I'll tell e'e what, John Dump," said the other fellow, who had hitherto preserved silence, "I don't know whether your talking o' Jack Sheppard has put him in my head or not; but I once had him pointed out to me, and if that *were* him as I seed then, he's just now ridden past us, and put up at the Six Bells."

"The deuce he has!" cried Dump. "If you were sure o' that, we might seize him, and get the reward for his apprehension."

"That 'ud be no such easy matter," replied the countryman.—"Jack's a desperate fellow, and is always well armed; besides, he has a comrade with him. But I'll tell e'e what we *might* do ——"

The young man heard no more. Taking the direction pointed out, he rode off. As he passed the Six Bells, he noticed the steeds of the two horsemen at the door; and glancing into the house, perceived the younger of the two in the passage. The latter no sooner beheld him than he dashed hastily into an adjoining room. After debating with himself whether he should further seek an interview, which, though now in his power, was so sedulously shunned by the other party, he decided in the negative; and contenting himself with writing upon a slip of paper the hasty words—"You are known by the villagers—be upon your guard,"—he gave it to the ostler, with instructions to deliver it instantly to the owner of the horse he pointed out, and pursued his course.

Passing the old rectory, and still older church, with its reverend screen of trees, and slowly ascending a hill side, from whence he obtained enchanting peeps of the spire and college of Harrow, he reached the cluster of well built houses which constitute the village of Neasdon. From this spot a road, more resembling the drive through a

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park than a public thoroughfare, led him gradually to the brow of Dollis Hill. It was a serene and charming evening, and twilight was gently stealing over the face of the country. Bordered by fine timber, the road occasionally offered glimpses of a lovely valley, until a wider opening gave a full view of a delightful and varied prospect. On the left lay the heights of Hampstead, studded with villas, while, farther off, a hazy cloud marked the position of the metropolis. The stranger concluded he could not be far from his destination, and a turn in the road showed him the house.

Beneath two tall elms, whose boughs completely overshadowed the roof, stood Mr. Wood's dwelling—a plain, substantial, commodious farm-house. On a bench at the foot of the trees, with a pipe in his mouth, and a tankard by his side, sat the worthy carpenter, looking the picture of good-heartedness and benevolence. The progress of time was marked in Mr. Wood by increased corpulence and decreased powers of vision—by deeper wrinkles and higher shoulders, by scantier breath and a fuller habit. Still he looked hale and hearty, and the country life he led had imparted a ruddier glow to his cheek. Around him were all the evidences of plenty. A world of hay-stacks, bean-stacks, and straw-ricks, flanked the granges adjoining his habitation; the yard was crowded with poultry, pigeons were feeding at his feet, cattle were being driven towards the stall, horses led to the stable, a large mastiff was rattling his chain, and stalking majestically in front of his kennel, while a number of farming-men were passing and repassing about their various occupations. At the back of the house, on a bank, rose an old-fashioned terrace-garden, full of apple-trees and other fruit-trees in blossom, and lively with the delicious verdure of early spring.

Hearing the approach of the rider, Mr. Wood turned to look at him. It was now getting dusk, and he could only imperfectly distinguish the features and figure of the stranger.

"I need not ask whether this is Mr. Wood's," said the latter, "since I find him at his own gate."

"You are right, sir," said the worthy carpenter, rising. "I am Owen Wood, at your service."

"You do not remember me, I dare say," observed the stranger.

"I can't say I do," replied Wood. "Your voice seems familiar to me—and yet—but I'm getting a little deaf—and my eyes don't serve me quite so well as they used to do, especially by this light."

"Never mind," returned the stranger, dismounting; "you'll recollect me by and by, I've no doubt. I bring you tidings of an old friend."

"Then you're heartily welcome, sir, whoever you are. Pray, walk in. Here, Jem, take the gentleman's horse to the stable—see him dressed and fed directly. Now, sir, will you please to follow me?"

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Mr. Wood then led the way up a rather high and, according to modern notions, incommodious flight of steps, and introduced his guest to a neat parlour, the windows of which were darkened by pots of flowers and creepers. There was no light in the room; but, notwithstanding this, the young man did not fail to detect the buxom figure of Mrs. Wood, now more buxom and more gorgeously arrayed than ever, —as well as a young and beautiful female, in whom he was at no loss to recognise the carpenter's daughter.

Winifred Wood was now in her twentieth year. Her features were still slightly marked by the disorder alluded to in the description of her as a child,—but that was the only drawback to her beauty. Their expression was so amiable, that it would have redeemed a countenance a thousand times plainer than hers. Her figure was perfect,—tall, graceful, rounded,—and then, she had deep liquid blue eyes, that rivalled the stars in lustre. On the stranger's appearance, she was seated near the window busily occupied with her needle.

"My wife and daughter, sir," said the carpenter, introducing them to his guest.

Mrs. Wood, whose admiration for masculine beauty was by no means abated, glanced at the well-proportioned figure of the young man, and made him a very civil salutation. Winifred's reception was kind, but more distant, and after the slight ceremonial she resumed her occupation.

"This gentleman brings us tidings of an old friend, my dear," said the carpenter.

"Ay, indeed! And who may that be?" inquired his wife.

"One whom you may perhaps have forgotten," replied the stranger, "but who can never forget the kindness he experienced at your hands, or at those of your excellent husband."

At the sound of his voice every vestige of colour fled from Winifred's cheeks, and the work upon which she was engaged fell from her hand.

"I have a token to deliver to you," continued the stranger, addressing her.

"To me?" gasped Winifred.

"This locket," he said, taking a little ornament attached to a black riband from his breast, and giving it to her,—"do you remember it?"

"I do—I do!" cried Winifred.

"What's all this?" exclaimed Wood, in amazement.

"Do you not know me, father?" said the young man, advancing towards him, and warmly grasping his hand. "Have nine years so changed me, that there is no trace left of your adopted son?"

"God bless me!" ejaculated the carpenter, rubbing his eyes, "can—can it be?"

"Surely," screamed Mrs. Wood, joining the group, "it isn't Thames Darrell come to life again?"

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"It is—it is!" cried Winifred, rushing towards him, and flinging her arms round his neck,—"it is my dear—dear brother!"

"Well, this is what I never expected to see," said the carpenter, wiping his eyes; "I hope I'm not dreaming! Thames, my dear boy, as soon as Winny has done with you, let me embrace you."

"My turn comes before yours, sir," interposed his better half. "Come to my arms, Thames! Oh! dear! Oh! dear!"

To repeat the questions and congratulations which now ensued, or describe the extravagant joy of the carpenter, who, after he had hugged his adopted son to his breast with such warmth as almost to squeeze the breath from his body, capered round the room, threw his wig into the empty fire-grate, and committed various other fantastic actions, in order to get rid of his superfluous satisfaction—to describe the scarcely less extravagant raptures of his spouse, or the more subdued, but not less heartfelt delight of Winifred, would be a needless task, as it must occur to every one's imagination. Supper was quickly served; the oldest bottle of wine was brought from the cellar; the strongest barrel of ale was tapped; but not one of the party could eat or drink—their hearts were too full.

Thames sat with Winifred's hand clasped in his own, and commenced a recital of his adventures, which may be briefly told. Carried out to sea by Van Galgebrok, and thrown overboard, while struggling with the waves, he had been picked up by a French fishing-boat, and carried to Ostend. After encountering various hardships and privations for a long term, during which he had no means of communicating with England, he at length found his way to Paris, where he was taken notice of by Cardinal Dubois, who employed him as one of his secretaries, and subsequently advanced to the service of Philip of Orleans, from whom he received a commission. On the death of his royal patron, he resolved to return to his own country; and after various delays, which had postponed it to the present time, he had succeeded in accomplishing his object.

Winifred listened to his narration with the profoundest attention; and when it concluded, her tearful eye and throbbing bosom told how deeply her feelings had been interested.

The discourse then turned to Darrell's old play-mate, Jack Sheppard; and Mr. Wood, in deploring his wild career, adverted to the melancholy condition to which it had reduced his mother.

"For my part, it's only what I expected of him," observed Mrs. Wood, "and I am sorry and surprised he hasn't swung for his crimes before this. The gallows has groaned for him for years. As to his mother, I've no pity for her. She deserves what has befallen her."

"Dear mother, don't say so," returned Winifred. "One of the consequences of criminal conduct, is the shame and disgrace which—worse than any punishment the evil-doer can suffer—is brought by it upon the

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innocent relatives; and if Jack had considered this, perhaps he would not have acted as he has done, and have entailed so much misery on his unhappy parent."

"I always detested Mrs. Sheppard," cried the carpenter's wife, bitterly; "and, I repeat, Bedlam's too good for her."

"My dear," observed Wood, "you should be more charitable——"

"Charitable!" repeated his wife, "that's your constant cry. Marry, come up! I've been a great deal too charitable. Here's Winny always urging you to go and visit Mrs. Sheppard in the asylum, and take her this, and send her that;—and I've never prevented you, though such mistaken liberality 's enough to provoke a saint. And then, forsooth, she must needs prevent your hanging Jack Sheppard after the robbery in Wych-Street, when you might have done so. Perhaps you'll call that charity; *I* call it defeating the ends of justice. See what a horrible rascal you've let loose upon the world!"

"I'm sure, mother," rejoined Winifred, "if any one was likely to feel resentment, I was; for no one could be more frightened. But I was sorry for poor Jack—as I am still, and hoped he would mend."

"Mend!" echoed Mrs. Wood, contemptuously, "he'll never mend till he comes to Tyburn."

"At least, I will hope so," returned Winifred. "But, as I was saying, I was most dreadfully frightened on the night of the robbery. Though so young at the time, I remember every circumstance distinctly. I was sitting up, lamenting your departure, dear Thames, when, hearing an odd noise, I went to the landing, and, by the light of a dark lantern, saw Jack Sheppard stealing up stairs, followed by two men with crape on their faces. I'm ashamed to say that I was too much terrified to scream out—but ran and hid myself."

"Hold your tongue!" cried Mrs. Wood. "I declare you throw me into an ague. Do you think *I* forget it? Didn't they help themselves to all the plate and the money—to several of my best dresses, and, amongst others, to my favourite kincob gown; and I've never been able to get another like it! Marry, come up! I'd hang 'em all, if I could. Were such a thing to happen again, I'd never let Mr. Wood rest till he brought the villains to justice."

"I hope such a thing never *will* happen again, my dear," observed Wood, mildly; "but, when it does, it will be time to consider what course we ought to pursue."

"Let them attempt it, if they dare!" cried Mrs. Wood, who had worked herself into a passion; "and, I'll warrant 'em, the boldest robber among 'em all shall repent it, if he comes across me."

"No doubt, my dear," acquiesced the carpenter, "no doubt."

Thames, who had been more than once on the point of mentioning his accidental rencounter with Jack Sheppard, not being altogether without apprehension, from the fact of his being in the neighbourhood,

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now judged it more prudent to say nothing on the subject, from a fear of increasing Mrs. Wood's displeasure; and he was the more readily induced to do this, as the conversation began to turn upon his own affairs. Mr. Wood could give him no further information respecting Sir Rowland Trenchard than what he had obtained from Kneebone; but begged him to defer the further consideration of the line of conduct he meant to pursue until the morrow, when he hoped to have a plan to lay before him, of which he would approve.

The night was now advancing, and the party began to think of separating. As Mrs. Wood, who had recovered her good-humour, quitted the room, she bestowed a hearty embrace on Thames, and told him, laughingly, that she would "defer all *she* had to propose to him until to-morrow."

To-morrow! She never beheld it.

After an affectionate parting with Winifred, Thames was conducted by the carpenter to his sleeping apartment—a comfortable cosy chamber; such a one, in short, as can only be met with in the country, with its dimity-curtained bed, its sheets fragrant of lavender, its clean white furniture, and an atmosphere breathing of freshness. Left to himself, he took a survey of the room, and his heart leaped as he beheld over the chimney-piece a portrait of himself. It was a copy of the pencil sketch taken of him nine years ago by Winifred, and awakened a thousand tender recollections.

When about to retire to rest, the rencounter with Jack Sheppard again recurred to him, and he half blamed himself for not acquainting Mr. Wood with the circumstance, and putting him upon his guard against the possibility of an attack. On weighing the matter over, he grew so uneasy that he resolved to descend, and inform him of his misgiving. But, when he got to the door with this intention, he became ashamed of his fears; and feeling convinced that Jack—bad as he might be—was not capable of such atrocious conduct as to plunder his benefactor twice, he contented himself with looking to the priming of his pistols, and placing them near him, to be ready in case of need, he threw himself on the bed, and speedily fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.

THE BURGLARY AT DOLLIS HILL.

Thames Darrell's fears were not, however, groundless. Danger, in the form he apprehended, was lurking outside: nor was he destined to enjoy long repose. On receiving the warning note from the ostler, Jack Sheppard and his companion left Willesden, and taking—as a blind—the direction of Harrow, returned at nightfall by a by-lane to Neasdon, and put up at a little

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public-house called the Spotted Dog. Here they remained till midnight, when, calling for their reckoning and their steeds, they left the house.

It was a night well-fitted to their enterprise—calm, still, and profoundly dark. As they passed beneath the thick trees that shade the road to Dollis Hill, the gloom was almost impenetrable. The robbers proceeded singly, and kept on the grass skirting the road, so that no noise was made by their horses' feet.

As they neared the house, Jack Sheppard, who led the way, halted, and addressed his companion in a low voice:—

"I don't half like this job, Blueskin," he said; "it always went against the grain. But, since I've seen the friend and companion of my childhood, Thames Darrell, I've no heart for it. Shall we turn back?"

"And disappoint Mr. Wild, captain?" remonstrated the other, in a deferential tone. "You know this is a pet project. It might be dangerous to thwart him."

"Pish!" cried Jack: "I don't value his anger a straw. All our fraternity are afraid of him; but *I* laugh at his threats. He daren't quarrel with me: and, if he does, let him look to himself. I've my own reasons for disliking this job."

"Well, you know I always act under your orders, captain," returned Blueskin; "and, if you give the word to retreat, I shall obey, of course: but I know what Edgeworth Bess will say when we go home empty-handed."

"Why, what will she say?" inquired Sheppard.

"That we were afraid," replied the other; "but never mind her."

"Ay; but I do mind her," cried Jack, upon whom his comrade's observation had produced the desired effect. "We'll do it."

"That's right, captain," rejoined Blueskin. "You pledged yourself to Mr. Wild ——."

"I did," interrupted Jack; "and I never yet broke an engagement. Though a thief, Jack Sheppard is a man of his word."

"To be sure he is," acquiesced Blueskin; "I should like to meet the man who would dare to gainsay it."

"One word before we begin, Blueskin," said Jack, authoritatively; "in case the family should be alarmed—mind, no violence. There's one person in the house whom I would'nt frighten for the world."

"Wood's daughter, I suppose?" observed the other.

"You've hit it," answered Sheppard.

"What say you to carrying her off, captain?" suggested Blueskin. "If you've a fancy for the girl, we might do it."

"No — no," laughed Jack. "Bess would'nt bear a rival. But if you wish to do old Wood a friendly turn, you may bring off his wife."

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"I shouldn't mind ridding him of her," said Blueskin, gruffly; "and if she comes in my way, may the devil seize me if I don't make short work with her!"

"You forget," rejoined Jack, sternly, "I've just said I'll have no violence—mind that."

With this they dismounted; and fastening their horses to a tree, proceeded towards the house. It was still so dark, that nothing could be distinguished except the heavy masses of timber by which the premises were surrounded; but as they advanced, lights were visible in some of the windows. Presently they came to a wall, on the other side of which the dog began to bark violently; but Blueskin tossed him a piece of prepared meat, and uttering a low growl, he became silent. They then clambered over a hedge, and scaling another wall, got into the garden at the back of the house. Treading with noiseless step over the soft mould, they soon reached the building. Arrived there, Jack felt about for a particular window; and having discovered the object of his search, and received the necessary implements from his companion, he instantly commenced operations. In a few seconds, the shutter flew open—then the window—and they were in the room. Jack now carefully closed the shutters, while Blueskin struck a light, with which he set fire to a candle. The room they were in was a sort of closet, with the door locked outside; but this was only a moment's obstacle to Jack, who with a chisel forced back the bolt. The operation was effected with so much rapidity and so little noise, that even if any one had been on the alert, he could scarcely have detected it. They then took off their boots, and crept stealthily up stairs, treading upon the points of their toes so cautiously, that not a board creaked beneath their weight. Pausing at each door on the landing, Jack placed his ear to the key-hole, and listened intently. Having ascertained by the breathing which room Thames occupied, he speedily contrived to fasten him in. He then tried the door of Mr. Wood's bedchamber—it was locked, with the key left in it. This occasioned a little delay; but Jack, whose skill as a workman in the particular line he had chosen was unequalled, and who laughed at difficulties, speedily cut out a panel by means of a centre-bit and knife, took the key from the other side, and unlocked the door. Covering his face with a crape mask, and taking the candle from his associate, Jack entered the room; and, pistol in hand, stepped up to the bed, and approached the light to the eyes of the sleepers. The loud noise proceeding from the couch proved that their slumbers were deep and real; and, unconscious of the danger in which she stood, Mrs. Wood turned over to obtain a more comfortable position. During this movement, Jack grasped the barrel of his pistol, held in his breath, and motioned to Blueskin, who had bared a long knife, to keep still. The momentary

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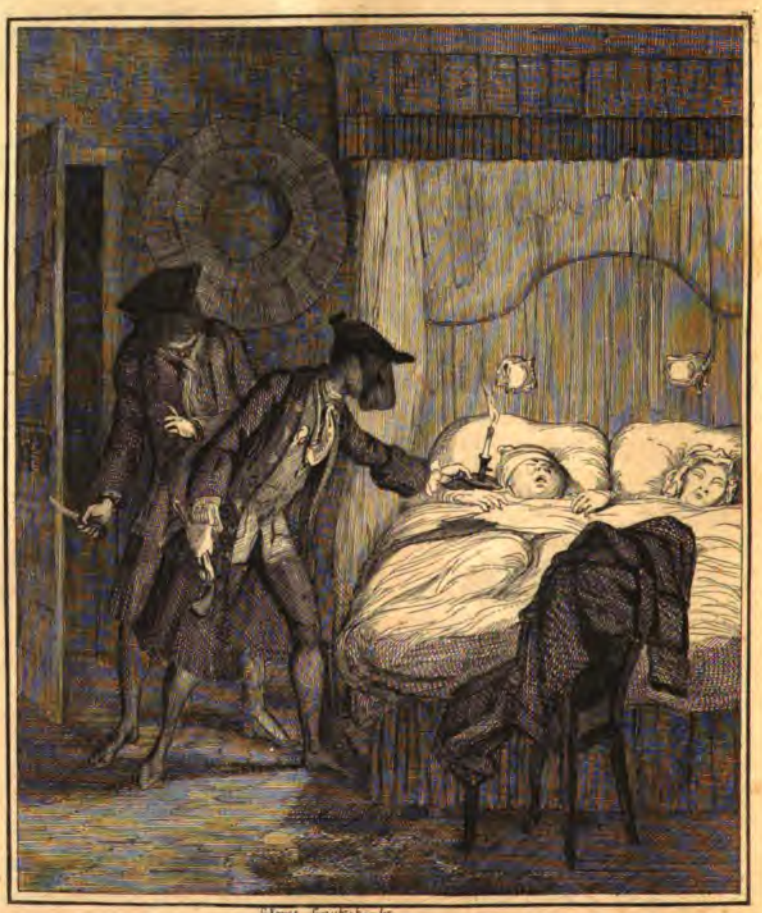

Jack Sheppard & Blueskin in Mr Woodstead room

New-York: Jonathan M. Lemon. July 1, 1839.

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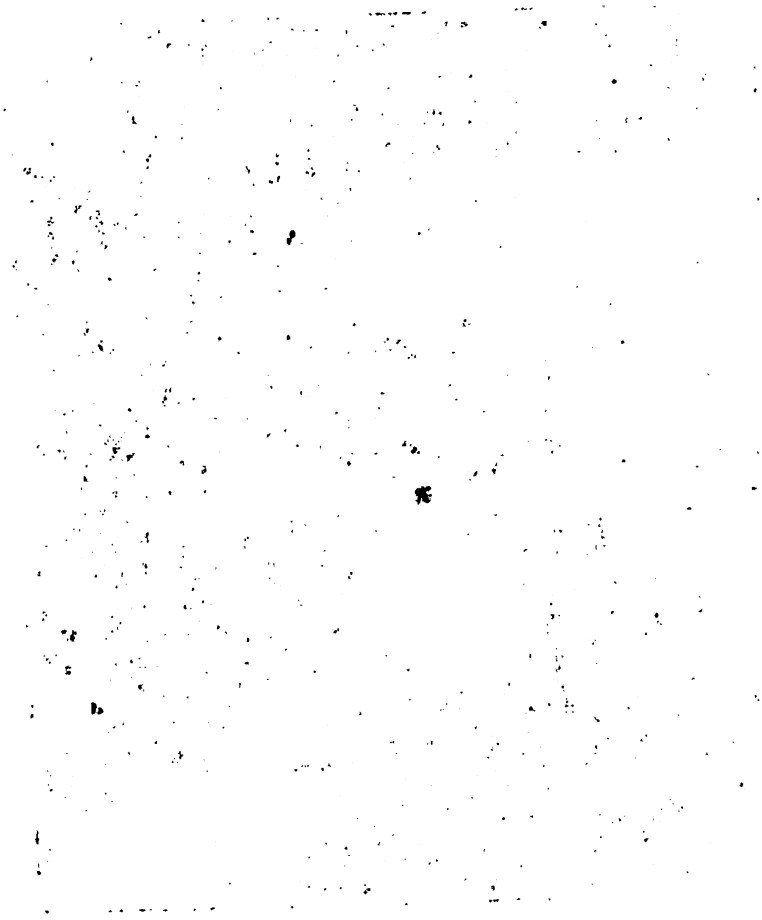

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alarm over, he threw a piece of wash-leather over a bureau, so as to deaden the sound, and instantly broke it open with a small crow-bar. While he was filling his pockets with golden coin from this store, Blueskin had pulled the plate-chest from under the bed; and having forced it open, began filling a canvas bag with its contents,—silver coffee-pots, chocolate-dishes, waiters, trays, tankards, goblets, and candlesticks. It might be supposed that these articles, when thrust together into the bag, would have jingled; but these skilful practitioners managed matters so well that no noise was made. After rifling the room of everything portable, including some of Mrs. Wood's ornaments and wearing apparel, they prepared to depart. Jack then intimated his intention of visiting Winifred's chamber, in which several articles of value were known to be kept; but as, notwithstanding his reckless character, he still retained a feeling of respect for the object of his boyish affections, he would not suffer Blueskin to accompany him, so he commanded him to keep watch over the sleepers—strictly enjoining him, however, to do them no injury. Again having recourse to the centre-bit,—for Winifred's door was locked,—Jack had nearly cut out a panel, when a sudden outcry was raised in the carpenter's chamber. The next moment, a struggle was heard, and Blueskin appeared at the door, followed by Mrs. Wood.

Jack instantly extinguished the light, and called to his comrade to come after him.

But Blueskin found it impossible to make off,—at least with the spoil,—Mrs. Wood having laid hold of the canvas-bag.

"Give back the things!" cried the lady. "Help!—help, Mr. Wood!"

"Leave go!" thundered Blueskin,—"leave go—you'd better!"—and he held the sack as firmly as he could with one hand, while with the other he searched for his knife.

"No, I won't leave go!" screamed Mrs. Wood. "Fire!—murder!—thieves!—I've got one of 'em!"

"Come along," cried Jack.

"I can't," answered Blueskin. "This she-devil has got hold of the sack. Leave go, I tell you!" and he forced open the knife with his teeth.

"Help!—murder!—thieves!" screamed Mrs, Wood;—"Owen—Owen!—Thames, help!"

"Coming!" cried Mr. Wood, leaping from the bed. "Where are you?"

"Here," replied Mrs. Wood. "Help—I'll hold him!"

"Leave her," cried Jack, darting down stairs, amid a furious ringing of bells,—"the house is alarmed,—follow me!"

"Curses light on you!" cried Blueskin, savagely; "since you won't be advised, take your fate."

And seizing her by the hair, he pulled back her head, and drew the

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knife with all his force across her throat. There was a dreadful stifled groan, and she fell heavily upon the landing.

The screams of the unfortunate woman had aroused Thames from his slumbers. Snatching up his pistols, he rushed to the door, but to his horror found it fastened. He heard the struggle on the landing, the fall of the heavy body, the groan,—and excited almost to frenzy by his fears, he succeeded in forcing open the door. By this time, several of the terrified domestics appeared with lights. A terrible spectacle was presented to the young man's gaze :—the floor deluged with blood,—the mangled and lifeless body of Mrs. Wood,—Winifred fainted in the arms of a female attendant,—and Wood standing beside them almost in a state of distraction. Thus, in a few minutes, had this happy family been plunged into the depths of misery. At this juncture, a cry was raised by a servant from below, that the robbers were flying through the garden. Darting to a window looking in that direction, Thames threw it up, and discharged both his pistols, but without effect. In another minute, the tramp of horses' feet told that the perpetrators of the outrage had effected their escape.

CHAPTER III.

JACK SHEPPARD'S QUARREL WITH JONATHAN WILD.

Scarcely an hour after the horrible occurrence just related, as Jonathan Wild was seated in the audience-chamber of his residence at the Old Bailey, occupied, like Peachum, (for whose portrait he sat,) with his account-books and registers, he was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Quilt Arnold, who announced Jack Sheppard and Blueskin.

"Ah!" cried Wild, laying down his pen, and looking up with a smile of satisfaction. "I was just thinking of you, Jack. What news? Have you done the trick at Dollis Hill?—brought off the swag—eh?"

"No;" answered Jack, flinging himself sullenly into a chair, "I've not."

"Why, how's this?" exclaimed Jonathan. "Jack Sheppard failed! I'd not believe it, if any one but himself told me so."

"I've not failed," returned Jack, angrily; "but we've done too much."

"I'm no reader of riddles," said Jonathan. "Speak plainly."

"Let this speak for me," said Sheppard, tossing a heavy bag of money towards him. "You can generally understand that language. There's more than I undertook to bring. It has been purchased by blood!"

"What! have you cut old Wood's throat?" asked Wild, with great unconcern, as he took up the bag.

"If I *had*, you'd not have seen me here," replied Jack, sullenly. "The blood that has been spilt is that of his wife."

"It was her own fault," observed Blueskin, moodily. "She wouldn't let me go. I did it in self-defence."

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"I care not why you did it," said Jack, sternly. "We work together no more."

"Come, come, captain," remonstrated Blueskin. "I thought you'd have got rid of your ill-humour by this time. You know as well as I do that it was accident."

"Accident or not," rejoined Sheppard; "you're no longer pal of mine."

"And so this is my reward for having made you the tip-top cracksman you are," muttered Blueskin;—"to be turned off at a moment's notice, because I silenced a noisy woman. It's too hard. Think better of it."

"My mind's made up," rejoined Jack, coldly,—"we part to-night."

"I'll not go," answered the other. "I love you like a son, and will follow you like a dog. You'd not know what to do without me, and shan't drive me off."

"Well!" remarked Jonathan, who had paid little attention to the latter part of the conversation; "this is an awkward business certainly; but we must do the best we can in it. You must keep out of the way till it's blown over. I can accommodate you below."

"I don't require it," returned Sheppard. "I'm tired of the life I'm leading. I shall quit it and go abroad."

"I'll go with you," said Blueskin.

"Before either of you go, you will ask my permission," said Jonathan, coolly.

"How!" exclaimed Sheppard. "Do you mean to say you will interfere—"

"I mean to say this," interrupted Wild, with contemptuous calmness, "that I'll neither allow you to leave England nor the profession you've engaged in. I wouldn't allow you to be honest even if you could be so,—which I doubt. You are my slave—and such you shall continue."

"Slave?" echoed Jack.

"Dare to disobey," continued Jonathan: "neglect my orders, and I will hang you."

Sheppard started to his feet.

"Hear me," he cried, restraining himself with difficulty. "It is time you should know whom you have to deal with. Henceforth, I utterly throw off the yoke you have laid upon me. I will neither stir hand nor foot for you more. Attempt to molest me, and I split. You are more in my power than I am in yours. Jack Sheppard is a match for Jonathan Wild, any day."

"That he is," added Blueskin, approvingly.

Jonathan smiled contemptuously.

"One motive alone shall induce me to go on with you," said Jack.

"What's that?" asked Wild.

"The youth whom you delivered to Van-Galgebrok,—Thames Darrell, is returned."

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"Impossible!" cried Jonathan. "He was thrown overboard, and perished at sea."

"He is alive," replied Jack, "I have seen him, and might have conversed with him if I had chosen. Now, I know you can restore him to his rights, if you choose. Do so; and I am yours as heretofore."

"Humph!" exclaimed Jonathan.

"Your answer!" cried Sheppard. "Yes, or no?"

"I will make no terms with you," rejoined Wild, sternly. "You have defied me, and shall feel my power. You have been useful to me, or I would not have spared you thus long. I swore to hang you two years ago, but I deferred my purpose."

"Deferred!" echoed Sheppard.

"Hear me out," said Jonathan. "You came hither under my protection, and you shall depart freely,—nay, more, you shall have an hour's grace. After that time, I shall place my setters on your heels."

"You cannot prevent my departure," replied Jack, dauntlessly, "and therefore your offer is no favour. But I tell you in return, I shall take no pains to hide myself. If you want me, you know where to find me."

"An hour," said Jonathan, looking at his watch,—"remember!"

"If you send for me to the Cross Shovels, in the Mint, where I'm going with Blueskin, I will surrender myself without resistance," returned Jack.

"You will spare the officers a labour then," rejoined Jonathan.

"Can't I settle this business, captain," muttered Blueskin, drawing a pistol.

"Don't harm him," said Jack, carelessly: "he dares not do it."

So saying, he left the room.

"Blueskin," said Jonathan, as that worthy was about to follow, "I advise you to remain with me."

"No," answered the ruffian, moodily. "If you arrest him, you must arrest me also."

"As you will," said Jonathan, seating himself.

Jack and his comrade went to the Mint, where he was joined by Edgeworth Bess, with whom he sat down most unconcernedly to supper. His revelry, however, was put an end to at the expiration of the time mentioned by Jonathan, by the entrance of a posse of constables with Quilt Arnold and Abraham Mendez at their head. Jack, to the surprise of all his companions, at once surrendered himself; but Blueskin would have made a fierce resistance, and attempted a rescue, if he had not been ordered by his leader to desist. He then made off. Edgeworth Bess, who passed for Sheppard's wife, was secured. They were hurried before a magistrate, and charged by Jonathan Wild with various robberies; but as Jack Sheppard stated that he had most important disclosures to make, as well as charges to bring forward against his accuser, he was

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committed with his female companion to the New Prison in Clerkenwell for further examination.

CHAPTER IV.

JACK SHEPPARD'S ESCAPE FROM THE NEW PRISON.

In consequence of Jack Sheppard's desperate character, it was judged expedient by the keeper of the New Prison to load him with fetters of unusual weight, and to place him in a cell which, from its strength and security, was called the Newgate Ward. The ward in which he was confined, was about six yards in length, and three in width, and in height might be about twelve feet. The windows which were about nine feet from the floor, had no glass; but were secured by thick iron bars, and an oaken beam. Along the floor ran an iron bar to which Jack's chain was attached, so that he could move along it from one end of the chamber to the other. No prisoner except Edgeworth Bess was placed in the same cell with him. Jack was in excellent spirits; and by his wit, drollery, and agreeable demeanour, speedily became a great favourite with the turnkey, who allowed him every indulgence consistent with his situation. The report of his detention caused an immense sensation. Numberless charges were preferred against him, amongst others, information was lodged of the robbery at Dollis Hill, and murder of Mrs. Wood, and a large reward offered for the apprehension of Blueskin; and as, in addition to this, Jack had threatened to impeach Wild, his next examination was looked forward to with the greatest interest.

The day before this examination was appointed to take place—the third of the prisoner's detention—an old man, respectably dressed, requested permission to see him. Jack's friends were allowed to visit him; but, as he had openly avowed his intention of attempting an escape, their proceedings were narrowly watched. The old man was conducted to Jack's cell by the turnkey, who remained near him during the interview. He appeared to be a stranger to the prisoner, and the sole motive of his visit, curiosity. After a brief conversation, which Sheppard sustained with his accustomed liveliness, the old man turned to Bess and addressed a few words of common-place gallantry to her. While this was going on, Jack suddenly made a movement which attracted the turnkey's attention; and during that interval the man slipped some articles wrapped in a handkerchief into Bess's hands, who instantly secreted them in her bosom. The turnkey looked round next moment, but the manœuvre escaped his observation. After a little further discourse the old man took his departure.

Left alone with Edgeworth Bess, Jack burst into a loud laugh of exultation.

"Blueskin's a friend in need," he said. "His disguise was capi-

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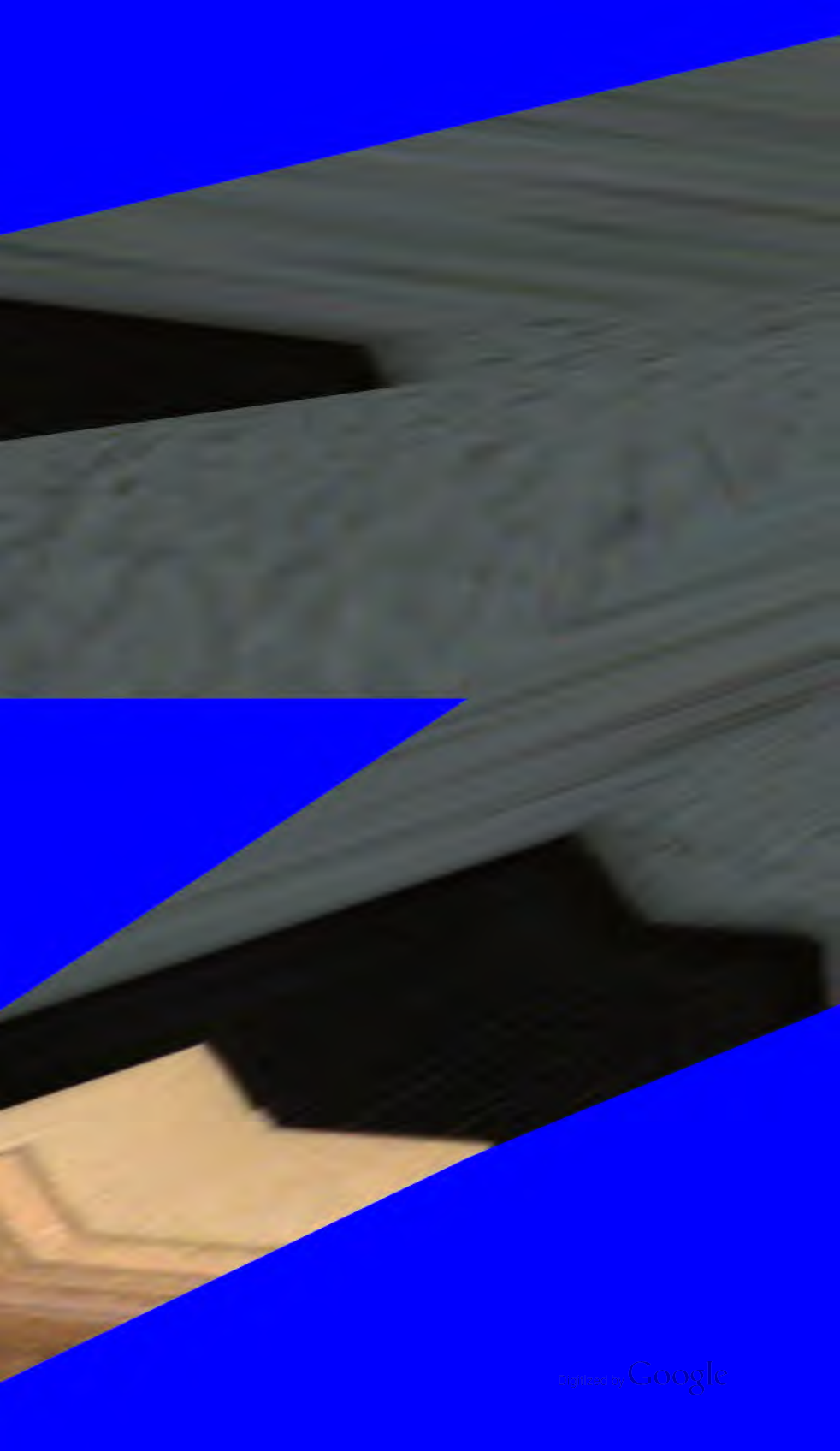
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This worthy but ill-starred man had led a weary and worried life, throughout the stormy reign of the chivalric Peter, being one of those unlucky wights with whom the world is ever at variance, and who are kept in a continual fume and fret by the wickedness of mankind. At the time of the subjugation of the province by the English, he retired hither in high dudgeon; with the bitter determination to bury himself from the world, and live here in peace and quietness for the remainder of his days. In token of this fixed resolution, he inscribed over his door the favourite Dutch motto, "Lust in Rust," (pleasure in repose.) The mansion was then called "Wolfert's Rust" —Wolfert's Rest; but in process of time, the name was vitiated into Wolfert's Roost—probably from its quaint cock-loft look, or from its having a weather-cock perched on every gable. This name it continued to bear long after the unlucky Wolfert was driven forth once more upon a wrangling world, by the tongue of a termagant wife; for it passed into a proverb through the neighbourhood, and has been handed down by tradition, that the cock of the Roost was the most hen-pecked bird in the country.

This primitive and historical mansion has since passed through many changes and trials, which it may be my lot hereafter to notice. At the time of the sojourn of Diedrich Knickerbocker, it was in possession of the gallant family of the Van Tassels, who have figured so conspicuously in his writings. What appears to have given it peculiar value, in his eyes, was the rich treasury of historical facts here secretly hoarded up, like buried gold; for, it is said that Wolfert Acker, when he retreated from New Amsterdam, carried off with him many of the records and journals of the province, pertaining to the Dutch dynasty; swearing that they should never fall into the hands of the English. These, like the lost books of Livy, had baffled the research of former historians; but these did I find the indefatigable Diedrich diligently deciphering. He was already a sage in years and experience, I but an idle stripling; yet he did not despise my youth and ignorance, but took me kindly by the hand, and led me gently into those paths of local and traditional lore which he was so fond of exploring. I sat with him in his little chamber at the Roost, and watched the antiquarian patience and perseverance with which he deciphered those venerable Dutch documents, worse than Herculaneum manuscripts. I sat with him by the spring, at the foot of the green bank, and listened to his heroic tales about the worthies of the olden time, the paladins of New Amsterdam. I accompanied him in his legendary researches about Tarrytown and Sing-Sing, and explored with him the spell-bound recesses of Sleepy Hollow. I was present at many of his conferences with the good old Dutch burghers and their wives, from whom we derived many of those marvellous facts not laid down in books or records, and which give such superior value and authenticity to his history, over all others that have been written concerning the New Netherlands.

But, let me check my proneness to dilate upon this favourite theme; I may recur to it hereafter. Suffice it to say, the intimacy thus formed continued for a considerable time; and, in company with the worthy Diedrich, I visited many of the places celebrated by his pen. The currents of our lives at length diverged. He remained at home to complete his mighty work, while a vagrant fancy led me

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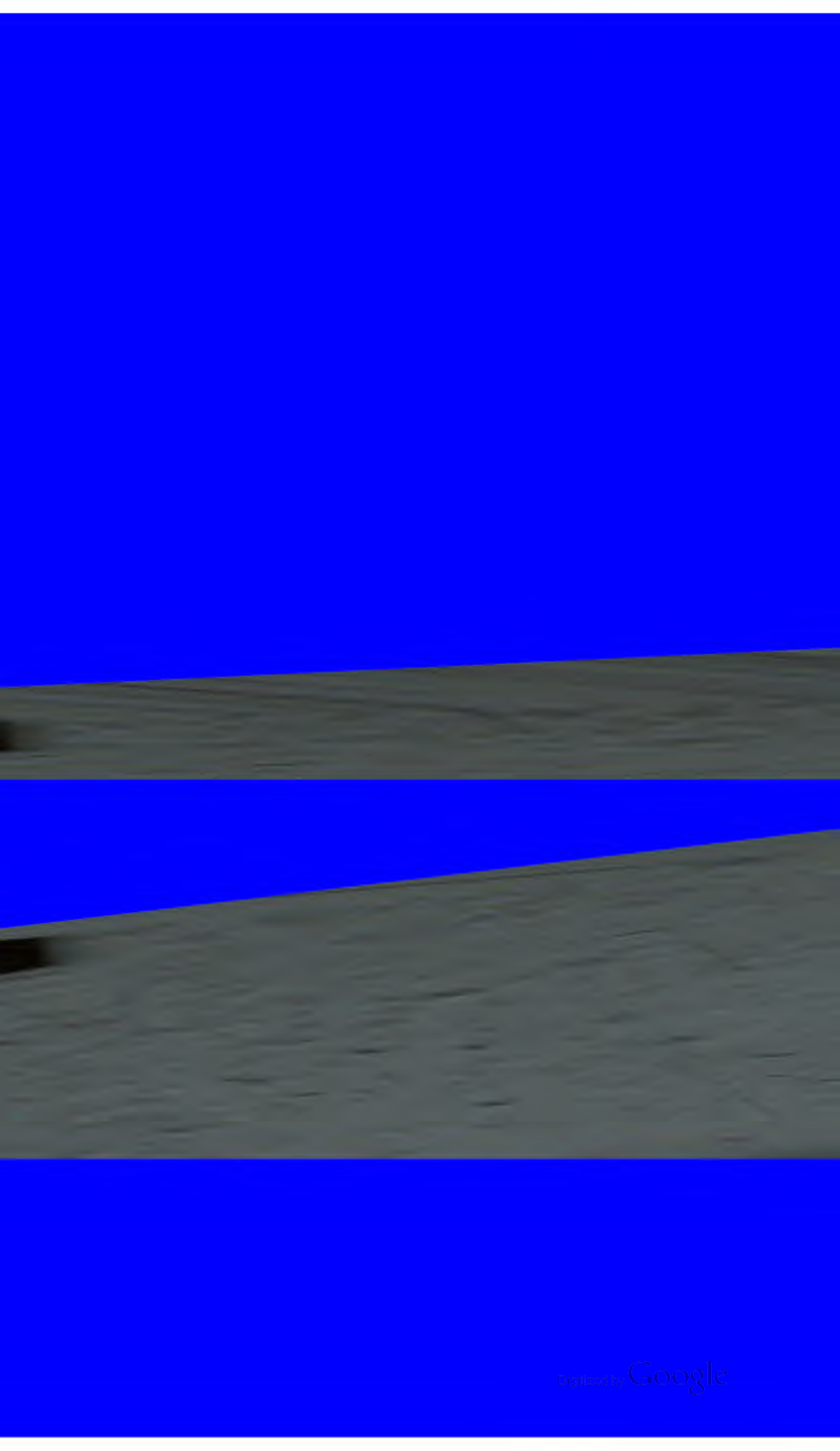
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I thank God I was born on the banks of the Hudson! I think it an invaluable advantage to be born and brought up in the neighbourhood of some grand and noble object of nature, a river, a lake, or a mountain. We make a friendship with it, we in a manner ally ourselves to it for life. It remains an object of our pride and affections, a rallying point to call us home again after all our wanderings. "The things which we have learned in our childhood," says an old writer, "grow up with our souls, and unite themselves to it." So it is with the scenes among which we have passed our early days; they influence the whole course of our thoughts and feelings; and I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm, I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost to give it a soul. I admired its frank, bold, honest character, its noble sincerity, and perfect truth. Here was no specious smiling surface covering the dangerous sand-bar or perfidious rock; but a stream deep as it was broad, and bearing with honourable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple, quiet, majestic epic flow, ever straight forward. Once, indeed, it turns aside for a moment, forced from its course by opposing mountains: but it struggles bravely through them, and immediately resumes its straightforward march. Behold, thought I, an emblem of a good man's course through life; ever simple, open, and direct; or if, overpowered by adverse circumstances, he deviate into error, it is but momentary; he soon recovers his onward and honourable career, and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage.

Excuse this rhapsody, into which I have been betrayed by a revival of early feelings. The Hudson is, in a manner, my first and last love: and, after all my wanderings and seeming infidelities, I return to it with a heartfelt preference over all the other rivers in the world. I seem to catch new life, as I bathe in its ample billows, and inhale the pure breezes of its hills. It is true, the romance of youth is past that once spread illusions over every scene. I can no longer picture an Arcadia in every green valley, nor a fairy land among the distant mountains, nor a peerless beauty in every villa gleaming among the trees; but though the illusions of youth have faded from the landscape, the recollections of departed years and departed pleasures shed over it the mellow charm of evening sunshine.

I have much to say about what I have seen, heard, felt, and thought, through the course of a rambling life, and some lucubrations, that have long been encumbering my portfolio, together with divers reminiscences of the venerable historian of the New Netherlands, that may not be unacceptable to those who have taken an interest in his writings, and are desirous of anything that may cast a light back upon our early history. Rest assured, that, though retired from the world, I am not disgusted with it; and that if, in my communings with it, I do not prove very wise, I trust I shall at least prove very good-natured.

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in legitimate possession of that region of hills and valleys, bright fountains and limpid brooks, locked in by the mazy windings of the Neperan and the Pocantico.*

This last-mentioned stream, or rather the valley through which it flows, was the most difficult of all his acquisitions. It lay half way to the stronghold of the redoubtable sachem of Sing-Sing, and was claimed by him as an integral part of his domains. Many were the sharp conflicts between the rival chieftains for the sovereignty of this valley, and many the ambuscades, surprisals, and deadly onslaughts, that took place among its fastnesses, of which it grieves me much that I cannot furnish the details, for the gratification of those gentle, but bloody-minded readers of both sexes, who delight in the romance of the tomahawk and scalping-knife. Suffice it to say, that the wizard chieftain was at length victorious, though his victory is attributed, in Indian tradition, to a great medicine, or charm, by which he laid the sachem of Sing-Sing and his warriors asleep among the rocks and recesses of the valley, where they remain asleep to the present day, with their bows and war-clubs beside them. This was the origin of that potent and drowsy spell which still prevails over the valley of the Pocantico, and which has gained it the well-merited appellation of Sleepy Hollow. Often, in secluded and quiet parts of that valley, where the stream is overhung by dark woods and rocks, the ploughman, on some calm and sunny day, as he shouts to his oxen, is surprised at hearing faint shouts from the hill sides in reply; being, it is said, the spell-bound warriors, who half start from their rocky couches, and grasp their weapons, but sink to sleep again.

The conquest of the Pocantico was the last triumph of the wizard sachem. Notwithstanding all his medicine and charms, he fell in battle, in attempting to extend his boundary line to the east, so as to take in the little wild valley of the Sprain, and his grave is still shown, near the banks of that pastoral stream. He left, however, a great empire to his successors, extending along the Tappan Zee, from Yonkers quite to Sleepy Hollow; all which delectable region, if every one had his right, would still acknowledge allegiance to the lord of the Roost—whoever he might be.†

The wizard sachem was succeeded by a line of chiefs, of whom nothing remarkable remains on record. The last who makes any

* As every one may not recognise these boundaries by their original Indian names, it may be well to observe, that the Neperan is that beautiful stream vulgarly called the Saw-Mill River, which, after winding gracefully for many miles through a lovely valley, shrouded by groves, and dotted by Dutch farm-houses, empties itself into the Hudson, at the ancient dorp of Yonkers. The Pocantico is that hitherto nameless brook, that, rising among woody hills, winds in many a wizard maze through the sequestered haunts of Sleepy Hollow. We owe it to the indefatigable researches of Mr. Knickerbocker, that those beautiful streams are rescued from modern common-place, and reinvested with their ancient Indian names. The correctness of the venerable historian may be ascertained, by reference to the records of the original Indian grants to the Herr Frederick Philipsen, preserved in the county clerk's office at White Plains.

† In recording the contest for the sovereignty of Sleepy Hollow, I have called one sachem by the modern name of his castle or strong-hold, viz, Sing-Sing. This, I would observe, for the sake of historical exactness, is a corruption of the old Indian name O-sin-sing, or rather O-sin-song; that is to say, a place where any thing may be had for a song—a great recommendation for a market town. The modern and melodious alteration of the name to Sing-Sing, is said to have been made in compliment to an eminent Methodist singing master, who first introduced into the neighbourhood the art *of* singing through the nose.

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figure in history, is the one who ruled here at the time of the discovery of the country by the white man. This sachem is said to have been a renowned trencherman, who maintained almost as potent a sway by dint of good feeding, as his warlike predecessor had done by hard fighting. He diligently cultivated the growth of oysters along the aquatic borders of his territories, and founded those great oyster beds which yet exist along the shores of the Tappan Sea. Did any dispute occur between him and a neighbouring sachem, he invited him, and all his principal sages and fighting men, to a solemn banquet, and seldom failed of feeding them into terms. Enormous heaps of oyster-shells, which encumber the lofty banks of the river, remain as monuments of his gastronomical victories; and have been occasionally adduced, through mistake, by amateur geologists from town, as additional proofs of the deluge. Modern investigators, who are making such indefatigable researches into our early history, have even affirmed that this sachem was the very individual on whom Master Hendrick Hudson, and his mate Robert Juet, made that sage and astounding experiment, so gravely recorded by the latter in his narrative of the voyage :—"Our master and his mate determined to try some of the cheefe men of the country, whether they had any treacherie in them. So they took them down into the cabin, and gave them so much wine and aqua vitæ, that they were all very merrie; one of them had his wife with him, which sate so modestly as any of our countrywomen would do in a strange place. In the end, one of them was drunke; and that was strange to them, for they could not tell how to take it."*

How far Master Hendrick Hudson and his worthy mate carried their experiment with the sachem's wife, is not recorded, neither does the curious Robert Juet make any mention of the after-consequences of this grand moral test; tradition, however, affirms that the sachem, on landing, gave his modest spouse a hearty rib-roasting, according to the connubial discipline of the aboriginals; it farther affirms, that he remained a hard-drinker to the day of his death, trading away all his lands, acre by acre, for aqua vitæ; by which means the Roost and all its domains, from Yonkers to Sleepy Hollow, came, in the regular course of trade, and, by right of purchase, into the possession of the Dutchmen.

Never has a territorial right, in these new countries, been more legitimately and tradefully established; yet, I grieve to say, the worthy government of the New Netherlands was not suffered to enjoy this grand acquisition unmolested; for, in the year 1654, the losel Yankees of Connecticut,—those swapping, bargaining, squatting enemies of the Manhattoes, made a daring inroad into this neighbourhood, and founded a colony called Westchester, or, as the ancient Dutch records term it, Vest Dorp, in the right of one Thomas Pell, who pretended to have purchased the whole surrounding country of the Indians; and stood ready to argue their claims before any tribunal of Christendom.

This happened during the chivalrous reign of Peter Stuyvesant, and it roused the ire of that gunpowder old hero; who, without waiting to discuss claims and titles, pounced at once upon the nest of nefarious squatters, and carried off twenty-five of them in chains to the Manhattoes; nor did he stay his hand, nor give rest to his wooden

* See Juet's Journal, Purchas Pilgrim.

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leg, until he had driven every Yankee back into the bounds of Connecticut, or obliged him to acknowledge allegiance to their High Mightinesses. He then established certain out-posts, far in the Indian country, to keep an eye over these debatable lands: one of these border holds was the Roost, being accessible from New Amsterdam by water, and easily kept supplied. The Yankees, however, had too great a hankering after this delectable region to give it up entirely. Some remained, and swore allegiance to the Manhattoes; but, while they kept this open semblance of fealty, they went to work secretly and vigorously to intermarry and multiply, and, by these nefarious means, artfully propagated themselves into possession of a wide tract of those open arable parts of Westchester county, lying along the Sound, where their descendants may be found at the present day; while the mountainous regions along the Hudson, with the valleys of the Neperan and the Pocantico, are tenaciously held by the lineal descendants of the Copperheads.

[The chronicle of the venerable Diedrich here goes on to relate how that, shortly after the above-mentioned events, the whole province of the New Netherlands was subjugated by the British; how that Wolfert Acker, one of the wrangling councillors of Peter Stuyvesant, retired in dudgeon to this fastness in the wilderness, determining to enjoy "lust in rust" for the remainder of his days, whence the place first received its name of Wolfert's Roost. As these and sundry other matters have been laid before the public in a preceding article, I shall pass them over, and resume the chronicle where it treats of matters not hitherto recorded.]

Like many men who retire from a worrying world, says Diedrich Knickerbocker, to enjoy quiet in the country, Wolfert Acker soon found himself up to the ears in trouble. He had a termagant wife at home, and there was what is profanely called "the deuce to pay" abroad. The recent irruption of the Yankees into the bounds of the New Netherlands, had left behind it a doleful pestilence, such as is apt to follow the steps of invading armies. This was the deadly plague of witchcraft, which had long been prevalent to the eastward. The malady broke out at Vest Dorp, and threatened to spread throughout the country. The Dutch burghers along the Hudson, from Yonkers to Sleepy Hollow, hastened to nail horse-shoes to their doors, which have ever been found of sovereign virtue to repel this awful visitation. This is the origin of the horse-shoes which may still be seen nailed to the doors of barns and farm-houses, in various parts of this sage and soberthoughted region.

The evil, however, bore hard upon the Roost; partly, perhaps, from its having in old times been subject to supernatural influences, during the sway of the wizard sachem; but it has always, in fact, been considered a fated mansion. The unlucky Wolfert had no rest day nor night. When the weather was quiet all over the country, the wind would howl and whistle round his roof; witches would ride and whirl upon his weather-cocks, and scream down his chimneys. His cows gave bloody milk, and his horses broke bounds, and scampered into the woods. There were not wanting evil tongues to whisper that Wolfert's termagant wife had some tampering with the enemy; and that she even attended a witches' Sabbath in Sleepy Hollow; nay, a neighbour, who

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lived hard by, declared that he saw her harnessing a rampant broomstick, and about to ride to the meeting; though others presume it was merely flourished in the course of one of her curtain lectures, to give energy and emphasis to a period. Certain it is, that Wolfert Acker nailed a horse-shoe to the front-door, during one of her nocturnal excursions, to prevent her return; but, as she re-entered the house without any difficulty, it is probable she was not so much of a witch as she was represented.*

After the time of Wolfert Acker, a long interval elapses, about which but little is known. It is hoped, however, that the antiquarian researches so diligently making in every part of this new country, may yet throw some light upon what may be termed the Dark Ages of the Roost.

The next period at which we find this venerable and eventful pile rising to importance, and resuming its old belligerent character, is during the revolutionary war. It was at that time owned by Jacob Van Tassel, or Van Texel, as the name was originally spelled, after the place in Holland, which gave birth to this heroic line. He was strong-built, long-limbed, and as stout in soul as in body; a fit successor to the warrior sachem of yore, and, like him, delighting in extravagant enterprises, and hardy deeds of arms. Before I enter upon the exploits of this worthy cock of the Roost, however, it is fitting I should throw some light upon the state of the mansion, and of the surrounding country, at the time. In your succeeding Miscellany this may be done.

* Historical Note.—The annexed extracts from the early colonial records, relate to the irruption of witchcraft into Westchester county, as mentioned in the chronicle:—

"July 7, 1670.—Katharine Harryson accused of witchcraft on complaint of Thomas Hunt and Edward Waters, in behalf of the town, who pray that she may be driven from the town of Westchester. The woman appears before the council. * * * She was a native of England, and had lived a year in Weathersfield, Connecticut, where she had been tried for witchcraft, found guilty by the jury, acquitted by the bench, and released out of prison, upon condition she would remove. Affair adjourned.

"August 24.—Affair taken up again, when, being heard at large, it was referred to the general court of assize. Woman ordered to give security for good behaviour, &c."

In another place is the following entry:—

"Order given for Katharine Harryson, charged with witchcraft, to leave Westchester, as the inhabitants are uneasy at her residing there, and she is ordered to go off."

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THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER'S STORY.

BY ARTHUR HUME PLUNKETT.

"It was here, sir, that Mr. Clements descended."

"How fearful!" I exclaimed, scarcely venturing to look down a precipice at least six hundred feet in depth.

To repeat in a few words what had occupied nearly an hour, and omitting his numerous digressions, the samphire gatherer's tale ran thus:—

At the close of the last century he and his father, samphire gatherers by trade, had assisted in lowering one Mr. Clements down the cliff under rather extraordinary circumstances. Mr. Clements was returning home along the downs, from the then retired, but now fashionable town of ——, when he recognised a boat about a mile from the shore, strongly resembling one in which his wife and sister were in the frequent habit of passing hours, in a little bay or inlet of the sea near his house. He hastened home only to have all doubts removed as to their identity; and, hurrying back to the spot where he had first observed them, found, to his extreme terror, that the boat had been deserted by its occupants, who had been seen wandering on the rocks under the cliff. To approach them by the sea on either side in time to rescue them from their impending danger was impossible. The tide was rising fast, and their destruction appeared to be inevitable. In this emergency the samphire gatherers were thought of, and sought for; and, declining all their offers, Clements insisted upon descending the cliff, in the hope of placing his wife upon some rock or spot where she might remain in safety till the arrival of the boats from ——. Thus far had the samphire gatherer got in his story which he was relating to me as I was strolling along the cliffs, when he paused, as I have already mentioned, and pointed to the spot where Mr. Clements descended.

Following his example, and taking a seat on the grass near him, the old man continued his tale. I give it in his own words.

"Well, sir; when we found we could not persuade him to let one of us go down in his place, father, as usual, secured a crow-bar into the earth, a few feet from the edge of the cliff; and then twining the rope once round it, in order to give us the steadier hold on Mr. Clements, fastened it under his arms. We then made him change his coat for one of our frocks, such as you see the common people wear in these parts; and taught him how to put his feet steadily against the side of the cliff—as it were thus; and made him take the rope between his hands just above the knot, and told him to lean out from the rock as far as he could, and to work downwards with his feet and look up, and keep a watch out for the stones and rubbish which the rope might dislodge. We told him all this, sir; and bade him not be frightened at the birds, as they would not harm him;—the sun had set, sir; and they always make a horrid screeching if you go down the cliff after they are gone to roost;—and, that if he altered his mind, and wished to come back, he had only to give the rope a couple of pulls, and that we'd haul him up directly. 'No—no,' says Mr. Clements, 'there's no necessity for that.' When I get to the bottom, wait for a quarter of an hour; if at the end of that time I give no signal for you to pull me up, you will

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know that the ladies are safe, and then make what haste you can, and get a boat from ——. 'I am ready now,' says he, in a faint voice, and his teeth all the while chattering with fear. Never was a man so frightened as he was at that moment. Well, sir, father and I once more lifted the rope, and Mr. Clements leaned back over the edge of the cliff. Down he went. We soon lost sight of him.

"Working with his feet, as father had told him, we slowly supplying out rope as he required it, he moved safely down for a bit; then he rested on a jutting rock. All this time he kept his eyes fixed on the sky. Pressing cautiously with his feet against the chalk; his body almost at right-angles with the cliff; his hands grasping the rope, or sheltering his face from the shower of stones and dirt which it dislodged. He had got about a hundred feet from the top, when, suddenly slipping from the cliff, his chest and face were flung violently against it. He endeavoured to regain his footing against the rocks, and in so doing broke through a resolution which he had formed, and looked beneath him. It is a rare sight *that* for the first time. Well do I remember how my head swam as I looked at the water far, *far* below; and the waves that one could see, but not hear, as they broke over the shingles. Presence of mind, on which Mr. Clements so vaunted himself, where was it then? He was about to pull the rope; but he thought of his poor wife, and one thought of her was enough. On he went. To regain a footing was impossible. Father and I kept gradually lowering the rope; and with his face to the cliff; his hands outstretched, catching at each object as he passed; enveloped in a shower of chalk and stones, which he had not the strength to avoid; gasping and panting for breath, poor Mr. Clements slided down for about another hundred feet. Here the cliff arched inwards, forming an immense hollow, like yonder rock, sir; and, swinging to and fro, and round and round, as it were betwixt heaven and earth, down he went. At one moment the wide ocean met his dizzy gaze; at another, flocks of the startled birds flew around his head, uttering their shrill and angry cries. Again, sir, he found himself sliding down against the side of the cliff, his flesh all sore and torn, and his body and arms in absolute torture from the pressure of the rope. Again in agony he made a frantic effort to regain a footing; but, in so doing, fastened one of his legs in a narrow fissure, or opening in the rock. Vain was the struggle to release it, sir; Mr. Clements was either too weak and faint, or the limb too firmly secured in the rock. All his efforts were useless; and I shudder at the bare recollection while I tell it, *we continued to supply the rope!* Hanging by his leg, head downwards, there he lay; the cormorants and sea-mews flitting around him, and joining in his frightful shrieks."

"Horrible! was he long thus?"

"Not long, sir. Father soon discovered that there was no weight or pull upon the rope; and, judging from his experience of what had occurred, we raised it a few feet, and released Mr. Clements from his painful situation. From this moment, he told me, he was unconcious as to whether he was ascending or descending, until he heard his name called in a faint voice. He opened his eyes. We had lowered him over the arch of an immense cavern, within which all was darkness. The sea was rolling in beneath him; his feet touched it; he felt that he must either swim or drown; he feebly grasped the rope; a thrill of joy ran through his veins as he found an unexpected footing on a rock concealed by the waves in about three feet

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water ; the depth around for the present mattered not. He remained for a few moments motionless on the rock. His name was again called ; it sounded from within the cave.

"Extricating himself from the rope, he made an effort to swim; found that he had more strength than he had thought,—swam forward through the darkness up the cavern ; struggled—sank—rose again—heard his name called louder and nearer,—made one effort more—felt the sand, the smooth sand, under his feet,—staggered forward,—reeled, and fell, exhausted, into the arms of his wife."

"And his sister?"

"The ladies were both there, sir. The cavern was about fifty feet in depth, sloping upwards towards the back, and partly filled with weeds, stones, and sand. Here Mrs. Clements and her sister had been driven to take refuge by the rising tide. They had landed from the boat on the rocks, at some distance below the cave, in the hope of finding a pathway or outlet, by which they could escape up the cliff. After a long and hopeless search, they bethought them of the boat ; and, to their extreme terror, found that it had been carried away by the rising tide, which now partly covered the rocks. They had just time to climb into the cavern over the fallen rocks under the arch, when the waters sweeping in, closed up all entrance to any but a swimmer. Although the tide was fast rising, the ladies cheered each other with the hope that they should escape. Fortunately the darkness at the back of the cavern was sufficient to prevent their discovering the height to which the water usually rose.

"As you might imagine, Mr Clements was some time before he recovered his senses. His wife was kneeling beside him, chafing his brows, when her sister, starting up, called their attention to the rope by which he had descended. We were pulling it up ; and he shook his head as it disappeared over the arch of the cavern. Well he knew how useless it would have been for *them* to use it. 'It matters not,' he said ; 'they (meaning us) have gone to——. We shall have boats here soon ; we are safe—quite safe,' and so on, endeavouring to keep their spirits up, while he well knew that in the darkness the chances were that the boat would never find the cave.

"Two hours, sir,—two long hours passed on in this way, and Mr. Clements had given up all hope. The water kept rising and rising, till at last the waves broke at their feet, and each instant threatened their destruction. The ladies were almost dead with fear and cold, when a large heavy, Dutch-built boat—you don't see such now, sir,—swept, with scarcely a sound, under the arch into the cavern, her prow coming in close upon the spot where Mr. Clements and the ladies were. They did not hear her until she was within the cave ; and no wonder, for the oars were muffled, and those who were in her were as silent as the grave. It was part of the cargo of a French smuggler, lying a few miles off, that her crew, assisted by some of the fishermen, were about to land, and they had taken shelter in the cavern, having been alarmed at the approach of a boat up the coast. Fortunate was it that Mr. Clements prevented the ladies from calling out for assistance from them——"

"Why I should have thought at such a moment that even smugglers——"

"Not they, sir,—not they ; and Mr. Clements knew it. Desperate men like them would have left the poor things to drown, or have murdered them. No; Mr. Clements knew better. He tried a last

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and a dangerous chance; but it was his only one. Listen, sir: while the men had their heads turned to the opening of the cavern, watching the boat pass, the sight of which had driven them into it, he lifted the ladies gently into the end of the boat. They couldn't hear him for the noise of the waves; there was plenty of room for them, and he drew a sail over them, and was just stepping in himself after them, when one of the men turned, and he had only time to conceal himself under the bows of the boat before she was again moving silently out of the cave with, as her crew little suspected, the addition of two to their number since she had entered it.

"They went about a quarter of a mile down under the cliff, and landed a boy, who disappeared like a cat up the rocks. A dead silence ensued; no one ventured to speak; the men rested on their oars, and the boat gently rose and sank on the waves. At last the silence was broken; something dark was hurled down the cliff at a short distance from the boat. It fell heavily on the rocks. 'God forgive him, he's tossed him over,' muttered one of the men. And so it was, sir. The poor man on the look-out was asleep near the top of the cliff; and we often hear of these men rolling over in their sleep. There's always a reason for it, sir. They were going to land their cargo, when they heard a gun in the offing from one of the King's cutters. The alarm had been given. Not a moment was to be lost; and, straining every nerve, they bore out to sea.

"They were about two miles from the shore, when some of the men declared it was a lost job, and that they could go no further. Mrs. Clements was quite senseless with cold and exhaustion, but her sister listened eagerly to what the men said. They had some angry words, but the meaning of their conversation she could not understand. There was a little boat astern of the larger one, which they drew to it, and entered one by one, the last man calling out as he stepped in—'Now then, boys, pull for your lives; they'll make after us when they find they've lost their prize.'

"The boat had disappeared in the surrounding darkness before the terrified lady comprehended all; and then, sir, in a moment the frightful truth flashed upon her. The devils had scuttled the boat, and it was sinking fast. She said one prayer, and turned to kiss her sleeping sister, when Mr. Clements' voice sounded almost at her side! There he was, sir,—there he was in the self-same little pleasure-boat which had been the cause of all their misfortunes. He had just time to lift the ladies out of the boat, and to get clear of her, when she went down. The revenue-cutter came up, and took them on board all alive; but many months passed before Mrs. Clements recovered the events of that dreadful night."

"What became of Mr. Clements when they left him in the cave?"

"He held on to the boat for a few minutes till they got outside, and then swam to the rocks, where he found his little pleasure-boat, and entering it, followed in the track of the larger vessel in time to save the life of Mrs. Clements and that of her sister. The sun is setting, sir," said the samphire gatherer, touching his hat to me. "I must be going homewards. Mayhap," he added, as he turned away on his path, "one of these days, when you are strolling on the rocks below, sir, you will look at the cavern where Mr. Clements found his wife. You can imagine much better than I can describe what must have been their feelings in such a place, and at such a time. Good evening, sir."

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PORTRAIT GALLERY.—No. VII.

ADVENTURES OF THE CANNON FAMILY.

It was night before the cavalcading party returned to the once-famed *Bonomia*, but in modern times the no less celebrated Boulogne. What could they have been about all this time in a humble cottage? Miss Molly Cannon frightened out of her life, and Lucy Cannon terrified to death; one Frenchman wounded in the head, both smitten in the heart. The fact simply was, that they were making love in the most approved and scientific manner, which we unsophisticated English should endeavour to imitate, since, by curious ancient manuscripts lately discovered in Pompeii, it is clearly proved that Ovid was a native of Gascony.

The Comte des Oripeaux possessed a heart of crystal, suspended round his *Byronic* neck by a chain of jet-black hair, evidently appertaining to the head that had belonged to the possessor of the aforesaid heart, and from whence had also been ravished or bestowed a raven-lock.

As Molly was pretending to play with affected indifference with the dangling jewel, Des Oripeaux heaved a sigh; Molly responded; Des Oripeaux groaned; Molly hemmed; and timidly asked—unsophisticated child!—if that hair belonged to his sister? Oripeaux was silent. He drooped his head in his hands; he then grasped his throat. He seemed a prey to the pangs of upbraiding conscience; while in fact, he was merely squeezing his jugular veins, to produce a crimson suffusion in his face. An English lover who has no knowledge of anatomy, would never have hit upon such an ingenious stratagem. But here his friend, De la Blagne, who was instilling in Lucy's ear all the devoted spirit of love's distillation, perceived his embarrassment, and hastened to his relief.

"*Mon ami*," he said, "Miss Moli, is too subject—to bad shame—vere bad shame—*mauvaise honte*—and his *impressionabilité* is vere much—*ridicule*—*ma foi*. Sometime he is quite *assommant*,—quite *knocky me down*. De fac of de *mattaire* is, dat dis dere *mèche de cheveux*—dat *nick* of hair did belong to a vere silly, foolish, *susceptible* lady, one *Duchesse de Gringullet*; and she did one day fancy him one *infidèle*, and she went for to travel for *distraction*; till, one morning, she take one *chump* in de river, from de top of de Euxine Bridge—de *Pont Euxine*."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Molly Cannon. "The duchess—a real duchess drowned herself!—*noyau* herself in the *rivière*—oh, dear!"

"*Allons, mon ami*," added De la Blagne, giving him a choke-chicken thump, which would have rectified a hunchback. "*Du courage!* You know you *naver* did *loaf* dat foolish *duchesse*, whose husband was sa retainly the most magnifique gentleman I ever saw. But, if de lady do *chump* into de vater for *loaf*, ve are no *fishaman* to chump aftaire. Eh, donc!—for, though one lady may be de *toste* of de *société*—eh!—vhen she chumps in the river no gentleman likes *toste in vater*. No, by Gar! dat is no *cham-paign*,—ha! ha! eh! donc!" This last ejaculation might lead one to suspect that our witty Frank was a countryman of Ovid.

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make him *papillotes*. But, if de *fortune de guerre*, de property of war, de *décret*, that I shall *peris* for you, Moli; you shall have all my little *trésors*; and I hope you will *vip* over de *cinders* of your *maleroo loafer* —*les cendres de votre malheureux amant!*"

And here mutual sobbings interrupted their louder effusions until they were at the gate of the hotel. Commodus Cannon was out, having gone to take a "*turn* in the rooms." Mrs. Cannon, somewhat to their surprise, they found weeping over her sins and a bowl of *punch á la Romaine*, abjuring all *reformation* under the spiritual guidance of a French priest, *L'Abbé Caffard*, a plenipo. of the Propaganda mission; but, as Molly and Lucy cared very little whether their mother turned or returned, Unitarian, Latitudinarian, Longitudinarian, or Anythingarian, provided she did not bother them, they withdrew to their chambers, to give vent to their grief, and at the same time to ease their afflictions through the safety-valve of vanity by comparing the qualities of their lovers.

Shortly afterwards the chambermaid brought in a parcel, with the *adieux* of M. le Comte; which the girl could scarcely deliver from the agonized state of her feelings, as she expatiated upon all the qualifications of a *beau jeune homme* with a *mourir si jeune*, followed by an *hélas!* that would have done credit to any French theatrical *utilité*.* Molly was too much moved to examine the precious trust; a task readily undertaken by her curious sister. This was the more easily performed, as the sundry articles contained in the box were specified in an inventory, of which the untravelled reader may wish to have a translation. Here it is.

"Inventory of the effects of Charles Joseph Amé des Auguste de la Vesse, Comte des Oripeaux, Officer of the Legion of Honour and of the Iron Crown, Colonel of Cavalry, &c. &c.

"1. A book, containing the journal of my amours.

"2. A key to decipher the ladies' names therein contained.

"3. The cross of the Legion of Honour, given to me on the field of Wagram, after having broken through 14,000 cavalry with my regiment.

"4. A *bâton*, taken by me from *Vellington* at the victory of Vittoria, when I pared the claws of the British leopard with my *bancal*.†

"5. A musket-ball extracted from my leg at Austerlitz; a musket-ball extracted from (blank) during the fatal retreat of Leipsic, occasioned by the misconduct of a drunken corporal.

"6. A nosegay given to me by the Queen of Prussia at Sans Souçi; and the key of the back-door of her aforesaid majesty's apartment.

"7. A pair of garters, given to me as a 'true lover's knot' by the aforesaid queen, they having fallen on her ancles when her calves were dispelled by grief *à mon départ*.

"8 A paper of poison (*mort aux rats*) which I fortunately took from the Polish Princess Ratowowwowsky, who was about to destroy her husband to follow me to France.

"9. The *busk* of her daughter, whom I carried off instead of the mother, but who was unfortunately drowned in the Bérésina.

* The French call *utilités* all the inferior performers who are compelled to perform any character—to make themselves, in fact, generally useful.

† *Familiar* name of the crooked cavalry sabre.

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"10. 727 love-letters in various languages.

"11. 97 locks of hair—not the wig of a Dutch Chancellor—given to me by his lovely young *frau*, as a token of her ineffable contempt for the old *frump*.*

"12. The spy-glass with which the Princess of Asturias used to look out for me from the windows of the Aranjuez Palace.

"13. Two front teeth of the Princess Hohenlinden, knocked out in a fit of jealousy by her barbarous husband; and part of her beautiful hair, which was cut off when she was immured in a nunnery for life.

"14. The veil of the abbess of St. Clara of Valladolid (*gage d'amour*); with the beard of the Capuchin friar who detected us (*gage de vengeance*).

"15. The papillotes of the Princess of Hohenlohe, made out of her husband's prayer-books.

"The entire entrusted to the care, and sacrificed to the charms of the only person whom I ever truly loved and adored *à la vie—à la mort*. Mademoiselle Moli du Cannon, Anglaise."

It may be easily imagined what effect this examination had upon the young ladies. Molly was dissolved in tears; while Lucy bit her lips in the vexatious apprehension that her lover could not exhibit similar testimonials of successful gallantry. Her only consolation resulted from some slight doubts as to the genuineness of these treasures. Examining one of the bullets, she said it looked very like one of her brother's *dumps*; having no doubt been flattened on a bone; and that she did not think he was *so old* as to have been at Austerlitz. Then she made various strange observations in regard to the other vulgar ball, of nameless extraction, during the flight of Leipsic: but love—true love is credulous, callous to advice, and heedless even of irony. Lucy, finding that her words were idle, thought it wiser to retire to rest: but jealousy, it is to be apprehended, cropped the poppies that might have been shed over her couch; while Molly Cannon was kept awake by the conflicting pangs of fear, hope and despair. She was sitting upon her couch like an abandoned damsel of romance, or perhaps like the lady in Dubuffe's Family Souvenirs. She was silently weeping; but her streaming eyes were devouring the treasures of her lover displayed before her, and which to her were more precious than the most sacred regalia—nay, than the *oriflamme* of France. Soon, however, her anguish was relieved. The clock had scarcely struck seven when the door was violently thrown open, and in an instant Des Oripeaux was locked in her fond embrace. He, poor fellow! could not throw his arms round her *swanlike* neck—for one of them was in a sling stained with his precious blood, shed in her defence, in the cause of her honour. She looked an encyclopædia of human horrors; but he calmly smiled upon her, adding—

"*Dis is noting*, my Moli—*my vife—my ev'ry ting; but, de général —ha! ha!—une—deux—ha! ha!—he do bite de dust.*"

However delighted Molly Cannon might have been, Lucy affected to be "mightily shocked" at this untimely and unceremonious intrusion in their bedchamber, and forthwith sought to hide herself under the bed-clothes, ordering the count in a subterraneous sort of

* The French term was *casse-dos*, which I think the word *frump* tolerably conveys.

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a voice, to "*allez vous ong;*" but her modest wrath soon subsided when she heard the intruder tell her sister that on that very morning he and his dear friend, De la Blagne, would ask the consent of their amiable papa and mamma.

Mrs. Cannon who had gone to hear early mass with Abbé Caffard, had returned to breakfast; and at the supplication of her daughters, granted her consent, provided that their lovers were good Catholics, and could show proper certificates of confession and absolution; while, to use her own expression, her daughters should *decant* their former errors and heresies in the presence of at least a bishop *in partibus*,—for such, it appears, was the Abbé Caffard.

It was now requisite to obtain the approbation of Old Cannon, who was at breakfast, writhing under the severe losses he had experienced on the preceding evening, when he, or rather the *gallery*, had detected two French sharpers "*doing him*," or "cleaning him out," at *écarté*; and who, upon being taken in the fact, told the old gentleman that he should have to meet them the following morning to give them satisfaction. When Count des Oripeaux and his friend were ushered into his presence, taking them for the seconds, he trembled from head to foot; but when he was made acquainted with the business that brought them, his courage rose with his wrath, and he asked the bold intruders how dirty French adventurers could dare aspire to the hand of the daughter of an English gentleman, a magistrate, a churchwarden, a chairman of a committee? The count indignantly replied, that it was doing honour to a shopkeeper, who ought to feel proud in cutting off a yard of bobbinet for a Chevalier Français; and, moreover, that a current of the noble blood of a French count would purify a tradesman's puddle.

Cannon was wrought up to a pitch of frenzy; and, although little disposed to joke or to pun, roared out,

"Then, I'll tell you what, *Monseer Crapo*,—or whatever you are, —Monseer *count* of Tag-rag-and-bob-tail, that you have *counted* without your host, and take this on *a-count* to settle the balance."

So saying, he pitched an *omelette aux ragous*, that was smoking on his table, at the head of the indignant count, who thought proper to retreat, exclaiming with much dignity, "*If you vas not de papa, de author of the days of Moli, you vas one dead man!*" He had scarcely concluded the sentence, when a *potage de vermicelle* followed the omelette. It was during this interesting scene, that the Misses Cannon expressed their readiness to follow their lovers as far as the antipodes, when certain words were dropped about fortune, and funded property, and cutting off to a shilling, and so forth; by which the Frenchmen learnt that Molly Cannon's fortune was in her own power, and derived from certain legacies; but that Lucy's depended entirely upon the pleasure of her crusty father. A light beamed upon M. de la Blagne, the intimate *friend* of the count, and he withdrew his friend to consult upon what was best to be done before they decided upon an elopement.

What passed between these worthies is not recorded; but the issue, alas! is but too well known. The conscience of La Blagne smote him. With penitential looks, he sought an interview with Molly Cannon; he fell upon one knee, then upon both; then drew a pistol, (an amatory weapon without a touchhole, made expressly for disappointed and desperate lovers,) he then threatened suicide, homicide, or anyside, if

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she did not forgive him his base and atrocious conduct in aiding and abetting a deceit foul and infamous. He then confessed that he was not a soldier,—as his mustachios might have indicated, and his swearing confirmed,—but the eldest son of a *calicot* manufacturer of great wealth and renown; that his *ami* was neither a count, nor a cavalry colonel, but simply a melodramatic performer, enacting tyrants at the *Ambigu Comique* of Paris; that no duel had been fought for her; and that General Gongibus was no other than a billiard-room marker. That the supposed quarrel had been "got up" to produce an "effect;" and that the distinguished blood of the Oripeaux that had stained his scarf, had been obtained, *en passant*, from a calf's head suspended at a butcher's stall.

The only reply Molly could make to this awful disclosure, was to fall in a befitting fit; but Monsieur de la Blagne—whose true name was François Blageur,—who well knew that when a lady closed her eyes in a faint, her ears were more than usually open, whispered into one of them that he merely had paid his addresses to her sister, that he might have access to her, and glut his eyes upon her divine charms. When, perceiving that she remained silent, he loaded his pistol with half-a-dozen bullets and pellets, knelt down to say his prayers, and then put the muzzle of the weapon in his mouth. Seeing this, Molly jumped up, and roaring "*murder!*" and "*voleur!*" rushed out of the room, leaving the disappointed Frenchman in utter dismay.

The first step that the indignant Molly Cannon adopted, was to inform Lucy, like an affectionate sister, that De la Blagne had merely made love to her as a matter of convenience; that *she* had always been the true object of his devotions, and that he must really be a most honest and upright young man thus to have saved her from ruin and disgrace, by marrying a strolling player; and, finally, (for Molly was a warm advocate of *finality*,) that she would send back to the wretch all his treasures and valuables, which she now dignified with the appellation of his "pitiful dirty traps."

It is difficult to say, how this business might have terminated, and how far Miss Molly Cannon might have felt it incumbent on her to reward Monsieur Blageur for his candour, (not, of course, to vex her disappointed sister); but women propose, and sometimes the public dispose. The *fracas* of this untoward event was even too great for Boulogne; and, by the advice of Abbé Caffard, the parties thought it expedient to set out for Paris after a family council. The Misses Cannon concluded that they should all become wives of some *nobles;* their brothers, that they should move in a society, in which they could not have dared to thrust their provincial noses in London. Mrs. Cannon was anxious to behold the rites of the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church performed in all its splendour; and old Commodus,—who had taken a vast fancy to *écarté* playing, (and who, moreover, had greatly admired a Parisian opera-dancer, who had been "starring it" at Boulogne, on her return to Paris from a London eclipse in the opening season,) fancied that in the French metropolis he could afford to "do the genteel thing."

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OLD MORGAN AT PANAMA.

In the hostel-room we were seated in gloom, old Morgan's trustiest crew;
No mirthful sound, no jest went round, as it erst was wont to do.
Wine we had none, and our girls were gone, for the last of our gold was spent;
And some swore an oath, and all were wroth, and stern o'er the table bent;
Till our chief on the board hurl'd down his sword, and spake with his stormy shout,
"Hell and the devil! an' this be revel, we had better arm and out.
Let us go and pillage old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!"

Straight at the word each girt on his sword, five hundred men and more;
And we clove the sea in our shallops free, till we reached the mainland shore.
For many a day overland was our way, and our hearts grew weary and low,
And many would back on their trodden track, rather than farther go;
But the wish was quell'd, though our hearts rebell'd, by old Morgan's stormy roar,—
"The way ye have sped is farther to tread, than the way which lies before."
So on we march'd upon Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

'T was just sunset when our eyes first met the sight of the town of gold;
And down on the sod each knelt to his god, five hundred warriors bold;
Each bared his blade, and we fervent pray'd [for it might be our latest prayer,]
"Ransom from hell, if in fight we fell,—if we lived, for a booty rare!"
And each as he rose felt a deep repose, and a calm o'er all within;
For he knew right well, whatever befell, his soul was assoil'd from sin,
Then down we march'd on old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

The town arose to meet us as foes, and in order beheld us come;—
They were three to one, but warriors none,—traders, and such like scum,
Unused to wield either sword or shield; but they plied their new trade well.
I am not told how they bought and sold, but they fought like fiends of hell.
They fought in despair for their daughters fair, their wives, and their wealth, God wot!
And throughout the night made a gallant fight,—but it matter'd not a jot.
For had we not sworn to take Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers?

O'er dying and dead the morn rose red, and o'er streets of a redder dye;
And in scatter'd spots stood men in knots, who would not yield or fly.
With souls of fire they bay'd our ire, and parry'd the hurl and thrust;
But ere the sun its noon had won they were mingled with the dust.
Half of our host in that night we lost,—but we little for that had care;
We knew right well that each that fell increased the survivor's share
Of the plunder we found in old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

We found bars o' gold, and coin untold, and gems which to count were vain;
We had floods of wine, and girls divine, the dark-eyed girls of Spain.
They at first were coy, and baulk'd our joy, and seem'd with their fate downcast,
And wept and groan'd, and shriek'd and swoon'd; but 't was all the same at last.
Our wooing was short, of the warrior's sort, and they thought it rough, no doubt;
But, truth to tell, the end was as well as had it been longer about.
And so we revell'd in Panama.
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

We lived in revel, sent care to the devil, for two or three weeks or so,
When a general thought within us wrought that 't was getting time to go.
So we set to work with dagger and dirk to torture the burghers hoar,
And their gold conceal'd compell'd them to yield, and add to our common store.
And whenever a fool of the miser school declar'd he had ne'er a groat,
In charity due we melted a few, and pour'd them down his throat.
This drink we invented at Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

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When the churls were eased, their bags well squeezed, we gave them our blessing full fain,
And we kiss'd our girls with the glossy curls, the dark-eyed girls of Spain;
Our booty we shared, and we all prepared for the way we had to roam,
When there rose a dispute as to taking our route by land or by water home.
So one half of the band chose to travel by land, the other to travel by sea:
Old Morgan's voice gave the sea the choice, and I follow'd his fortunes free,
And hasten'd our leaving old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

A bark we equipp'd, and our gold we shipp'd, and gat us ready for sea;
Seventy men, and a score and ten, mariners bold were we.
Our mates had took leave, on the yester-eve, their way o'er the hills to find,
When, as morning's light pierc'd through the night, we shook her sails to the wind.
With a fresh'ning breeze we walked the seas, and the land sunk low and lower;
A dreary dread o'er our hearts there sped we never should see land more—
And away we departed from Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

For a day or two we were busy enow in setting ourselves to rights,
In fixing each berth, our mess, and so forth, and the day's watch and the night's;
But when these were done, over every one came the lack of aught to do,
We listless talk'd, we listless walk'd, and we pined for excitement new.
Oh! how we did hail any shift in the gale, for it gave us a sail to trim!
We began to repent that we had not bent our steps with our comrades grim.
And thus we sail'd on from old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

Day after day we had stagger'd away, with a steady breeze abeam;
No shift in the gale; no trimming a sail; how dull we were, ye may deem!
We sung old songs till we wearied our lungs; we pushed the flagon about;
And told and re-told tales ever so old, till they fairly tired us out.
There was a shark in the wake of our bark took us three days to hook;
And when it was caught we wished it was not, for we missed the trouble it took.
And thus we sail'd on from old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

At last it befell, some tempter of hell put gambling in some one's head;
The devil's device, the cards and the dice, broke the stagnant life we led:
From morn till night, ay, till next morn's light, we plied the bones right well;
Day after day the rattle of play clatter'd thorough the caravel.
How the winners laugh'd, how the losers quaff'd! 't was a madness, as it were.
It was a thing of shuddering to hark to the losers' swear.
And thus we sail'd on from old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

From morn till night, ay, till next morn's light, for weeks the play kept on:
'T was fearful to see the winners' glee, and the losers haggard and wan;
You well might tell, by their features fell, they would ill brook to be crost;
And one morn there was one, who all night had won, jeer'd some who all night had lost.
He went to bed—at noon he was dead—I know not from what, nor reck;
But they spake of a mark, livid and dark, about the dead man's neck!
And thus we sail'd on from old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

This but begun: and those who had won lived a life of anxious dread;
Day after day there was bicker and fray; and a man now and then struck dead.
Old Morgan stern was laugh'd to scorn, and it worry'd his heart, I trow;
Five days of care, and his iron-grey hair was as white as the winter's snow:
The losers at last his patience o'erpast, for they drew their sword each one,
And cried, with a shout, "Hell take you! come out, and fight for the gold ye have won—
The gold that our blood bought at Panama:
We, the mighty Buccaneers!"

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We never were slow at a word and a blow, so we cross'd our irons full fain;
And for death and life had begun the strife, when old Morgan stopt it amain,
And thunder'd out with his stormy shout,—"Dogs, ye have had your day!
To your births!" he roar'd. "Who sheathes not his sword, Heaven grant him its grace, I pray!
For I swear, by God, I will cleave him like wood!" There was one made an angry sign;
Old Morgan heard, and he kept his word; for he clove him to the chine.
So ended *his* exploits at Panama:
He, the mighty Buccaneer!

At this we quail'd, and we henceforth sail'd, in a smouldering sort of truce;
But our dark brows gloom'd, and we inward fumed for a pretext to give us loose:
When early one morn—"A strange sail astern!" we heard the lookout-man hail;
And old Morgan shout, "Put the ship about, and crowd every stitch of sail!"
And around went we, surging through the sea at our island wild buck's pace;
In wonderment what old Morgan meant, we near'd to the fated chase—
We, the pillagers of old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

She went right fast, but we took her at last. 'T was a little brigantine thing;
With some four men for crew, and a boy or two—a bark built for trafficking;
Besides this crew were three women, too; her freight was salt-fish and oil;
For the men on board, they were put to the sword; the women we spared awhile.
And all was surmise what to do with the prize, when old Morgan, calling us aft,
Roar'd, "Ye who have fooled yourselves ont of your gold take possession of yonder craft,
And go and pillage some other Panama,
Ye, the mighty Buccaneers!"

We were reckless and rude, we had been at feud till 't was war to the very knife:
But it clove each heart when we came to part from comrades in many a strife:
Over one and all a gloom seemed to fall, and in silence they packed their gear,
Amid curses and sighs, and glistening eyes, and here and there a tear.
We gave brooches and things for keepsakes and rings; and some trucked the weapons they wore:
This Spanish gun was a token from one who had fought me a week before,
While we diced for the spoils of old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

Their traps all pack'd, there was nothing lack'd, but sharing the women three:
The odd one's choice was left to the dice, and she fell to the rich so free;
When the losers 'gan swear the dice were unfair, and brawl'd till our chief gat wild,
And, without more ado, cut the woman in two, as Solomon shared the child.
Then each of each band shook each old mate's hand, and we parted with hearts sore;
We all that day watch'd them lessen away. They were never heard of more!
We kept merrily on from old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

Their sufferings none know, but ours, I trow, were very, oh! very sore;
We had storm and gale till our hearts 'gan fail, and then calms, which harassed us more;
Then many fell sick; and while all were weak, we rounded the fiery cape;
As I hope for bliss in the life after this, 't was a miracle our escape!
Then a leak we sprung, and to lighten us, flung all our gold to the element:
Our perils are past, and we 're here at last, but as penniless as we went.
And such was the pillage of Panama
By the mighty Buccaneers!

G. E. Inman.

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NO SILVER SPOON!

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

"Take a poon, pig."—Miss Edgeworth's "*Simple Susan.*"

It has been, time out of mind, a common saying, that young gentlemen or ladies who come into the world on high days or holidays, fortunate days for the family, or days when unexpected legacies had been received, or wealth realized, were born with silver spoons in their mouths. Nay, in some modern farce a pert abigail declares that such has been her young mistress's luck, that she could not have entered existence with anything in her throat less valuable than a silver soup ladle! Whether such massive accompaniments are inconvenient to the innocent babes I have no means of ascertaining; but I do think that all mothers who have given birth to such treasures, ought ever after to be treated with high respect. On the list of great and illustrious persons they ought surely only to be placed second to the far-famed goose, that laid a golden egg for her mistress daily. I made my appearance a few days earlier than I was expected; and the very morning of my arrival intelligence was brought of the death of an old Uncle Somebody, who died out somewhere, and who had been supposed dead for years, having left my father five thousand pounds a-year. My father and mother, who had been some years married, had long sighed for a baby; nor can it be doubted that, like other folks but moderately off in the world, they had also sighed for a little accession of fortune. Two aspirations were thus propitiously realized in one day; and, as I really seemed to make my appearance accompanied by the fortune which I was destined to inherit, it is not surprising that my mother's only brother, a bachelor, Mr. Tidyman Twigg, who had undertaken the responsibility of being my godfather, should give me what was intended for a fondling caress, squeeze the breath almost out of my little body, set me howling and then replacing me in the arms of my nurse, emphatically exclaim, "There, if ever a boy was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, *that's the very boy.*"

From this time my father seemed to become a new man; his habits had hitherto been indolent. He was a merchant: but, not having a sufficient capital to enable him to engage in large and immediately profitable speculations, and, being at the same time deficient in the industry and perseverance which so often make a small property expand itself into a large one, he had made up his mind to live upon his moderate income.

Now, however, affairs began to wear a different aspect. He took a suburban villa; he kept his carriage: a well-situated and commodious counting-house was fitted up; and a round, ruddy, active, unexceptionable, *sort of* gentlemanlike partner was daily seated in an inner room, where he represented the moiety of the firm of "Messrs. Goodman and Cute."

Master Twigg Goodman (meaning myself) having attained the age of twelve years, was to be sent to school; and godpapa having on all eventful occasions taken me rather under his own jurisdiction, he selected the seminary; and, under his protection, and in his own chaise, I was carried to the Rev. Mr. Sloane's; a large, airy, old-

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fashioned, but cheerful-looking brick building, standing in the midst of a charming garden. Perhaps it was fortunate for me that Godpapa Tidyman did take me under his wing; for my father, as is generally the case with persons of not very strong minds, had flown rather hastily from one extreme to the other, and had latterly become as fussy, fidgetty, over-anxious, and perplexed about his mercantile matters, as he had formerly been passive and even puerile. My poor mother, too, who never had been very strong, found time, since she became rich, to complain of, and give way to any extent of debility which indolence might require as a veil for its helplessness, or which doctors who devote themselves to ladies' nervous systems might sanction, never seemed to have time to do anything. She kissed me, and coaxed me, and gave me cakes, and called me pet, darling, and all other endearing names; and then it was evidently quite a relief to her when she again put me into the nurse's arms, and, sinking back on her cushion with a smelling-bottle to her nose, said, "Take him away, nurse. Ta, ta, pet! Don't let him cry here. Ma'll see her darling again to-morrow."

And thus it was from infancy to boyhood I was indulged and spoiled, and she was always telling me how much she loved me. But then she would check the more natural spirits of my age; my noise was too much for her; and, alas! her love was too little for me. Thus it happened, I believe that Godpapa Tidyman became to me a sort of papa, and mamma, and godpapa, all in one; and, when he kindly and affectionately placed me under Mr. Sloane's care, there certainly was no one in the world so dear to me as himself. I was very happy at Mr. Sloane's. I liked the place and the people; and, above all, my schoolfellows, with whom, however, I certainly did at first involve myself in a little personal annoyance, and entirely through my own egotistical garrulity. I must needs tell them of my first birthday, and the fortune of which I was the unconscious accompaniment. This was nothing; but I told them of the old adage, that with which Godpapa Tidyman still never failed to greet me, and which, caught from him, had daily been echoed by guests of every degree, and by every servant who could take the liberty of addressing me so freely.

Yes, I told all the boys that I had been born with a silver spoon in my mouth! How little did I then anticipate the result! From that day to the day of my departure from school, I never failed to be greeted as "*little spoony!*"

But little spoony managed to make his own way—ay, and without fighting, too. I do not say that now and then I had not a skirmish, which ended in a black eye or a cracked crown; but it never was my lot to encounter perpetual squabbles and bickerings with those companions with whom I was in hourly intercourse; and the notion of a boy's *fighting* his way through a school has always struck me as a most unamiable and unpromising way of beginning life. "Little spoony" was still my nickname; but I had names just as applicable for them; and, when I bore mine with good-humour, I very soon found that the zest with which it was given had worn off.

Passing rapidly from infancy to boyhood, and thence to maturity, is very like shortening my own life. But I am only skipping, and skipping in the memoirs of a boy is surely highly characteristic. When I had become "young master" at home, and possessed dogs,

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horses, a cab, and all other advantages usually sported by the only sons of rich merchants, I heard more of the silver spoon than ever. Godpapa Tidyman, when he greeted me, never had it off his tongue's tip; and certainly, taking it figuratively and metaphorically, when I glanced around at the worldly advantages, comforts, and prospects I possessed, I could not help admitting that something bright had been propitious to my birth; but, whether it was a radiant planet or a silver spoon, it was quite impossible for me to determine.

And now came the brightest event that ever blessed me under the influence of that silver talisman; I fell in love with youth, beauty, amiability, accomplishments, ay, and the greatest wonder of all, with a girl of large and independent fortune, and without my being at all aware of it, with the very girl long since chosen for my destined bride by my father, my mother, and, above all, by dear Godpapa Tidyman.

No two people could be happier than we were. My father and her uncle were constantly closeted together—as old people, I believe, always are on such occasions—while we spent our mornings rambling through the green-lanes of our pretty neighbourhood, and in the evening went to some theatre, to which we inveigled my poor mother. Anna Maria was herself motherless. Godpapa Tidyman was in a state of the utmost joy and excitement, lavishing upon my fair intended the most delicate presents; and on myself he seemed determined to bestow a regular matrimonial outfit—chests of linen, hampers of wine, packages of china, and a most elegant and useful carriage, with imperials, cap-cases, bonnet-boxes, and I know not what, all out of consideration for Anna Maria.

Nor did he forget the silver forks and *spoons*.

At this time I know not whether my silver spoon melted away; certain it is, that all my own bright prospects seemed to vanish one by one. Bankruptcy, that old infirmity of firms, fell heavily on the house of Goodman and Cute. That is, most decidedly on one half of the house; for it was whispered that Cute had been too much for Goodman, and, having well feathered his own nest, had left my father, nay, without a dry hard twig, unless in his emergency he was so fortunate as to find one in Godpapa Tidyman Twig.

Since the death of my poor mother, who had long since suffered from the worrying indications of an approaching calamity—the untimely knocks and rings, the unseasonable visits of men in low-crowned hats with broad brims and shabby drab coats; and had pined away and perished even before the lean visage of want had been suffered to encroach upon her actual wants;—since her death, my father's health had rapidly declined. Always of an indolent, inactive, and inflammatory habit, he had latterly neglected himself; and utterly unprepared for a reverse of fortune, and deeply hurt by the conduct of his partner, Cute, he was unable to endure the blow, and a very few days after the failure, died of apoplexy.

When I met Godpapa Tidyman again, I of course expected to hear nothing but condolences. These were, indeed, lavished on me on account of my recent severe family losses, and the excellent old gentleman shed many tears over the memory of his sister and her husband. But, when we came to speak of the failure, to my utter amazement he was full of congratulations, and actually exclaimed,

"Well, my dear godson, I always said you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth, and you see I was not wrong."

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"Not wrong, dear sir?" said I. "Why, my father died a beggar. Everything he possessed in the world must be sold off; and, even then, nothing will be raised to provide me with an income adequate to the common necessaries of life."

"Oh! but with your resources——"

"*My* resources! I was so completely in ignorance of the real state of my father's affairs; and, from the expectations held out to me, was so little cautious as to the extent of my expenditures, that every article I possess in the world must be sold off also!"

"Well; and what can that signify?" replied my still placid, and now most incomprehensible Godpapa Tidyman. He paused; and then, with a very knowing look, continued, "Have you forgot Anna Maria."

"Forget Anna Maria!" cried I, starting from my chair. "Forget *her!* As soon could I forget——"

"There, there, waste no rhapsodies on me. You do not forget *her;* can you suspect that she ceases to remember you? That all your vows, and promises, and protestations are cherished in her heart; and that she will rush to your arms, and be proud to replace you in the position of wealth and luxurious comforts in which you were when you first met, and which, with all the lover's fond enthusiasm, you invited her to share?"

"True," I replied. "But—but then, there's nothing to share now; and *she* has. And yet, those sweet blue eyes they never could deceive, so full of—of—of— Do you *really* think she loved me for myself alone?" turning to my placid companion with a forlorn aspect.

"To be sure I do. Go to her at once. Fix your black eyes most intently on her blue ones; press both her hands in yours; place your lips on her own—on her cheek, or any place most accessible at the moment; and return to me in an hour, the happiest man in the world, confessing to me that after all I was right, and that you *were* born with a silver spoon in your mouth. I will wait for you here."

To the feet of the gentle blue-eyed Anna Maria flew the impatient Twig Goodman. We hate a twice-told tale; and, as the result of this amatory interview must be briefly detailed by the lover to the very sanguine godpapa, we will let that one disclosure of an unsatisfactory tale suffice.

The young lady had been speechless (so judicious when we have nothing to say that we are not ashamed and afraid to utter). Her blue eyes were invisible, partly from tears, but principally from her pocket-handkerchief; when the kiss was offered it was evaded; and when two hands were outstretched to press hers, a packet was placed in them, evidently containing letters, trinkets, and a picture. The fragile Anna Maria then rose, and tottered out of one door, while the scarcely less fragile Twig Goodman pressed his forehead with his clenched fist, and tottered out of the other!

Godpapa Tidyman was in despair,—that is, for a moment, not in hopeless, comfortless despair; he paced the room for a short time, and then, with a smiling countenance, he held out his hand to me, and said,

"Well, after all, I said you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth, and so you are. The more frequent your disappointments, the greater your luck in the end. I always intended you to inherit my property; but so many better and brighter things seemed to spring

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up in your way, that I never thought of speaking to you on a subject that seemed unimportant, nor did I think it necessary to make a will: now, however, everything shall be arranged to your satisfaction; and, though your income will not realize what I could have wished, nor what you once expected, I know you will be satisfied."

I was full of gratitude; and, as he considerately advised me to change the air and scene, and go to some distant watering-place while the sale of my effects was going on, I set off to Brighton, promising to return to him in ten days, when he said his arrangements in my favour would be legally and satisfactorily arranged.

To Brighton I went; and at the end of the week was recalled by a letter, bearing a huge black seal, and written by the lawyer of my dear friend.

Before the will was signed he had died suddenly; the heir-at-law had immediately taken possession of the property, removing from the house all but a few tables and chairs, cracked crockery, knives and forks, and an old japan waiter.

One old woman—or rather charwoman, I believe they call them,—was left to do anybody's bidding who might come; and, broken-spirited as I was, I was still alive to the cravings of hunger. After much solicitation she promised me a mutton-chop, and it was prepared on a very rickety table, and exceedingly dirty table-cloth.

At length it came; black outside, red inside, and cold gravy. "Mustard," said I; there was none. Pepper, the coarsest and the blackest, was set before me.

"Is there no Harvey's sauce?"

"La, no, sir! they left no delicacies here."

"Well—well; a spoon—a spoon for the gravy."

"Oh, dear me, sir! what could make you ask for such a thing as *that? There's no silver spoon!*"

TO A LADY SINGING.

THERE is a light about those eyes,
  Warm, rich, but tender, like the hue
That's left upon the vesper skies
  When day has turn'd to misty blue;
A mild repose, as if the sun
  Of joy had not been long departed;
And twilight thoughts had just begun
  Half blissfully—half broken-hearted!
    Oh! lady, look but thus,
    And I could gaze for ever!

Within thy voice there is a tone,
  Soft, sweet, and trembling, like the sighs
That night-birds through the valleys moan,
  Thinking they sing gay melodies!
A tranquil sound, as if the tide,
  The noisy tide of mirth and laughter,
Had fall'n adown youth's green hill side,
  To flow in quiet ever after!
    Oh! lady, sing but thus—
    And I could hear for ever.

J. A. WADE.

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THE VETERANS OF CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

BY THE REV. G. R. GLEIG, AUTHOR OF "THE SUBALTERN," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

Proving that Jack himself can run rusty at times, and gains nothing by it.

"It took us several weeks after our arrival in Malta," said John Bain, resuming the thread of his narrative, "to complete the repairs of which we were in need; for the island was not then in possession of the English, neither was there English energy in any of its establishments. But the job, though slowly done, was done effectually; after which we hastened back to rejoin the admiral. We found him before Cadiz, blockading the port, and amusing himself from time to time by bombarding the fleet that found shelter therein, the effects of which practice were to knock down a good many houses, without, as far as I could discover, doing any serious damage to the ships. But the shipping did not escape uninjured neither. Signals would occasionally order the boats of particular vessels to be manned, which after nightfall stole in beneath the batteries; and more than one prize, acquired by skill, and now and then by hard fighting, testified to the excellence of the arrangement. A cutting out, from such a situation as the harbour of Cadiz, at least, is under every circumstance a nervous affair; so it may not be amiss if I describe in detail a service of the kind in which I was once engaged.

The inshore squadron, to which all the frigates were attached, had it in charge to observe narrowly whether any vessels passed to or from the harbour, and to report such changes of position as the fleet which lay at moorings within the basin might attempt. One day a fine brig, taking advantage of a skiff of wind, which did not reach us, came creeping along the shore, and in spite of a sharp chase from the boats, which were immediately ordered out, succeeded in passing the cape, and brought up under the guns of a strong battery. There was a sort of bravado in this which Nelson, who commanded our squadron, did not quite relish, so he determined to convince the Spaniard that he was not so safe as he fancied himself to be. Accordingly, up went the well-known signal for the boats of our ship and the Terpsichore to get ready for service soon after night-fall, while the captains were desired to come on board the admiral to receive orders. What passed in the admiral's cabin I can't tell; but when the skippers returned, the whisper soon went about that we were going to make a prize of the saucy Spaniard; and, as volunteers were looked for to execute a service of some hazard, every soul on board hastened to give in his name. I had the good luck to be heard among the first, and so was chosen; and good luck I call it, because all the credit and very little of the risk of hard service came to me. Well, we stowed away our cutlasses and pistols in the proper place, ate a merry supper with our comrades, drank our grog to the toast of success, and about ten o'clock at night went quietly over the ship's side, and awaited the order to start.

It was a calm and beautiful night. There was no moon in the sky, but the stars were out by millions, and the sea lay under their soft pale

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glitter as still as a baby when it is sleeping. We were at this time above five miles from the shore, yet upon the gentle air there came off to us, even at that distance, the perfume of the many scented shrubs which grow in abundance among the gardens that surround the town. I don't know whence it came about, but I felt unusually sobered down that night. I had no fear of death; I did not even fancy that I was going to be killed; but I became grave and thoughtful to a degree which, without making me unhappy, acted upon my spirits as in some situations we are apt to be affected by melancholy music. I was sitting next one of my messmates with whom I had long lived on terms of great intimacy; a fine bold rollicking fellow, called Ben Hartley, a capital singer, a famous spinner of a yarn, and the best dancer of Jacky-tar among all the ship's company. We had been merry enough between decks while the grog was circulating, and Ben seemed no wise inclined to check his mirth now; for he was the most thoughtless of mortals, and would have cracked his joke, I verily believe, at the foot of the gallows. However, I did not join chorus with my laugh, and once or twice I gave him no answer.

"Why, Jack," said he, "what's the matter? Art out o' sorts, or out o' spirits,—or what ails thee?"

"Nothing, Ben," answered I; "only, I can't tell how, but I fancy that both you and I had better be grave than merry just at this moment."

"Why so, messmate," answered he. "Afraid, I know you aint; but has the old fellow under hatches there been 'sinuating that he might want you by and by?"

"No, Ben," replied I; "I think that *I* shall see the ship again; but others will not, and mayhap yourself may be of the number."

"So be it," replied Ben gaily. "If it come to-night, it won't come to-morrow; and if it don't come now, it must come hereafter. And yet, Jack, if it should be so, don't forget poor Sall. Give her my backy-box, and tell her—Pooh!—what's the use of grieving."

The word was by this time passed to give way, and we stretched on our oars lustily. Silence, too, was the order of the night; for the brig lay within half-musket shot of one battery, and was commanded by the guns at a very narrow range of another. It was therefore as much as many lives were worth that we should at least reach her unobserved. Fortunately for us, the shadows of the land fell darkly and strongly on us; for we did not pull straight to the harbour's mouth, but rather obliquely towards it; so we succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations, and the prize seemed to have fallen into our very hands. But we had reckoned a little beyond our host. There was an open space to cross: the harbour, though narrow, lay between us and the brig, and we could not hope to pass it unnoticed. Quietly, therefore, but resolutely, each said to the other, "Hurrah! hurrah!" and at her we dashed like men who pull for their lives. There was a challenge from the brig's forecastle,—a single musket was discharged, and we lay under her bows. Up we sprang, and in five seconds she was ours.

Yet a blow or two had been struck while we were scrambling up, and there was one plunge back into the water, nobody at the instant could tell of whom. And now began the hoisting of canvass, the cutting of cables, and the turning, with might and main, our prize

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into mid-channel, that she might catch the land-wind, which blew gently but steadily in our favour. It is astonishing to me even at this moment that we should have been permitted to go through with our work so quietly. Not a gun from the shore-battery opened; indeed we were actually under weigh, and leaving all danger behind, before the Dons appeared to become conscious of our proceedings. Then, indeed, there arose a prodigious bustle everywhere. Men shouted, drums beat, and all Cadiz was roused,—but it was too late. The batteries began to fire only when we were so far distant as to render their efforts of small avail, and we escaped without having been once struck. We brought our prize in triumph under the admiral's quarter, and were thanked for the skill and gallantry which we had displayed in securing her.

During the hurry of active operations, especially when they are carried on at night, there is neither time nor opportunity to inquire into the casualties that may have taken place. It was not, indeed till we broke up to return, each boat's-crew to its own ship, that the absence of Ben Hartley was noticed, and even then we were slow to believe that he had not joined himself to the other party. But when we met on our own quarter-deck, and Ben answered not to his name, all doubt on the subject was removed. I recollected the circumstance of which I have already spoken,—the splash that was heard while we scrambled up the brig's sides, and Ben's fate was no longer a mystery. How strange it is that the death of one man should, when it occurs under such circumstances as this, affect us much more powerfully than the loss of hundreds whom a general action has swept away! I declare that there was deeper and more sincere lamentation over Ben than we had thought of paying to the memory of all of whom the battle of Cape St. Vincent had deprived us. For myself, I felt for a while like one whom some terrible personal calamity had overtaken, and there was not a soul in our mess that did not mourn with me.

Besides this, and other expeditions of the kind, we moved in more than once to cover the fire-ships, which in their endeavours to destroy the Spanish fleet at its moorings wrought the town of Cadiz no little damage. It was on one of these occasions that Nelson with his boat's crew encountered and made prisoner of the Spanish commandant Don Miguel Tyrason. I was not personally engaged in that affair; I only witnessed it from a distance,—I cannot therefore undertake to describe it. But the superiority of British seamen was fully proved by it, inasmuch as Nelson had but fifteen hands to back him, while his adversary was supported by six-and-twenty. Out of these eighteen were killed in the *mêlée*, and of the remainder all received wounds before they surrendered.

And now I come to a matter concerning which I would willingly keep silence,—first, because I really cannot speak in full of it as to the designs of those engaged: and next, because it forms the one dark page in the volume of England's naval history. There was a sad spirit of disaffection in those days throughout the British fleet. Grounds of complaint the seamen doubtless had, and serious grounds too when the movement began; but these, at the period when Lord St. Vincent's crews caught the infection, had been removed; as far, at least, as a compliance with the demands of the Portsmouth mutineers could remove them. The truth, however, I believe to be, that

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a good deal of the misfortune is attributable to the mistaken means which were then adopted of filling the King's ships. Neither by voluntary enlistment nor the use of the press-gang could hands enough be picked up, and recourse was had in an evil hour to the prisons. Rogues and vagabonds from all quarters, pickpockets, thieves, and swindlers; fellows who, if tried, were sure to cross the herring-pond, if indeed they escaped the gallows, were allowed when brought before the magistracy, to volunteer for his Majesty's navy,—nay, I am mistaken if, in some instances, the very inmates of condemned cells were not cleared out, and handed over to the officers commanding tenders. Now these fellows had all a certain degree of education, with a great deal of cunning, and the gift of the gab; and they were always ready not only to get up grievances for themselves, but to impress upon the minds of those about them, that they were aggrieved also. I know that in Lord St. Vincent's fleet we had our own share of these land-sharks, and I am inclined to think it was by them that our mutiny was got up. But, however this may be, the crews of several of the ships began about the end of June to run rusty, and the officers found it no easy matter to maintain even the appearance of discipline. And here again I must take care to add, that I make these statements rather from hearsay than personal knowledge; for our ship never caught the infection, though no efforts were spared to inoculate us. There never came a boat from the St. George, for example, that did not bring one or more disseminators of mischief, who did their very best to make us discontented with our lot, and seemed both astonished and annoyed that we would not adopt their views. But they had a taut hand to deal with in old Jarvis, who made such good use of the yard-arm, when the necessities of the case required, that he came to be familiarly spoken of among the seamen as hanging Jarvis. I don't mean to say that he ever hanged a man improperly; and am quite sure that the gentlemen whom he strung up on the present occasion, richly deserved their fate.

Mutiny is the very last means to which either sailor or soldier will think of resorting for the purpose of getting redress even of serious grievances; but mutiny in the presence of an enemy—the man who can think of that deserves more than hanging. Now such was precisely the situation of our fleet when symptoms of discontent became so frequent and so glaring among us, as to render the interference of authority prompt, bold and ruthless, absolutely necessary. I think it was in the St. George that this spirit first showed itself, though it was not there that, in the outset, at least, matters were carried to an extreme; but the admiral having caused three rare jail-birds to be tried by court-martial, determined that the St. George's crew should have the honour of casting them off. The people looked exceedingly blank when the prisoners came on board, though they said nothing, neither was any opposition offered to the arrangement which placed them, in close irons, under charge of the marines; but the same evening a remonstrance was presented to Captain Peard, by which the delegates declared that the whole ship's company would stand, and which he was required to lay before the admiral. He took it, of course,—he could not well avoid taking it,—and he carried it to the flag-ship. But the mutineers, if they calculated on overawing Lord St. Vincent, had entirely mistaken their

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man. Captain Peard was directed to return their paper to his people, and to tell them that the culprits should be executed, as their sentence required, at the yard-arm of their ship.

Captain Peard was a resolute man, and he was well supported by his officers, especially by his first lieutenant, John Hatley. He saw, from the bearing of his crew, that there was mischief brewing, and he made up his mind to deal with it vigorously whenever it should come to a head. Accordingly, when on the evening previous to the day which had been fixed for the execution, intelligence reached him that their plans had all been matured, he boldly threw himself with his first lieutenant into the waste, where the ship's company were assembled.—"I know what you are up to, my lads," said he. "You have spoken of seizing the ship, turning the officers adrift, and giving these scoundrels their liberty. I warn you that the attempt to do so will cost you dear, for I will resist you to the utmost of my power; and, as I know the ringleaders, I will bring them, at all events, to justice." The men heard him; but either fancying that matters had gone too far, or worked upon by the obstinacy of their leaders, they not only refused to go to their quarters, but gave utterance to threats of defiance. Captain Peard and Mr. Hatley had taken their part, and they went through with it. They rushed into the middle of the throng, grasped the ringleaders by the collar, and dragging them out unopposed, except by the efforts of the mutineers themselves, put them in irons. There is nothing like a display of courage and self-possession in such cases for getting rid of difficulties. The mutinous seamen returned at once to their allegiance, and the same night there was not a better conducted crew in all the fleet than that of the St. George.

We knew nothing of what had happened, and were therefore at a loss to assign a cause for the appearance of a signal, which as a repeating frigate we sent on, requiring all the ships to draw together round the St. George. This was about seven o'clock in the evening of the 6th of June. We obeyed it of course; and I can testify to the fact, that decks more quiet than those of the ship in question were not to be seen throughout the fleet. We knew, indeed, that an execution had been appointed for the morrow; and as the causes for that execution were more than usually stringent, we should have taken it for granted that the object of this concentration was to give to it all the weight of an extended example, had not the position of the St. George been such as to carry us farther than seemed to be convenient from the harbour's mouth. But as the case stood, this hardly satisfied us, and we demanded one of another whether all were right. No boats were permitted all that night to pass from ship to ship; no certain information therefore reached us. Yet the care with which the admiral laid the Ville de Paris alongside the St. George, and kept her there, left very little for a more direct messenger to communicate. We suspected that here, as well as elsewhere, evil spirits had been busy, and we watched for the dawn of day with some anxiety. It came at last, and with it the firing of the gun, and the hoisting of the pennant half-mast high, which told of preparations going on for the violent extinction of human life. There is something very awful, I had well-nigh said humiliating, in such a scene as that of which I am now speaking. We may hate the crime, and think hardly of the criminal, but as the moment

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approaches which is to put an end to his career, we shrink almost involuntarily from the sight of his last agonies. I defy you, indeed, to close your eyes, or even to turn them away, so soon as the second gun gives notice that all is in readiness: and when the booming of the third is followed by the running up of the doomed men to the yard-arm, you watch them while they spin aloft, as if you were compelled to do so by the influence of a spell. Poor devils! the sufferings of these three seemed to be very short. They never stirred a muscle after their heads reached the block.

Let me hurry over this part of my story. There was another court-martial on the leaders of the revolt in the St. George, another condemnation, and another hanging match; but there the matter ended. Both in her and in the rest of the ships the people returned to their senses, and the blockade was continued with unremitting energy and perfect success.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing some account of other perils than war which accompany a soldier's life, and showing how a man may establish a quiet claim of admission into Chelsea Hospital.

From this date, up to the conclusion of the short peace in 1802, I continued knocking about, through the Mediterranean, along the Bay of Biscay, now and then taking a cruise in the Adriatic, but never setting foot on shore, at least in an English port. At last the order arrived—a pleasant one for us—to make the best of our way to Portsmouth, outside which we no sooner anchored than the captain left us. By and by came the signal to work in from Spithead to the harbour, and to dismantle and strip the frigate, preparatory to her being laid up in ordinary; while to us, who were still kept together, births were assigned in an old hulk hard by, with full liberty to go on shore as often as we liked. I enjoyed this season of half work half play exceedingly, but it did not last long; for just as we were reckoning on being paid off, and sent adrift in concert, fresh instructions were received, and the frigate was again put in order for service. Away we next went to Deptford, where the Alarm, of twenty-eight guns, was lying, and into her we were, without the smallest ceremony, bundled. But it soon came out that our connection with the new ship was not intended to be a lasting one. We were carried round to Portsmouth, and almost immediately afterwards got our discharge.

I had not forgotten Ben Hartley's injunction to seek out Sall, and give her his dying message. I knew that she was to be heard of in Portsmouth; for, if the truth must be spoken, Sall was not, more than sailors' sweethearts in general, very fastidious as to the sort of company which she kept; yet, somehow or another, I had not been able, when there with the Caroline frigate, to discover any trace of her. This time I was more fortunate. We were paid off on the 23d of April, and that same day I met her at the Point. Why should I make a short tale long? Sall was a kind creature; she wept when she saw Ben's backy-box, and she smiled through her tears as I endeavoured to comfort her. We became sworn messmates on the spot, and the very next day we were married.

My wife was a native of a village near Birmingham; and, as all parts of the world were the same to me, I agreed, at her suggestion,

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to remove thither, and begin housekeeping. We went accordingly, and for several years I spent my days there very pleasantly, if at times somewhat hardly; for Sall was an excellent manager; my pension was regularly paid, I picked up an odd job wherever I could get it, and the arrears of my pay, which were at the time of our marriage considerable, helped to keep the wolf from the door even when work was slack. But the war broke out again, and the press for seamen became by and by so great, that I could not reckon from day to day on an escape from capture. Now I had got tired of a sea life, before I abandoned it in 1802, and the thought of returning to it, after so long a rest on shore, was very disagreeable to me. Yet, as rewards were offered to such as would report to the officer on the impress service where seamen might be found, I knew that I was continually at the mercy of any person who might think it worth his while to sell me. I became annoyed and irritable, and said to myself, let come what will, I won't go to sea. Therefore, in order to avoid that risk, I went one day to a public-house, where a recruiting party from the thirty-eighth regiment hung out, and having drank pretty freely, I offered myself, and was accepted, as a soldier. It was in the second battalion of the thirty-eighth, which was then newly formed, that I enlisted. I cannot say that I retain any very agreeable impression of the effect which was produced upon me by my early career as a soldier. The perpetual drill was a nuisance intolerable, especially to me, who could not for a long while be made to understand their words of command; and the stiff stocks, and the pipe-clay, and all the rest of it,—I did not know whether to laugh at the whole concern, or to be driven to my wits' end by it. But custom reconciles us wonderfully to all things. When we got our route for Ireland, about four months after I joined the corps, I had become, though I say it myself, a smart soldier; and during the entire period of my service with the regiment, I am not aware that I ever forfeited the character.

I am not sure that much good would be accomplished were I to give a detailed account of my home service, which wore itself out partly in Ireland, partly in the island of Guernsey. In the former of these countries we went through the usual routine of marching,—from Waterford to Cork, from Cork to Kinsale, from Kinsale to Dublin, where for some time we were stationary. In the latter, which we reached in the early part of 1810, we did not linger long. We were ordered soon after our arrival to join the army in Portugal, and embarked for that purpose. It was now, for the first time since our marriage, that I parted from my poor wife, and a sore heart the parting occasioned to both; for, in spite of the haste with which the wedding was got up, we loved each other tenderly. But there was no help for it, inasmuch as her name did not come up in the list of those who were to accompany the regiment. Accordingly she betook herself to her native village, unencumbered, happily for her, with any children; while I went away with my comrades on board of the transport, which waited to receive us.

We had a fair passage, tedious perhaps, but not otherwise uncomfortable, and landed in Lisbon, where we were put into quarters till the necessary field equipments should be supplied. These came in due time; after which we were marched up the country, and joined the army in its position behind the Coa, just as the French, under Massena,

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were advancing to besiege Ciudad Rodrigo. We were immediately attached to General Leith's division, and brigaded with the first battalion of the ninth regiment, as gallant a corps as ever shouldered arms, or drew trigger in presence of an enemy.

I am not going to describe the retreat to the lines of Torres Vedras, nor yet the battle of Busaco, which broke in upon its monotony. These tales have been told at least a hundred times, and I could add nothing to the interest which others have shed over them. For what could I relate, except that we toiled on day after day, heavily laden, indifferently fed, and witnessing all round us spectacles of desolation which wrung our very hearts. So also in reference to the battle; if I were to give my version of it, there are fifty chances to one if it would not be found to be at variance with the versions of others. I saw nothing, and heard nothing, except the line of Frenchmen whom my own regiment opposed, and the noise of their and our musketry, enlivened by a heavy fire of cannon; and as to the rest, soldiers have described their feelings both before and after so frequently, that there really seems to me nothing of which I can make mention. Enough, then, is done when I state, that I went through the day's work uncathed, and that the following morning I retired with the rest of the army, pleased with the victory which we had gained, yet well knowing that to retire was necessary.

I am not, and never was, a very strong man; and even at the date of the battle of Busaco I had passed my prime. My early habits, too, were all against me in sustaining the fatigues of such a campaign, and I sank before long under them. At Coimbra I fell sick, and could keep my place in the ranks no longer. Together with many others, whose case was similar to mine, I was accordingly put into a waggon, and sent on under an escort to the general hospital at Belem. I cannot say that everything was arranged here on the scale of abundance which marked the arrangement of affairs in the naval hospital at Plymouth; yet we had no right to complain, for the medical gentlemen were unremitting in their attentions, and all was done for us, I verily believe, which the state of the magazines would allow. But it was found, after I had been an inmate of the hospital for some time, that I was not likely to be of farther use in Portugal; so they sent me home, together with a whole batch of invalids, to be disposed of as the commander-in-chief might deem expedient. To have kept me on the strength of the thirty-eighth regiment, under such circumstances, would have been clearly an act of imposture. I was accordingly transferred to the third garrison battalion, and joined it in the autumn of 1812, while it was doing duty among the forts and batteries, which at that period overlooked in all directions the entrance of Cork harbour.

I do not know how far the composition of the garrison battalions, as they then existed, may be generally understood. Originally embodied as an army of reserve, these corps, fourteen in number, were never expected to serve beyond the limits of the United Kingdom,—that is to say, they were liable to be sent anywhere throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and the islands adjacent, but could not be called upon to cross the seas, even for the purpose of occupying one of our more distant possessions. As the war thickened, however, this reservation of their usefulness was found to be inconvenient; so instead of enlisting fresh men, they had their casualties supplied by

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drafts from regiments of the line, those persons being selected to do duty with them whom wounds or natural infirmities had rendered incapable of active service. As soon as by such means the numbers of two or three of them became abundant, the limited-service men were all drafted out of them, and thus they became available, as far as a body of invalids could well be, for any service, in any part of the world, to which the government might send them. The third battalion was one of those which had been thus dealt with. In point of numbers, too, it was, when I joined it, exceedingly strong. I believe that our muster-roll told a tale of twelve hundred rank and file, at the least. But such a collection of halt and lame, and blind, and sick, and lazy! I verily believe that a single good light company would have thrashed us all. Nevertheless, we were considered quite efficient enough for garrison duty either at home or abroad; and abroad it soon came out that we were destined to go. I had not occupied my barrack-room on Spike Island a month, when we received orders to prepare for foreign service, and two or three troop-ships coming in soon afterwards, we were with all practicable haste put on board and sent to sea.

I had been rejoined by my wife at the Isle of Wight, whither, on my return from Portugal, I was sent, and had brought her thence, not anticipating another separation, to Ireland. We both pleaded hard for leave to make the voyage together; but this was contrary to the rules of the service, and could not be acceded to. Once more, therefore, we bade each other farewell, and once again she went back sorrowful and faint-hearted to her relatives in the neighbourhood of Birmingham. Meanwhile the regiment pursued its voyage, and early in the spring of 1813 reached Malta. It may perhaps be supposed that of service in that most quiet of quiet stations I can have absolutely nothing to tell; and had Malta been circumstanced as it usually is, the supposition would have been well founded. But the case was quite otherwise. When we reached the place the plague was raging with excessive violence, and the state of excitement in which we were kept by it was extreme. I am quite ignorant whether or not any account of that terrible visitation has ever appeared; but to what I myself both saw and heard I may in either case bear my testimony, warning you that mine must necessarily be but a meagre narrative, inasmuch as the utmost care was taken to hinder the corps in garrison from holding any communication, verbal or otherwise, with the inhabitants.

I have reason to believe that the plague was imported into Malta so early as the year 1810 or 1811, and that it was brought thither by a ship from the coast of Barbary, of which the lading was cotton. I believe, too, that the infected goods were smuggled on shore: for the ship was put into quarantine as usual—and yet the disease broke out. Be this, however, as it may, weeks and even months elapsed before the authorities became aware of its prevalence in the island; so fearful were the Maltese of the consequences which were sure to follow, and of the total stop which the discovery would put to their trade and their amusements. But by degrees things came to such a pitch, that an universal alarm was created. People died by dozens and scores daily; and the knell rang so often, and funeral processions became so frequent, that the attention of the government was called to it, and an inquiry was instituted.

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The result of that inquiry was to confirm beyond dispute the terrible suspicions which were afloat. It was found that the disease, which cut off so many of all ages and sexes, was no ordinary malady. It did not show itself in all cases in the same way, neither were its issues invariably fatal; but there was a character about it which was not to be mistaken. Persons might be, or seem to be, in perfect health up to a given moment; they eat, and drank, and went about their business as usual, till all at once a slight swelling, accompanied by redness, made its appearance in some part of their bodies, and health and strength, and not unfrequently life itself, disappeared with extraordinary rapidity. The boils in question affected often the forehead, but more frequently still, the armpits. They showed themselves, however, on other parts of the body likewise, and their progress to maturity was marvellously quick. If the patient was vigorous enough to hold out till they burst, then were his chances of recovery considerable; if they did not burst, he invariably died. But this was not the only mode in which disease did its work. People might be seen walking the street apparently in the highest health and spirits, till suddenly they were seized with giddiness, which did not throw them down, but spun them round and round, like sheep when afflicted by the complaint which is called the staggers. There was no instance of a patient surviving where the plague took this form. He fell from one fit into another, and dying in a few hours, became immediately afterwards black and livid, like one who has been poisoned.

No sooner was the presence of the pest made known than the governor adopted every possible precaution, in order to hinder the contagion from being carried into the barracks, where as yet no symptoms of the malady had shown themselves. The gates of all were shut, and guards mounted, with orders to shoot those who should attempt to pass, either from the military stations into the town, or from the town into the military stations. Outposts likewise were established, and a cordon drawn round the forts, any attempt to break which was to be dealt with in like manner; while the troops were ordered to send out the reliefs with bayonets fixed, and to clear the way for themselves in passing along the streets, as if they had been dealing with an enemy. In like manner each guard and piquet, after it had been relieved at its post, was marched into one of the casemented apartments, where the men were required to strip to the skin, and to bathe in huge jars of oil. At the same time their garments, and belts, and accoutrements were suspended over a fire of charcoal, and thoroughly smoked; a process which was said to have contributed much to keep infection at a distance, but which was certainly not of a nature to gratify the colonels of regiments, who might have looked for a handsome reserve out of the government allowance for clothing.

Whether it was owing to these precautions, or that the style of living in barracks had something to do with it, or that Providence took more care of us than we either expected or deserved, I cannot tell; but it is as certain as it is remarkable, that not one British soldier died of the plague. Two years it was in the island, committing fearful ravages everywhere, and sparing in its wrath neither the old nor the young; but it came not near the quarters of the garrison, except in one instance, and that was a very remarkable one. Under the cavalier of St. Jaques, in the counter-force of the Port, there

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is a casemate, or bomb-proof lodging, in and near to which dwelt two families between whom all direct communication was, on account of the plague, cut off, though, in other and brighter days, they had been the best friends possible. One of these consisted of a Maltese functionary, the captain, as he was called, of the magazine, whose duty it was, to take care of the stores in that quarter, and of whom all men spoke and thought favourably. He was an old man, whom his very style of dress had rendered remarkable, for he wore a scarlet coat, in shape resembling that which I now wear, scarlet breeches, and crimson stockings, with a cocked-hat trimmed with gold lace, and hooked with bands that were made of gold——. He, with his two daughters, inhabited apartments in the casemate, and very quietly, albeit very contentedly, they passed their days there. The other family of whom I have spoken, was that of Sergeant Crighton, of the British artillery, and which consisted of the sergeant himself, his wife, and two children, who dwelt in a small detached house hard by. Both parties had gardens, which a wall only divided; both parties, too, had goats, or rather the goats were their common property; and so just were they in their dealings one with the other, that, rather than divide the produce on each occasion of milking, they took it by turns to milk, and alternately kept the whole. Thus, if the Maltese milked the goats in the morning, the goats were driven to Sergeant Crighton's for milking in the evening; if the evening's gift went to the captain of the magazine, the British soldier put in his claim to whatever the morning might produce.

So long as the bills of health were everywhere clean, there neither occurred, nor could occur, any interruption to this device; indeed, the goats soon came to understand as well as their owners what was expected of them, and of their own accord went from house to house at the appointed seasons. It came to pass, however, some time after the plague had broken out, that Mrs. Crighton observed, from the appearance of the goats' udders when they arrived, that they had never been milked that morning. She was surprised; but either because no thought of evil entered into her mind, or that she looked upon the circumstance as the result of accident, she took no notice of it. The animals were milked,—they were turned loose again, and betook themselves, as usual, to the place of pasturage. When, however, the same appearances presented themselves again and again, Mrs. Crighton became alarmed, and, without communicating her intention to her husband, she determined to ascertain whether all were well with her neighbours. For this purpose, she clambered over the wall, and made her way to the apartments of the casemate; but, though she knocked several times, nobody paid attention to the signal. She then pushed open the door and entered. In one room lay the father in bed, and his two daughters stretched at length along the floor beside him. The Maltese family were dead, and the appearance of the bodies left no room to doubt that they had died of the prevailing malady.

Mrs. Crighton returned to her own home a sadder, if not a wiser woman,—but she returned not unscathed. Either she had contracted the seeds of the pest during the brief space which she stood in the dead chamber, or the udders of the goats which she milked conveyed to her the infection,—for she had caught the plague. She communicated it, moreover, to her children, and within the customary period all became its victims; for it was one of the horrible parts of this hor-

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rible tragedy, that people and houses which were suspected of infection, became things to be shunned by all around them, and that the very consciousness of this, as well as of other consequences which were sure to follow, caused the unhappy creatures themselves to conceal their misery. Hence both of these families, as well as many more, which became utterly extinguished in Malta, died in secret; no one being aware that there was illness among them, till its results became palpable to the whole world.

As a matter of course, one of the first measures adopted by government, as soon as the state of the city became known, was to erect everywhere, in the ditches, and resting against the scarps of the glacis, numerous temporary hospitals. These were composed of a few boards only, which being hastily fastened together, were run up beside the breast-work of the fortifications and covered over, so as to be impervious to the weather, with light deals and tarpaulins. The orders issued were, that every person who was taken with the plague, no matter of what age, sex, rank, or condition, should be immediately conveyed to one of these pest-houses, and that all the wearing apparel and cotton and linen furniture belonging to the invalid, or to the house of which he might have been an inmate, should be immediately burned. These were terrible, though perhaps necessary, orders,—with which no human being complied who could avoid it; for cupidity is in the human breast a stronger passion than the love of life itself; and men preferred running the almost inevitable risk of infection, rather than that their property should be destroyed. In like manner, there were particular persons appointed to remain and bury the dead,—a body of wild Burgomotes from Smyrna, whom the temptation of large pay lured over to face the enemy, and to die or not, as chance, or rather Providence, might determine. There was something fearfully picturesque in the dress and bearing of these charnelites. They wore coarse canvass smock-frocks, with gloves which reached above the elbow, boots of untanned leather, and caps which, buttoning down over the ears, left only a small portion of their swarthy visages exposed. Their implement of office, again, was a long hook, in form and size not unlike to a boat-hook, with which they seized the dead body, and dragged it from the place where it lay, and threw it in a cart; for in Malta, as in London long ago, the dead-cart traversed the streets both day and night, that corpses might be piled upon it,—that, unceremoniously torn from hands which would have naturally prepared them for the grave, they might be cast unshrived, unblest, unmourned, into holes which the strange scavengers dug.

The plague in Malta, was, as I believe it generally is, very capricious in its operations. Multitudes caught it no one could tell how, and perished; whereas others who came in perpetual contact with the dying and the dead, escaped. Sergeant Crighton, of whom mention has already been made, offered a striking example of this fact. His wife and children died beside him; he watched them in their decline; and, when life became extinct, he did for them the last offices which he was permitted to do. He sewed the corpses in linen bags, took them one after another on his shoulder, carried them to the top of the garden wall by means of a ladder, and dropped them one after another into the dead-cart,—yet he never caught the infection. The Burgomotes, on the other hand, though they carefully

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abstained from handling the dead bodies—though they never touched them except with their hooks, and underwent frequent ablutions in jars of oil and vinegar—all, to a man, contracted the loathsome disease, and all died under its ravages. Ay, and more remarkable still, a thorough-paced ruffian of an Irish seaman, who, being under sentence of death for murdering his captain, had accepted the alternative which was offered to him, and became a charnel-man—ate and drank, and grasped the infected corpses with his naked hands, and went about unwashed and unmasked, and almost always in a state of intoxication, yet exhibited no symptoms of plague to the last. What became of him eventually I do not know; but that the pest had no influence over him is certain.

There occurred, as it was to be expected in a place so visited, frequent cases both of tenderness and its opposite, which were very remarkable. Among others, the following struck me at the time, and it is remembered now as more than uncommonly affecting. At a place called Vittorosia, not far from the magazine where Mrs. Crighton died, there dwelt a Maltese family—to what rank of life belonging I cannot tell, but certainly none of the meanest, though scarcely noble. From the non-appearance in public of any member of that household, it was surmised that the plague had broken out among them, and by and by this suspicion became confirmed in a way which moved all who saw it even to tears. There came to the balcony of that house one day two little children, the eldest about five, the youngest scarcely four years old, who, weeping bitterly, said that their father and mother, and all the rest, were asleep, and that they could not waken them. The fact was, that in that infected habitation there was no living thing except these children. All had died—and such was the horror of facing such a danger, that nobody could be prevailed upon to remove the little ones from their living tomb. Yet they were not wholly neglected. Day after day they came to the balcony, and letting down a basket by a string, their neighbours supplied them with food and drink, which they drew up for themselves and consumed. I have forgotten how long this state of things continued; but I know that it went on for some time. At last intelligence of the matter came to the governor's ears, and the police received orders to remove the children to a place more suited to their condition, while the house was cleansed of its putrifying inmates, and all the furniture burned.

It was about this time that the obstinacy of the inhabitants in concealing the ravages which the plague was making among them rose to such a height, that the authorities were obliged to counterwork it by means the most vigorous. Not only would each deny that there was sickness in his dwelling, but their dead they buried under the hearths of their kitchens, in the very wells—anywhere, in short, so that they might only escape the vigilance of the officers of the sanitary corps, and the confiscation of property which went along with it. The practice, shocking under any circumstances, but in such a case as the present pregnant with danger to themselves and others, began by degrees to be suspected by the police; and an order went forth, that the names of all who inhabited each particular house should be posted on the door, and that twice a-day they should be required to answer from the balcony, when the roll was called over. By these means many a train of infection came to light, which

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would have otherwise been concealed for ever, and many lives were saved, though at the expense of a great deal of valuable but polluted property. Yet a bad feeling was engendered by it in the minds of the inhabitants. They began to hate the troops—first, because they regarded them as instruments of oppression; and next, because they learned, to their astonishment, that not a single case of plague had appeared in any of the barracks. To what horrible inventions will men not be carried, if a spirit of rancorous and deadly hate towards their fellow-creatures once obtain a mastery over them! Seeing that our guards were incorruptible, and their vigilance untiring—that nothing was permitted to pass the barrack-gates, not even provisions or other necessaries, till they should have undergone a process of fumigation—the Maltese adopted the expedient of throwing money, and especially paper money, in the way of the men on duty, in the hope that by it infection might be carried into their quarters. The motive which actuated them in this proceeding was not for a while suspected; but the probable consequence of bringing any unclean thing, even money, within the barricade could not be overlooked; so that the soldiers were forbidden, on pain of death, to lift aught from the streets, and positive orders were given, in case any man should be caught in the act of disobedience, to shoot him on the spot. I do not believe that in a single instance our people disobeyed these orders; but there were others whose sense of duty was not capable of overmastering their thirst of gain, and who followed their ruling impulse to their sorrow.

In addition to the ordinary police, a number of Maltese were at this time enrolled as a sanitary force, whose exclusive business it was to take care that the orders of government in reference to the sick and their effects were not violated. In particular, they had it in charge to burn the effects of all who died of the plague; and as they were regularly officered, and the officers paid upon a liberal scale, little apprehension was entertained that they would fail in their duty. The government was deceived in this respect. Several of the officers were accused of appropriating to their own use large quantities of valuable stuff, which ought to have been consumed; and being put upon their trial, the charge was brought home to them. They were condemned to death; and a gallows being erected in the principal square of Fort Manuel, they were all hanged without mercy. Moreover, the better to impress the people with the wisdom of paying obedience to the laws, the names of the several culprits, with a statement of their respective ranks, and of the offences for which they suffered, were inscribed on marble slabs, which slabs were introduced into the piers of the gallows, and may yet, I dare say, be seen. I believe that the effect of this example was good; at all events, the burnings became more frequent after it had taken place than ever—and the heaps of ashes which were thus accumulated, as they lay in sheltered corners, chiefly in the ditches, have often been turned over since in search of jewels and coins, and not always, as I ascertained, unsuccessfully.

My tale of active life is told; and the residue of a personal history, such as mine may be expressed within the compass of a few words. I continued to do duty with the third garrison battalion till the year 1816, when, my term of service having expired, I was ordered home for the purpose of getting my discharge. The board at Chelsea

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obtained me a pension of sevenpence a-day, which, together with my fourpence from Greenwich, brought me within a penny of the shilling; and, as my wife was still alive, I betook me once more to Wassall, where for some time we lived in tolerable comfort. But it was God's will to separate us in 1825, and I became after her decease a homeless man. Under these circumstances, I applied for admission into the Hospital,—and here I am.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS: A BARGAIN.

I.

Poor Love growing old, sent a message to Wealth
A friendly one though, by the by;
Hot rivals were they, till the little god's health
Began, like his business, to die.
"Friend Wealth," said Dan Cupid, "I wish to retire,—
I'm weary of dealing in hearts:
I've a large stock on hand, which I hope you'll admire,—
I'll sell them *en gros* or in parts.

II.

"N° 1 is a lot that I started with first—
They were Sweethearts—poor sensitive things!
By Hope and myself they were carefully nursed,
Till Jealousy shot forth her stings!
And poison'd *one* so with her venomous pain,
That Hope left the other to moan;—
Though I think I could manage to join them again,
If Pride would but let them alone.

III.

"N° 2 is a Spinster lot—obstinate—tough—
Which has hung a long time upon hand;
But, with your assistance, I think soon enough
A sale it is sure to command.
N° 3 is a heart that was broken by me
Once, forgetting its frangible mould:
I tried oft to mend it,—but fail'd, as you'll see,
And I fear that it ne'er can be sold.

IV.

"N° 4 is a lot that I grieve to resign,—
The material is all of the best;
But whether it comes from their being too fine,
They've not had a chance like the rest!
In short, you will see that, on setting up trade,
I laid in a various supply,
And am sure, in your hands, that the stock can be made
To fetch cent. per cent. by and by!"

V.

Says Wealth, in response, "My dear Love, for your sake
The proposal I gladly will meet.
The goods at your own valuation I'll take;
So send them per bearer *tout-de-suite!*"
For well did the cunning old alchymist know,
Let them e'en of their kinds be the *worst*,
He had only to gild them, and custom would flow
To buy them all up as the *first!*

J. A. Wade.

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TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

WITH THE ADVENTURES OF THE AUTHOR IN SEARCH OF THEM.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER, ESQ.

ST. NICHOLAS.

"St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra in the fourth century, was a saint of great virtue, and disposed so early in life to conform to ecclesiastical rule, that when an infant at the breast he fasted on Wednesday and Friday, and sucked but once on each of those days, and that towards night.* An Asiatic gentleman sending his two sons to Athens for education, ordered them to wait on the bishop for his benediction. On arriving at Myra with their baggage, they took up their lodging at an inn, purposing, as it was late in the day, to defer their visit till the morrow; but in the meantime the innkeeper, to secure their effects to himself, killed the young gentlemen, cut them into pieces, salted them, and intended to sell them for pickled pork. St. Nicholas, being favoured with a sight of these proceedings in a vision, went to the inn and reproached the cruel landlord for his crime, who immediately confessing it, entreated the saint to pray to Heaven for his pardon. The bishop, moved by his confession and contrition, besought forgiveness for him, and supplicated restoration of life to the children. He had scarcely finished when the pieces reunited, and the animated youths threw themselves from the brine-tub at the bishop's feet. He raised them up, exhorted them to return thanks to God alone, gave them good advice for the future, bestowed his blessing upon them, and sent them to Athens with great joy to prosecute their studies.

"St. Nicholas was the patron of scholars and of youth, of sailors, and of the company of parish clerks of London. He was called the Child Bishop, on account of the strictness with which he fasted when an infant at the breast. Formerly, in all our cathedrals, his anniversary, the 6th of December, was thus celebrated: A boy to represent the boy bishop was elected from among the choristers. He was invested with great authority, and had the state of a diocesan bishop from the time of his election until Innocents' Day (the 28th of the same month). He was to bear the name and maintain the state of a bishop, habited with a crosier or pastoral-staff in his hand, and a mitre on his head. His fellows, the rest of the children of the choir, were to take upon them the style and office of prebendaries, and yield the bishop canonical obedience; and further, the same service as the very bishop himself, with his dean and prebendaries, had thus been used to officiate, were to have performed, the very same, mass excepted, was done by the chorister and his canons upon the eve and holiday. It further appears that this infant bishop did, to a certain limit, receive to his own use rents, capons, and other emoluments of the church. In case the little bishop died within the

* Ribandineira, vol. ii. p. 503.

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mouth, his exequies were solemnized with great pomp, and he was interred, like other bishops, with all his ornaments. There is still to be seen in the cathedral at Salisbury a monument erected to one of these boy bishops. On the stone is sculptured the figure of a child clad in the episcopal habits. It has sorely puzzled many respectable antiquaries.

"St. Nicholas was also considered to be the patron of maidens. In many convents it is said that he used to come in the night of the eve of his feast-day and fill the nuns' stockings with sugar-plums whilst they were asleep."

"Pray what is the latest date at which these boy bishops made their appearance?" asked the tutor; "for the ceremony seems very extraordinary."

"Queen Elizabeth finally put an end to it. But it is not near so extraordinary as the Feast of Fools, that was annually celebrated in the neighbouring abbey of Quarr, or Quarraria. Upon New-year's-day they elected a Fool Abbot, who was dressed out in imitation of the real abbot. He was attended by his proper officers, ridiculously habited. One of the ceremonies was to shave the precentor of fools upon a stage erected before the chapel, in the presence of the people, who were amused during the operation by his loose and vulgar discourses, accompanied by actions equally reprehensible.

"They afterwards entered the chapel, and performed the service, attended by every species of buffoonery; some wearing masks representing monsters, or with their faces smutted or chalked; some personating females, and conducting themselves indecorously. During divine service they sang indecent songs in the choir, ate rich puddings upon the altar, and burnt old shoes for incense, and ran jumping all over the chapel. The Abbot of Fools performed the service habited in pontifical garments, and gave his benediction. The mass, however, was composed for the occasion, and was called the Fool's Prose.

"These abominable and impious ceremonies were probably originally instituted with a view to Christianise the *Bacchanalia* and *Saturnalia*. They were called the December Liberties."

"Pray, sir, who was this King Stuff, sole monarch of the Isle of Wight, that you spoke of just now?" asked the tutor.

"Never heard of King Stuff?" said the antiquary. "Why, Mr. Elder informed me that you were a Master of Arts, and had taken first-class honours at Oxford. You must at least have read of Stuff and Witgar in the Saxon Chronicles?"

"I never heard of the Saxon Chronicles," was the reply.

"Never heard of the Saxon Chronicles!" said the antiquary, lifting up his hands in astonishment. "Perhaps you never heard of King Alfred?"

"I read about him at school; but I never troubled myself about the history of England after I got to the University. A man may take every degree that Oxford confers without even having heard of William the Conqueror. But I can tell you all about Jupiter, and Mars, and Venus; and I could give you a very correct account of the lives and the amours of the heathen gods and goddesses, all which it was absolutely necessary for me to learn; besides which—"

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"But am I to understand, then, that the study of the language and the history of England is totally neglected?"

"Oh no,—not the language certainly. We study diligently the Greek and Latin languages, from which our English tongue is derived."

The antiquary puffed out both his cheeks, and gave a very long peculiar whistle, to the utter astonishment of all of us, of me not the least, for I had never heard the old gentleman whistle before. I had no idea that he knew how to whistle. The two undergraduates, convulsed with laughter, dropped behind to enjoy their laugh more at their ease. The tutor and myself looked at one another, and contrived to keep our countenance. After a long pause, the antiquary said,

"And so you think that the English tongue is derived from the Greek and Latin? Pray, young man," said he, addressing one of the Oxonians, "what do you consider the Latin word *homo* to be derived from?"

"*Quasi ex humo*," was the reply.

"Right," said the tutor.

"Quasi ex fiddlestick!" said the antiquary. "*Homo* is derived from the English word *man*, or at least from the Gothic, which is only an old form of the English." The tutor smiled, and arched up his eyebrows. The antiquary continued—"*Homo*, like most of the common words in every language, has been much corrupted and, as it were, worn by use. We meet with the root, however, in the genitive case *hominis*. The adjective *humanus* is, however, quite clear. Hu-man signifies the good man."

"Eu, certainly does mean good," said the tutor.

"In Greek," added one of the younger ones.

"Signifies good!—to be sure it does," said the antiquary; "what is more, it is derived from the word good." The tutor's eyebrows went up again. The antiquary went on—"G and y were formerly pronounced alike; so that good is that which yoo'd, or made good. It is a regular participle-past, though the rest of the verb is obsolete."

"I do not quite follow your meaning," said the tutor.

"Well, then," said the antiquary, "what is the meaning of the word humanus? It means—like the action of a good man. Inhumanus means—unlike the action of a good man. Now let us leave out the hu, and see what becomes of it. Immanis means monstrous, or unlike the action of a man at all."

"This is very curious, it must be confessed," replied the tutor, who was completely puzzled by this display of learning. "But you forgot to tell me who this King Stuff was."

"King Stuff," replied the antiquary, "was the nephew of Cerdic, King of the West Saxons, who was the son of Elesa, who was the son of Esla, who was the son of Gewis, the son of Wye, the son of Frewin, the son of Frithgar, the son of Brand, the son of Balday, the son of Woden."

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," said the tutor, fearing that the antiquary was only stopping to take breath before he carried the pedigree up to Adam.

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Here ragged Jack impudently put in his word in support of his patron—"I can assure you, sir, that he came of a very respectable family."

But the antiquary reproved him with dignity, saying, "Jack, you can know nothing about it."

"And pray, Mr. Winterblossom, who succeeded King Stuff in his island kingdom?"

"There is very little known of the history of the island after that time till the invasion of Wulfhere, about which there is a very pleasant history still remaining."

"We should consider ourselves under great obligations to you, if you would favour us with it."

"I shall have great pleasure in doing so."

WULFHERE THE KIND-HEARTED.

"In the year 661, Wulfhere, the son of Penda, invaded the Isle of Wight. He penetrated with his ships up the lake of Brerding, (now called Brading Haven,) and seized upon the town of Woolverton, to which he did no injury; for he came to free the inhabitants from the cruelties of Sebert, who reigned over them, and to cause the Christian truths to be preached to the Jutes,* who then dwelt in the Isle of Wight. But the Jutes, when they saw the Angles under Wulfhere land and take possession of their town by force of arms, would not trust to their offers of friendship; but they assembled on the hills around, under the banners of Sebert, and descending like a storm from the mountain, fell upon the army of Wulfhere; and Redwald, surnamed the Bold, with twenty followers, penetrated to where the chief of the Angles fought in person. But as they lifted their spears to throw them, Wulfhere said, 'Before our blood flows, let me speak one word. I come not here for conquest, or to destroy the lives of the Jutes, but to free them from the cruelties of Sebert.' Then Redwald the Bold answered, 'The Jutes trust not to the Angles when they come in arms and wet their spears in our blood.' Balday threw his spear, but Wulfhere avoided it; and the spear of Wulfhere struck the shield of Redwald, but did him no injury. But the Angles were in great power, and the Jutes were driven back to their hills. Many, indeed, fled early in the day, for they loved not their leader Sebert.

"Wulfhere crossed the river Yar, and rested at Brerding.† Here he built a Christian church, and Eoppa, a mass-priest, who came with him, consecrated it, and stood ready to baptize the Pagan Jutes.

"After which Wulfhere pursued Sebert, and burned his castle of Witgarisberig.‡ Afterwards they met in battle, and Sebert was slain; but Redwald still held them at bay. He was left almost alone, and the

* Jutis,—Bede, Hist. Eccles. vol. i. p. 15,—not Vitis, as Gibson quotes him. The Goths, Jutes, and Getæ were the same people; whence the peninsula of Jutland, as well as the isle of Gothland, is called Gotland by King Alfred in the periplus of Oht-here. From Jutna-cynn, Jeatna-kyn, come Jenkyn, Jenkyns, Jenkins, &c., facts highly interesting to a number of persons at present inhabiting the principality of Wales.

† Brading. ‡ Carisbrook.

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spears of several were lifted to strike him, when a maiden rushed in and threw herself at the feet of Wulfhere.

"'Save him! save him! oh Wulfhere, surnamed the Kind-hearted!'

"Her arms were clasped round his knees, and her long yellow hair poured in flowing ringlets on the ground; her face, as it looked up for pity, was the fairest he had ever beheld. Wulfhere's voice was heard, and the points of his warriors' spears were turned upward.

"'Maiden, thy prayer is granted.' He raised her from the ground. 'And who art thou?' he said.

"'I am Edith of Stenbury,' she replied.

"Redwald threw down his weapon, and crossed his arms upon his breast.

"'King of the Angles, I am your prisoner.'

"'Chieftain,' Wulfhere replied, 'I take no prisoners. You are free to come and to go as the winds of heaven,—free to walk in peaceful garb or wear the arms of a warrior. The cruelties of Sebert are no more;—let those who have suffered injuries come to me, and I will right them.'

"'Wulfhere,' answered Redwald, 'you are justly surnamed the Kind-hearted. We doubted the word of a stranger; but now we know you. You have brought freedom and happiness to our island.'

"After which Wulfhere and Redwald became as brothers, and for a time they ruled the island together.

"Wulfhere loved the chase, and he said one day to Redwald,

"'Where shall we chase the boar?'

"Redwald replied, 'The stag is on all our hills, but the finest boars harbour in the forest of Bordwood.'

"Foresters were sent to track the boars to their lairs, and in the evening the two chieftains took up their abode in the neighbourhood of Bordwood, with their dogs and foresters. The fire was lighted in the middle of the floor, and the smoke rolled up through the opening in the roof. While the venison for their evening meal was being roasted, Wulfhere and Redwald related to one another the traditions of other days, and the deeds of arms that their fathers had done. At length the meat is placed upon the board, and the winecup passes round; the foresters and henchmen share the feast, and the dogs sit watching for their portion by their master's knee. The time wore on—at length the straw is spread upon the ground. The two chieftains sleep side by side—chiefs, foresters, and hounds are soon wrapped in sleep. But Cuthin, the henchman of Wulfhere, lies with his body across the wicker door, and his two rough boar-hounds sleep beside him. Long before the dawn of day the morning meal was broiling on the fire, and the wine-cup again passed round; and before the sun had risen from the sea they were threading the tangled copsewood of Bordwood.

"Wulfhere and Redwald at length stop, and Cuthin, the henchman of Wulfhere, holding a single boar-hound in a leash, stands a little behind them. The forester has gone round with his two hounds to rouse the boar, and drive him towards the hunters. The forester's horn is heard—the boar is up. Wulfhere motions to Redwald to take

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the first. Presently the boar is heard crashing through the copse-wood; Redwald stands beside the open pathway, and raises his spear on high. As the boar rushed past, the spear struck him behind the shoulder, and he fell dead.

"'Well struck, Prince of the Island!' shouted Wulfhere. 'The next is mine.'

"They went to another spot. The forester's horn is heard again. Wulfhere takes his place; but the huge monster saw the hunter in his track, and would have turned off on one side, but one of the hounds that followed saw him swerve, and sprung forward and drove him back again towards the hunter. But the boar's course was unsteady, and Wulfhere's spear gave no mortal wound, but glanced down the side of his rib, and stuck into the ground. The boar passed by, and then turning round, with blood-shot eye and foaming mouth, he rushes full upon Wulfhere. Wulfhere drew his sword, and holding his cloak before him with his left hand, he dropped upon his knee, and awaited the attack. The boar's tusk had already stirred the folds of the cloak before Wulfhere moved; he then sprang from behind the cloak, and plunged his sword into the side of the boar.

"'Well struck, King of the Angles!' shouted Redwald.

"'It's a fine beast! The next is your's, Redwald.'

"'I'll try if I can spit him on the spear's point, as the Britons do,' was the reply.

"When they came to where the next boar was harboured, Redwald threw off his short cloak, and gave it to his henchman, unbelted his sword, and laid the naked blade upon the ground by his feet; he placed the spear under his arm, shortening it, so that his arm was about the middle of the shaft; he held the point firmly before him with both his hands; and as the boar approached, he dropped upon one knee. The boar, which was very large and fierce, ran straight at him, and pierced himself dead upon the spear.

"'That boar was right well slain, Redwald. If the forester has another harboured, I will try my luck with the spear's point.'

"Another boar was found—the forester's horn sounded. Wulfhere had prepared himself as Redwald had done: there came, however, only two half-grown swine. Wulfhere stood aside, and let them pass; but as he was turning away, he heard the brushwood crackling, and the dogs barking behind. He had hardly time to drop upon his knee and bring his spear up before the boar was upon him. The spear's point did not strike the animal truly; and before Wulfhere could leap aside, the beast's tusk was fixed in his thigh, and, had not Redwald quickly spitted the animal with his spear, Wulfhere's body would have been ripped up by the tusk. As it was, though it had not time to tear the flesh, the tusk had made a fearful hole.

"The foresters made a litter of boughs, and carried Wulfhere home, and melancholy were the countenances of all, both Saxons and Jutes. The fair Edith of Stenbury attended his bedside, and bound up his wound. Night and day she sat by his couch watching the changes of the fever, or altering the bindings, or putting ointments to his wound. At length the fever left him, and strength was returning to his limb. He walked about leaning on his staff. One evening that he was alone with Edith, he said to her,

"'Edith, I enjoy everything that wealth, and power, and honour

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can give; yet one thing is wanting to make me truly happy.' He paused. Edith also remained silent. 'Before I landed on this island, my mind was free as the air, I had no care beyond that of the passing moment; but now my mind is full of anxious thoughts, and hopes, and fears. Since I first beheld you, my fairest Edith, my bosom burns with love; be mine, and I shall be the happiest of men. Say that you love me not, and I shall be the most unhappy.'

"Edith coloured deeply, and her looks were bent upon the ground. At length she said,

"O generous Prince of the Angles! my hand and my life are at your disposal. Edith of Stenbury is an orphan, and you are her only chieftain; it is for you to bestow her hand and her lands upon whom it may please you. She knows the duty of a Saxon maiden too well to question your authority, or to speak of her own wishes. But as you have thought to honour me above all the maidens that you have ever seen, to bestow upon me the prize that the fairest of my sex are sighing for, it is but right that I should tell you, that though I would serve you in all humility and duty; yet that love which is already possessed by another it is not in my power to bestow. Wulfhere, I am not worthy of you—I could not render you happy."

"Wulfhere and the maiden long looked upon the ground in silence—they were both very sorrowful. At length Wulfhere asked,

"'Does he who holds your affection love you in return?'

"'That I know not.'

"'Now it flashes across my mind. The tone of voice—the devoted energy with which you prayed for Redwald's life.—Have I guessed right?'

"The maiden gave no answer, but her cheek was tinged with a deeper crimson. Wulfhere called his henchman,

"'Bring Redwald here.—Redwald, speak truly. Do you love this maiden?'

"Redwald replied, 'I do, from the bottom of my heart; but I fear she returns not my love.'

"Wulfhere said, 'You are both believers in the Christian truth: let Eoppa pronounce his blessing on you, that God may prosper the union.'

"It was done so.

"Then said Wulfhere, 'The south wind which now blows will to-morrow fill my sail. I shall leave you, my dear friends, and this beautiful island, never to return again. Govern the islanders in justice, as I have done. Ethelward, the king of the South Saxons, will protect you with his powerful arms, for I was his sponsor in baptism.'

"The next day Wulfhere entered his ship; and as he took his leave of Redwald and Edith he passed his rough hand across his eyes.—'Farewell! Farewell for ever!'"

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SOME PASSAGES IN THE LITERARY LIFE OF OLINTHUS JENKINSON,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

In order to prove to you that my power of execution is in no way inferior to my imagination, I send you the enclosed commencement of a nautical tale, which I had prepared some time ago for a magazine; and, would you believe it, it was returned to me. Since then, fifteen long years have elapsed. But, even now, except a few trifling professional inaccuracies (too trivial to be mentioned,) I can see no reason why the laurels that decorate the heads of other men should not also flourish round the head of Olinthus Jenkinson. Judge between us.

"ADVENTURES OF A MAINTOP-CROSSTREE-MAN.

"I was born of respectable and affluent parents in the town of Sunderland, and at my baptism received the name of Theophilus Gangway. I had always had a penchant for a sailor's life, and at last my desires were gratified. Many were the tears that my poor mother shed when the fatal post brought the letter from my uncle, Sir Hector Blowhard, ordering me to join the Outrageous, then lying at Portsmouth, and fitting up for the West Indies. It was an event I had long earnestly desired; but when I came to see all the preparations for my knapsack (so I understood that one's clothes, and the portmanteau that contained them were termed in the navy), I must own that my feelings fairly got the better of me. I could not help thinking that I had better have remained at the classical and commercial academy where I was in course of being instructed in every single thing that could render a man a useful or agreeable member of society; but it was now too late, my maintop-crosstree-man's commission had received the royal signature, and I was an officer and a gentleman. My knapsack was carefully stocked with all the little comforts that might be necessary for my voyage; it contained six flannel waistcoats, two pairs of stockings, fourteen pairs of Angola gloves, one of white kid, and a piece of Indian rubber to clean them, for the balls at Bermudas, one pair of Scotch galligaskins in case of a hurricane, a package of sootjee, or vital potion, and a tureen full of portable soup in case of a wreck, one flowered dressing gown, two pairs of superfine black kerseymeres, with large fobs to keep the watches in, and lastly, two dozen toothbrushes, and a few copies of Byron's Corsair. By making presents of these last, it was my intention to conciliate to myself the good will of the sailors. It was with a heavy heart that we sat down to dinner that day; my father employed the few moments that were left in giving me a few useful admonitions for my conduct. 'Offey, my boy,' said he, 'you are about to leave us for a watery home:' he also quoted Burns, and informed me that my march was to be on the mounting wave, my home within the deep; this was to support his last observation. 'Ay, ay, sir!" said I (this I understood to be the correct expression).—'Eye, eye, sir? mind your own eye, I tell you; and take this as my last paternal warning:—Never smoke except in a gale; and never, oh never touch ardent spirits

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except in a fog!'—'Lor, father,' said my little sister, 'I just fancy I see our Offey ordering the men about. What will you say to them. Offey?'—'You be hung!' replied I, in my altitudes. 'Offey, Offey, you'll break your mother's heart if you take to swearing like a trooper in that fashion!'—'A trooper,' said I, bristling up like a lieutenant, 'ah, mamma, I beg your pardon, but do not British tars always swear?'—'Never you swear, whatever other naughty boys do; but try to engage your companions' affections by uniformly amiable conduct, gentlemanly manners, and virtuous habits; sooner or later, my dear boy, depend on it, you will gain the esteem of the whole fleet, and be consulted by the port admiral as long as he lives!'

"All things must come to an end, and so did our dinner. It was now four o'clock, and the mail in which my place had been booked was to pass at six; we therefore cried and kissed alternately for the hundred and twenty minutes that were yet remaining. My mother as a parting gift provided me with six cambric pocket handkerchiefs, in case I should be troubled with catarrhs; my father, on his part, presented me with his blessing, and three deal planks for boarding, taken from poor Carlo's kennel. These last were tied to the top of my gun case—or, as I afterwards learned to call it, gun-carriage—and were, I understood, indispensable as a part of my outfit: lastly, my little sister, hanging round my neck, pressed into my hand a little pink box, with a white label on the middle, on which was inscribed in gold characters. 'A Souvenir from Sunderland.' At last, bidding them all good b'ye, and giving Carlo a pinch on the ear to keep him in mind of me, for which he gave me a bite on the thumb to keep me in mind of him, I left the home of my youth; Tom, the footman, accompanying me down to the mail, which had already heaved-to opposite the Hen and Chickens. My knapsack, consisting of two trunks and the gun-carriage, was shipped on board, and I stowed myself away in the hold.

"There were already in before me one old gentleman, and a boy about my own age, who, with his aunt, was proceeding to a seminary in the vicinity of London. My language now became strictly technical. 'Well, messmate, what cheer?' said I, poking the boy amidships, for I wished to impress him with proper notions of my dignity. 'Sir!'—'What cheer, eh, brother?'—'I do not know what you allude to, sir.'—'Here's a hay-making son of a sea-cook! Mayhap, old lady, this youngster a'nt in the service?'—'In service, sir! do you take my nephew for a footboy?'—'Avast! avast! old lady, slow your jaw, and mind your helm, will you? I only wished to know if this youngster had the honour of serving his king and country, as I have, instead of wearing out his lubberly carcass at home in idleness.'—'A tea-pot in a storm!' said the old gentleman in the corner, who had as yet said nothing.—'A tea-pot, sir? Do you allude to me? I will tell you what it is, old fellow, I will clear away my guns, and fire into you in a pig's whisper, if you poke your fun at me in that fashion.'—'Ah, you'll clear away your guns and fire into me in a pig's whisper, if I poke my fun at you; you will, will you?'—'Ay, that will I, old fellow; so mind your eye, my hearty, and haul down your foretop-mast stay-sail! If you don't look to yourself I'll luff you in less than no time, and have you into the latter end of next week before you know where you are!'

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As this last observation produced nothing but a laugh, I felt somewhat nettled; but I durst scarcely proceed to open demonstrations of hostility, as I might have chanced to get the worst of it, so I pretended not to hear, but put my head out of the window, and hailed the coachman with 'Maintop ahoy! how's the weather?'—'Pretty well, youngster; how are you?'

"This second rebuff fairly drove me into port; but I contented myself with thinking of the old proverb of the pearls and swine, and kept my nautical demonstrations to myself for the rest of the voyage. Suppose this ended, and me landed at the White Horse, Fetter Lane. Here I found a servant waiting for me, who conducted me to a dark looking house in Fore street in the city, tenanted by a wholesale draper, who had been in the habit of transacting all my father's pecuniary business for him. He was a little, short, middle-aged man, by name and surname John Stubbs, and had lately provided himself with a helpmate, who was amazingly fine on the strength of having received her education at a boarding school at Peckham: to me she was all sugar, to her husband all lemon. She talked a good deal of Italian skies, and asked me if I had seen the last Keepsake, and when I had last had the felicity of meeting with my revered uncle Sir Hector, and how Lady Blowhard and the olive branches were getting on. I returned satisfactory answers to the queries; and as all evenings must come to an end, so did this, although it was somewhat of the longest. Next day I had a private conference with Mr. Stubbs as touching my outfit, and was surprised to find that most of the articles with which I had provided myself were, comparatively speaking, useless. This, however, he undertook to set to rights for me. Accordingly he acted as my guide to a house in Cornhill, well known to all those gentlemen whose fate it is to be outward bound; and here I was provided with all things that might be necessary as a *viaticum* in my future progress to the Nelsonship of England. All these matters being settled, and my place taken in the Portsmouth mail, I partook of my farewell dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs, and wended on my way, like John Bunyan's pilgrim, rejoicing.

"I could not help feeling rather surprised at finding the same old gentleman as a companion, with whom I had travelled up from Sunderland; he, too, seemed to recognize me, but did not show any outward symptoms of being aware of my presence. I must own that I felt somewhat cowed, I scarcely knew why, and refrained from demonstrating my nautical ardour by any outward tokens, so the journey passed heavily enough, being only interrupted by a dispute between two drunken sailors on the top of the coach, and a cheating pot-boy. It is, however, scarcely worth while recording all the questions and answers delivered on both sides, till the matter ended by the pot-boy being knocked head over heels by one of the sailors whom he attempted to cheat. Suppose us, then, to have arrived at Portsmouth, and to be fairly deposited at the Fountain; and now having smelt the salt water, I felt myself all alive again. I ought at once to have reported myself, but this I was determined not to do until I had aired my uniform a little. I proceeded, therefore, down the street, and called in at the Blue Posts for a nor'wester, requesting the waiter to amalgamate the alcohol and lymph in the proportions of one half grog and the other half spirits neat, thus speedily setting at

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naught my father's precepts, as it was as bright a day as a man would wish to look upon. But, as before remarked, I was now an officer and gentleman, and wished in this manner to demonstrate my independence.

"I now lighted a weed, and proceeded onwards ready for any adventure that might befall me. My first impulse was to stop at a small optician's shop, to contemplate my epaulettes in one of those round mirrors which are there to be found suspended in the window. Upon seeing my mouth elongated to an unnatural size, and my head degenerated into somewhat the appearance of a Norfolk biffin, I was immediately seized with the not unnatural desire to proceed to the *voir du fait*, and retaliate this insult upon the aggressor. In pursuance of this object, I shoved my fist through the window, thereby breaking and creating many *panes*, and was immediately collared by a whey-faced apprentice, who demanded my name, and the sum of fourteen and sixpence for damages. With the first I was very ready, —Maintop-crosstree-man, Theophilus Gangway, H.M.S. Outrageous, now lying at Portsmouth, and fitting out for the West Indies, nephew to Sir Hector Blowhard, now one of the Lords' Commissioners of the Admiralty; but as to the latter demand, I could only reply—no effects; for although I had the wherewithal about me to satisfy the demand, I thought that it must be beneath the dignity of an officer and a gentleman to pay for that which he had damaged. Accordingly, I left my dirk in pledge, and being somewhat rudely ejected from the tenement, I snatched a parting glance at my epaulettes, and proceeded down the High Street, with the most professional swagger I could muster up.

"I was much surprised at the small respect which was paid me, as also at the ill-suppressed sneer, and the impertinent stare with which the announcement of my rank was received. I determined, however, to gain that by my own exertions, which was denied to me by the ignorant vulgar. I soon found myself at the Battery, where there were two or three sentinels upon duty; and being somewhat nettled by the ill-usage I had met, I determined to prove to the world the extent of that authority with which his Majesty had been pleased to invest me; so I saluted the sentries with 'Heave-to, ye lubbers, and bear up on the topsail tack; fore and main-sails haul up, now back the maintop-sail, and fire a broadside up to larboard, d'ye hear!'—'Ay, ay, sir; if you tells us, I suppose we must; but it's clear ag'in orders! I say, Bill, does he take us for marines? but if this officer says we must do it, I 'spose we must, so bear a hand—sharp's the word!—But, please your honour, the admiral's stopped our allowance of powder, as he says, to retrench the expenditure of the executive: how can we manage?'—'Why double shot the guns, to be sure, you set of know-nothings!' This last observation proceeded from a gentleman habited like myself, and I of course, ashamed to have been non-plussed, chimed in with, 'Bear a hand, and about it smartly!'—'Knock off the guns!' said my new friend, 'Stand by—cant'em round—all ready there forward?'—'Ay, ay, sir!'—'Fire away then!'

"I had screwed myself up to concert pitch to hear the explosion; but instead of the guns going off, I was surprised to hear all my friends bursting out into a laugh that seemed to be a direct insult to me, so I addressed them with, 'I will tell you what it is, my fine fel-

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lows, if you do not put your helm up, and stand by to run right up to the top of the square-sail in less than no time, I will have you all confined in the court martial, as sure as I am an officer and a gentleman!'

"Having thus expectorated my spleen, and shown them who it was they had to deal with, I prepared to evacuate the ground, as I felt myself scarcely equal to carry on the dialogue. My brother officer turned round, and severely reprimanded the military; and then joining me, took my arm, and requested to know to what ship I belonged, at the same time expressing a wish to improve my acquaintance. He told me that he had made physiognomy a study, and had never seen so fine a development of countenance as mine; indeed he might say that he had dabbled in bumpology, and could at once inform me in what part of the service I was likely to succeed: if I would but permit him he thought that he might be of some service to me in this way. He then twitched off my cap, and proceeded to demonstrate. 'Hem! a large organ of boarding.—Well, I never! I say, messmate, have you met with an accident here? the organ of rising in the service most prominent!—Destruction clearly marked! A most promising indication of secretiveness; why you'll be a treasurer to the mess!'—'Mess, sir!' said I, bristling up, 'what d'ye mean?'—'Why that you are a broth of a boy, as the Kilkenny cats are in the habit of observing; and that you'll prig bottles of wine from the gunroom, till all 's blue again. But I'll tell you what it is, my hearty, we'd better get on board, for the chancellor of the exchequer has issued orders to that effect.'—'No, you don't say so!'—'Yes, but I do, though; so we'll get into the gig, and be on board in the twinkling of a bed-post!' 'In a gig? None of your tricks upon travellers; I'm up to snuff, my fine fellow!'—'Ay, and a pinch or two over; we shan't do you in a hurry, I see!'

"I felt invigorated by this compliment, and accompanied my new friend down to the Point, where we stepped into a boat and shoved off. He soon pointed out to me a black-looking ship with two masts, which he informed me was H. M. S. Outrageous, of one hundred and twenty guns, only the guns were not yet on board. There were a number of dark men in tarpaulin hats, hauling sacks of coal up the side; he observed, as a matter of course, that the junior lieutenants had taken more than usual exercise this morning. As my cue was not to be surprised at anything, I contented myself with agreeing with him, and we pulled up alongside. My friend observed that the companion-ladder had been removed in consequence of the equinoctial gales, but that we could easily mount by means of a rope. In a few moments I had scrambled up the side, and every vein swelled with patriotic pride, as I trod for the first time the quarter-deck of my gallant ship." * * * * * *

My gentle public, when you were a little boy (I speak of you collectively), was it ever your fate in those halcyon days, when a nail brush and a dancing-master were things "to dream of not to tell;" when you despised your sisters because they were girls, and liked lollypops and Bonaparte's ribs because they were sweet;—was it, I say, ever your fate to come across two compilations, or either of them, of which one was called Tales of Terror, the other Legends of Horror? In these were to be found Agnes, or the Bloody Nun, and the Field of the Forty Footsteps, in all their primal glory. You have, I

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am sure. Then you must remember that the style of conclusion to each number was this,—that they wound your infant mind up to the highest pitch of expectation, and then, when you had twisted one or more of the metal buttons off your bottle-green suit with intensity of interest, that you were let down short (like an upset at the corner of Hatton Garden, where the eight pennyworth of danger rises to its highest power), by one of the conjunctions copulative or disjunctive. "The lady sate in that lone and distant turret, listening to the fitful sobbing of the moaning breeze; she clasped her infant to her breast, and looked at the clock, for well she knew that the fatal hour was come when that dark and malignant spirit might no more influence the destiny of Sir Bertoldo's heiress. The hand is now upon the hour! one second more, and she is safe!—one—only one! Merciful Heaven! a sound of footsteps is heard in the corridor, the door bursts open, and—"

So, even so, by the malignity of that base and degrading editor is the public cut off from the conclusion of the history of this gallant youth; all the sprees in Portsmouth, the metaphysical allusions to soap, the quarter-deck scene, the cockpit scene, the gunroom scene, the maintop scene, the nigger scene, two shipwreck scenes, and one of famine—unmitigated famine,—two battle scenes, and a ball at Bermuda!

THE BLIND GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

O mother dear! I'm sure 'tis spring—
  Pray lead me forth among the flowers
To where my gentle brothers play,
  And pass such happy hours;
To where the stream runs purling by,
  Whose tiny waves, as I am told,
Look, when reflected by the sun,
  Like beauteous dazzling gold.

O mother dear! my sisters kind
  They bring me flowers I cannot see,
And talk of things so beautiful,
  The sight of which is not for me;
Of how the sun shines forth at day,
  And decks a sky most fair to view;
How moon and stars appear at night,
  Amid a space of azure blue.

While, mother dear, the sun, and moon,
  And stars to me are all the same,—
Flowers, and streams, and budding trees,
  I know them only by their name.
But yet, dear mother, I'm not sad;
  For, when I'm seated on thy knee,
I hear thee whisper "God is love,"—
  That He will ever watch o'er me.

And when, dear mother, thou art gone,
  And sisters, brothers pass'd away,
I hear thee whisper, "He 'll be near,
  To guide my steps and cheer my way."
My mind you fill with holy things;
  And, though I cannot see,
That unto others seeming dark
  Is *light* and *clear* to me.

J. M. C.

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RAMBLES AMONG THE RIVERS.—No. IV.

THE THAMES AND HIS TRIBUTARIES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Approach to Richmond.—The grave of Thomson.—Wit among the Tombstones. Richmond Palace.—The Battle of the Gnats. View from Richmond Hill.—A Song by Mallet.—Gay, the poet.—Traditions of Ham House.—Eel-pie Island.—The Poetical Sawyer.—Anecdote of Kean.

As we passed Kew-Bridge, our mind was filled with a multitude of confused thoughts, reminiscences intricately blended, of poetry and the poets; of Jeanie Deans, and the Duke of Argyle; of Richmond Hill, and the charms of its far-famed lass; and of "maids of honour"—the chief delicacies of the place,—which, with a carnivorous appetite, we longed to devour. But, as we approached nearer our thoughts became more distinct, and finally fixed themselves upon the memory of James Thomson, the delightful bard of the Seasons, who is buried upon the spot. "O! yes," said we, quoting the ode of his friend Collins,

> "Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
> When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
> And oft suspend the dashing oar,
> To bid thy gentle spirit rest."

We were thus musing, when a merry strain now broke in upon our meditations. The band which had accompanied the steam-boat from London, struck up the familiar air, "The lass of Richmond Hill;" a custom which has been observed ever since steam-boats have plied in this part of the river, to give us notice that we were at our journey's end.

Without stopping to ascend the hill, we struck at once into the lower parts of the town, and, by dint of inquiry, found ourselves in a few moments in front of the ancient, humble, but in our eyes, beautiful church of Richmond. We forthwith strolled through the churchyard, in search of the sexton or door-keeper, that we might give him his fee, and be admitted inside. One of the first objects that caught our attention was a neat marble tablet upon the wall, with a medallion head sculptured upon it, and inscribed with the simple words. "To the memory of Edmund Kean: erected by his son, Charles Edmund Kean, 1839" We paused a moment, and took off our hats, for we are of the number of those who pay reverence to the inanimate sod, and the senseless ashes beneath it, if those ashes have ever been warmed by the soul of genius, or of goodness. We are also of the number of those who are critical in monumental inscriptions, and we considered this brief one for a while, and owning that it was enough, passed on. After inquiry at one of the cottages that skirt the churchyard, we were directed next door, to the pew-opener, and that personage readily undertook to escort us over her little building; as important to her, and containing monuments as magnificent, and as well worth looking at, as either St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. If we were pleased with the outside appearance of the church, we were still better pleased when we

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entered within. It is an old-fashioned edifice, just large enough for a village, with a fine organ, neatly carved, and well-covered pews, and walls almost hidden by monumental tablets, and the whole looking as grand and modest as true piety itself.

Our cicerone, like one who was well accustomed to her task, was leading us round the church, beginning from the beginning, and showing us in due order the tombs of the worthies of Richmond, when we broke in upon her established practice, and requested her to point out at once the grave of Thomson. She led the way immediately to the darkest corner of the church, when, opening a pew-door, she bade us enter. We had heard much talk of the munificence of the Earl of Buchan in erecting a memorial over the poet's ashes, and we looked around us accordingly for some handsome piece of monumental marble, which might be worthy of the donor, and sufficient for its avowed purpose,—the satisfaction of the bard's admirers. We could not conceal the expression of our disappointment, when the pew-opener, bidding us mount upon the seat of the pew, pointed out to us a piece of copper about eighteen inches square, so out of the reach of the ordinary observer,—so blackened by time,—and so incrusted by the damp, that it was quite impossible to read one line of the inscription.

"Then you have not many visiters to this tomb?" said we to the pew-opener.

"O! yes, we have," replied she; "but they are not so particular as you, sir; not one in a hundred cares to read the inscription; they just look at it from below, and pass on."

We took out our pocket-handkerchief, and began to rub the damp verdigrise from the copper as the pew-opener spoke; which, she observing, mounted also upon the bench, and, taking her own handkerchief from her pocket, rubbed away with as much earnestness as we did. The dirt was an inch thick upon it; besides which, the letters were of the same colour as the plate on which they are engraven, so that after all, we were afraid we should be obliged to give over the attempt as quite hopeless.

"There," she said, "now I think you will be able to read it," as the rust, by a vigorous application of her hands, was transferred from the tablet to her handkerchief. "I think you might manage to make it out, if you are particularly anxious about it."

We tried again accordingly, and, with some trouble, read the following inscription.

"In the earth below this tablet, are the remains of James Thomson, author of the beautiful poems, entitled 'The Seasons,' 'The Castle of Indolence,' &c., who died at Richmond, on the 22d of August, and was buried there on the 29th, O. S., 1748. The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man, and sweet a poet, should be without a memorial, has denoted the place of his interment for the satisfaction of his admirers, in the year of our Lord 1792.

"Father of light and life! Thou good supreme!
Oh! teach me what is good! Teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit, and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!"

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"We wish," said we to ourselves, "that his lordship's taste had been as good as his intentions, and that, instead of this trumpery piece of brass,—which cannot have cost him much more than five pounds,—he had put up a marble tablet, which one might have read without all this scrubbing. How much better, too, it would have been, if his lordship had not obtruded his own name upon it!" If we had continued our soliloquy much longer, we should have found fault not only with the taste and liberality, but with the motives of his lordship; but we were saved from the uncharitableness by the pew-opener, who broke in upon our meditation to remind us that immediately under the pew on which we stood lay the ashes of the poet.

"What, was he buried within the church?" said we.

"No," replied the pew-opener, "on the outside, just against the wall; but the church has been enlarged since that day to make room for the organ; so that the wall passes right across his coffin, and cuts the body in two, as it were."

"Cuts the body in two!" repeated we, "and, did no charitable soul, when this thing was proposed, so much as hint that the church might have been made a little larger, so that the whole body might have been brought inside?"

"I never inquired," said the pew-opener; "but, surely, sir, you'll go and see the grave of the great Mary Ann Yates? Lord bless you, sir, more people go to see that grave than any other in the church!"

"The great Mary Ann Yates!" said we in some perplexity; for, to our shame be it spoken, we had forgotten the name, and we did not like to expose our ignorance to the pew-opener. "Oh, by all means," said we, making the best of the matter, and following our conductress to the other end of the church towards the communion-table.

"There," said the pew-opener, removing a small mat with her foot, and directing our attention to a plain slab on the floor, "there lies the body. Of course you've heard of her?"

We said nothing, but made a feint of being so engrossed with the epitaph as not to have heard the inquiry.

"She was very celebrated, I've been told," added she, after a pause; "and, indeed, I've heard that Mrs. Siddons wasn't anything like equal to her."

This observation enlightened us; our ignorance was cleared up. We gazed upon the grave of the great Mary Ann Yates,—the tragic actress, Mrs. Yates, so greatly admired in her day, and a woman of undoubted genius in the pursuit she had chosen. "And such," thought we, "is fame; a mere matter of circles and classes. Pilgrims come to the tomb of a person celebrated in one sphere, who are ignorant that in the next grave sleeps one who was just as celebrated in another, and who do not even know that such a person ever existed. The worshippers of poetry never heard of the actress; the admirers of the actress, in all probability, never heard of the poet, and so on, through all the various ranks and denominations of society." We were thus cogitating, when the pew-opener told us that she had some other very fine tombs to show us, and with such an emphasis upon the word *fine*, as impressed us with the notion that she would think we slighted her monuments, (and she was evidently proud of them,) if we refused to look at them. We went round accordingly, and up into the galleries, where several tablets were pointed out to us, with warm eulogia upon the sculptured

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cherubim, or other ornaments that supported them. But one only struck us as remarkable, a plain blue stone, with a Latin inscription to the memory of Robert Lewes, a Cambro-Briton and a Lawyer, who died in the year 1649, "and who," said the epitaph, "was such a great lover of peace and quiet, that when a contention began in his body between life and death, he immediately gave up the ghost to end the dispute." There is wit and humour even in the grave. There is an entertaining French work, entitled "Des grands Hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant;" one as entertaining might be made upon the subject of "Wit among the tombstones." It would not be uninstructive either, and would afford numberless illustrations of that unaccountable propensity of many people to choose the most solemn things as the objects of their merriment. The richest comedy ever penned fails to excite more laughter than the lugubrious jokes of the grave-diggers in Hamlet; and sextons, mutes, and undertakers, are the legitimate butts of the jester and caricaturist all over the world.

Having lingered in the church until we had satisfied our curiosity, we proceeded towards Rosedale House, where Thomson resided, and where the chair on which he sat, the table on which he wrote, and the peg on which he hung his hat, are religiously preserved, as relics of departed genius. Greatly to our sorrow, we were unable to procure admission. It was an inconvenient hour for the family, and we had not come properly provided with an introduction. There was no help for it, and we therefore walked on towards the Green. The house, after the poet's death, was purchased by a Mr. Ross, who had so much veneration for his memory that he forebore to pull it down, though small and inconvenient, but enlarged and repaired it, at an expense of nine thousand pounds. It was afterwards inhabited by the Honourable Mrs. Boscawen, the widow of the admiral, who participated in this feeling of her predecessor, and repaired the alcove in the garden, where the poet used to write in the fine weather. Within it she replaced his table, and inscribed over the entrance,

"Here Thomson sung the seasons, and their change."

Over the back seat at this table hangs a board, upon one side of which are the following words, "James Thomson died at this place, August 22nd, 1748;" and upon the other a longer memorial, with a strange and unpleasing affectation of fine writing about it, which runs as follows:—"Within this pleasing retirement, allured by the music of the nightingale, which warbled in soft unison to the melody of his soul, in unaffected cheerfulness, and genial though simple elegance, lived James Thomson. Sensibly alive to all the beauties of nature, he painted their images as they rose in review, and poured the whole profusion of them into his inimitable 'Seasons.' Warmed with intense devotion to the Sovereign of the Universe, its flame glowing through all its compositions, animated with unbounded benevolence, with the tenderest social sensibility, he never gave one moment's pain to any of his fellow-creatures, save by his death, which happened at this place on the 22nd of August, 1748."

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From Rosedale House, the present name of this dwelling, we strolled up Kew Foot-Lane, and soon arrived at the Green, a large open space, which does not belie its name, surrounded with many comfortable-looking houses, and rows of venerable trees.

The ancient palace of the Kings of England stood upon this spot. There is little of it left now except the gateway, and that little offers nothing to satisfy the gaze of any but the mere antiquary. It does not look old and venerable enough for the lover of the picturesque, being so patched up by and wedged in between surrounding houses as to have almost lost its distinctive character. Several kings and queens of England lived and died upon this spot; Edward I. and II. resided here, and Edward III. died here, deserted in that last hour by all the flatterers and parasites who had fattened upon his bounty; even Alice Pierce, the mistress of his bosom, flying from his side, and leaving him to die with no more attendance than if he had been a beggar, giving up the ghost in a ditch. Richard II., the next king, passed much of his time at this manor; in whose days, at Sheen, as we are informed by that veracious chronicler, Stowe, "there was a great fighting among the gnats! They were so thick gathered," says he, "that the air was darkened with them, and they fought and made a great battle. Two parts of them being slain, fell down to the ground, the third part having got the victory, flew away, no man knew whither. The number of the dead was such that they might be swept up with besoms, and bushels filled with them." With what a gusto does the old historian describe this battle! how persuaded he seems of its truth! and, with what a relish for the marvellous, and expectation to find the same in his reader, does he note every circumstance! Many of the battles between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, are dismissed by him with hardly more notice.

Anne, the queen of Richard II. died in this building. She was so tenderly beloved by her husband, that he cursed the place where she died, and would never afterwards inhabit it. The very sight of the building so moved him to grief, that he gave directions that it should be pulled down. The order was only partially executed, but the building remained in a ruinous condition until the time of Henry V., who repaired it, and founded three religious houses near it. It was destroyed by fire in the reign of Henry VII., who built it up again more magnificently than before, and first altered the name of the village from Sheen to Richmond, which it has ever since borne. Henry VIII. also resided here in the early part of his reign, and once instituted a grand tournament on the Green, at which he fought in disguise. He afterwards exchanged it with Wolsey, for the more magnificent palace of Hampton Court; but, after the fall and death of that minister, the palace again reverted to the crown. Elizabeth was confined in it for a short time, during the reign of her sister, and here she died broken-hearted for the death of the Earl of Essex. During the dissensions of the revolution, this palace met some rough treatment from the hands of the republicans, and the greater part of it was pulled down. It has never since held up its head in the world, but has gradually pined away to its present condition.

There are few, and those few must be insensible to the charms of natural beauty, who ever pass Richmond without ascending its far-famed hill, and gazing upon the landscape which stretches beneath it. How beautiful is the oft-quoted exclamation of her poet.

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"Enchanting vale, beyond whate'er the muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O, vale of bliss! O, softly-swelling hills,
On which the power of cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonder of his toil.
Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around
Of hills and dales, and woods and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams!"

We have read many descriptions of this favourite spot; and, before we had seen it we were almost afraid to visit it, for, like Wordsworth and the Yarrow, "we had a vision of our own," and dreaded lest the reality should "undo it." But curiosity was at last triumphant, and we went, and found reality more lovely than the pictures which had been drawn of her either by the pencil or the pen. The first time we ever ascended the hill, the landscape was illumined by the rays of a bright noon-tide sun, and the waters of the Thames, stretching out right before us, were illumined with a long streak of light, and the far forest gleamed in the radiancy as their boughs were waved to and fro by a strong, but pleasant, south-west wind. Distant Windsor was visible; and, hundreds of neat villas, and other pleasing objects, gratified the eye, to whichever side it turned; the Thames freshening and enlivening the whole. As we stood, the sky became overcast; dark clouds arose upon the horizon; the wind blew colder than its wont; while a few large drops of rain gave notice of an impending storm. The Terrace was soon bare of its visiters; all sought shelter from the rain; but we remained to watch the tempest, and the changes it wrought upon the landscape. It was glorious to see how the trees waved, like fields of corn, as the storm blew over them, and the smart showers whirled around; now hiding one spot by the thickness of the rain, and now wheeling past another, and obscuring it in like manner. The distant heights were no longer visible, and we could just see the Thames winding at the foot of the hill, and curling itself into tiny waves under the breath of the storm. The blossoms of the wild chestnut trees fell thick around us, as we stood, diffusing a more delicious fragrance through the air; and the very dust of the ground seemed odorous as the moisture fell upon it. Suddenly there was a flash right over Windsor Castle, and all its towers were perceptible for an instant, and then hidden again. Successive flashes illumined other spots; and, while the rain was piercing through our garments, we had no other thought than a strong desire to become an artist by the inspiration of the moment, and at one touch of our pencil, to fasten upon enduring canvass a faithful representation of the scene.

It was admiration of this spot that inspired the now neglected Mallet, the friend of Thomson, and a dweller in the neighbourhood, to write that beautiful song of his in praise of the Thames, which deserves to be better known.

"Where Thames, along the daisy'd meads,
His wave, in lucid mazes leads,
Silent, slow,—serenely flowing,
Wealth on either shore bestowing,
There, in a safe, though small retreat,
Content and Love have fixed their seat;
Love, that counts his duty pleasure;
Content, that knows and hugs his treasure.

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"From art, from jealousy secure,
As faith unblamed, as friendship pure,
Vain opinion nobly scorning,
Virtue aiding, life adorning,
Fair Thames, along thy flowery side,
May those whom Truth and Reason guide,
All their tender hours improving,
Live like us, beloved and beloving."

Descending the terrace, and crossing the bridge, how pleasant is the walk along the Middlesex bank of the river to the village of Twickenham, and its old grey church, where Pope lies buried! But, pleasanter still is it to take a boat, and be rowed up the middle of the stream, unlocking the stores of memory as we pass, and saying to ourselves, "Here on the right, lived Bacon.—Yonder, at West Sheen, lived Sir William Temple; and there was born the celebrated Stella; and at the same place Swift first made her acquaintance.—And here, again, is Marble Hall, where the beauteous Lady Suffolk kept open house for all the wits of the neighbourhood."

Among the most conspicuous of the places we pass there is a neat little rural hut, called Gay's Summer-house, where, according to tradition, that amiable poet wrote his celebrated fables for the infant Duke of Cumberland, currying court favour, but getting nothing but neglect for his pains. "Dear Pope," he wrote to his brother poet, "what a barren soil I have been striving to produce something out of! Why did I not take your advice before my writing fables for the Duke, not to write them, or rather to write them for some young nobleman. It is my hard fate,—I must get nothing, write for or against them." Poor Gay! Too well he knew, as Spenser so feelingly sings in his Mother Hubbard's Tale,

"What hell it was in suing, long to bide,
To lose good days, that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To fret the soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat the heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone!"

Yet one cannot help thinking, after all, that it served him right; for, according to his own confession, he was ready to wield his pen either for or against the court, as might be most profitable. Who but must regret that a man of genius should ever have been reduced to so pitiful an extremity? Who but must sigh that he should, even to his bosom friend, have made such a confession?

At a short distance beyond Gay's Summer-house, and on the same side of the river, stands Ham House, formerly the residence of the noted Duke of Lauderdale, and where he and his four colleagues, Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, and Arlington, held those secret meetings, which acquired for them a name infamous in English history, the Cabal,—a word which their initials happened to compose. In the house, now the residence of the Countess of Dysart, are preserved many memorials of the Lauderdale family. According to tradition this is one of the places in which Charles the Second took

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refuge after the battle of Worcester; and it is also said that the great gate leading to the Ham avenue, has never been opened to any meaner visiter since the hour when the fugitive king, after he left the wood of Boscabel, was admitted within it for a night's shelter. Another tradition, which is still more questionable, asserts that here also, as at Boscabel, he hid himself among the branches of an oak to escape a party of his eager pursuers. A shattered trunk of a tree in Ham Lane was formerly shown to the visiter as the identical royal oak; and a fair which is annually held on the spot on the 29th of May, has tended to countenance the belief among the people of the neighbourhood, who have no notion that any incredulous and too precise examiner into dates and facts should deprive them of their traditions. However, "truth is strong," and truth compels us to say, that their royal oak is only a counterfeit.

Just before we arrive at Twickenham, there is a small island in the middle of the river, called by some "Twickenham Ait," but better known to the people of London, as "Eel-pie Island." The tavern upon the island is famous for its eels, and the mode of dressing them, and during the summer season is visited by great crowds from the metropolis. Clubs, benefit societies, trades' unions, and other confederations, frequently proceed thither, each member with his wife and children, or his sweetheart, to feast upon the dainties of the spot. On a fine Sunday especially, Eel-pie Island is in all its glory, thronged with "spruce citizens," "washed artisans," and "smug apprentices," who repair hither, as Byron has it, "to gulp their weekly air,"

"And o'er the Thames to row the ribbon'd fair,"

or to wander in the park, which thanks to the public spirit of one humble individual, is still open to every pedestrian. Though somewhat of an episode, the history of the right of way through this pleasant park is deserving of mention. In the year 1758, the Princess Amelia, daughter of George the Second, who was ranger, thought fit to exclude the public; but an action was brought against her by Mr. John Lewis, a brewer, and inhabitant of Richmond, which he gained, and the princess was forced to knock down her barriers. The public right has never since been disputed, and the memory of the patriotic brewer is still highly esteemed in all the neighbourhood, and his portraits sought after, as memorials of his courage and perseverance.

But to return again to Eel-pie Island. The place was the favourite resort of Kean for a few months before his death. The boatman we were fortunate enough to hire was the boatman generally employed by the great actor, and from him we learned, that after the fatigues of the night were over at the theatre, he often caused himself to be rowed to Eel-pie Island, and there left to wander about by moonlight till two or three o'clock in the morning. The tavern used at that time to be frequented by a poetical sawyer of Twickenham whose poetry Kean greatly admired. The first time he heard the sawyer's rhymes, he was so delighted that he made him a present of two sovereigns, and urged him to venture upon the dangerous seas of authorship. By his advice the sawyer rushed into print, and published

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a twopenny volume upon the beauties of Eel-pie Island, the delights of pie-eating, and various other matters of local and general interest. Kean at this time was so weak, that it was necessary to lift him in and out of the wherry—a circumstance which excited the boatman's curiosity to go and see him in Richard the Third at the Richmond Theatre. "There was some difference then, I reckon," said the honest fellow; "so much that I was almost frightened at him. He seemed on the stage to be as strong as a giant, and strutted about so bravely, that I could scarcely believe it was the same man. Next morning he would come into my boat with a bottle of brandy in his coat-pocket, as weak as a child, until he had drunk about half the brandy, when he plucked up a little. One morning he came on board—I shall never forget him—he was crying like a child, and sobbing as if his heart was breaking—'twas the morning when his 'lady' ran away from him, and he told me all about it as well as he could for his tears. He had a bottle of brandy with him then. He gave me a quartern of it, and drank all the rest before we got to Twickenham, and then he was much better. But he was never the same man afterwards; he said his heart was broken; and I believe it was, for he never held up his head again, poor fellow!"

We thought the boatman (we should mention his name—George Cripps) seemed affected at the thought, and we asked if Kean had been kind to him.

"Many's the time," replied he, "that I have carried him in my arms in and out of the boat, as if he were a baby:—but he wasn't particularly kind. He always paid me my fare, and never grumbled at it, and was very familiar and free-like. But all the watermen were fond of him. He gave a new boat and a purse of sovereigns to be rowed for every year."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said we.

"When he died," continued the boatman, "a great many of the watermen subscribed their little mite towards his monument.

"Was there much gathered?" inquired we.

"About seven or eight hundred pounds, I think," replied the boatman, "and it was to have been placed in Richmond church; but we hear nothing of it now, or whether it's ever to be erected at all. But here we are, sir, at Twickenham church; and if you please to step ashore, I'll wait for you, and then row you up to the Grotto."

This was exactly the arrangement that suited us, and we walked into the dirty village of Twickenham, to pay our homage at the grave of Pope.

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THE GOLDEN LEGEND.—No. III.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

A LAY OF ST. DUNSTAN.

"Thys holy childe Dunston was borne in ye yere of our Lorde ix houdren & xxv. that tyme regnynge in this londe Kinge Athelston. * * * *
"Whan it so was that Saynt Dunston was wery of prayer than used he to werke in goldsmith's werke with his own handes for to eschewe ydelnes."

Pytte I.

St. Dunstan stood in his ivy'd tower,
Alembic, crucible, all were there;
When in came Nick to play him a trick,
In guise of a damsel passing fair.
Every one knows
How the story goes:
He took up the tongs and caught hold of his nose.
But I beg that you won't for a moment suppose
That I mean to go through in detail to you
A story at least as trite as it's true;
Nor do I intend
An instant to spend
On the tale, how he treated his monarch and friend,
When, bolting away to a chamber remote,
Inconceivably bored by his Witen-gemote,
Edwy left them all joking,
And drinking, and smoking,
So tipsily grand, they'd stand nonsense from no King,
But sent the Archbishop
Their Sovereign to fish up,
With a hint that perchance on his crown he might feel taps,
Unless he came back straight and took off his heel-taps.
You don't want to be plagued with the same story twice,
And may see this one, painted by W. Dyce,
Exhibited now, at a moderate price,
In the Royal Academy, very well done,
And mark'd in the catalogue four, seven, one.

You may there view the Saint, who in sable array'd is,
Coercing the Monarch away from the Ladies;
His right hand has hold of his Majesty's jerkin,
The left points to the door, and he seems to say, "Sir King,
Your most faithful Commons won't hear of your shirking;
Quit your tea, and return to your Barclai and Perkyn,
Or, by Jingo,* ere morning no longer alive, a
Sad victim you'll lie to your love for Elgiva!"

No farther to treat
Of this ungallant feat,
What I mean to do now is succinctly to paint
A particular fact in the life of the Saint,

* St. Jingo, or Gengo (Gengulphus), sometimes styled "The Living Jingo," from the great tenaciousness of vitality exhibited by his severed members. For his Legend, see Bentley's Miscellany for March last.

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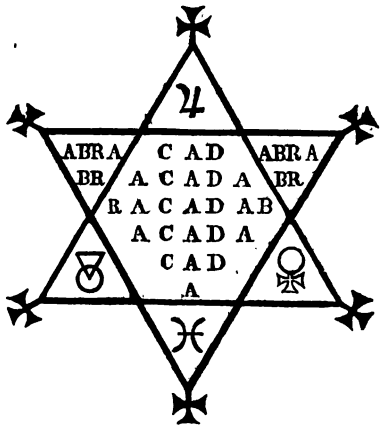
Which somehow, for want of due care, I presume,
Has escaped the researches of Rapin and Hume,
In recounting a miracle, both of them men who a
Great deal fall short of Jacques Bishop of Genoa,
An historian who likes deeds like these to record—
See his *Aurea Legenda*, by Wynkyn de Worde.

St. Dunstan stood again in his tower,
Alembic, crucible, all complete;
He had been standing a good half hour,
And now he utter'd the words of power,
And call'd to his Broomstick to bring him a seat.

The words of power!—and what be they
To which e'en Broomsticks bow and obey?
Why, 'twere uncommonly hard to say,
As the prelate I named has recorded none of them,
What they may be,
But I know they are three,
And ABRACADABRA, I take it, is one of them:
For I'm told that most Cabalists use that identical
Word, written thus, in what they call "a Pentacle:"



However that be,
You'll doubtless agree
It signifies little to you or to me,
As not being dabblers in Grammarye;
Still, it must be confess'd, for a Saint to repeat
Such language aloud is scarcely discreet;
For, as Solomon hints to folks given to chatter,
"A Bird of the air may carry the matter;"
And, in sooth,
From my youth
I remember a truth
Insisted on much in my earlier years,
To wit, "Little Pitchers have very long ears!"
Now, just such a "Pitcher" as those I allude to
Was outside the door, which his "ears" appeared glued to.

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Peter, the Lay-brother, meagre and thin
Five feet one in his sandal-shoon,
While the Saint thought him sleeping,
Was listening and peeping,
And watching his master the whole afternoon.

This Peter the Saint had pick'd out from his fellows,
To look to his fire, and to blow with the bellows,
To put on the Wall's-Ends and Lambton's whenever he
Chose to indulge in a little *orfeverie;*
For, of course, you have read
That St. Dunstan was bred
A Goldsmith, and never quite gave up the trade;
The Company—richest in London, 'tis said—
Acknowledge him still as their Patron and Head;
Nor is it so long
Since a capital song
In his praise—now recorded their archives among—
Delighted the noble and dignified throng
Of their guests, who, the newspapers told the whole town,
With cheers "pledged the wine-cup to Dunstan's renown,"
When Lord Lyndhurst, THE DUKE, and Sir Robert, were dining
Last year at the Hall with the Prime Warden Twining.

I am sadly digressing—a fault which sometimes
One can hardly avoid in these gossiping rhymes—
A slight deviation's forgiven; but then this is
Too long, I fear, for a decent parenthesis,
So I'll reign up my Pegasus sharp, and retreat, or
You'll think I've forgotten the Lay-brother Peter,
Whom the Saint, as I said,
Kept to turn down his bed,
Dress his palfreys and cobs,
And do other odd jobs,—
As reducing to writing
Whatever he might, in
The course of the day or the night, be inditing,
And cleaning the plate of his mitre with whiting;
Performing, in short, all those duties and offices
Abbots exact from Lay-brothers and Novices.

It occurs to me here
You'll perhaps think it queer
That St. Dunstan should have such a personage near,
When he'd only to say
Those words,—be what they may,—
And his Broomstick at once his commands would obey.—
That's true—but the fact is
'Twas rarely his practice
Such aid to resort to, or such means apply,
Unless he'd some "dignified knot" to untie,
Adopting, though sometimes, as now, he'd reverse it,
Old Horace's maxim, "*Nec Broomstick intersit.*"

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Peter, the Lay-brother, meagre and thin,
Heard all the Saint was saying within;
Peter, the Lay-brother, sallow and spare,
Peep'd through the key-hole, and—what saw he there?—
Why,—A BROOMSTICK BRINGING A RUSH-BOTTOM'D CHAIR!

Fytte XX.

What Shakspeare observes, in his play of King John,
Is undoubtedly right,
That "ofttimes the sight
Of means to do ill deeds will make ill deeds done."

Here 's Peter the Lay-brother, pale-faced and meagre,
A good sort of man, only rather too eager
To listen to what other people are saying,
When he ought to be minding his business, or praying,
Gets into a scrape,—and an awkward one too,
As you 'll find, if you 've patience enough to go through,
The whole of the story
I 'm laying before ye,
Entirely from having "the means" in his view
Of doing a thing which he ought not to do!

Still rings in his ear
Distinct and clear
Abracadabra! that word of fear!
And the two which I never yet happen'd to hear.
Still doth he spy
With Fancy's eye
The Broomstick at work, and the Saint standing by;
And he chuckles and says to himself with glee,
"Aha! that Broomstick shall work for me!"

Hark!—that swell
O'er flood and o'er fell,
Mountain, and dingle, and moss-covered dell!
List!—'tis the sound of the Compline bell,
And St. Dunstan is quitting his ivy'd cell;
Peter, I wot,
Is off like a shot,
Or a little dog scalded by something that's hot,
For he hears his Master approaching the spot
Where he'd listened so long, though he knew he ought not.
Peter remember'd his Master's frown—
He trembled—he'd not have been caught for a crown;
Howe'er you may laugh,
He had rather, by half,
Have run up to the top of the tower and jump'd down.

* * * *

The Compline hour is past and gone,
Evening service is over and done;

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The monks repair
To their frugal fare,
A snug little supper of something light
And digestible, ere they retire for the night.
For, in Saxon times, in respect to their cheer,
St. Austin's Rule was by no means severe,
But allowed, from the Beverley Roll 'twould appear,
Bread and cheese, and spring onions, and sound table beer,
And even green peas, when they were not too dear;
Not like the Rule of La Trappe, whose chief merit is
Said to consist in its greater austerities:
And whose monks, if I rightly remember their laws,
Ne'er are suffered to speak,
Think only in Greek,
And subsist, as the Bears do, by sucking their paws.
Hence, a monk of La Trappe is as thin as a rat,
While an Austin Friar was jolly and fat;
Though, of course, the fare to which I allude,
With as good table-beer as ever was brew'd,
Was all "caviare to the multitude,"
Extending alone to the clergy, together in
Hall assembled, and not to Lay-brethren.

St. Dunstan himself sits there at his post,
On what they say is
Called a Dais,
O'erlooking the whole of his clerical host,
And eating poached eggs with spinach and toast;
Five Lay-brothers stand behind his chair,
But where is the sixth? Where's Peter?—Aye, WHERE?

'Tis an evening in June,
And a little half moon,
A brighter no fond lover ever set eyes on,
Gleaming, and beaming,
And dancing the stream in,
Has made her appearance above the horizon;
Just such a half moon as you see, in a play,
On the turban of Mustapha Muley Bey,
Or the fair Turk who weds with the "Noble Lord Bateman;"
—*Vide* plate in George Cruikshank's memoirs of that great man.

She shines on a turret remote and lone,
A turret with ivy and moss overgrown,
And lichens that thrive on the cold dank stone;
Such a tower as a Poet of no mean *calibre*
I once knew and loved, poor, dear Reginald Heber,
Assigns to Oblivion*—a den for a She-bear;
Within it are found,
Strew'd above and around,

---

* And cold Oblivion, midst the ruin laid,
Folds her dank wing beneath the ivy shade.
PALESTINE.

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On the hearth, on the table, the shelves, and the ground,
All sorts of instruments, all sorts of tools,
To name which and their uses would puzzle the Schools,
And make very wise people look very like fools;
Pincers, and hooks,
And black-letter books,
All sorts of pokers, and all sorts of tongs,
And all sorts of hammers, and all that belongs
To Goldsmiths' work, chemistry, alchymy,—all,
In short, that a Sage
In that erudite age
Could require, was at hand, or at least within call.
In the midst of the room lies a Broomstick!—and there
A Lay-brother sits in a rush-bottom'd chair!

Fytte XXX.

Abracadabra, that fearful word,
And the two which, I said, I have never yet heard,
Are utter'd.—'Tis done!
Peter, full of his fun,
Cries "Broomstick! you lubberly Son of a gun!
Bring ale! bring a flagon,—a hogshead,—a tun!
'Tis the same thing to you;
I have nothing to do;
And, 'fore George, I'll sit here, and I'll drink till all's blue!"

No doubt you've remark'd how uncommonly quick
A Newfoundland puppy runs after a stick,
Brings it back to his master, and gives it him—Well,
So potent the spell,
The Broomstick perceived it was vain to rebel,
So ran off like that puppy;—some cellar was near,
For, in less than ten seconds 'twas back with the beer.

Peter seizes the flagon; but ere he can suck
Its contents, or enjoy what he thinks his good luck,
The Broomstick comes in with a tub in a truck;
Continues to run
At the rate it begun,
And, *au pied de lettre*, next brings in a tun!
A fresh one succeeds, then a third, then another,
Discomfiting much the astounded Lay-brother;
Who, had he possess'd fifty pitchers or stoups,
They had all been too few, for, arranging in groups
The barrels, the Broomstick next started the hoops;
The ale deluged the floor,
But, still, through the door,
Said Broomstick kept bolting, and bringing in more.
E'en Macbeth to Macduff
Would have cried "Hold! enough!"
If half as well drench'd with such "perilous stuff,"

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And Peter, who did not expect such a rough visit,
Cried lustily, " Stop ! That will do, Broomstick !—*Sufficit !*"

But ah, well-a-day !
The devil, they say,
Tis easier at all times to raise than to lay.
Again and again
Peter roar'd out in vain
His Abracadabra, and t'other words twain ;—
As well might one try
A pack in full cry
To check, and call off from their headlong career,
By bawling out " Yoicks !" with one's hand at one's ear.
The longer he roar'd, and the louder and quicker,
The faster the Broomstick was bringing in liquor.

The poor Lay-brother knew
Not on earth what to do—
He caught hold of the Broomstick and snapt it in two.—
Worse and worse !—Like a dart
Each part made a start,
And he found he'd been adding more fuel to fire,
For *both* now came loaded with Meux's Entire ;
Combe's, Delafield's, Hanbury's, Truman's—no stopping—
Goding's, Charenton's, Whitehead's, continued to drop in,
With Hodson's pale ale, from the Sun Brewhouse, Wapping.
The firms differ'd then, but I can't put a tax on
My memory to say what their names were in Saxon.
To be sure the best beer
Of all did not appear ;
For I've said 'twas in June, and so late in the year
The " Trinity Audit Ale " is not come-at-able,
As I found to my great grief last month when at that table.

Now extremely alarm'd, Peter scream'd without ceasing,
For a flood of Brown-stout he was up to his knees in,
Which, thanks to the Broomsticks, continued increasing ;
He fear'd he'd be drown'd,
And he yell'd till the sound
Of his voice, wing'd by terror, at last reach'd the ear
Of St. Dunstan himself, who had finish'd *his* beer,
And had put off his mitre, dalmatic, and shoes,
And was just stepping into his bed for a snooze.

His Holiness paused when he heard such a clatter ;
He could not conceive what on earth was the matter.
Slipping on a few things, for the sake of decorum,
He issued forthwith from his *sanctum sanctorum*,
And calling a few of the lay-brothers near him,
Who were not yet in bed, and who happen'd to hear him,
At once led the way,
Without farther delay,
To the tower where he'd been in the course of the day.

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Poor Peter!—alas! though St. Dunstan was quick,
There were two there before him—Grim Death and Old Nick!—
When they opened the door out the malt-liquor flow'd,
Just as when the great Vat burst in Tot'nam Court Road;
The Lay-brothers nearest were up to their necks
In an instant, and swimming in strong double X;
While Peter, who, spite of himself, now had drank hard,
After floating awhile, like a toast in a tankard,
To the bottom had sunk,
And was spied by a monk,
Stone dead, like poor Clarence, half drowned and half drunk.
In vain did St. Dunstan exclaim "*Vade retro*
Strongbeerum! discede a Lay-fratre Petro!"—
Queer Latin, you'll say
That præfix of "*Lay*,"
And *Strongbeerum!*—I own they'd have call'd me a blockhead if
At school I had ventured to use such a Vocative,
'Tis a barbarous word, and to me it's a query
If you find it in Patrick, Morell, or Moreri;
But the fact is, the Saint was uncommonly flurried,
And apt to be loose in his Latin when hurried;
At a time, too, like this, you can well understand,
That he had not, like Bentley, an Ainsworth at hand.
The Brown-stout, however, obeys to the letter,
Quite as well as if talk'd to, in Latin much better,
By a grave Cambridge Johnian,
Or graver Oxonian,
Whose language, we all know, is quite Ciceronian.
It retires from the corpse, which is left high and dry;
But, in vain do they snuff and hot towels apply,
And other means used by the faculty try.
When once a man's dead
There's no more to be said,
Peter's "Beer with an *e*" was "his Bier with an *i!!*"

Moral.

By way of a moral, permit me to pop in
The following maxims:—Beware of eaves-dropping!—
Don't make use of language that isn't well scann'd!—
Don't meddle with matters you don't understand!—
Above all, what I'd wish to impress on both sexes
Is,—Keep clear of Broomsticks, Old Nick, and three XXXs.

L'Envoye.

In Goldsmith's Hall there's a handsome glass case,
And in it a stone figure found on the place,
When, thinking the old Hall no longer a pleasant one,
They pull'd it all down, and erected the present one.
If you look, you'll perceive that this stone figure twists
A thing like a broomstick in one of its fists.
It's so injured by time, you can't make out a feature;
But it is not St. Dunstan—so no doubt it's Peter.

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COLIN CLINK.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

CHAPTER XII.

Briefly details a slight love-skirmish between Sammy and Miss Sowersoft, which took place before Colin, while that youth was supposed to be asleep, and also illustrates the manner in which old maids sometimes endeavour to procure themselves husbands.—Colin's employment at the lodge.—He becomes involved in a dilemma, which threatens unheard-of consequences.

AFTER Colin had spent some twenty minutes where we left him at the conclusion of the eleventh chapter, he crept into bed. The room in which he lay being partly in the roof, admitted only of a very small window in the upright portion of the wall, and that was placed so close to the floor as to throw very little light into the apartment, except during a strong day or moonlight.

The candle being extinguished, Colin could see nothing save a small square of dim light where the window was. Below stairs he could hear the muttering of voices, as Miss Sowersoft dabbed Palethorpe's eyes with her cloth and warm water; and in the false floor over his head the sound of rats, who were at work in the roof, making noise sufficient over their labours to have kept awake, during the whole night, any person less accustomed to that kind of nocturnal entertainment than the inhabitants of country-houses usually are. Colin could usually have slept soundly had all the rats in Christendom been let loose in a legion about him, but he could not sleep to-night. It was pitch-dark; he was in a strange place, with brutal employers, who disliked him only because he had offered to relieve a poor old man of some portion of his labours. Who knew—for such things have been heard of, and passionate men often took their revenge, regardless of consequences—who knew, as Mr. Palethorpe was to occupy the adjoining bed, that he might not take advantage of his sleep, and steal out in the night to murder him? He might do so, and then throw him down the brook, as he had threatened, or perhaps bury him deep in the garden, and say in the morning that he had run away.

With these, and similar imaginations, did Colin keep himself awake in a feverish state of terror during a space of time which to him seemed almost endless; for, however groundless and ridiculous such fears may be deemed by the stout-hearted reader who peruses this by broad daylight, he must be pleased to call to mind that poor Colin was neither of an age nor in a situation in which great account is commonly made of probabilities. The boy's fancies were at length interrupted by the appearance of something more real. A light shot through the chinks of the door, and run an ignis-fatuus kind of chase

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round the walls and ceiling, as it advanced up stairs in the hands of the maid Sally. Shortly afterwards the door was gently pushed open; and while Colin's heart beat violently against the bars of its cage, and his breath came short and loud, like that of a sleeper in a troubled dream, he saw a huge warming-pan flaring through its twenty eyes with red hot cinders, protruded through the opening, and at the other end of the handle Miss Sally herself. She placed her candle down in the passage, in order to avoid awakening Colin with its light, and then commenced warming Mr. Palethorpe's bed with that peculiar skill and delicacy of touch, which at once betrayed the experienced hand of a mistress. By the time that operation was about finished, the feet of two other individuals creeping cautiously up were heard on the stairs. Then a voice whispered circumspectly, but earnestly,

"Now, Sammy, make haste and get in while it is nice and hot, or else it will do you no good; and in a minute or two I'll be up again with that warm posset, so that you can have it when you've lain down."

Sammy and Miss Sowersoft then entered, the latter having come up stairs with no other intention, apparently, than that of frustrating by her presence any design which Palethorpe might else have had of rewarding Sally for her trouble with a gentle salute upon the cheek. Having seen the maid safe out of the chamber, Miss Maria returned down stairs.

Colin now began to tremble in earnest; for he indistinctly heard Palethorpe muttering words of violence against every one of them without exception, and threatening to kick the house upside down before another day was over his head. By and by the cautious approach of his footsteps towards Colin's bed caused the boy to peep out through the meerest chink between his eyelids, when he beheld the hideous face of the farming-man almost close to his own, with its huge swollen and blackened features fixed in an expression of deep malice upon him, and a ponderous clenched fist held threateningly near his face, as the horrible gazer muttered between his forcibly closed teeth,

"I'll pay you your wages for this, young man! I'll reckon with you in a new fashion before long! You shall repent this night to the last end of your life, that shall you! I could split your skull now, if you were not asleep. But you may rest this time!"

Saying which, he retired to bed. Immediately afterwards Miss Maria Sowersoft glided noiselessly in, with a huge basin of treacle-posset in one hand, and one of her own linen nightcaps, which she had been heating by the fire, in the other. This last-named article she at once proceeded to place on Sammy's head, and tie under his chin; because the long tabs with which it was supplied, would cover his bruised face much better than any cap of his own. As Colin glanced from under the clothes, he could scarcely forbear laughing, in spite of his fears, at the odd combination which his mistress's Cupid suggested,—of a copper.

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coloured, black-bearded face, with the prinly-starched, snowy frillings of a woman's nightcap.

"Is he asleep, Sammy?" asked Miss Maria in a low whisper.

"A deal faster than he deserves to be," replied that worthy.

"I will just step across, and see," observed the lady; and accordingly trod lightly over the floor in order to assure herself of the fact. Colin's closed eyes, his silence, and his quick full breathing, confirmed her in the pleasing delusion; and she returned to Palethorpe's bedside and deposited herself in a chair with the remark that, under those circumstances, she would sit with him a few minutes. As she gazed with admiration on the uncouth countenance of Palethorpe, set, like a picture, in the white frame of her own cap; and watched him deliberately transfer spoonful after spoonful of the posset from the basin into the ill-shaped hole in his own face, she heaved a profound sigh, which seemed one moment to inflate her bosom like a balloon, and the next to collapse it again as closely as poor Cocking's parachute. Palethorpe went on with his posset.

"Ay, dear!" she sighed again.

"What's amiss, meesis?" asked Sammy, as soon as the emptied basin left him at liberty to speak.

"Nothing, Sammy,—nothing. Ay, dear! I'm quite well, as far as that goes," replied Miss Maria very despondingly.

"But you have summat not right, I'm sure," persisted he.

"Oh, it is of no matter!" she sighed again.

"But, what is it?" he a third time asked.

"It does not signify much," she again remarked; "it will be all the same a few years hence."

"You've tired yourself to death with that mangle, I suppose?" said Sammy.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed in a tone of voice which betrayed some slight offence at the vulgarity of his suggestion; "it is a very different mangle to that. I am sure I am mangled enough by people's indifference."

"Why, as for that," replied Sammy, trying to exculpate himself from any charge of neglect, "you are meesis of th' house, and don't want to be pressed to your meat and drink like a visiter."

"Meat and drink!" she exclaimed, as though indignant that such animal ideas should degrade the present elevation of her soul, "I care nothing about meat and drink, not I. You seem as if you could see nothing, though people make the plainest allusions that female propriety considers decent for any woman to do."

Mr. Palethorpe looked astonished as he observed,

"Well, I'm sure, meesis, you can't say that ever I made any allusions to female propriety."

"No,—that's it! there it is!" sighed Miss Maria; "though you

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get all the fat of the land, and are treated more like a gentleman in the house than like what you are, you never make the least allusions."

Mr. Palethorpe protested that under those circumstances he ought to feel all the more ashamed of himself if he did make allusions, or else other people would think it very odd of him.

"Oh, then the truth's out at last, is it?" said Miss Maria, "you have other people, have you? Ay, dear!" and she apparently fell a crying. "It's impossible, then, for all the goodness in the world to make any impression. Oh, Sammy—Sammy!"

Saying which she rose up, with her handkerchief to her eyes, and walked towards the door, muttering as she went, that since he seemed so very fond of other people, other people might feed him, as that was the last posset he would ever have from her hands. Mr. Palethorpe endeavoured several times to recall her, but Miss Sowersoft's new jealousy of other people had rendered her inexorable; and, in the course of a few more seconds her own chamber-door was heard to slam to, and to be most resolutely bolted and locked behind her. Our worthy uttered a discontented groan, and composed himself to sleep; an example which Colin was enabled some long time after to follow; though not before his weariness had completely overpowered his fears of danger from the savage sharer of his dormitory.

While yet in the middle of his slumber, and busy with a dream of home, which placed him again in the bright warm sunshine by the step of his mother's door, Colin was suddenly startled by the dragging of every inch of bed-covering from off him, and the not very sparing application of a hand-whip about his body, while the voice of Palethorpe summoned him, under the courteous title of a lazy heavy-headed young rascal, to turn out, and get himself off to work. It was nearly broad day-light; and our hero obeyed the summons with considerable alacrity, though not without informing his driver at the same time that there was no occasion for a whip to him, because a word would have done quite as well, if not better.

"Then you shall have both, to make sure, and plenty of them too," replied Mr. Palethorpe. "If long scores are ever to be cleared off, we should begin to pay 'em betimes; and I have a score chalked on for you that will want interest before it is discharged, I know. Mark, you will have this every morning regularly if you are not down stairs as the clock strikes six, neither sooner nor later. If you get up too soon, I shall lay on you just the same as if you got up too late,—for a right hour is a right hour, and six exactly is our time. I'll make you feel where your mistake was, my boy, when you thought of coming master here! There's last night's job I owe you for yet, and a good price you shall pay for it, or else I don't know how to reckon!"

A blow on the right ear, and another on the left, immediately

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after, in order to keep his head in the middle, fell to. Colin's lot at the conclusion of this harangue; and a push at the back of the neck which followed directly, enabled him to get out of the room somewhat more speedily than he would have done without that assistance. But to all this—though taken much in dudgeon—being mildness itself as compared with what might have been expected, Colin submitted in a sturdy mood, and without saying anything; though he did not forget to promise himself at some future day to adjust the balances between them.

In consequence of the lack-a-daisical turn which Miss Sowersoft's interview with Sammy had taken on the preceding night, that lady denied to the household the pleasure of her company at breakfast, as she could not meet the ungrateful Mr. Palethorpe before company again, until an explanation in private had taken place. Poor old George, all benignity, and looking like an elder of some by-gone age, seemed more than usually anxious to promote good feeling amongst his fellows, and to restore that harmony which had been destroyed the evening before, on his account. But Palethorpe was unforgiving, and Abel unrepentant: so that, whatever might be the disposition of others, those two characters at least regarded each other over the table much in the same manner as, it might be supposed, would two of Mr. Wombwell's beasts placed on opposite sides of his menagerie, when before a meal-time they address each other in that language of the eyes of which poets speak, and seem to intimate a very unequivocal desire to dine upon one another.

That day Master Colin took his first lesson in field-craft, by being set to gather stones from off the wheat-sown lands, before the blade was more than an inch or two out of the ground. His out-door labours were concluded at six in the evening; after which time, as the horses remained to be put up, he was drilled in the art of cleaning, bedding, harnessing, and managing those animals: and, after that was done, he was allowed, by way of amusement, to spend the remaining few hours before bed-time in setting rat-traps, or accompanying some one or other of the men in weasel-shooting along the bank-sides and hedges.

Some few days elapsed without a reconcilement having taken place between Palethorpe and his mistress; during which time our hero fared considerably better than otherwise he might have done; partly because Miss Sowersoft's attention was not now so completely engrossed as it had hitherto been, by her favourite; and partly because that very pleasant personage himself, while unsupported by the smiles and attentions of his mistress, was by no means so formidable in his displays of courage as otherwise he would have been. The prospect which had broken on Colin's mind on his first introduction to Snitterton began accordingly

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to brighten considerably. He liked his employment in the fields, as well as all that followed it, so well, that, when on the ensuing Sunday he asked for leave to walk over to Bramleigh for the purpose of seeing his mother and Fanny, and was at once peremptorily denied, he felt that denial as no very great hardship; but soon made up his mind to spend the day as pleasantly as he could, and to write a letter to Fanny, detailing his thoughts and opinions, his likings and dislikings, instead.

These resolves he eventually put into execution: and, everything very probably might have gone on smoothly enough, had not a circumstance utterly unforeseen, occurred, whereby he himself was brought into a second dilemma with his mistress and Palethorpe, still worse than the previous one; and whereby, also, the plain-spoken epistle which he had secretly indited for the private and especial perusal of his mother and Fanny, was in an evil hour, thrown into the hands of the identical parties about whom, in its honest simplicity, it told so many truthful libels. But the shame of Miss Sowersoft was so deep, and the rage of Palethorpe so high, and the consequences of both to our hero so important, that I verily believe it will occupy nearly the whole of the next chapter to describe them.

CHAPTER XIII.

Demonstrates, in the case of Miss Sowersoft and Mr. Samuel Palethorpe, the folly of people being too curious about the truth, in matters better left in the dark. Colin is subjected to a strict examination, in which the judge, instead of the culprit, is convicted. Colin's punishment.

That period of the year having now arrived when the days were materially lengthened, as well as increased in warmth, Colin selected an hour or two one evening after his day's labour was over, for the purpose of writing that letter to his mother and Fanny which he had projected some short time before. In order to do this, both by a good light, and away from the probability of intrusion, he selected a little spot of ground, formed by an obtuse angle of the brook, at the bottom of the garden; though divided from it by a thick clump of holly, intermingled with hawthorn and wild briar. On this grassy knoll he sat down to his task; making a higher portion of its slope serve as a natural table to hold his ink and paper.

Those vespers which Nature herself offers up to her Creator amidst the magnificent cathedral columns of her own tall trees; the loud songs of the blackbird and the thrush, and the occasional shrill cry of the discontented pewet as it swept in tempestuous circles over the distant arable land, were loudly heard around him; while, some two or three yards below the spot where he sat, a ridge of large stone, placed across the rivulet for the greater convenience of crossing, partly held

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up the water, and caused an eternal poppling murmur, as that portion which forced its escape between them, rushed with mimic velocity into the tiny gulf that lay some ten or twelve inches below. Colin felt elevated and happy. He could scarcely write many complainings there; although he had been so disappointed and ill-used on his arrival. At the same time he felt bound to tell the truth as far as it went, though not to represent himself as materially unhappy in consequence of the behaviour which had been adopted towards him. In this task, then, he proceeded, until the hundreds of bright twinkling leaves which at first glittered around him in the stray beams of sunlight, had all resolved themselves into one mass of broad shade; to this succeeded a red horizontal light upon the upper portions of the trees to the eastward, as though their tops were tipped with fire; which also rapidly faded, and left him, by the time he had about concluded his letter, scarcely able any longer to follow with his sight the course of his pen upon the paper.

Having wrapped his epistle awkwardly up, he placed it in his pocket, and was about to emerge from his rural study, when the leisurely tread of feet approaching down the garden-path, and the subdued sound of tongues which he too well knew, caused him to step back, and closer to the clumps of holly, in the hope of getting away unobserved, when the individuals he wished to avoid had passed. They still continued to converse; and the first distinct words Colin heard were these:—

"I am sure, out of the many, very many excellent offers, I have had made me—excellent offers they were—I might have done so over and over again; but I never intended to be married. I always liked to be my own mistress and my own master; and, besides that, it does entail so much trouble on people in one way or another. Really, when I look on that great family of my brother Ted, I am fit to fancy it is pulling him down to the ground; and, I positively believe it would, if he did not take advantage of his situation in trade, and wrap and wring every farthing out of everybody in any way that he possibly can without being at all particular;—though they are sweet children, they are! Ay, but something must be risked, and something must be sacrificed; we cannot have it both ways—at least—a—humph!—I mean to say, that when people do get married, they must make up their minds to strike the best balance between them mutually that they are able. That is my candid opinion of things; and when I look upon them in that light—when I think about them in that manner, and say to myself, there is this on this side, and nothing on that side, which should I take? I lose my resolution—I don't know; I feel that, by a person to whom I had no objection in any other shape, I might, perhaps be superinduced to do as others have done, and to make a sacrifice of my little something, whatever it is, for the sake of spending our lives in that kind of domestic combination which binds

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people together more than anything else ever can. I am weak on that point, I know; but then, the home affections, as Mr. Longstaff says, constitute a very worthy and amiable weakness."

Miss Sowersoft uttered this last sentence in such a peculiar tone of self-satisfied deprecation, as evidently proved that she considered herself a much more eligible subject, on account of that identical weakness which she had verbally condemned, than she would have been if wholly free from it.

"Well, meesis," replied Mr. Palethorpe, with considerate deliberation, "I should have no objection to our union, if it so happened that we were not doing very well as we are at present; and while we are making a little money to put by every week, I think it is as well just now to let good alone. I should like—"

"Oh, you misunderstand me!" exclaimed Miss Maria; "I did not make any allusions to you in particular. Oh, no! I have had very many most excellent offers, and could have them now for that matter; but then, you see, I was only just saying, as the thought came across my mind, that there is something to be said against being married, and something against keeping single. I remember the time when I could not bear the very thoughts of a man about me; but, somehow, as one gets older, we see so much more of the world, and one's ideas change almost as much as one's bodies; really, I am as different as another woman to what I once was. Somehow, I don't know how, but so it happens—Ah!" shrieked Miss Sowersoft, interrupting herself in the demonstration of this very metaphysical and abstruse point in her discourse, "take hold of me, dear,—take hold of me! I've trod on a toad, I believe!"

At the same time she threw her arms up to Mr. Palethorpe for protection; and, very accidentally, of course, they chanced to alight round that worthy's neck. A round dozen of rough-bearded kisses, which even he, stoic as he was, could not refrain from bestowing upon her, in order to revive and restore her spirits, smacked loudly on the dusky air, and set poor little Colin a-laughing in spite of himself.

"Who the deuce is that!" earnestly whispered the farming-man. "There's somebody under the brook bank!" and, as he instantly disengaged Miss Sowersoft from his arms, he rushed round the holly-bushes, and caught fast hold of Colin, just as that unlucky lad was making a speedy retreat across the rivulet into the opposite orchard. "What! it is you, you young devil, is it?" exclaimed he, in a fury, as he dragged the boy up the sloping bank, and bestowed upon him sundry kicks, scarcely inferior to those of a vicious horse, with his heavy, clench-nailed, quarter-boots. "You're listening after your meesis, now, are you? Dang your meddling carcass! I'll stop your ears for you!"

And, bang went his ponderous fist on Colin's organs of Secretiveness

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and Acquisitiveness, until his head sung again throughout, like a seething caldron.

"That's right!" cried Miss Sowersoft; "make him feel; drag him up; my face burns with shame at him; I'm as hot as a scarlet-fever, I am—a young scoundrel!"

And Colin was pulled up on to the level part of the garden, more like a half-killed rat than a half-grown human being.

"We'll know how this is, meesis," said Mr. Palethorpe, when he had fairly landed his cargo. "I'll see to th' bottom of it before he goes into th' house. He sha'n't have a chance of being backed up in his impudence as he was t'other night."

"Take him into the thrashing-barn," advised Miss Sowersoft, "and we can have him there in private."

Colin now found breath to put in a protest against the bill of indictment which they were preferring against him.

"I was not listening," said he; "I was only writing a letter to my mother, I'm sure!"

"What! at this dark hour?" ejaculated Palethorpe with a laugh. "Come along, you young liar! you sha'n't escape that way."

Accordingly he dragged the lad up the garden, and behind the house, into the spacious barn, of which Miss Sowersoft had spoken: and, while that innocent lady went to procure a lantern, her favourite held him tightly by the collar; save when, occasionally, to beguile the time until her return, he regaled him with a severe shake, and an additional curse or two upon his vagabond and mischievous carcass.

"Do you think he knows anything about it?" asked Miss Sowersoft aside to Palethorpe, as she entered the barn, and the dim light of her horn-lantern summoned to view the spectral appearances—rather than the distinct objects themselves—of various implements of husbandry, and of heaps of thrashed wheat and straw scattered around.

"Well, I don't know; but I should think not much," said he.

"I hope not," rejoined Miss Maria, "or it will get into everybody's mouth. But, we will question him very closely; we'll have it out of him by hook or by crook."

She then held a broken side of the lantern a little above Colin's face, in order to cast the better light upon it; and proceeded to question the culprit.

"Now, before I ask you a single question, promise to tell me the truth, and nothing but the truth. Now, mark; I shall know whether you speak the truth or not, so it will be of no use to try to deceive me. Tell me whether you heard me and Sammy talking in the garden; and whether you saw him pick me up so very kindly when I slipped down; and then tell me for what purpose you were standing behind those trees? No falsehoods, now. The truth, nothing else. Take care; because if you say anything untrue I shall know it directly; and then woe be to you for your trouble!"

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"I always do tell truth," replied Colin, crying, "without being frightened into it that way. I'm sure I had only been writing a letter to my mother and Fanny; and I stood there because I did not want anybody to catch me."

"And why did you not want anybody to catch you?"

"Why, because I didn't," answered Colin.

"Because you didn't!" exclaimed Sammy, as he emerged from out the shadow of Miss Sowersoft's figure; "what answer is that, you sulky ill-looking whelp? Give her a proper answer, or I'll send my fist in your face in a minnit!"

Miss Maria put her hand on Sammy's arm to keep him back,—not so much to prevent him carrying his threat into execution, as because his interference seemed to imply a doubt of her own abilities in worming all she wanted to know out of the boy before her.

"But *why* didn't you?" she asked again, more emphatically.

"Because, they might want to read my letter."

"Oh,—there's something in it, not to be seen, is there?" continued the inquisitor, as her cheeks reddened with fears of she knew not what.

"It is all truth,—every word of it!" contended Colin.

"Ay, ay, my lad, *we* must see about that. I cannot let you send a whole pack of falsehoods over to Bramleigh, and make as much mischief in my family as your mother made in Mr. Longstaff's. It is needful to look after your doings. Is the letter in your pocket?"

Having received an answer in the affirmative, she directed Palethorpe to search him for it; an operation which that amiable individual very soon concluded, by drawing the desired document from his trowsers.

"Oh, this is it, is it?" said Miss Maria, as she partly opened it to assure herself. "Well, well," folding it up again: "we'll read this by and by. Now, what did you hear us talking about? If you say anything shameful, now,—and we shall know whether it is true or not, directly that we hear it,—if you do not say something—a—. You know what Scripture tells you,—always to speak well of your mistress and master. Be careful now. What did we say?"

"Please, 'um," replied Colin, "you said, that when people get married they strike a balance between them; and that if one thing was on one side, and nothing on the other, you should lose your resolution, and make a sacrifice of your little something, whatever it is."

"Oh, you little wretch!" ejaculated Maria. "Go on with your lies, go on! and you *shall* have it on your shoulders when you have done. What else, you vile toad?"

Colin stood mute.

"What next, I say!" stormed the lady, with a furious stamp of her right foot.

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"Why, then, mum," added Colin, "I heard Palethorpe kissing you as hard as he could."

"Kissing me!—kissing me, you young rascal!" and the face of Miss Sowersoft became as red as the gills of one of her own turkey-cocks at the discovery. "If you dare to say such a thing as that again, I'll strip the very skin off your back,—I will, you caitiff! Kissing *me*, indeed! A pretty tale to tell, as ever I heard!"

"I'm sure it's true," blubbered the boy; "for I heard it ever so many times."

"Oh!" exclaimed the virtuous Miss Sowersoft, "so we have got it out of you at last. What!—your mother has set you to watch your mistress, has she? That's all her schooling, is it? But Mr. Palethorpe shall learn you to spy about this house,—he shall, you dog!"

That worthy was now about to pounce upon his victim, but was again arrested by his mistress.

"Stop, stop!—we have not done yet," pulling the letter before mentioned from her bosom; "there is a pretty budget here, I'll be bound to say. After such as this, we may expect anything. There is nothing too bad for him."

While Palethorpe held the culprit fast by one hand, and the lantern in the other, he and Miss Sowersoft enjoyed the high gratification of perusing together the authenticated letter which follows:—

"DEAR MOTHER AND FANNY,

"As I promised to write if they would not let me come on Sunday, which they did not do, I take this opportunity after tea to tell you all about it. I like this house very well, and have caught fourteen rats with traps of my own setting, besides helping Abel to shoot foomards, which he fired at, and I looked on while. I can harness a horse and curry him down already. But when I first got here I did not think I should like it at all, as Palethorpe flew at me like a yard-dog because I spoke to him, and Miss Sowersoft was mangling, and as cross as patch. I did think of coming home again; but then I said to myself, 'Well, I'll lay a penny if I do, mother will send me back; so it will be of no use, and I shall have my walk for nothing.' I do not like mistress a bit. When she was at our house, she told you a pack of the biggest fibs in the world. I never heard of a bigger fibber than she is, in my life; for all the good victuals she made such a bother about are made up for Sammy, and I have to eat his leavings. He is like a master-pig in a sty, because he crunches up the best of everything. Mistress seems very fond of him, though; for after we had had a shindy the first night, and Palethorpe made my nose bleed, I went to bed, and saw her tie her nightcap on his head, and feed him with a posset. I could not help laughing, he looked such a fool. Then I heard her courting him as plain as sunshine; for she tries as hard as she can to get him to marry her; but I would not have her, if I were him, she is

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so very mean and pretending. But then he is a savage idle fellow himself: and as Abel said to him, said he, 'You never touch plough nor bill-hook once a-week,'—no more he does. Our mistress backs him up in it, and that is the reason. I shall come over as soon as I can, as I want to see you and Fanny very much.

"Yours affectionately,

"COLIN CLINK."

At all events the murder was out here, and no mistake. The letter dropped from Miss Sowersoft's hand, and she almost fainted in Mr. Palethorpe's arms, as she faintly sighed,

"Oh, Sammy, Sammy!—he 'll be the death of me!"

When Miss Maria was somewhat recovered, Palethorpe turned in great wrath towards Colin, uttering a more fearful asseveration than I can repeat, that if he could make no better use than that of his eyes when he went to bed, he would knock them out of his head for him. Seizing the boy ferociously by the nape of the neck with one hand, and a portion of his clothes with the other, he lifted him from the ground, like a dog by head and tail, and carried him straight into the yard, dashing him violently into the horse-trough, very much to the satisfaction of the indignant Miss Sowersoft, who had suddenly recovered on beholding this spectacle, and followed her favourite with the lantern. While Palethorpe held him down in the trough, Miss Sowersoft proceeded with great alacrity to pump upon him very vigorously until her arms were tired.

The boy's cries soon brought several of the domestics of the establishment together. Sally rushed out of her kitchen inquiring what Colin had done to be ducked.

"Spying after the private things of meesis!" exclaimed the wrathful Mr. Palethorpe.

"Spying!" echoed the maid.

"Yes, spying!" added Maria, in corroboration of Palethorpe's statement. "We have caught him out, according to his own confession, spying after the secrets of everybody about the premises, and sending it all in writing to his mother!"

"Ay! I 'd souse him well!" observed Sally, who began to fear that some of her own secret interviews with Abel had very probably been registered in black and white, for the edification of the good people of Bramleigh.

"What has he been a-gate of?" asked Abel, who had just come up in time to catch the end of the above conversation.

"Oh, he 's been watching you come into the dairy when I was there!" added Sally, accompanying her remark with a broad simper, and a sly blushing glance at Abel, which caused Abel to shuffle on his feet, and dangle his legs about, as though at a loss what to do with them.

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"Then a sheep-washing will do him no harm for sheep's eyes," rejoined Abel, rounding off his sharp-pointed wit with a broad laugh.

When the ducking was concluded, they drove him, bruised, drenched, and weeping, into the kitchen. Old George, who had been a distant and silent spectator of the scene, stood at the door as he entered.

"Ay, poor boy!" said he, pityingly, as the child passed by him "they 'd more need to nurse him by the fireside than half drown him this way. It 's sad wages—sad wages, indeed, for a nest-babe like him! But they don't heed what I say. I 'm an old man, and have no right to speak."

Miss Sowersoft seized the earliest opportunity she could to place Colin's letter upon the fire, which she did with a spoonful of salt upon it, in order that the flames should be of the same colour as its contents.

In the meantime Colin had shuffled off his mortal coil of wet clothes, and in a moist skin gone silently off to bed. At supper-time old George carried him up a pint of warm ale which had been served out for himself. Colin accepted it, less because he relished it, than because he knew not how at the moment to refuse the hand by which it was offered; and within ten minutes afterwards, notwithstanding all his troubles, he fell into a sound state of repose.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

TRANSLATED FROM VICTOR HUGO.

"Pourquoi te plaindre, tendre fille,
Ses jours n'appartiennent-ils pas à la première jeunesse."

All infancy's sweet joys thou canst not tell;
Yet, envy not, fair child, our riper years,
When the heart bleeds or struggles to rebel,
And e'en *our smiles* are sadder than *thy tears*.

Thy gentle age passes without a trace,
Softly, as sighs that mingle with the breeze,
As joyous sounds which distance must efface,
Or Halcyon floating o'er the summer seas.

Let thy thoughts blossom in their later hours,
But now enjoy the dawn! Enjoy the spring!
Thy days are like a wreath of budding flowers,
Spare them, till scatter'd by Time's blighting wing.

Await the future,—fate, alas! for thee,—
As for us all,—has deep regrets in store;
Falsehood, and every ill, we blush to see,
And worthless pleasures, that we should deplore.

Yet, laugh! unconscious of all evil now,
No shade should cloud the azure of thine eyes!
The peaceful innocence of that fair brow
Reveals thy spirit, and *reflects the skies*. M. T. H.

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BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

AUGUST, 1839.

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George Cruikshank

Audacity of Dick Shepherd.

New York, Published M. Lower Aug. 1840

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JACK SHEPPARD.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD," AND "CRICHTON."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

EPOCH THE THIRD.—1724.

CHAPTER V.

THE DISGUISE.

In a hollow in the meadows behind the prison whence Jack Sheppard had escaped,—for, at this time, the whole of the now thickly-peopled district north of Clerkenwell Bridewell was open country, stretching out in fertile fields in the direction of Islington,—and about a quarter of a mile off, stood a solitary hovel, known as Black Mary's Hole. This spot, which still retains its name, acquired the appellation from an old crone who lived there, and who in addition to a very equivocal character for honesty, enjoyed the reputation of being a witch. Without inquiring into the correctness of the latter part of the story, it may be sufficient to state, that Black Mary was a person in whom Jack Sheppard thought he could confide, and, as Edgeworth Bess was incapable of much further exertion, he determined to leave her in the old woman's care till the following night, while he shifted for himself, and fulfilled his design—for, however rash or hazardous a project might be, if once conceived, Jack always executed it,—of visiting Jonathan Wild at his house in the Old Bailey.

It was precisely two o'clock on the morning of Whitmonday, the 25th of May, 1724, when the remarkable escape before detailed was completed; and though it wanted full two hours to daybreak, the glimmer of a waning moon prevented it from being totally dark. Casting a hasty glance, as he was about to turn an angle of the wall, at the great gates and upper windows of the prison, and perceiving no symptoms of pursuit, Jack proceeded towards the hovel at a very deliberate pace, carefully assisting his female companion over every obstacle in the road, and bearing her in his arms when, as was more than once the case, she sank from fright and exhaustion. In this way he crossed one or two public gardens and a bowling-green,—the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell then abounded in such places of amusement,—passed the noted Ducking Pond, where Black Mary had been frequently immersed; and, striking off to the left across the fields, arrived in a few minutes at his destination.

Descending the hollow, or rather excavation,—for it was an old disused clay-pit, at the bottom of which the cottage was situated,—

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he speedily succeeded in arousing the ancient sibyl, and having committed Edgeworth Bess to her care, with a promise of an abundant reward in case she watched diligently over her safety, and attended to her comforts till his return,—to all which Black Mary readily agreed, —he departed with a heart lightened of half its load.

Jack's first object was to seek out Blueskin, whom he had no doubt he should find at the New Mint, at Wapping, for the Old Mint no longer offered a secure retreat to the robber; and, with this view, he made the best of his way along a by-lane leading towards Hockley-in-the-hole. He had not proceeded far when he was alarmed by the tramp of a horse, which seemed to be rapidly approaching, and he had scarcely time to leap the hedge and conceal himself behind a tree, when a tall man, enveloped in an ample cloak with his hat pulled over his brows, rode by at full speed. Another horseman followed quickly at the heels of the first; but just as he passed the spot where Jack stood, his steed missed its footing, and fell. Either ignorant of the accident, or heedless of it, the foremost horseman pursued his way without even turning his head.

Conceiving the opportunity too favourable to be lost, Jack sprang suddenly over the hedge, and before the man, who was floundering on the ground with one foot in the stirrup, could extricate himself from his embarrassing position, secured his pistols, which he drew from the holsters, and held them to his head. The fellow swore lustily, in a voice which Jack instantly recognised as that of Quilt Arnold, and vainly attempted to rise and draw his sword.

"Dog!" thundered Sheppard, putting the muzzle of the pistol so close to the janizary's ear, that the touch of the cold iron made him start, "don't you know me?"

"Blood and thunder!" exclaimed Quilt, opening his eyes with astonishment. "It can't be Captain Sheppard!"

"It *is*," replied Jack; "and you had better have met the devil on your road than me. Do you remember what I said when you took me at the Mint four days ago. I told you my turn would come. It *has* come,—and sooner than you expected."

"So I find, captain," rejoined Quilt, submissively; "but you're too noble-hearted to take advantage of my situation. Besides, I acted for others, and not for myself."

"I know it," replied Sheppard, "and therefore I spare your life."

"I was sure you wouldn't injure me, captain," remarked Quilt, in a wheedling tone, while he felt about for his sword; "you're far too brave to strike a fallen man."

"Ah! traitor!" cried Jack, who had noticed the movement; "make such another attempt, and it shall cost you your life." So saying, he unbuckled the belt to which the janizary's hanger was attached, and fastened it to his own girdle.

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"And now," he continued, sternly, "was it your master who has just ridden by?"

"No," answered Quilt, sullenly.

"Who then?" demanded Jack. "Speak, or I fire!"

"Well, if you *will* have it, it 's Sir Rowland Trenchard."

"Sir Rowland Trenchard!" echoed Jack, in amazement. "What are you doing with him?"

"It's a long story, captain, and I've no breath to tell it,—unless you choose to release me," rejoined Quilt.

"Get up, then," said Jack, freeing his foot from the stirrup. "Now —begin."

Quilt, however, seemed unwilling to speak.

"I should be sorry to proceed to extremities," continued Sheppard, again raising the pistol.

"Well, since you force me to betray my master's secrets," replied Quilt, sullenly, "I've ridden express to Manchester to deliver a message to Sir Rowland."

"Respecting Thames Darrell?" observed Jack.

"Why, how the devil did you happen to guess that?" cried the janizary.

"No matter," replied Sheppard. "I'm glad to find I'm right. You informed Sir Rowland that Thames Darrell was returned?"

"Exactly so," replied Quilt, "and he instantly decided upon returning to London with me. We've ridden post all the way, and I'm horribly tired, or you wouldn't have mastered me so easily."

"Perhaps not," replied Jack, to whom an idea had suddenly occurred. "Now, sir, I'll trouble you for your coat. I've left mine on the spikes of the New Prison, and must borrow yours."

"Why, surely you can't be in earnest, captain. You wouldn't rob Mr. Wild's chief janizary?"

"I'd rob Mr. Wild himself if I met him," retorted Jack. "Come, off with it, sirrah, or I'll blow out your brains, in the first place, and strip you afterwards."

"Well, rather than you should commit so great a crime, captain, here it is," replied Quilt, handing him the garment in question. "Anything else?"

"Your waistcoat."

"'Zounds! captain, I shall get my death of cold. I was in hopes you'd be content with my hat and wig."

"I shall require them as well," rejoined Sheppard; "and your boots."

"My boots! Fire and fury! They won't fit you; they're too large. Besides, how am I to ride home without them?"

"Don't distress yourself," returned Jack, "you shall walk. Now,"

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he added, as his commands were reluctantly obeyed, "help me on with them."

Quilt knelt down, as if he meant to comply; but, watching his opportunity, he made a sudden grasp at Sheppard's leg, with the intention of overthrowing him.

But Jack was too nimble for him. Striking out his foot, he knocked half a dozen teeth down the janizary's throat; and, seconding the kick with a blow on the head from the butt-end of the pistol, stretched him, senseless and bleeding, on the ground.

"Like master like man," observed Jack, as he rolled the inanimate body to the side of the road. "From Jonathan Wild's confidential servant what could be expected but treachery?"

With this, he proceeded to dress himself in Quilt Arnold's clothes, pulled the wig over his face and eyes so as completely to conceal his features, slouched the hat over his brows, drew the huge boots above his knees, and muffled himself up in the best way he could. On searching the coat, he found, amongst other matters, a mask, a key, and a pocket-book. The latter appeared to contain several papers, which Jack carefully put by, in the hope that they might turn out of importance in a scheme of vengeance which he meditated against the thieftaker. He then mounted the jaded hack, which had long since regained its legs, and was quietly browsing the grass at the road-side, and, striking spurs into its side, rode off. He had not proceeded far when he encountered Sir Rowland, who having missed his attendant, had returned to look after him.

"What has delayed you?" demanded the knight, impatiently.

"My horse has had a fall," replied Jack, assuming to perfection—for he was a capital mimic—the tones of Quilt Arnold. "It was some time before I could get him to move."

"I fancied I heard voices," rejoined Sir Rowland.

"So did I," answered Jack; "we had better move on. This is a noted place for highwaymen."

"I thought you told me that the rascal who has so long been the terror of the town—Jack Sheppard—was in custody."

"So he is," returned Jack; "but there's no saying how long he may remain so. Besides, there are greater rascals than Jack Sheppard at liberty, Sir Rowland."

Sir Rowland made no reply, but angrily quickened his pace. The pair then descended Saffron-hill, threaded Field-lane, and, entering Holborn, passed over the little bridge which then crossed the muddy waters of Fleet-ditch, mounted Snow-hill, and soon drew in the bridle before Jonathan Wild's door. Aware of Quilt Arnold's mode of proceeding, Jack instantly dismounted, and, instead of knocking, opened the door with the pass-key. The porter instantly made his appearance, and Sheppard ordered him to take care of the horses.

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"Well, what sort of journey have you had, Quilt?" asked the man as he hastened to assist Sir Rowland to dismount.

"Oh! we've lost no time, as you perceive," replied Jack. "Is the governor within?"

"Yes; you'll find him in the audience-chamber. He has got Blueskin with him."

"Ah! indeed! what's he doing here?" inquired Jack.

"Come to buy off Jack Sheppard, I suppose," replied the fellow. "But it won't do. Mr. Wild has made up his mind; and, when that's the case, all the persuasion on earth won't turn him. Jack will be tried to-morrow; and, as sure as my name's Obadiah Lemon he'll take up his quarters at the King's-Head," pointing to Newgate, "over the way."

"Well, we shall see," replied Jack. "Look to the horses, Obadiah. This way, Sir Rowland."

As familiar as Quilt Arnold himself with every part of Wild's mysterious abode, as well as with the ways of its inmates, Jack, without a moment's hesitation, took up a lamp which was burning in the hall, and led his companion up the great stone stairs. Arrived at the audience-chamber, he set down the light upon a stand, threw open the door, and announced in a loud voice, but with the perfect intonation of the person he represented,—"Sir Rowland Trenchard."

Jonathan, who was engaged in conversation with Blueskin, instantly arose, and bowed with cringing ceremoniousness to the knight. The latter haughtily returned his salutation, and flung himself, as if exhausted, into a chair.

"You've arrived sooner than I expected, Sir Rowland," observed the thieftaker. "Lost no time on the road—eh?—I didn't expect you till to-morrow at the earliest. Excuse me an instant while I dismiss this person.—You've your answer, Blueskin," he added, pushing that individual, who seemed unwilling to depart, towards the door; "it's useless to urge the matter further. Jack is registered in the Black Book."

"One word before I go," urged Blueskin.

"Not a syllable," replied Wild. "If you talk as long as an Old Bailey counsel, you'll not alter my determination."

"Won't my life do as well as his?" supplicated the other.

"Humph!" exclaimed Jonathan, doubtfully. "And you would surrender yourself—eh?"

"I'll surrender myself at once, if you'll engage to bring him off; and you'll get the reward from old Wood. It's two hundred pounds. Recollect that."

"Faithful fellow!" murmured Jack. "I forgive him his disobedience."

"Will you do it?" persisted Blueskin.

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"No," replied Wild; "and I've only listened to your absurd proposal to see how far your insane attachment to this lad would carry you."

"I *do* love him," cried Blueskin, "and that's the long and short of it. I've taught him all he can do; and there is'nt his fellow, and never will be again. I've seen many a clever cracksman, but never one like him. If you hang Jack Sheppard, you'll cut off the flower o' the purfession. But I'll not believe it of you. It's all very well to read him a lesson, and teach him obedience; but you've gone far enough for that."

"Not quite," rejoined the thieftaker, significantly.

"Well," growled Blueskin, "you've had my offer."

"And you my warning," retorted Wild. "Good night!"

"Blueskin," whispered Jack, in his natural tones, as the other passed him, "wait without."

"Powers o' mercy!" cried Blueskin, starting.

"What's the matter?" demanded Jonathan, harshly.

"Nothin'—nothin'," returned Blueskin; "only I thought—"

"You saw the hangman, no doubt," said Jack. "Take courage, man; it's only Quilt Arnold. Come, make yourself scarce. Don't you see Mr. Wild's busy." And then he added, in an under tone, "Conceal yourself outside, and be within call."

Blueskin nodded, and left the room. Jack affected to close the door, but left it slightly ajar.

"What did you say to him?" inquired Jonathan, suspiciously.

"I advised him not to trouble you farther about Jack Sheppard," answered the supposed janizary.

"He seems infatuated about the lad," observed Wild. "I shall be obliged to hang him to keep him company. And now, Sir Rowland," he continued, turning to the knight, "to our own concerns. It's a long time since we met—eight years, and more. I hope you've enjoyed your health. 'Slife! you're wonderfully altered. I should scarcely have known you."

The knight was indeed greatly changed. Though not much past the middle term of life, he seemed prematurely stricken with old age. His frame was wasted, and slightly bent; his eyes were hollow, his complexion haggard, and his beard, which had remained unshorn during his hasty journey, was perfectly white. His manner, however, was as stern and haughty as ever, and his glances retained their accustomed fire.

"I did not come hither to consult you as to the state of my health, sir," he observed, displeased by Jonathan's allusion to the alteration in his appearance.

"True," replied Wild. "You were no doubt surprised by the unlooked-for intelligence I sent you of your nephew's return?"

"Was it *unlooked-for* on your part?" demanded the knight, distrustfully.

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"On my soul, yes," rejoined Jonathan. "I should as soon have expected the bones of Tom Sheppard to reunite themselves and walk out of that case, as Thames Darrell to return. The skipper, Van Galgebrok, affirmed to me—nay, gave me the additional testimony of two of his crew—that he was thrown overboard. But it appears he was picked up by fishermen, and carried to France, where he has remained ever since, and where it would have been well for him if he had remained altogether."

"Have you seen him?" asked Trenchard.

"I have," replied Wild; "and nothing but the evidence of my senses would have made me believe he was living, after the positive assurance I received to the contrary. He is at present with Mr. Wood,—the person whom you may remember adopted him—at Dollis Hill, near Willesden; and it's a singular but fortunate circumstance, so far as we are concerned, that Mrs. Wood chanced to be murdered by Blueskin, the fellow who just left the room, on the very night of his return, as it has thrown the house into such confusion, and so distracted them, that he has had no time as yet for hostile movements."

"And what course do you propose to pursue in reference to *him*?" asked Sir Rowland.

"My plan is a very simple one," rejoined the thieftaker, smiling bitterly. "I would treat him as you treated his father, Sir Rowland."

"Murder him!" cried Trenchard, shuddering.

"Ay, murder him, if you like the term," returned Wild. "I should call it putting him out of the way. But, no matter how you phrase it, the end is the same."

"I cannot consent to it," replied Sir Rowland, firmly. "Since the sea has spared him, I will spare him. It is in vain to struggle against the arm of fate. I will shed no more blood."

"And perish upon the gibbet," rejoined Jonathan, contemptuously.

"Flight is still left me," replied Trenchard. "I can escape to France."

"And do you think I'll allow you to depart," cried Jonathan, in a menacing tone, "and compromise *my* safety? No, no. We are linked together in this matter, and must go through with it. You cannot—shall not retreat."

"Death and hell!" cried Sir Rowland, rising and drawing his sword; "do you think you can shackle my free will, villain?"

"In this particular instance I do, Sir Rowland," replied Jonathan, calmly, "because you are wholly in my power. But be patient. I am your fast friend. Thames Darrell MUST die. Our mutual safety requires it. Leave the means to me."

"More blood! more blood!" cried Trenchard, passing his hand with agony across his brow. "Shall I never banish those horrible phantoms from my couch—the father with his bleeding breast and dripping hair!—the mother with her wringing hands, and looks of

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vengeance and reproach!—And must another be added to their number—their son! Horror!—let me be spared this new crime! And yet the gibbet—my name tarnished—my escutcheon blotted by the hangman! No. I cannot submit to that."

"I should think not," observed Jonathan, who had some practice in the knight's moods, and knew how to humour him. "It's a miserable weakness to be afraid of bloodshed. The general who gives an order for wholesale carnage never sleeps a wink the less soundly for the midnight groans of his victims, and we should deride him as a coward if he did. And life is much the same, whether taken in battle, on the couch, or by the road-side. Besides those whom I've slain with my own hand, I've brought upwards of thirty persons to the gallows. Most of their relics are in yonder cases; but I don't remember that any of them have disturbed my rest. The mode of destruction makes no difference. It's precisely the same thing to me to bid my janizaries cut Thames Darrell's throat, as to order Jack Sheppard's execution."

As Jonathan said this, Jack's hand involuntarily sought a pistol.

"But to the point," continued Wild, unconscious of the peril in which the remark had placed him—"to the point. On the terms that procured your liberation from Newgate, I will free you from this new danger."

"Those terms were a third of my estate," observed Trenchard, bitterly.

"What of that?" rejoined Jonathan. "Any price was better than your head. If Thames Darrell escapes, you will lose both life and property."

"True, true," replied the knight, with an agonized look; "there is no alternative."

"None whatever," rejoined Wild. "Is it a bargain?"

"Take half of my estate—take all—my life, if you will—I am weary of it!" cried Trenchard, passionately.

"No," replied Jonathan, "I'll not take you at your word, as regards the latter proposition. We shall both, I hope, live to enjoy our shares—long after Thames Darrell is forgotten—ha! ha! A third of your estate I accept. And, as these things should always be treated as matters of business, I'll just draw up a memorandum of our arrangement."

And, as he spoke, he took up a sheet of paper, and hastily traced a few lines upon it.

"Sign this," he said, pushing the document towards Sir Rowland.

The knight mechanically complied with his request.

"Enough!" cried Jonathan, eagerly pocketing the memorandum. "And now, in return for your liberality, I'll inform you of a secret with which it is important you should be acquainted."

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"A secret!" exclaimed Trenchard. "Concerning whom?"

"Mrs. Sheppard," replied Jonathan, mysteriously.

"Mrs. Sheppard!" echoed Jack, surprised out of his caution.

"Ah!" exclaimed Wild, looking angrily towards his supposed attendant.

"I beg pardon, sir," replied Jack, with the accent and manner of the janizary; "I was betrayed into the exclamation by my surprise that anything in which Sir Rowland Trenchard was interested could have reference to so humble a person as Mrs. Sheppard."

"Be pleased, then, in future, not to let your surprise find vent in words," rejoined Jonathan, sternly. "My servants, like Eastern mutes, must have eyes, and ears,—and *hands*, if need be,—but no tongues. You understand me, sirrah?"

"Perfectly," replied Jack. "I'm dumb."

"Your secret?" demanded Trenchard, impatiently.

"I need not remind you, Sir Rowland," replied Wild, "that you had two sisters—Aliva and Constance."

"Both are dead," observed the knight, gloomily.

"Not so;" answered Wild. "Constance is yet living."

"Constance alive! Impossible!" ejaculated Trenchard.

"I 've proofs to the contrary," replied Jonathan.

"If this is the case, where is she?"

"In Bedlam," replied the thieftaker, with a Satanic grin.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the knight, upon whom a light seemed suddenly to break. "You mentioned Mrs. Sheppard. What has she to do with Constance Trenchard?"

"Mrs. Sheppard *is* Constance Trenchard," replied Jonathan, maliciously.

Here Jack Sheppard was unable to repress an exclamation of astonishment.

"Again," cried Jonathan, sternly; "beware!"

"What!" vociferated Trenchard. "My sister the wife of one condemned felon! the parent of another! It cannot be."

"It *is* so, nevertheless," replied Wild. "Stolen by a gipsy when scarcely five years old, Constance Trenchard, after various vicissitudes, was carried to London, where she lived in great poverty with the dregs of society. It is useless to trace out her miserable career; though I can easily do so if you require it. To preserve herself, however, from destitution, or what she considered worse, she wedded a journeyman carpenter, named Sheppard."

"Alas! that one so highly born should submit to such a degradation!" groaned the knight.

"I see nothing surprising in it," rejoined Jonathan. "In the first place, she had no knowledge of her birth; and, consequently, no false pride to get rid of. In the second, she was wretchedly poor, and as-

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sailed by temptations of which you can form no idea. Distress like hers might palliate far greater offences than she ever committed. With the same inducements we should all do the same thing. Poor girl! she was beautiful once; so beautiful as to make *me*, who care little for the allurements of women, fancy myself enamoured of her."

Jack Sheppard again sought his pistol, and was only withheld from levelling it at the thieftaker's head, by the hope that he might gather some further information respecting his mother. And he had good reason before long to congratulate himself on his forbearance.

"What proof have you of the truth of that story?" inquired Trenchard.

"This," replied Jonathan, taking a paper from a portfolio, and handing it to the knight, "this written evidence, signed by Martha Cooper, the gipsy, by whom the girl was stolen, and who was afterwards executed for a similar crime. It is attested, you will observe, by the Rev. Mr. Purney, the present ordinary of Newgate."

"I am acquainted with Mr. Purney's hand-writing," said Jack, advancing, "and can at once decide whether this is a forgery or not."

"Look at it, then," said Wild, giving him the portfolio.

"It's the ordinary's signature, undoubtedly," replied Jack.

And as he gave back the portfolio to Sir Rowland, he contrived, unobserved, to slip the precious document into his sleeve and from thence into his pocket.

"And does any of our bright blood flow in the veins of a ruffianly housebreaker?" cried Trenchard, with a look of bewilderment. "I'll not believe it."

"Others may, if you won't," muttered Jack, retiring. "Thank heaven! I'm not basely born."

"Now, mark me," said Jonathan, "and you'll find I don't do things by halves. By your father, Sir Montacute Trenchard's will, you are aware,—and, therefore, I need not repeat it, except for the special purpose I have in view,—you are aware, I say, that by this will, in case your sister Aliva died without issue, or, on the death of such issue, the property reverts to Constance and *her* issue."

"I hear," said Sir Rowland, moodily.

"And I," muttered Jack.

"Thames Darrell once destroyed," pursued Jonathan, "Constance—or, rather, Mrs. Sheppard—becomes entitled to the estates; which eventually—provided he escaped the gallows—would descend to her son."

"Ha!" exclaimed Jack, drawing in his breath, and leaning forward with intense curiosity.

"Well, sir?" gasped Sir Rowland.

"But this need give you no uneasiness," pursued Jonathan;

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"Mrs. Sheppard, as I told you, is in Bedlam, an incurable maniac; while her son is in the New Prison, whence he will only be removed to Newgate and Tyburn."

"So you think," muttered Jack, between his ground teeth.

"To make your mind perfectly easy on the score of Mrs. Sheppard," continued Jonathan; "after we've disposed of Thames Darrell, I'll visit her in Bedlam; and, as I understand I form one of her chief terrors, I'll give her such a fright that I'll engage she shan't long survive it."

"Devil!" muttered Jack, again grasping his pistol. But, feeling secure of vengeance, he determined to abide his time.

"And now, having got rid of the minor obstacles," said Jonathan, "I'll submit a plan for the removal of the main difficulty. Thames Darrell, I've said, is at Mr. Wood's at Dollis Hill, wholly unsuspicious of any designs against him, and, in fact, entirely ignorant of your being acquainted with his return, or even of his existence. In this state, it will be easy to draw him into a snare. To-morrow night—or rather to-night, for we are fast verging on another day—I propose to lure him out of the house by a stratagem which I am sure will prove infallible; and, then, what so easy as to knock him on the head? To make sure work of it, I'll superintend the job myself. Before midnight, I'll answer for it, it shall be done. My janizaries shall go with me. You hear what I say, Quilt?" he added, looking at Jack.

"I do," replied Sheppard.

"Abraham Mendez will like the task,—for he has entertained a hatred to the memory of Thames Darrell ever since he received the wound in the head, when the two lads attempted to break out of St. Giles's roundhouse. I've despatched him to the New Prison. But I expect him back every minute."

"The New Prison!" exclaimed Sheppard. "What is he gone there for?"

"With a message to the turnkey to look after his prisoner," replied Wild, with a cunning smile. "Jack Sheppard had a visiter, I understand, yesterday, and may make an attempt to escape. It's as well to be on the safe side."

"It is," replied Jack.

At this moment, his quick ears detected the sound of footsteps on the stairs. He drew both his pistols, and prepared for a desperate encounter.

"There is another mystery I would have solved," said Trenchard, addressing Wild; "you have told me much, but not enough."

"What do you require further?" asked Jonathan.

"The name and rank of Thames Darrell's father," said the knight.

"Another time," replied the thieftaker, evasively.

"I will have it now," rejoined Trenchard, "or our agreement is void."

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"You cannot help yourself, Sir Rowland," replied Jonathan, contemptuously.

"Indeed!" replied the knight, drawing his sword, "the secret, villain, or I will force it from you."

Before Wild could make any reply, the door was thrown violently open, and Abraham Mendez rushed into the room, with a face of the utmost consternation.

"He hash eshcaped!" cried the Jew.

"Who? Jack!" exclaimed Jonathan.

"Yesh," replied Abraham. "I vent to de New Prish'n, and on wishitin' his shell vid de turnkey, vot should ve find but de chains on de ground, de vinder broken, and Jack and Ageoorth Besh gone."

"Damnation!" cried Jonathan, stamping his foot with uncontrollable rage. "I'd rather have given a thousand pounds than this had happened. But he might have broken out of prison, and yet not get over the wall of Clerkenwell Bridewell. Did you search the yard, fool?"

"Ve did," replied Abraham; "and found his fine coat and ruffles torn to shtrips on de shpikes near de creat cate. It vosh plain he vent dat vay."

Jonathan gave utterance to a torrent of imprecations.

While he thus vented his rage, the door again opened, and Quilt Arnold rushed into the room, bleeding, and half-dressed.

"Sblood! what's this?" cried Jonathan, in the utmost surprise. "Quilt Arnold, is that you?"

"It is, sir," sputtered the janizary. "I've been robbed, maltreated, and nearly murdered by Jack Sheppard."

"By Jack Sheppard!" exclaimed the thieftaker.

"Yes; and I hope you'll take ample vengeance upon him," said Quilt.

"I will, when I catch him, rely on it," rejoined Wild.

"You needn't go far to do that," returned Quilt; "there he stands."

"Ay, here I am," said Jack, throwing off his hat and wig, and marching towards the group, amongst whom there was a general movement of surprise at his audacity. "Sir Rowland, I salute you as your nephew."

"Back, villain!" said the knight, haughtily. "I disown you. The whole story of your relationship is a fabrication."

"Time will show," replied Jack, with equal haughtiness. "But, however it may turn out, I disown *you*."

"Well, Jack," said Jonathan, who had looked at him with surprise not unmixed with admiration, "you are a bold and clever fellow, I must allow. Were I not Jonathan Wild, I'd be Jack Sheppard. I'm almost sorry I've sworn to hang you. But it can't be helped. I'm a slave to my word. Were I to let you go, you'd say I feared you.

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Besides, you've secrets which must not be disclosed. Nab and Quilt to the door! Jack, you are my prisoner."

"And you flatter yourself you can detain me?" laughed Jack.

"At least I'll try," replied Jonathan, sarcastically. "You must be a cleverer lad than even *I* take you for, if you get out of this place."

"What ho! Blueskin!" shouted Jack.

"Here I am, captain," cried a voice from without. And the door was suddenly thrown open, and the two janizaries felled to the ground by the strong arm of the stalwart robber.

"Your boast, you see, was a little premature, Mr. Wild," said Sheppard. "Adieu, my worthy uncle. Fortunately, I've secured the proof of my birth."

"Confusion!" thundered Wild. "Close the doors below! Loose the dogs! Curses! they don't hear me! I'll ring the alarm-bell." And he raised his arm with the intention of executing his purpose, when a ball from Jack's pistol passed through the back of his hand, shattering the limb. "Aha! my lad!" he cried, without appearing to regard the pain of the wound; "now I'll show you no quarter." And, with the uninjured hand he drew a pistol, which he fired, but without effect, at Jack.

"Fly, captain, fly!" vociferated Blueskin; "I shan't be able to keep these devils down. Fly! They shall knock me on the head—curse 'em! — before they shall touch you."

"Come along!" cried Jack, darting through the door. "The key's on the outside — quick! quick!"

Instantly alive to this chance, Blueskin broke away. Two shots were fired at him by Jonathan; one of which passed through his hat, and the other through the fleshy part of his arm; but he made good his retreat. The door was closed—locked,—and the pair were heard descending the stairs.

"Hell's curses!" roared Jonathan. "They'll escape. Not a moment is to be lost."

So saying, he took hold of a ring in the floor, and disclosed a flight of steps, down which he hurried, followed by the janizaries. This means of communication instantly brought them to the lobby. But Jack and his companion were already gone.

Jonathan threw open the street-door. Upon the pavement near the court lay the porter, who had been prostrated by a blow from the butt-end of a pistol. The man, who was just able to move, pointed towards Giltspur-street. Jonathan looked in that direction, and beheld the fugitives riding off in triumph.

"To-night it is *their* turn," said Jonathan, binding up his wounded fingers with a handkerchief. "To-morrow it will be *mine*."

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CHAPTER VI.

WINIFRED RECEIVES TWO PROPOSALS.

The tragical affair at Dollis Hill, it need scarcely be said, was a dreadful blow to the family. Mr. Wood bore up with great fortitude against the shock, attended the inquest, delivered his evidence with composure, and gave directions afterwards for the funeral, which took place on the day but one following — Sunday. As soon, however, as the last solemn rites were over, and the remains of the unfortunate woman committed to their final resting-place in Willesden churchyard, his firmness completely deserted him, and he sank beneath the weight of his affliction. It was fortunate that by this time Winifred had so far recovered, as to be able to afford her father the best and only solace that, under the circumstances, he could have received,—her personal attentions.

The necessity which had previously existed of leaving the ghastly evidence of the murderous deed undisturbed,—the presence of the mangled corpse,—the bustle of the inquest, at which her attendance was required,—all these circumstances produced a harrowing effect upon the young girl's imagination. But when all was over, a sorrowful calm succeeded, and, if not free from grief, she was tranquil. As to Thames, though deeply and painfully affected by the horrible occurrence that had marked his return to his old friends, he was yet able to control his feelings, and devote himself to the alleviation of the distress of the more immediate sufferers by the calamity.

It was Sunday evening—a soft delicious evening, and, from the happy, *cheerful* look of the house, none would have dreamed of the dismal tragedy so lately acted within its walls. The birds were singing blithely amid the trees,—the lowing of the cows resounded from the yard,—a delicious perfume from the garden was wafted through the open window,—at a distance, the church-bells of Willesden were heard tolling for evening service. All these things spoke of peace;—but there are seasons when the pleasantest external influences have a depressing effect on the mind, by painfully recalling past happiness. So, at least, thought one of two persons who were seated together in a small back-parlour of the house at Dollis Hill. She was a lovely girl, attired in deep mourning, and having an expression of profound sorrow on her charming features. Her companion was a portly handsome man, also dressed in a full suit of the deepest mourning, with the finest of lace at his bosom and wrists, and a sword in a black sheath by his side. These persons were Mr. Kneebone and Winifred.

The funeral, it has just been said, took place on that day. Amongst others who attended the sad ceremony was Mr. Kneebone. Conceiving himself called upon, as the intimate friend of the deceased, to pay this last tribute of respect to her memory, he appeared as one of the

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chief mourners. Overcome by his affliction, Mr. Wood had retired to his own room, where he had just summoned Thames. Much to her annoyance, therefore, Winifred was left alone with the woollen-draper, who, following up a maxim of his own, that "nothing was gained by too much bashfulness," determined to profit by the opportunity. He had only been prevented, indeed, by a fear of Mrs. Wood from pressing his suit long ago. This obstacle removed, he thought he might now make the attempt. Happen what might, he could not be in a worse position.

"We have had a sad loss, my dear Winifred," he began,—"for I must use the privilege of an old friend, and address you by that familiar name,—we have had a sad loss in the death of your lamented parent, whose memory I shall for ever revere."

Winifred's eyes filled with tears. This was not exactly what the woollen-draper desired. So he resolved to try another tack.

"What a very remarkable thing it is," he observed, applying to his snuff-box, "that Thames Darrell, whom we all supposed dead,"—Kneebone in his heart sincerely wished he *had* been so,—"should turn out to be alive after all. Strange, I shouldn't know him when he called on me."

"It *is* strange," replied Winifred, artlessly. "*I* knew him at once."

"Of course," rejoined Kneebone, a little maliciously; "but that's easily accounted for. May I be permitted, as a very old and very dear friend of your lamented parent, whose loss I shall ever deplore, to ask you one question?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Winifred.

"And you will answer it frankly?"

"Certainly."

"Now for it," thought the woollen-draper. "I shall, at least, ascertain how the land lies.—Well, then, my dear," he added aloud, "do you still entertain the strong attachment you did to Captain Darrell?"

Winifred's cheeks glowed with blushes, and fixing her eyes, which flashed with resentment, upon the questioner, she said,

"I have promised to answer your question, and I will do so. I love him as a brother."

"*Only* as a brother?" persisted Kneebone.

If Winifred remained silent, her looks would have disarmed a person of less assurance than the woollen-draper.

"If you knew how much importance I attach to your answer," he continued, passionately, "you would not refuse me one. Were Captain Darrell to offer you his hand, would you accept it?"

"Your impertinence deserves very different treatment, sir," said Winifred; "but, to put an end to this annoyance, I will tell you—I would not."

"And why not?" asked Kneebone, eagerly.

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"I will not submit to be thus interrogated," said Winifred, angrily.

"In the name of your lamented parent, whose memory I shall for ever revere, I implore you to answer me," urged Kneebone, "why—why would you not accept him?"

"Because our positions are different," replied Winifred, who could not resist this appeal to her feelings.

"You are a paragon of prudence and discretion," rejoined the woollen-draper, drawing his chair closer to hers. "Disparity of rank is ever productive of unhappiness in the married state. When Captain Darrell's birth is ascertained, I've no doubt he'll turn out a nobleman's son. At least I hope so, for his sake, as well as my own," he added, mentally. "He has quite the air of one. And now, my angel, that I am acquainted with your sentiments on this subject, I shall readily fulfil a promise which I made to your lamented parent, whose loss I shall ever deplore."

"A promise to my mother?" said Winifred, unsuspiciously.

"Yes, my angel, to *her*—rest her soul! She extorted it from me, and bound me by a solemn oath to fulfil it."

"Oh! name it."

"You are a party concerned. Promise me that you will not disobey the injunctions of her whose memory we must both of us ever revere. Promise me."

"If in my power—certainly. But, what is it? What *did* you promise?"

"To offer you my heart, my hand, my life," replied Kneebone, falling at her feet.

"Sir!" exclaimed Winifred, rising.

"Inequality of rank can be no bar to *our* union," continued Kneebone. "Heaven be praised, *I* am not the son of a nobleman."

In spite of her displeasure, Winifred could not help smiling at the absurdity of this address. Taking this for encouragement, her suitor proceeded still more extravagantly. Seizing her hand, he covered it with kisses.

"Adorable girl!" he cried, in the most impassioned tone, and with the most impassioned look he could command. "Adorable girl, I have long loved you to desperation. Your lamented mother, whose loss I shall ever deplore, perceived my passion, and encouraged it. Would she were alive to back my suit!"

"This is beyond all endurance," said Winifred, striving to withdraw her hand. "Leave me, sir; I insist."

"Never!" rejoined Kneebone, with increased ardour,—"never, till I receive from your own lips the answer which is to make me the happiest or the most miserable of mankind. Hear me, adorable girl! You know not the extent of my devotion. No mercenary consideration influences me. Love—admiration for your matchless beauty

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alone sways me. Let your father—if he chooses—leave all his wealth to his adopted son. I care not. Possessed of *you*, I shall have a treasure such as kings could not boast."

"Pray, cease this nonsense," said Winifred, "and quit the room, or I will call for assistance."

At this juncture the door opened, and Thames entered the room. As the woollen-draper's back was towards him, he did not perceive him, but continued his passionate addresses.

"Call as you please, beloved girl," he cried; "I will not stir till I am answered. You say that you only love Captain Darrell as a brother——"

"Mr. Kneebone!"

"That you would not accept him were he to offer——"

"Be silent, sir!"

"He then," continued the woollen-draper, "is no longer to be considered——"

"How, sir?" cried Thames, advancing. "What is the meaning of your reference to my name? Have you dared to insult this lady? If so——"

"Insult her!" replied Kneebone, rising, and endeavouring to hide his embarrassment under a look of defiance. "Far from it, sir. I have made her an honourable proposal of marriage, in compliance with the request of her lamented parent, whose memory——"

"Dare to utter that falsehood in my hearing again, scoundrel," interrupted Thames, fiercely, "and I will put it out of your power to repeat the offence. Leave the room! leave the house, sir! and enter it again at your peril."

"I shall do neither, sir," replied Kneebone, "unless I am requested by this lady to withdraw,—in which case I shall comply with her request. And you have to thank *her* presence, hot-headed *boy*, that I do not chastise your insolence as it deserves."

"Go, Mr. Kneebone—pray go!" implored Winifred. "Thames, I entreat——"

"Your wishes are my laws, beloved girl," replied Kneebone, bowing profoundly. "Captain Darrell," he added, sternly, "you shall hear from me."

"When you please, sir," said Thames, coldly.

And the woollen-draper departed.

"What is all this, dear Winny?" inquired Thames, as soon as they were alone.

"Nothing—nothing," she answered, bursting into tears. "Don't ask me about it now."

"Winny," said Thames, tenderly, "something which that self-sufficient fool said has so far done me a service in enabling me to speak upon a subject which I have long had upon my lips, but have not had courage to utter."

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"Thames!"

"You seem to doubt my love," he continued,—"you seem to think that change of circumstances may produce some change in my affections. Hear me then, now, before I take one step to establish my origin, or secure my rights. Whatever those rights may be, whoever I am, my heart is yours. Do you accept it?"

"Dear Thames!"

"Forgive this ill-timed avowal of my love. But, answer me. Am I mistaken? Is your heart mine?"

"It is—it is; and has ever been," replied Winifred, falling upon his neck.

Lovers' confidences should be respected. We close the chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

JACK SHEPPARD WARNS THAMES DARRELL.

On the following night—namely, Monday,—the family assembled together, for the first time since the fatal event, in the chamber to which Thames had been introduced on his arrival at Dollis Hill. As this had been Mrs. Wood's favourite sitting room, and her image was so intimately associated with it, neither the carpenter nor his daughter could muster courage to enter it before. Determined, however, to conquer the feeling as soon as possible, Wood had given orders to have the evening meal served there; but notwithstanding all his good resolutions upon his first entrance, he had much ado to maintain his self-command. His wife's portrait had been removed from the walls, and the place it had occupied was only to be known by the cord by which it had been suspended. The very blank, however, affected him more deeply than if it had been left. Then, a handkerchief was thrown over the cage, to prevent the bird from singing; it was *her* favourite canary. The flowers upon the mantel-shelf were withered and drooping—*she* had gathered them. All these circumstances—slight in themselves, but powerful in their effect,—touched the heart of the widowed carpenter, and added to his depression.

Supper was over. It had been discussed in silence. The cloth was removed, and Wood, drawing the table as near the window as possible—for it was getting dusk—put on his spectacles, and opened that sacred volume from which the best consolation in affliction is derived, and left the lovers—for such they may now be fairly termed—to their own conversation. Having already expressed our determination not to betray any confidences of this sort, which, however interesting to the parties concerned, could not possibly be so to others, we shall omit also the "love passages," and, proceeding to such topics as may have general interest, take up the discourse at the point when Thames Darrell expressed his determination of starting for Manchester, as soon as Jack Sheppard's examination had taken place.

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"I am surprised we have received no summons for attendance to-day," he remarked; "perhaps the other robber may be secured."

"Or Jack have escaped," remarked Winny.

"I don't think that's likely. But, this sad affair disposed of, I will not rest till I have avenged my murdered parents."

"'*The avenger of blood himself shall slay the murderer,*'" said Wood, who was culling for himself certain texts from the scriptures.

"It is the voice of inspiration," said Thames; "and I receive it as a solemn command. The villain has enjoyed his security too long."

"'*Bloody and deceitful men shall not live half their days,*'" said Wood, reading aloud another passage.

"And yet, *he* has been spared thus long; perhaps with a wise purpose," rejoined Thames. "But, though the storm has spared him, *I* will not.

"'*No doubt,*'" said Wood, who had again turned over the leaves of the sacred volume,—"'*no doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he escaped the seas, yet vengeance suffereth not to live.*'"

"No feelings of consanguinity shall stay my vengeance," said Thames, sternly. "I will have no satisfaction but his life."

"'*Thou shalt take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer which is guilty of death, but he shall surely be put to death,*'" said Wood, referring to another text.

"Do not steel your heart against him, dear Thames," interposed Winifred.

"'*And thine eye shall not pity,*" said her father, in a tone of rebuke, "'*but, life shall be for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot.*"

As these words were delivered by the carpenter with stern emphasis, a female servant entered the room, and stated that a gentleman was at the door, who wished to speak with Captain Darrell on business of urgent importance.

"With me?" said Thames. "Who is it?"

"He didn't give his name, sir," replied the maid; "but he's a young gentleman."

"Don't go near him, dear Thames," said Winifred; "he may have some ill intention."

"Pshaw!" cried Thames. "What! refuse to see a person who desires to speak with me. Say I will come to him."

"Law! miss," observed the maid, "there's nothing mischievous in the person's appearance, I'm sure. He's as nice and civil-spoken a gentleman as need be; by the same token," she added, in an under tone, "that he gave me a span new crown piece."

"'*The thief cometh in the night, and the troop of robbers spoileth without,*'" said Wood, who had a text for every emergency.

"Lor' ha' mussy, sir!—how you *do* talk," said the woman; "this is no robber, I'm sure. I should have known at a glance if he was. He's more like a lord than——"

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As she spoke, steps were heard approaching; the door was thrown open, and a young man marched boldly into the room.

The intruder was handsomely, even richly attired in a scarlet riding-suit, embroidered with gold; a broad belt to which a hanger was attached, crossed his shoulders; his boots rose above his knee, and he carried a laced hat in his hand. Advancing to the middle of the chamber, he halted, drew himself up, and fixed his dark, expressive eyes, on Thames Darrell. His appearance excited the greatest astonishment and consternation amid the group. Winifred screamed. Thames sprang to his feet, and half drew his sword, while Wood, removing his spectacles to assure himself that his eyes did not deceive him, exclaimed in a tone and with a look that betrayed the extremity of surprise—"Jack Sheppard!"

"Jack Sheppard!" echoed the maid. "Is this Jack Sheppard? Oh, la! I'm undone! We shall all have our throats cut! Oh! oh!" And she rushed screaming into the passage, where she fell down in a fit.

The occasion of all this confusion and dismay, meanwhile, remained perfectly motionless; his figure erect, and with somewhat of dignity in his demeanour. He kept his keen eyes steadily fixed on Thames, as if awaiting to be addressed.

"Your audacity passes belief," cried the latter, as soon as his surprise would allow him utterance. "If you have contrived to break out of your confinement, villain, this is the last place where you ought to show yourself."

"And, therefore, the first I would visit," replied Jack, boldly. "But, pardon my intrusion. I was *resolved* to see you. And, fearing you might not come to me, I forced my way hither, even with certainty of discomposing your friends."

"Well, villain!" replied Thames, "I know not the motive of your visit. But, if you have come to surrender yourself to justice, it is well. You cannot depart hence."

"Cannot!" echoed Jack, a slight smile crossing his features. "But, let that pass. My motive in coming hither is to serve you, and save your life. If you choose to requite me by detaining me, you are at liberty to do so. I shall make no defence. That I am not ignorant of the reward offered for my capture this will show," he added, taking a large placard headed '*Murder*,' from his pocket, and throwing it on the floor. "My demeanour ought to convince you that I came with no hostile intention. And, to show you that I have no intention of flying, I will myself close and lock the door. There is the key. Are you now satisfied?"

"No," interposed Wood, furiously, "I shall never be satisfied till I see you hanged on the highest gibbet at Tyburn."

"A time may come when you will be gratified, Mr. Wood," replied Jack, calmly.

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"May come!—it *will* come!—it *shall* come!" cried the carpenter, shaking his hand menacingly at him. "I have some difficulty in preventing myself from becoming your executioner. Oh! that I should have nursed such a viper!"

"Hear me, sir," said Jack.

"No, I won't hear you, murderer," rejoined Wood.

"I am no murderer," replied Sheppard. "I had no thought of injuring your wife, and would have died rather than commit so foul a crime."

"Think not to delude me, audacious wretch," cried the carpenter. "Even if you are not a principal, you are an accessary. If you had not brought your companion here, it would not have happened. But you shall swing, rascal—you shall swing."

"My conscience acquits me of all share in the offence," replied Jack, humbly. "But the past is irremediable, and I did not come hither to exculpate myself. I came to save *your* life," he added, turning to Thames.

"I was not aware it was in danger," rejoined Darrell.

"Then you ought to be thankful to me for the warning. You *are* in danger."

"From some of your associates?"

"From your uncle—from *my* uncle—Sir Rowland Trenchard."

"What means this idle boasting, villain?" said Thames. "*Your* uncle, Sir Rowland?"

"It is no idle boasting," replied the other. "You are cousin to the housebreaker, Jack Sheppard."

"If it were so, he would have great reason to be proud of the relationship, truly," observed Wood, shrugging his shoulders.

"It is easy to make an assertion like this," said Thames, contemptuously.

"And equally easy to prove it," replied Jack, giving him the paper he had abstracted from Wild. "Read that."

Thames hastily cast his eyes over it, and transferred it with a look of incredulity to Wood.

"Gracious heavens! this is more wonderful than all the rest," cried the carpenter, rubbing his eyes. "Thames, this is no forgery."

"You believe it, father?"

"From the bottom of my heart. I always thought Mrs. Sheppard superior to her station."

"So did I," said Winifred. "Let me look at the paper."

"Poor soul!—poor soul!" groaned Wood, brushing the tears from his vision. "Well, I'm glad she's spared this. Oh! Jack, Jack, you've much to answer for!"

"I have, indeed," replied Sheppard, in a tone of contrition.

"If this document is correct," continued Wood, "and I am persuad-

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ed it is so—you are as unfortunate as wicked. See what your misconduct has deprived you of—see what you might have been. This is retribution."

"I feel it," replied Jack, in a tone of agony, "and I feel it more on my poor mother's account than my own."

"She has suffered enough for you," said Wood.

"She has, she has," said Jack, in a broken voice.

"Weep on, reprobate," cried the carpenter, a little softened. "Those tears will do you good."

"Do not distress him, dear father," said Winifred; "he suffers deeply. Oh, Jack! repent, while it is yet time, of your evil conduct. I will pray for you."

"I cannot repent. I cannot pray," replied Jack, recovering his hardened demeanour. "I should never have been what I am, but for you."

"How so?" inquired Winifred.

"I loved you," replied Jack—"don't start—it is over now—I loved you, I say, as a boy, *hopelessly*, and it made me desperate. And now I find, when it is too late, that I *might* have deserved you—that I am as well born as Thames Darrell. But I musn't think of these things, or I shall grow mad. I have said your life is in danger, Thames. Do not slight my warning. Sir Rowland Trenchard is aware of your return to England. I saw him last night at Jonathan Wild's, after my escape from the New Prison. He had just arrived from Manchester, whence he had been summoned by that treacherous thieftaker. I overheard them planning your assassination. It is to take place to-night."

"Oh heavens!" screamed Winifred, while her father lifted up his hands in silent horror.

"And when I further tell you," continued Jack, "that, after yourself and my mother, *I* am the next heir to the estates of my grandfather, Sir Montacute Trenchard, you will perhaps own that my caution is sufficiently disinterested."

"Could I credit your wild story, I might do so," returned Thames, with a look of perplexity.

"Here are Jonathan Wild's written instructions to Quilt Arnold," rejoined Sheppard, producing the pocket-book he had found in the janizary's clothes. "This letter will vouch for me that a communication has taken place between your enemies."

Thames glanced at the despatch, and, after a moment's reflection, inquired, "In what way is the attempt upon my life to be made?"

"That I could not ascertain," replied Jack; "but I advise you to be upon your guard. For aught I know, they may be in the neighbourhood at this moment."

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"Here!" ejaculated Wood, with a look of alarm. "Oh Lord! I hope not."

"This I do know," continued Jack,—"Jonathan Wild superintends the attack."

"Jonathan Wild!" repeated the carpenter, trembling. "Then it's all over with us. Oh dear!—how sorry I am I ever left Wych-street. We may be all murdered in this unprotected place, and nobody be the wiser."

"There's some one in the garden at this moment," cried Jack; "I saw a face at the window."

"Where—where?" cried Thames.

"Don't stir," replied Jack. "I will at once convince you of the truth of my assertions, and ascertain whether the enemy really is at hand."

So saying, he advanced towards the window, threw open the sash, and called out in the voice of Thames Darrell,

"Who's there?"

He was answered by a shot from a pistol. The ball passed over his head, and lodged in the ceiling.

"I was right," replied Jack, returning as coolly as if nothing had happened. "It is Jonathan. Your uncle—*our* uncle is with him. I saw them both."

"May I trust you?" cried Thames, eagerly.

"You may," replied Jack; "I'll fight for you to the last gasp."

"Follow me, then," cried Thames, drawing his sword, and springing through the window.

"To the world's end," answered Jack, darting after him.

"Thames!—Thames!" cried Winifred, rushing to the window. "Oh! he will be murdered!—oh!"

"My child!—my love!" cried Wood, dragging her forcibly back.

Two shots were fired, and presently the clashing of swords was heard below.

After some time, the scuffle grew more and more distant, until nothing could be heard.

Wood, meanwhile, had summoned his men-servants, and having armed them with such weapons as could be found, they proceeded to the garden, where the first object they encountered was Thames Darrell, extended on the ground, and weltering in his blood. Of Jack Sheppard or the assailants they could not discover a single trace.

As the body was borne to the house in the arms of the farming-men, Mr. Wood fancied he heard the exulting laugh of Jonathan Wild.

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CHAPTER VIII.

OLD BEDLAM.

When Thames Darrell and Jack Sheppard sprang through the window, they were instantly assailed by Wild, Trenchard, and their attendants. Jack attacked Jonathan with such fury, that he drove him into a shrubbery, and might perhaps have come off the victor, if his foot had not slipped as he made a desperate lunge. In this state it would have been all over with him, as, being stunned by the fall, it was some moments before he could recover himself, if another party had not unexpectedly come to his rescue. This was Blueskin, who burst through the trees, and, sword in hand, assaulted the thieftaker. As soon as Jack gained his legs, he perceived Blueskin lying, as he thought, dead in the plantation, with a severe cut across his temples, and while he was stooping to assist him, he heard groans at a little distance. Hastening in the direction of the sound, he discovered Thames Darrell stretched upon the ground.

"Are you hurt, Thames?" asked Jack, anxiously.

"Not dangerously, I hope," returned Thames; "but fly—save yourself."

"Where are the assassins?" cried Sheppard.

"Gone," replied the wounded man. "They imagine their work is done. But I may yet live to thwart them."

"I will carry you to the house, or fetch Mr. Wood," urged Jack.

"No, no," rejoined Thames; "fly—or I will not answer for your safety. If you desire to please me, you will go."

"And leave you thus?" rejoined Jack. "I cannot do it."

"Go, I insist," cried Thames, "or take the consequences upon yourself. I cannot protect you."

Thus urged, Jack reluctantly departed. Hastening to the spot where he had tied his horse to a tree, he vaulted into the saddle, and rode off across the fields,—for he was fearful of encountering the hostile party—till he reached the Edgeware Road. Arrived at Paddington, he struck across Marylebone Fields,—for as yet the New Road was undreamed of,—and never moderated his speed until he reached the city. His destination was the New Mint. At this place of refuge, situated in the heart of Wapping, near the river-side, he arrived in less than an hour, in a complete state of exhaustion.

In consequence of the infamous abuse of its liberties, an act for the entire suppression of the Old Mint was passed in the ninth year of the reign of George the First, not many months before the date of the present epoch of this history; and as, after the destruction of Whitefriars, which took place in the reign of Charles the Second, in consequence of the protection afforded by its inmates to the Levellers and Fifth-mo-

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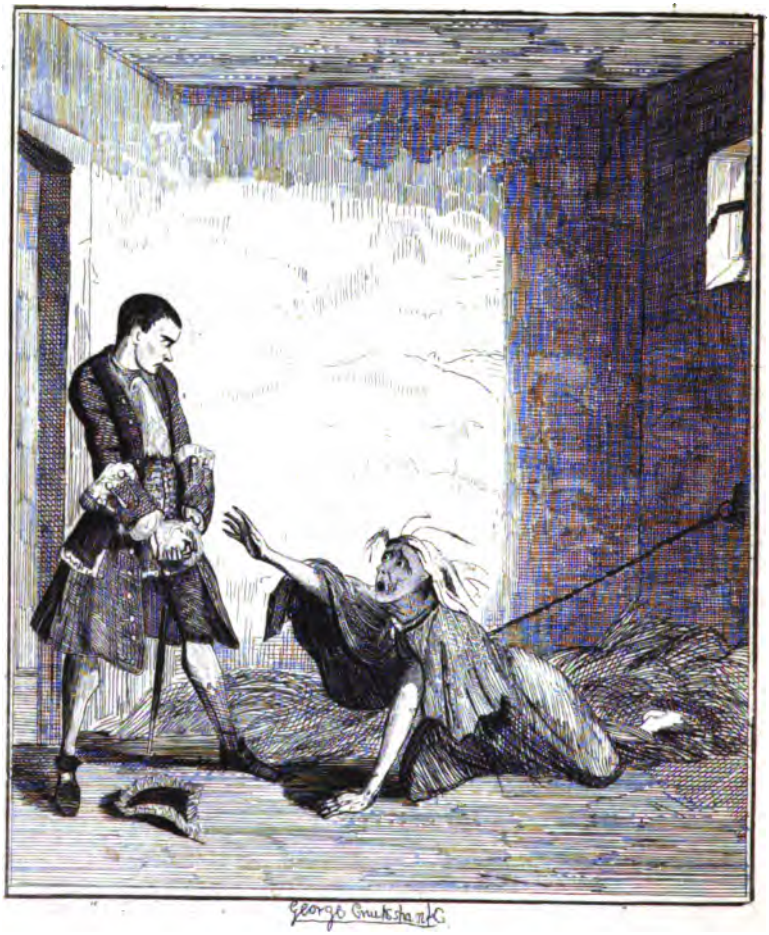

Jack Sheppard visits Edgeworth in Prison

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narchy-men, when the inhabitants of Alsatia crossed the water, and settled themselves in the borough of Southwark,—so now, driven out of their fastnesses, they again migrated, and recrossing the Thames, settled in Wapping, in a miserable quarter, between Artichoke Lane and Nightingale Lane, which they termed the New Mint. Ousted from his old retreat, the Cross Shovels, Baptist Kettleby opened another tavern, conducted upon the same plan as the former, which he denominated the Seven Cities of Refuge. His subjects, however, were no longer entirely under his control; and, though he managed to enforce some little attention to his commands, it was evident his authority was waning fast. Aware that they would not be allowed to remain long unmolested, the New Minters conducted themselves so outrageously, and with such extraordinary insolence, that measures were at this time being taken for their effectual suppression.

To the Seven Cities of Refuge Jack proceeded. Having disposed of his steed, and swallowed a glass of brandy, without taking any other refreshment, he threw himself on a couch, where he sank at once into a heavy slumber. When he awoke it was late in the day, and he was surprised to find Blueskin seated by his bed-side watching over him with a drawn sword on his knee, a pistol in each hand, and a blood-stained cloth bound across his brow.

"Don't disturb yourself," said his follower, motioning him to keep still; "it's all right."

"What time is it?" inquired Jack.

"Past noon," replied Blueskin. "I did'nt awake you, because you seemed tired."

"How did you escape?" asked Sheppard, who, as he shook off his slumber, began to recall the events of the previous night.

"Oh, easily enough," rejoined the other. "I suppose I must have been senseless for some time; for, on coming to myself, I found this gash in my head, and the ground covered with blood. However, no one had discovered me, so I contrived to drag myself to my horse. I thought if you were living, and not captured, I should find you here,—and I was right. I kept watch over you, for fear of a surprise on the part of Jonathan. But what's to be done?"

"The first thing I do," replied Jack, "will be to visit my poor mother in Bedlam."

"You'd better take care of your mother's son instead," rejoined Blueskin. "It's running a great risk."

"Risk, or no risk, I shall go," replied Jack. "Jonathan has threatened to do her some mischief. I am resolved to see her, without delay, and ascertain if it's possible to remove her."

"It's a hopeless job," grumbled Blueskin, "and harm will come of it. What are you to do with a mad mother at a time when you need all your wits to take care of yourself?"

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"Don't concern yourself further about me," returned Jack. "Once for all, I shall go."

"Won't you take me?"

"No; you must await my return here."

"Then I must wait a long time," grumbled Blueskin. "You'll never return."

"We shall see," replied Jack. "But if I should *not* return, take this purse to Edgeworth Bess. You'll find her at Black Mary's Hole."

And, having partaken of a hasty breakfast, he set out. Taking his way along East Smithfield; mounting little Tower-hill, and threading the Minories and Hounsditch, he arrived without accident or molestation at Moorfields.

Old Bethlehem, or Bedlam,—every trace of which has been swept away, and the hospital for lunatics removed to Saint George's Field,—was a vast and magnificent structure. Erected in Moorfields in 1675, upon the model of the Tuileries, it is said that Louis the Fourteenth was so incensed at the insult offered to his palace, that he had a counterpart of St. James's built for offices of the meanest description. The size and grandeur of the edifice, indeed, drew down the ridicule of several of the wits of the age; by one of whom—the facetious Tom Brown—it was said, "Bedlam is a pleasant place, and abounds with amusements;—the first of which is the building so stately a fabric for persons wholly insensible of the beauty and use of it: the outside being a perfect mockery of the inside, and admitting of two amusing queries,—Whether the persons that ordered the building of it, or those that inhabit it, were the maddest? and, whether the name and thing be not as disagreeable as harp and harrow?" By another—the no less facetious Ned Ward—it was termed, "A costly college for a crack-brained society, raised in a mad age, when the chief of the city were in a great danger of losing their senses, and so contrived it the more noble for their own reception; or they would never have flung away so much money to so foolish a purpose." The cost of the building exceeded seventeen thousand pounds. However the taste of the architecture may be questioned, which was the formal French style of the period, the general effect was imposing. Including the wings, it presented a frontage of five hundred and forty feet. Each wing had a small cupola; and, in the centre of the pile rose a larger dome, surmounted by a gilded ball and vane. The asylum was approached by a broad gravel walk, leading through a garden edged on either side by a stone balustrade, and shaded by tufted trees. A wide terrace then led to large iron gates over which were placed the two celebrated figures of Raving and Melancholy Madness, executed by the elder Cibber, and commemorated by Pope in the Dunciad, in the well-known lines:—

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"Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where, o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand."

Internally, it was divided by two long galleries, one over the other. These galleries were separated in the middle by iron grates. The wards on the right were occupied by male patients, on the left by the females. In the centre of the upper gallery was a spacious saloon, appropriated to the governors of the asylum. But, the besetting evil of the place, and that which drew down the severest censures of the writers above-mentioned, was that this spot,—which of all others should have been most free from such intrusion—was made a public exhibition. There all the loose characters thronged, assignations were openly made, and the spectators diverted themselves with the vagaries of its miserable inhabitants.

Entering the outer gate, and traversing the broad gravel walk before-mentioned, Jack ascended the steps, and was admitted, on feeing the porter, by another iron gate, into the hospital. Here he was almost stunned by the deafening clamour resounding on all sides. Some of the lunatics were rattling their chains; some shrieking; some singing; some beating with frantic violence against the doors. Altogether, it was the most dreadful noise he had ever heard. Amidst it all, however, there were several light-hearted and laughing groups walking from cell to cell, to whom all this misery appeared matter of amusement. The doors of several of the wards were thrown open for these parties, and as Jack passed, he could not help glancing at the wretched inmates. Here was a poor half-naked creature, with a straw crown on his head, and a wooden sceptre in his hand, seated on the ground with all the dignity of a monarch on his throne. There was a mad musician, seemingly wrapt in admiration of the notes he was extracting from a child's violin. Here was a terrific figure gnashing his teeth, and howling like a wild beast;—there a lover, with hands clasped together, and eyes turned passionately upward. In this cell was a huntsman, who had fractured his scull while hunting, and was perpetually hallooing after the hounds;—in that, the most melancholy of all, the grinning gibbering lunatic, the realization of "moody madness, laughing wild."

Hastening from this heart-rending spectacle, Jack soon reached the grating that divided the men's compartment from that appropriated to the women. Inquiring for Mrs. Sheppard, a matron offered to conduct him to her cell.

"You'll find her quiet enough to-day, sir," observed the woman, as they walked along; "but she has been very outrageous latterly. Her nurse says she may live some time; but she seems to me to be sinking fast."

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"Heaven help her!" sighed Jack. "I hope not."

"Her release would be a mercy," pursued the matron. "Oh! sir, if you'd seen her as I've seen her, you'd not wish her a continuance of misery."

As Jack made no reply, the woman proceeded.

"They say her son's taken at last, and is to be hanged. I'm glad of it, I'm sure; for it's all owing to him his poor mother's here. See what crime does, sir. Those who act wickedly bring misery on all connected with them. And so gentle as the poor creature is, when she's not in her wild fits—it would melt a heart of stone to see her. She will cry for days and nights together. If Jack Sheppard could behold his mother in this state, he'd have a lesson he'd never forget—ay, and a severer one than even the hangman could read him. Hardened as he is, that would touch him. But he has never been near her—never."

Rambling in this way, the matron at length came to a halt, and taking out a key, pointed to a door and said, "This is Mrs. Sheppard's ward, sir."

"Leave us together, my good woman," said Jack, putting a guinea into her hand.

"As long as you please, sir," answered the matron, dropping a curtsey. "There, sir," she added, unlocking the door, "you can go in. Don't be frightened of her. She's not mischievous,—and besides, she's chained, and can't reach you."

So saying, she retired, and Jack entered the cell.

Prepared as he was for a dreadful shock, and with his nerves strung to endure it, Jack absolutely recoiled before the appalling object that met his gaze. Cowering in a corner upon a heap of straw sat his unfortunate mother, the complete wreck of what she had been. Her eyes glistened in the darkness—for light was only admitted through a small grated window—like flames, and, as she fixed them on him, their glances seemed to penetrate his very soul. A piece of old blanket was fastened across her shoulders, and she had no other clothing except a petticoat. Her arms and feet were uncovered, and of almost skeleton thinness. Her features were meagre, and ghastly white, and had the fixed and horrible stamp of insanity. Her head had been shaved, and around it was swathed a piece of rag, in which a few straws were stuck. Her thin fingers were armed with nails as long as the talons of a bird. A chain, riveted to an iron belt encircling her waist, bound her to the wall. The cell in which she was confined was about six feet long and four wide; the walls were scored all over with fantastic designs, snatches of poetry, short sentences and names,—the work of its former occupants, and of its present inmate.

When Jack entered the cell, she was talking to herself in the muttering unconnected way peculiar to her distracted condition; but, after her eye had rested on him some time, the fixed expression of her fea-

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tures relaxed, and a smile crossed them. This smile was more harrowing even than her former rigid look.

"You are an angel," she cried, with a look beaming with delight.

"Rather a devil," groaned her son, "to have done this."

"You are an angel, I say," continued the poor maniac; "and my Jack would have been like you, if he had lived. But he died when he was a child—long ago—long ago—long ago."

"Would he had done so!" cried Jack.

"Old Van told me if he grew up he would be hanged. He showed me a black mark under his ear where the noose would be tied. And so I'll tell you what I did—"

And she burst into a laugh that froze Jack's blood in his veins.

"What did you do?" he asked, in a broken voice.

"I strangled him—ha! ha! ha!—strangled him while he was at my breast—ha! ha!"—And then with a sudden and fearful change of look she added. "That's what has driven me mad. I killed my child to save him from the gallows—oh! oh! One man hanged in a family is enough. If I'd not gone mad, they would have hanged me."

"Poor soul!" ejaculated her son.

"I'll tell you of a dream I had last night," continued the unfortunate being. "I was at Tyburn. There was a gallows erected, and a great mob round it—thousands of people, and all with white faces like corpses. In the midst of them there was a cart with a man in it—and that man was Jack—my son Jack— they were going to hang him. And opposite to him, with a book in his hand,—but it couldn't be a prayer-book,—sat Jonathan Wild, in a parson's cassock and band. I knew him in spite of his dress. And when they came to the gallows, Jack leaped out of the cart, and the hangman tied up Jonathan instead—ha! ha! How the mob shouted and huzzaed—and I shouted too—ha! ha! ha!"

"Mother!" cried Jack, unable to endure this agonizing scene longer. "Don't you know me, mother?"

"Ah!" shrieked Mrs. Sheppard. "What's that?—Jack's voice!"

"It is," replied her son.

"The ceiling is breaking! the floor is opening! He is coming to me!" cried the unhappy woman.

"He stands before you," rejoined her son.

"Where?" she cried. "I can't see him. Where is he?"

"Here," answered Jack.

"Are you his ghost, then?"

"No—no," answered Jack. "I am your most unhappy son."

"Let me touch you, then; let me feel if you are really flesh and blood," cried the poor maniac, creeping towards him on all fours."

Jack did not advance to meet her. He could not move; but stood

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like one stupified, with his hands clasped together, and eyes almost starting out of their sockets, fixed upon his unfortunate parent.

"Come to me!" cried the poor maniac, who had crawled as far as the chain would permit her,—"come to me!" she cried, extending her thin arm towards him.

Jack fell on his knees beside her.

"Who are you?" inquired Mrs. Sheppard, passing her hands over his face, and gazing at him with a look that made him shudder.

"Your son," replied Jack,—"your miserable, repentant son."

"It is false," cried Mrs. Sheppard. "You are not. Jack was not half your age when he died. They buried him in Willesden churchyard after the robbery."

"Oh, God!" cried Jack, "she does not know me. Mother—dear mother!" he added, clasping her in his arms. "Look at me again."

"Off!" she exclaimed, breaking from his embrace with a scream. "Don't touch me. I'll be quiet. I'll not speak of Jack or Jonathan. I won't dig their graves with my nails. Don't strip me quite. Leave me my blanket! I'm very cold at nights. Or, if you must take off my clothes, don't dash cold water on my head. It throbs cruelly."

"Horror!" cried Jack.

"Don't scourge me," she cried, trying to hide herself in the farthest corner of the cell. "The lash cuts to the bone. I can't bear it. Spare me and I'll be quiet—quiet—quiet!"

"Mother!" said Jack, advancing towards her.

"Off!" she cried, with a prolonged and piercing shriek. And she buried herself beneath the straw, which she tossed above her head with the wildest gestures.

"I shall kill her if I stay longer," muttered her son, completely terrified.

While he was considering what it would be best to do, the poor maniac, over whose bewildered brain another change had come, raised her head from under the straw, and, peeping round the room, asked in a low voice, "If they were gone?"

"Who?" inquired Jack.

"The nurses," she answered.

"Do they treat you ill?" asked her son.

"Hush!" she said, putting her lean fingers to her lips. "Hush!—come hither, and I'll tell you."

Jack approached her.

"Sit beside me," continued Mrs. Sheppard. "And now I'll tell you what they do. Stop! we must shut the door, or they'll catch us. See!" she added, tearing off the rag from her head,—"I had beautiful black hair once. But they cut it all off."

"I shall go mad myself if I listen to her longer," said Jack, attempting to rise. "I must go."

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"Don't stir, or they'll chain you to the wall," said his mother, detaining him. "Now, tell me why they brought you here?"

"I came to see you, dear mother!" answered Jack.

"Mother!" she echoed,—"mother! why do you call me by that name?"

"Because you are my mother."

"What!" she exclaimed, staring eagerly in his face. "Are you my son? Are you Jack?"

"I am," replied Jack. "Heaven be praised, she knows me at last."

"Oh, Jack!" cried his mother, falling upon his neck, and covering him with kisses.

"Mother—dear mother!" said Jack, bursting into tears.

"You will never leave me," said the poor woman, straining him to her breast.

"Never—never!"

The words were scarcely pronounced, when the door was violently thrown open, and two men appeared at it. They were Jonathan Wild and Quilt Arnold.

"Ah!" exclaimed Jack, starting to his feet.

"Just in time," said the thieftaker. "You are my prisoner, Jack."

"You shall take my life first," rejoined Sheppard.

And, as he was about to put himself into a posture of defence, his mother clasped him in her arms.

"They shall not harm you, my love!" she exclaimed.

The movement was fatal to her son. Taking advantage of his embarrassed position, Jonathan and his assistant rushed upon him, and disarmed him.

"Thank you, Mrs. Sheppard," cried the thieftaker, as he slipped a pair of handcuffs over Jack's wrists, "for the help you have given us in capturing your son. Without you, we might have had some trouble."

Aware, apparently in some degree, of the mistake she had committed, the poor maniac sprang towards him with frantic violence, and planted her long nails in his cheek.

"Keep off, you accursed jade!" roared Jonathan,—"Keep off, I say, or —" And he struck her a violent blow with his clenched hand.

The miserable woman staggered, uttered a deep groan, and fell senseless on the straw.

"Devil!" cried Jack; "that blow shall cost you your life."

"It'll not need to be repeated, at all events," rejoined Jonathan, looking with a smile of satisfaction at the body. "And, now,—to Newgate."

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THE OLD ELM.

Thou standest on the forest's edge, proud monarch of the wood,
Thy sturdy form the goings forth of many a storm hath stood;
Age doth not seem to weaken thee; thy greenness doth not fail;
In years to come thy hoary head shall bow before the gale.

Thou art a faithful sentinel, and Time hath fix'd thee there
To mark the flight of fleeting years as ever on they wear;
And, though the winter's sweeping blasts thy leaves have often slain,
The flowering summer hath renew'd thy emerald robes again.

Like a true friend, old favour'd Elm, thy form to me appears;
Strange visions of wild fantasy come up from other years;
And shades of dark mysterious gloom are o'er my senses cast
While musing on the varied scenes that crowd the fertile past.

How many young and happy hearts have thrill'd in wild delight,
Anticipating richer bliss in manhood's glorious might;
Trusting the world's bright promises—more bright, alas! than true,—
Beneath the deep and ample shade thy towering branches threw!

And many forms of fairest mould, and cheeks of youthful bloom,
Have pass'd to manhood, and to age, and to the dreary tomb,
While thou wert waving in thy pride,—a prince among the trees,
With all thy glowing pinions spread in beauty on the breeze.

Oft hast thou seen the flaxen locks on childhood's brow of snow,
Uplifted by the slightest breeze, in graceful ringlets flow;
Hast seen them thicken and assume a darker, sterner hue,
Until the hand of age at length the silver o'er them threw.

And thou hast mark'd the ruddy cheek, and forehead bright and fair,
Before Time's iron hand had writ on them a line of care;
The cheek before thy sight has blanch'd, the forehead furrow'd o'er,
And both were placed beneath the sod, to bloom and blanch no more.

My grandsire, when a thoughtless boy, beneath thy boughs has played;
My father's form of infancy was cradled in thy shade;
And thou hast seen life's changing flood full often o'er them sweep,
Now sheltered from the winter's storms, and, watched by thee, they sleep.

And I—the wayward youth, the man—have wandered near thy side;
Matured in strength before thee now, I stand in manhood's pride;
Beside the dead a narrow place untenanted I see;
Soon with my fathers I may rest,—that place is left for me.

Ere long the greensward at thy base will show another grave,
And over me as green as now will thy long branches wave;
And other feet shall wander here, and other hearts be gay,
When I, like my ancestral race, from earth have passed away.

And summer suns will roll on high as brilliantly as e'er,
And summer skies, as broad, as blue, as beautiful, as clear,
Will shine above the busy world when life with me is done,
And few, ah! very few indeed, will know that I am gone.

J. N. Mc Jilton.

Baltimore, U. S.

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THE-DOG HOSPITAL OF PARIS.

BY TOBY ALLSPY.

My friend Leonard d'Egoville is one of the happiest rascals of my acquaintance; there is a provoking self-satisfaction in the fellow's looks, which is apt to put the rest of the world out of humour with his prosperity. D'Egoville is always triumphant, ever exulting,—overpowering one with his selfish sense of enjoyment, and perpetual demands on one's admission of inferiority. Why not, for instance, allow me to eat my mutton cutlets in peace, without informing me that yesterday *he* dined on *chevreuil?* Why not let me enjoy my humble dish of larks, without boasting, with a punch in the ribs, that last night *he* supped on *beccaficos?* For my part I can contentedly swallow my paltry pint of *Pouilly* under the acacia-trees of the "*Vendanges de Bourgogne,*" without insulting the *porteur d'eau* I see making wry faces at the nearest *guinguette*, over his *vin de Surêne*, by enlarging upon its delicate flavour; and, methinks, I have a right to expect similar forbearance on the part of the chuckling Monsieur d'Egoville, when he comes parading to me about *his* iced St. Péray or choice Sauterne. I am not more envious than my neighbours, yet I swear there are moments when it would be a relief to me to see my friend Leonard receive a whacking box on the ear, in retribution of his exultations.

For several years past, D'Egoville has been in the enjoyment of a capital bachelor's apartment on the Boulevard des Capucines, and a charming little villa at Montmorency,—and I admit that he would be an ungrateful dog, were he not to thank Heaven morning, evening, and at odd times between, for the auspicious ordering of his destinies; but he has no right to tantalize a poor wretch of a scribbler like myself by bragging of the coolness of his cellars, the marrow-like softness of his sofa-cushions, the sharpness of his razors, or the smoothness of his *parquets*.

"This is a cheering sight," said I, on meeting him the other day at the exhibition of the arts and manufactures of France, now open in the Champs Elysées, "a most gratifying thing for Louis Phillippe and the French nation, to perceive how vast a progress has been made during the last five years in the texture of their cloths, the growth of their wool, and the temper of their cutlery. The jury will find it a difficult task, I conceive, to award their medals and prizes among so many meritorious competitors."

"What the devil do *I* care for the jury, its medals, or prizes!" exclaimed D'Egoville, with a self-complacent laugh. "I come here, my dear fellow, solely on my own errand. Happening to look yesterday at my banker's book, and to find the balance, as usual, on the right side, I instantly drew a cheque for a few thousand francs, with the view of adding more comforts to my bachelor's hall, yonder at Montmorency. For a man who has a little money to throw away, this place is really a resource. One sees all the new inventions, all the last improvements, without the bore of driving from shop to shop, to be bored and solicited to death; and after all, perhaps, flummeried into the purchase of a service of plate or a boot-jack of

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last year's fashion. Look at this magnificent stained crystal from Alsace—I have just ordered myself a most exquisite little *cabaret* for my *eau sucrée*, white embossed with garnet colour, for two hundred francs. I should have paid half as much again for some *rococo* machine or other of the same kind, had I contented myself with a puny look at the Palais Royal. Again, yonder magnificent carpet of Sallandrouze's, with the peacock waving his gorgeous tail as a centre-piece—I have bought it for my drawing-room, for two thousand francs; instead of closing for the quizzical Aubusson for which I was bargaining with my upholsterer. I am now on my road to the next gallery, to settle about some carved ebony consoles. I can't make up my mind exactly which I like best,—those with or without the ivory inlaying."

"The difference of price between the two must be considerable," I inadvertently observed.

"Ay, ay,—*that* is the point always uppermost in the thoughts of you pen-and-ink gentry. Luckily, a thousand or two of francs more or less in the cost signifies very little to *me!* All I have to consider is, which kind will harmonize best with the new Venetian hangings which Lesage is putting up in my saloon. And, by the way, what think you of those mechanical beds yonder, with their reading-desk, lamp-stand, and table-service, appearing and disappearing by the touch of a spring? I have some thoughts of getting one against my first fit of the gout. Even in this hot weather it is pleasant enough to be waited upon, without being offended by the sight of one's footmen's shining faces."

"Certainly, certainly," said I, striving to get away, and follow my own devices in the examination of the curious works of art and science abounding in the gallery.

"Why, where the deuce are you hurrying to?" cried Leonard d'Egoville; "what can *you* want here?" he continued, with a supercilious glance from my seedy coat to one of Ancoq's gorgeous dressing-cases of sculptured gold.

"Not much, indeed!" I replied, forcing a laugh. "But there is some consolation in examining and philosophising upon yonder anatomical model of an unsophisticated man, (with its demonstration of veins and arteries, proving all the sons of Adam to be condemned to the same organization,) in comparison with the various displays of finery, lace, embroidery, and brocade, which furnish the worldly distinction between my lord and his valet,—between the Crœsus and the beggar!"

My irony was thrown away.

"Brocade?—embroidery?" cried D'Egoville, catching at the only sounds comprehensible to him in my harangue: "where the devil are they? I have seen only those devoted to the service of the altar, which, by the way, your millionaire Roman Catholic English Lord* has been buying up by the waggon-load for his new church. There is nothing worth speaking of in the way of embroidery that I am aware of."

"Not even the exquisite court train and cushion marked with the initials of the young Queen of England?" cried I, with indignation.

"As I told you before, I am in search only of objects applicable

* The Earl of Shrewsbury.

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to my own use. What are court-trains to *me?* But, by the way," (continued Leonard, pointing to a stall we were passing covered with toupets and peruques, of every size, shape, sort, and shade, betwixt black, chinchilli, and hoary silver, betwixt the full-bottom and the astucian's *tour de tête,*) "even *you* might surely find things here adapted both to your wants and pockets. See, my poor friend!—cauls of very decent aspect for your bald crown, at ten francs a-piece! And look beyond — superb *rateliers* of teeth for three louis a-set, or half-a-crown by the single grinder. Ears, too, in gold, silver, or caoutchouc, permanent or temporary, with acoustic tubes, affixable at pleasure. And, as I live, glass eyes! of every hue, from sparkling black to sentimental blue. But you enjoy, I fancy, the use of both your eyes, eh?—your imperfect vision being merely the result of your time of life. Well—no need to despair! Here is an optician who promises that, by the use of a pair of five-franc spectacles, you shall be able to read diamond editions by candle-light."

"There are also yonder crutches for the lame, iron bandages for the deformed, and even straight-waistcoats for the insane," cried I, enraged beyond my patience by his insolent egotism. "I flatter myself that I stand in need of neither; yet I am thankful to Heaven that I am able to admire the progress of human ingenuity, without reference to my personal wants or deficiencies."

"Why, by Jupiter, I do believe you are affronted!" cried D'Egoville. "My dear fellow, ten million of pardons! Perhaps I am a little too apt to overlook the raws and sores of other people; yet I have certainly no reason to disparage those arising from—from a deficiency in the financial department," said he, afraid of again offending me. "Only a few years ago, I used to come here myself with wistful eyes and watering mouth, like the chimney-sweepers who thaw their noses in hard weather against the panes of the pastry-cooks' shops. I did not then dare so much as lift my ambition to a cane and tassel, by way of equipage—*I* who, this very season, have launched a couple of carriages and a *fourgon!*"

I was amazed—though the bragging propensities of Leonard D'Egoville ought to have forewarned me of the *parvenu*—his hardness of heart had caused me to set him down in my mind as one born and nurtured in the sunshine of prosperity. So little had he learned mercy, that I could not conceive he had ever suffered persecution.

"You look surprised," cried he, detecting my amazement. "Did I never confide to you the strange origin of my fortune? Let me see—when we first made our acquaintance crossing St. Bernard, four years ago—"

"You were, as now, in the enjoyment of wealth and independence," said I. "During the illness following the accident which then befell me—*me*, a poor wayfarer—you were lavish in your offers of assistance—"

"Pooh, pooh!—I have heard enough of that—it was not of that we were talking," cried D'Egoville. "I was telling you, or wanting to tell you, how, from a poor devil, in arrears for the rent of his fusty lodging in the Quartier Latin, I achieved my present position. The story is a long one, and would do me little honour in the ears of the idlers of the Exposition, should it chance to be overheard.

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Come down, therefore, with me to Montmorency—my Pelham is at the door—come down with me, I say, to Montmorency, and dine and sleep, and you shall have the narrative of my chequered life, including a description of the memorable temple of Esculapius—*l'Hôpital des chiens*—which was the making of me."

"You kept a dog-hospital!" cried I, inexpressibly astonished.

"Not exactly," replied Leonard, more diverted, however, than indignant at the accusation. "Trust me, I had not wherewithal to entertain any establishment half so costly. But I see your curiosity is excited;—let us be going. I dine at six precisely—ay, *precisely*, even to a friend."

"I am sorry I cannot accept your obliging invitation," said I, drawing up. "Although I lodge in a *cinquième*, and the meal awaiting me is only my daily *soupe* and *bouilli*, the good woman who prepares it would be apt in her anxiety to go and interrogate the police, should her methodical master commit so strange a breach of routine as to tarry from home for board and bed, without having duly apprized her."

"Stuff and nonsense! We will take the Rue Miromenil in our way out of town, instead of crossing through Les Thermes; and you may at once apprise your Megara, and snatch up a change of linen, in case you are tempted to remain with me to-morrow," cried D'Egoville. "Come, come!—we must not lose our time. A good *entrée* waits for no man; and our *filets de canatan* will be spoiled, if you stand hem-ing and ha-ing thus."

And though I did my utmost to evade the engagement, between threats, promises, and cajolements, Monsieur d'Egoville took such forcible possession of my mind and body, that we had reached St. Omers before I was half reconciled to my own inconsistency of purpose.

"How full of historical reminiscences are all the environs of Paris!" cried D'Egoville, with a sentimental air, as we drove within view of the aristocratic parks of St. Omers, "betwixt the great De Staël, Du Cayla, and Ferrand, of Merino-sheep renown—how many illustrious names connect themselves with the history of St. Omers! But I forget—I have promised to talk to you of a person less illustrious—of my obscure self."

And as he spoke, he began to caress his crossed leg with an air of complacency, implying that, in his own estimation, Charlemagne was a footboy to him.

"I have a tale to tell which, as my coachman has no more ear for Christian discourse than one of the brutes he is driving, can never be more safely adventured than here on the Citizen King's highway," he resumed. "In the first place, know that, high as I have ascended in the scale of society, your humble servant was born in the confined sphere of a porter's lodge. The *cordon*, my natural inheritance, was neither that of the St. Esprit nor of the Golden Fleece, but simply that cord by which my tender mother let in and out the visiters to an obscure house in the Rue Vendôme. Ay—shrug your shoulders!—gay and brilliant as you behold me, I am actually a native of that most humdrum quarter of Paris, the Marais! Superior to, or perhaps only ashamed of, her humble vocation, my mother announced herself to me, as I grew to a boy's estate, as the widow of a captain of the *grande armée*; in witness whereof,

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she kept among the edibles in her corner-cupboard an old riband of the Legion of Honour, and a bottle of eau de Cologne cast in the effigy of Napoleon,—incontestable evidence of my parentage, to which I did due homage every time I paid my devoirs to her Gruyère cheese. I have my doubts whether the lodgers of the old den to which her services were attached were equally respectful; for I remember that my venerable parent was apt to treat them (behind their backs) with sovereign contempt, from the retired clockmaker, whose family occupied the first floor, to the *employés* in the *marché aux vieux linges*, who lodged on the *sixième*. Of the whole hordes who dealt out their five-franc pieces to her on New Year's Day, and their discontents and damn-mes the remaining three hundred and sixty-four, there was only one whom Madame Goville—"

"Goville?" I indiscreetly reiterated.

"Ay, my good sir. Since I have consented to deliver my round unvarnished tale, I may as well admit that only the two latter syllables of my name are derived from the ghost of the captain of the *grande armée*, or from his soi-disant widow. To resume,—where you so unnecessarily suspended my story,—there was only one among the lodgers especially recommended by my mother to my assiduity and forbearance.

"'Be sure,' she used to say, as she sat with her Roman nose crooked into the stocking she was mending, (for, in spite of the riband of the Legion of Honour, Madame Goville stooped to follow the calling of a *ravaudeuse*,)—'be sure, Leonard, never to pass on the stairs or in the entry without a salutation either to Mademoiselle Brigitte, the maiden lady on the second floor, or *la mère* Pinson, her woman of all work. Of all the abiders in this dog-hole of a house, *they*, my dear son, are to be respected. So little trouble as they give, and such handsome vails!—two three-livre crowns on the first of January, and another on mademoiselle's fête day,—and yet in bed every night of the blessed year by eight o'clock, and not a single visiter from one year's end to another, either to mistress or maid, to take the needle out of my hand, or give me the trouble of saying "At home," or "Not at home!" To be sure, there is the nuisance of opening the gate three times a-day for her beast of a poodle, when, for discretion sake, *la mère* Pinson brings him down to the street; to say nothing of my anxieties in keeping the peace betwixt Mademoiselle Brigitte and Madame Alain, the old cat on the first floor, who swears that her mignionette and nasturtiums are as good as ruined by the noisy beast of a cockatoo that hangs out of ma'amselle's window.'

"'Say what you will against ma'mselle's cockatoo, mother,' cried I, 'but not a word against poor Mouton. Mouton is the cleverest dog and the best creature in the wide world.'

"'Ay, ay,—as troublesome and mischievous as thyself,' was the rejoinder of the captain's widow. 'But no matter; leave the poodle to itself, Nanard, and the poodle will leave thee. But whatever thou dost, be sure never to lose an opportunity of obliging or serving Mademoiselle Brigitte or her maid. I have heard it whispered by a little bird, who never sings false, that mademoiselle (who has not a relation upon earth) is inscribed in the great bank of France as owner of twice as large an amount of fortune as the richest proprietors in the Rue de Vendôme.

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"You will admit that Madame Goville, good woman, took a stupid way of interesting the feelings of a child. The great bank of France was a mystery beyond my powers of development; and it was chiefly as the mistress of Mouton that I felt inclined to love, honour, or obey Mademoiselle Brigitte Duval; for Mouton was the joy of my days, the dream of my nights,—a huge, woolly, rusty-coated poodle, unanimously kicked and cuffed by its mistress's fellow-lodgers whenever occasion offered,—the poor beast bestowed upon myself, his solitary friend, the rich treasure of his affections. Harassed out of his life by the exaction of the two old women, to whom his antics afforded the sole diversion of their unincidental life, Mouton was only too rejoiced to escape from the stifling atmosphere of Mademoiselle Brigitte's apartment to frolic with me in the narrow court-yard, or, when opportunity favoured our escape, to play truant with me for a course among the chestnut-trees of the Place Royale. Right happy were we, Mouton and I, when we could fly together,—ay, even at the risk of a good beating a-piece on our return to those in authority over us.

"All my regard for Mouton, however, did not prevent my perpetually incurring the displeasure of his mistress. A spell seemed set upon my endeavours to recommend myself to Mademoiselle Brigitte Duval's favour. I it was who admitted into the house the identical brindled cat by which the hopes of her first brood of canaries were demolished; the cherry-stone over which *la mère* Pinson's luckless foot slipped one summer morning, thereby originating a fracture which might have cost her her life, and *did* cost her lady a fortune in doctors' bills, was traced to a pound of *bigarreaux* which I had purchased on the sly, and devoured on the staircase, by way of giving a lesson to Mouton in fetching and carrying with the stones. In short, whatever evil chanced to the lady or the lady's maid, Leonard Goville was sure to be at the bottom of it. Luckily enough for me, for to insure my absence six days out of the seven, Mademoiselle Brigitte finally consented to unclose her purse-strings to pay for my schooling; and, but for my indefatigability in parading poor Mouton on the landing-place every morning, with his mistress's purloined parasol for a musket, to go through his manual exercise, I might have remained guiltless of the common rudiments of learning.

"I was almost repaid for the afflictions of exile from my illiterate home by the howl of rapture wherewith Mouton used to greet me every Sunday, the moment my well-known step was heard on the stairs. Mademoiselle Brigitte grumbled, indeed, that even this Sabbatical release from the labours of learning should be conceded to me; but on that point I was firm, swearing that, unless allowed to return home on Sundays, in order to pay my respects to my beloved parent and my beloved poodle, I would not go to school at all.

"Three years had I been toiling through the labyrinth of letters; and the clumsy booby of ten was stretching into the lanky youth of thirteen, when my domestic happiness was overcast by perceiving that my faithful friend no longer enjoyed the blessings of vigorous health. In proportion as my frame became elongated, that of the pampered poodle grew globose; and, instead of the saltatorial salutations wherewith he was wont to denote his joy at my weekly ar-

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rival, he began to find some difficulty in wheezing his way to the head of the staircase to do me honour. It could not be old age; for Mouton, when introduced into my mother's lodge five years before in the apron of Madame Pinson, was a mere puppy—round, white, helpless, and featureless, as if he had rolled out of a filbert-nut. So sudden a progress of decay must clearly arise from inward disease; and tears burst on more than one occasion from my eyes, on learning that Mouton was given over by the faculty as under the influence of a confirmed liver-complaint! It was a tender subject to Mademoiselle Brigitte: she who had witnessed without a pang the extinction of her numerous family, could not summon courage to contemplate the day when Mouton was to be removed from her.

"They have fed the poor dog to death, and there's an end of it,' was the reply of Captain Goville's widow, when I appealed to her sympathy.

"'No, no,—not an end of it!' cried I. 'Something might surely be done. Abounding, as this great metropolis does, in scientific practitioners, Mouton might yet be saved. Yes, mother,—yes, madam, Mouton might yet be saved.'

"'I'm sure I shouldn't care a pinch of snuff if he were strung up to yonder clothes-line!' was the hard-hearted rejoinder of Madame Goville. 'But, true it is that the grand dog-doctor who came last week all the way from the Champs Elysées in his own carriage for a consultation, swore that the dog had a dozen years' life in him, if his mistress would only consent to put him upon a regiment.'

"'Into a regiment?' said I, somewhat astonished.

"'No, child! To starve him till the bones come through his skin. That's what the faculty call 'putting upon a regiment.' Yet, for all I can argue, or the doctor can devise, mademoiselle persists in killing him with kindness. The last gentleman who attended him, from the famous *Hôpital des Chiens* in the Rue de Clichy, swore that if they went on *stuffing* the poor beast, Mouton hadn't a month to live; and then,' continued my mother, with a grim smile, 'if they like they may stuff him for good and all.'

"She ought not to have jested,—for the tears were coursing each other down her son's innocent nose. Escaping from her presence, I hurried to the Rue de Clichy. I resolved to know the worst. I chose to see the Dupuytren of the canine race, and learn the fate of Mouton from scientific lips.

"Did you ever happen to notice in your wanderings," continued D'Egoville, turning abruptly towards me, "just opposite to the gates of the Tivoli Gardens, and perfumed by the fragrant atmosphere of its lilacs and roses, an elegant architectural-looking edifice, the door of which is surmounted by the effigy of a dog? That airy structure is the *Hôpital des Chiens*,—I say 'the' *par excellence*, to distinguish it from the numerous dog-hospitals which drain the purses of the dowagers of Paris. After a timid ring at the bell I was admitted into the *bureau* of the establishment; a handsome room, furnished with illustrated editions of the best physiological authorities, and a desk, on which lay the day-books and ledgers of the hospital. It had not struck eleven; till which hour I knew that Dr. Mirabeau received patients previous to setting forth in his carriage for his daily consultations.

"I had not yet ventured to take a seat, when the doctor appeared,—

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a snug, smiling, greyheaded gentleman, habited in professional black, and wearing diamond studs in his shirt, and at his button-hole the ribband of the national order. He entered, rubbing his hands with the self-gratulating air peculiar to his obnoxious species.

"In a few words I explained my errand.

"'Let me see,' said he, taking from his pocket a richly-gilt morocco pocket-book, containing notes of his consultation. 'Last week, you say; a grey poodle, in the Rue de Vendôme? Exactly. Here we have him. Mouton, aged five years and three months, the property of Mademoiselle Brigitte Duval. A very serious case, sir,' he continued, shaking his head. 'Complete derangement of the epigastric region, hepatic inflammations, irregular action of the pulse,—altogether an important complication. Nevertheless, I have hope, removed from the disadvantages under which he at present labours, my patient might still live to be a delight to the Duval family. But it is one of the misfortunes, sir, which beset the gentlemen of my profession, that our best endeavours are counteracted by the injudicious indulgence of the ladies and gentlemen to whom we look for the reward of our labours. If the individual in question, for instance, were to be only one month an inmate of my establishment, I would answer for restoring him to perfect health.'

"With a heavy sigh (for I was painfully aware that, sooner than part with poor Mouton, even for a day, Mademoiselle Brigitte would resign her right hand) I now put into Monsieur Mirabeau's hand the two-franc piece, which I understood to be his fee; and received, in return, a low bow, and the tariff of his establishment.

"'Monsieur would, perhaps, like to inspect the hospital?' said he, accompanying me forth; and, on my eager assent he conducted me across a yard sanded with scrupulous neatness, and adorned with orange-trees, and other flowering shrubs, to an airy building divided into several wards; one partitioned into kennels, others having commodious beds, while a third consisted of rows of perches and cages, as an infirmary for birds. Of the patients with which they were filled, both bipeds and quadrupeds bestowed on my conductor most affectionate greetings, which were requited by Monsieur Mirabeau with an air of tender affability, such as may have been assumed by Bonaparte in visiting the lazaretto of Jaffa; or, by Louis Phillippe, when parading the Hôtel Dieu, after the revolution of July. From the asthmatic pug, panting on its straw, to the opera-dancer's delicate Italian greyhound, about to be *in* the straw, all present turned their eyes gratefully on the benefactor of their race.

"'They love me, poor little animals!' said Monsieur le Docteur, with a magnanimous glance along the ward. 'One of my most exquisite rewards is the gratitude of the little beings committed to my care.'

"As we re-crossed the yard he was accosted by a mincing *grisette*, elegantly attired, with inquiries after the health of '*cette pauvre Zéphyrine.*'

"'*Zéphyrine?*' reiterated the doctor, in an inquiring tone.

"'The *griffon* of Madame la Baronne de Montgelas.'

"'Allow me to consult my registers,' replied Monsieur Mirabeau, hurrying into his sanctum, while I waited with the waiting-maid at the door, and saw him, spectacles on nose, examine his books of entry.

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"'DEAD,' was the result of the investigation; a monosyllable that called forth a torrent of ejaculation from the *soubrette*; while Monsieur Mirabeau proceeded to read aloud, "Zéphyrine, a white *griffon*, introduced into the establishment on the 13th of May; died on the 27th." *Oui, mademoiselle!* On Wednesday last my little patient breathed her last. According to custom, I performed the autopsy of the body. The disease proved to be inflammation of the brain, precisely as I hinted to Madame la Baronne, on first pointing out to her that the fits of her *griffon* were of an epileptic nature.'

"Leaving the doctor and the lady to discuss the disease of Zéphyrine together, I hastened to reflect upon the doom of a being more interesting to my affections. But already my determination was taken.

"That evening, my dear sir, Mouton disappeared from the Rue de Vendome. I leave you to guess the astonishment, anguish, and surmises produced by his inexplicable disparition. Though incapable, by reason of his malady, of descending the staircase, he was gone; either the victim of malice, or the prey of cupidity; either assassinated by a fellow-lodger, or stolen for the sake of his skin. A handsome reward was instantly offered for his recovery; and the walls of the Marais were covered with handbills. But in vain.

"I leave you to guess the indignant agonies of Mademoiselle Brigitte and her maid; more especially as every soul in the house evinced unequivocal symptoms of satisfaction. Three whole weeks did they pass in tears,—three whole weeks did Madame Pinson, according to her own account, remain utterly sleepless. The two disconsolate women were accustomed to sit in the dusk every evening, recounting to each other's sympathy the feats and accomplishments of their lost favourite—now probably numbered with the dead. When lo! at the close of the fourth week, Mademoiselle Brigitte was startled out of her sleep one Sunday morning by an unwonted scratching at her door; and, on unclosing it, in bounded a handsome, healthy quadruped, faintly resembling the idol of other time. The well-combed coat, and shapely form of the new-comer, bore, however, little affinity to the wheezing lump, which in latter days had answered to the name of Mouton; and when, at the ejaculation of that once-loved name, the intruder raised himself on his hinder legs, and, advancing towards Ma'mselle Brigitte's head, performed a succession of well-remembered feats of agility, the astonished old lady began to fancy that the grave had yielded up its dead. 'Mouton!' cried she again; and, laying its now gelid muzzle to her beloved hand, the faithful beast licked it in a paroxysm of tenderness. Yes; it *was* her Mouton —her own — her only, — restored to health, beauty, youth, and happiness.

"But, by what extraordinary interposition was the miracle accomplished? None could say. The delighted mistress and maid were forced to content themselves with the belief that supernatural aid had been vouchsafed to restore their darling—a new Eurydice—to their affections.

"It was not till, on the following winter, I received something nearly approaching to a thrashing from Madame Goville, on the discovery that my warm great coat had disappeared as unaccountably

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as poor Mouton; that, by way of defence, I ventured to place in her hand the card of the

'HÔPITAL POUR LES CHIENS.

Chats, Oiseaux, et autres Animaux, tenu par M. LE DOCTEUR MIRABEAU, *qui prend aussi des pensionnaires.*

PRIX.

1 consultation . . .	2 francs	1 coupe d'oreilles . . .	2 francs
1 visite	3 —	1 idem de queue . . .	1 —
1 saignée	3 —	1 autopsie	3 —
1 posé de sangsues . .	3 —		

Pour les fractures et autres opérations, on traite de convenance, &c. &c.

having on the reverse a lithographic vignette representing the Dog Hospital.

"'I see how it is!' cried Madame Goville, after casting her eyes over an annexed bill, amounting to forty-three francs, ten sous, for a month's board of a sick poodle, bran baths, sea-weed poultices, drugs, and other remedies, supplied for the same. 'Unprincipled little wretch! You actually disposed of your warm *paletot* in order to insure the restoration of that beast of a dog. Just as you please! but *I* will take care that you have never another great coat to your back till you have earned one by your own exertions.'

"'He *has* earned one!' was Mademoiselle Brigitte's exclamation when the secret transpired, and reached her ears. 'And, so long as Leonard lives, he shall never want a warm coat to his back.'

"Such, my dear sir, (for here we are within view of my gate,) such was the trivial cause which determined the old lady to give me the education of a gentleman. Three years afterwards, on the opening of her last will and testament, it was discovered that Mademoiselle Brigitte had left me her universal legatee. The ill-natured world persist in believing me to be her son. But it is no such thing. Like other great men, I am *le fils de mes œuvres;* and my *chef d'œuvre* was the preservation of the life of poor Mouton by kidnapping him to L'HÔPITAL DES CHIENS."

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RAMBLES AMONG THE RIVERS.—No. V.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THE THAMES AND HIS TRIBUTARIES.

Twickenham.—The Poet's Grave.—Pope's Grotto.—Relics of Genius.—Strawberry Hill.—Etymology and Chronology.—The Heart of Paul Whitehead.—Swans upon the Thames.—The tragical story of Edwy and Elgiva.—An odd petition of the inhabitants of Kingston.

How simple, neat, quiet, and unassuming are all the village churches of England! It is worth a man's while, whose unlucky destiny compels him to fritter himself away among brick walls for six days of the week, to walk out on a Sunday morning ten or twelve miles to church,—far away from the tumult and the dust, to some secluded hamlet or village, where he may worship his Maker, —not more earnestly, indeed, but more refreshed in mind and body, than he could in one of the more pompous temples of the metropolis, where saucy wealth elbows him still, and where he cannot procure a seat, unless he gives evidence of his gentility by the tender of a shilling. It was not Sunday when we strayed into Twickenham church: but even in its emptiness we could not help contrasting its unostentatious sanctity, its meek elegance, to the more spacious places in town, and forming, but not expressing, a slight wish that we lived in a village. We checked it, however, almost as soon as it was formed, for we thought, after all, that if we lived in a village, we should not so much prize a country walk, or have such affection for a country church as now, when we wander forth from busy London, thirsting after the fresh air, and pining for the verdure and the simplicity of rural spots, and enjoying them so much the more for our long and forced abstinence. Perhaps it was the knowledge that we were at the grave of a great poet that made us take so sudden a liking to village churches in general, and to Twickenham church above all others. It ought not to have been so, we are aware. The mere fact that the remains of a clay creature, of more than common note, was lying within its precincts was no true motive for any additional reverence to the temple of God—but so it was. Even Westminster Abbey itself and all its treasured ashes ought, strictly speaking, to inspire no more awe than the humblest chapel where the Great Spirit is truly worshipped; but the memory of the illustrious dead—a sort of half persuasion that their dim ghosts, though unseen, may be hovering above us, works upon the fancy in spite of the reason, telling us that

"Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted holy ground,"

and forcing us into more solemn reverence than we might otherwise feel. Some such influence it was, no doubt, that impressed us with unwonted awe, as we wandered alone from tomb-stone to tomb-stone in search of the tablet to the memory of Pope. We were without the aid, or, as it very often happens, the impediment of a professional guide to point out to us the "thought-deserving-

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nesses" (to borrow an expressive German phrase) of the spot. Our eyes, however, soon caught a view of a very large tablet in the gallery, with a Latin inscription, to the memory of Alexander Pope. We ascended accordingly, and found that it was the one erected by the Poet to the memory of his father and mother. His own was not far off, and was equally ostentatious as regarded size, being about three times larger than any other tablets in the church. The inscription, also in Latin, bore that it was erected to the Poet's memory by his friend the Bishop of Gloucester. Underneath, in English, follow Pope's own lines, "for one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey."

Poeta loquitur.

"Heroes and Kings, your distance keep,
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you—
Let Horace blush and Virgil too."

Here again, thought we, is vanity in death. Horace and Virgil were no greater courtiers to rank and wealth than Pope was. In fact, it may be questioned whether they were so much so; for among all the literati of the age, Pope stands pre-eminent for his constant respect to mere title. If he did not flatter heroes, he flattered lords, and would have been sorry indeed if they had kept at a distance from him when he was living. But in every sense the inscription is faulty and singularly inappropriate. While we stood uncovered at the spot, and while these thoughts passed rapidly through our mind, we remembered that the fault of this bad taste, if such it were, was not chargeable upon Pope, but upon his friend the bishop, who had erected the monument. In short, the epitaph was written by Pope in a fit "of that ambitious petulance," (to use the words of Johnson,) "with which he affected to insult the great," and ought never to have been placed upon his grave-stone. With this impression we turned again to the memorial that Pope himself had erected to his parents, and there we found no such evidences of vanity. The inscription was simple and unpretending, and set forth, in terms such as a son should use, the piety and the probity of the honoured dead. So, venting our harmless displeasure upon Warburton, and exonerating Pope from all offence, we strolled down to the river side, where our boatman was awaiting us.

In a few minutes more we reached the building now known as Pope's villa. The poet's residence itself has been demolished, with the exception of the grotto near which it stood. Much indignation has been lavished upon Lady Howe, who pulled down the original building, and erected the present enlarged edifice by the side of it. She has been accused of barbarism, want of feeling, deadness of soul, Vandalism, and many other offences. We will not join in this mouthing of the pack; because, however much she may have destroyed of the poet's dwelling, she has left the grotto for the reverence of posterity,—by far the most valuable part of it, containing the rooms in which he was accustomed to study, and in which he entertained his friends, his St. John and his Marchmont, with his wisdom and his wit. There was formerly a willow tree overhanging the river, which has also been removed; but with the destruction of

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this Lady Howe is not chargeable. So numerous were the visiters, and such pilferers were they, where a relic was concerned, that the tree was soon stripped both of leaves and branches. Slips of it were sent for from all parts of the world; and the owner was at last so pestered, that she was obliged in self-defence to uproot the tree, and make a relic of it, which would not entail so much trouble upon its possessor. Nothing but the root now remains, which is safely housed in the grotto: forming a substance too hard to be taken away in little bits by the penknife of the visiter, and too bulky to be carried off entire. Visiters formerly used to play the same tricks with the very stones and spars of the grotto; but, upon inquiry of our guide, we were informed that such was not the case now to any great extent, although occasionally a person is detected trying to notch off a flint or a shell, and a lady holding an open reticule ready to receive it. The grotto was made by Pope about the year 1715. "Being," as Dr. Johnson says, "under the necessity of making a subterraneous passage to a garden on the other side of the road, he adorned it with fossil bodies, and dignified it with the title of a grotto,—a place of silence and retreat, from which he endeavoured to persuade his friends and himself that cares and passions could be excluded. * * * The excavation was necessary as an entrance to his garden; and, as some men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto, where necessity enforced a passage." And quite right too. It was a little spark of the true philosophy, after all; and men in general would be much happier if they would imitate the example, and extract ornaments from all their inconveniences, and good out of all their evils. Some years after its construction, Pope wrote the following lines in reference to his grotto, which some of the guide-books inform us are actually inscribed upon it. We made diligent search, and were not able to discover them.

"Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave
Shines, a broad mirror, through the shady cave,
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow.
Approach! great Nature studiously behold,
And eye the mine, without a wish for gold!
Approach! but awful. Lo! the Egerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought,
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country and be poor."

Mentally repeating these lines, we entered the grotto, and were first shown by the gardener of Sir Wathen Waller, the present owner of the villa, who officiated as the cicerone, into the cell on the left hand side, which used to be the study. At every convenient place, and wherever the stones presented a surface sufficiently large, visiters had scratched their names; but we noticed none of any note among the defacers. At the end, upon a pedestal, was a plaster bust of the poet. The cell on the right hand side used to be the kitchen,—at least, so said our guide,—and in this is placed the root of the willow-tree, with

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a skull upon it. We took the latter in our hands, and found it to be a plaster cast from the veritable skull of the poet, which was disturbed accidentally a few years ago, upon digging a grave in Twickenham churchyard; it struck us as being remarkably small. The skull was re-buried with due reverence, after the cast had been taken. In this cell the present proprietor has placed a statue of honest John Bunyan, which, when we saw it, put us in mind of the well-known lines upon the spider in amber,

> "Not that the thing was either rich or rare,—
> One wondered how the devil it came there."

To our mind, it marred the uniformity of the grotto. In that place, Bunyan seemed an intruder upon the privacy of Pope, and we wished the statue of the good Christian had been placed somewhere else, no matter where, and we would have gone to visit it, and paid it all honour.

Though some of the "pointed crystals" alluded to in the lines above quoted still remain, the "sparkling rill" trickles no more. The ingenious contrivance by which the roof was transformed into a sort of *camera obscura* has been removed, and the fragments of mirrors that still remain have experienced so many of the buffetings of time, that they have lost their original brilliancy, and reflect but indistinct images of the passing objects on the river.

In the garden on the other side of the road, and to which the grotto forms the passage, are two tall cedar-trees, which, according to our friend, the gardener, who laid claim to a knowledge of such matters, must be about a hundred years old. If so, they must have been planted in the time of Pope, perhaps by the bard himself. Hitherto, however, they have escaped that reputation, which, if it became general or well-authenticated, might perchance be the means in a short time of denuding them of all their verdure, like their predecessor the willow.

As we walked along the terrace, we noticed more particularly than we did when we entered, the flight of steps leading to the water. This, said we, must be the place where Martha Blount, the best-beloved of the poet, made use of that unfeeling expression about his death, which Johnson has preserved to her eternal discredit. "While he (Pope) was yet capable of amusement and conversation," says the biographer, "as he was one day sitting in the air, with Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Marchmont, he saw his favourite, Martha Blount, at the bottom of the terrace, and asked Lord Bolingbroke to go and hand her up. Bolingbroke, not liking his errand, crossed his legs and sat still; but Lord Marchmont, who was younger and less captious, waited on the lady, who, when he came to her, asked, '*What, is he not dead yet?*'" It does not appear that this thoughtless and unkind expression ever reached the ear of Pope; but he took her general inattention and neglect of him in his days of sickness and decay, very deeply to heart. She who had sat a loving and enraptured listener, when his faculties were in all their brightness, turned away from him not only with neglect, but with scorn, in the time of his tribulation. How unlike her sex in general,

> "Who still are the kindest
> When fortune is blindest,
> And brightest in love 'mid the darkness of fate."

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Alas! poor Pope! alas! for the boasted intellect of our kind. What can be more affecting, or afford more matter for solemn thought, than the last hours of this great man. "On the 6th of May, 1744," says Johnson, "he was all day delirious, which he mentioned four days afterwards as a sufficient humiliation of the vanity of man. He afterwards complained of seeing things as through a curtain, and in false colours; and one day, in the presence of Dodsley, asked what arm it was that came out of the wall? He said that his greatest inconvenience was inability to think. Bolingbroke sometimes wept over him in this state of helpless decay, and was told by Spence, that Pope, at the intermission of his deliriousness, was always saying something kind either of his present or absent friends, and that his humanity seemed to have survived his understanding." Almost his last expressions were, "There is nothing meritorious but virtue and friendship: friendship itself is only a part of virtue."

We were thinking of these things, and were so wrapt in them, that we hardly noticed that we had re-entered the boat, and were only recalled to a consciousness of surrounding objects by the voice of our boatman, who stopped on his oars, and called out that we were at Strawberry Hill.

This place also has its reminiscences. It was originally a very small house, built about the year 1698, by a coachman, and let as a lodging-house. Colley Cibber was at one time a tenant of it, and there wrote one of his comedies,—"The Refusal; or the Lady's Philosophy." It was some years afterwards let on lease to Mrs. Chevenix, a toywoman; from whose possession it came into that of Horace Walpole. The latter amused himself for many years in enlarging and beautifying it, and made quite a plaything of it. Writing to his friend, General Conway, on the 8th of June, 1747, and dating from this place, he says, "You perceive that I have got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything house that I have got out of this Chevenix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges:

> A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
> And little fishes wave their wings of gold.

Two delightful roads, that *you* would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises; and barges, as solemn as barons of the exchequer, move under my window. Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensbury. Dowagers as plenty as flounders, inhabit all around; and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight."

Horace Walpole succeeded in making a very pretty residence of it, and stored it with "fouth of auld nick-nackets," pictures, busts, and antiques of every description. There were scarcely any of his contemporaries eminent for their wit or their learning, who were not at one time or another his guests here. It now belongs to the Earl of Waldegrave.

Between this place and Teddington is the cottage given by Walpole to Mrs. Clive the actress. At her death he placed an urn in the gardens, with this inscription—

> "Ye Smiles and Jests still hover round,
> This is Mirth's consecrated ground;

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Here lived the laughter-loving dame,
A matchless actress, Clive her name.
The comic Muse with her retired,
And shed a tear when she expired."

Teddington is a small place, chiefly remarkable for the first or last lock upon the Thames, in aid of the navigation. Etymologists found a very satisfactory explanation of the name of this village, and plumed themselves mightily upon their cleverness. The tides flow up no further than Teddington, and therefore, said they, the derivation of the word is obvious, "Tide-ending-town—from whence, by corruption and abbreviation,—Tide-ing-ton—Teddington." This was all very satisfactory; there was not a word to be said against it. Unluckily, however, Mr. Lysons, one of your men of dates and figures; one of those people, whose provoking exactitude so often upsets theories, discovered that the original name of the place was not Teddington, but Totyngton. After this the etymologists had nothing to say for themselves; "a plain tale put them down," unless, like the French philosopher, in similar circumstances, they console themselves with the reflection that it was very unbecoming in a fact to rise up in opposition to their theory.

Among the most celebrated residents of Teddington were the Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Elizabeth; Penn the Quaker; and Paul Whitehead the poet. The last is buried in Teddington church, with the exception of his heart, which was removed to High Wycombe, and deposited in a mausoleum belonging to his patron, the Lord le Despencer. Paul bequeathed fifty pounds for the urn which was to contain it. The ceremony of depositing it in the mausoleum was very curious. It was attended from the house by a military procession, and a choir of vocalists. Dr. Arne composed a piece of music for the occasion to the following poetry—we beg pardon, words—which were sung as the urn was deposited:—

"From earth to heaven Paul Whitehead's soul is fled!
Refulgent glories beam about his head!
His Muse concording with resounding strings,
Gives angel's words to praise the King of Kings."

The ceremony itself was sufficiently absurd; but these lines were the topping absurdity of all.

At this place we dismissed our boatman; and, landing on the Surrey shore, walked on towards Kingston, sometimes stopping by the river's brink to watch the minnows at the bottom of the water, (for it is as clear as crystal) scudding away in shoals as we approached them, and sometimes in idle mood watching the swans disporting themselves, or turning over the leaves of our favourite Spencer, to find the lines which describe them:—

"See the fair swans on Thames' lovely side,
The which do trim their pennons silver bright;
In shining ranks they down the waters glide;
Oft have mine eyes devoured the gallant sight!"

There are great numbers of these birds upon the river. They are under the special guardianship of the Lord Mayor of London, who annually, either by himself or deputy, goes up the river in his state

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barge, accompanied by the Vintners and Dyers, to mark the young ones—which ceremony bears the name of swan-hopping. The legislature has often made these swans its peculiar care. By an act of Edward IV. it was declared a felony, punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, and a fine at the king's will, to steal their eggs. A curious custom at one time existed with regard to the stealing of these birds, which is mentioned in Coke's Reports. Whoever stole a swan, lawfully marked, in any open or common river, was mulcted in the following manner:—The swan was taken and hung by the beak from the roof of any house, so that the feet just touched the ground. Wheat was then poured over the head of the swan, until there was a pyramid of it from the floor sufficient to cover and hide the bird completely. A like quantity of wheat, or its value, was the fine to be paid to the owner.

Upon our arrival at the very ancient town of Kingston we proceeded straight to the market-place, the spot where, nearly a thousand years ago, the old Saxon monarchs of England were crowned in sight of all the people. Egbert, the first king of all England, held a grand council here in the year 838; and, in the records of that event, the town is styled "Kyngngeston, that famous place." The following is a list of the kings crowned here,—most of them on a raised platform in the open air, and the rest in the church. Edward the Elder, in the year 900; Athelstan, in 925; Edmund, in 940; Edred, in 946; Edwy, in 955; Edward the Martyr, in 975; and Ethelred, in 978. Kingston, although the fact has been overlooked by nearly every writer, was the scene of one of the most romantic incidents in early English history—the loves and misfortunes of Edwy and Elgiva. It gives one but a poor notion of the value of history, or the fidelity of historians, to consult about a dozen writers for a record of the same event. Your hero, or principal personage, is called a monster by one, a saint by another, or a fool by a third: the actions of his life are exaggerated in their good parts by one, and in their evil by the next; while another, perhaps, dismisses him and his whole career as altogether insignificant and unworthy of notice. It is a hard matter to get at the truth, even upon the most trivial point, and you are tempted to sweep your dozen of historians from your table at a blow of your hand, and whistle the chorus of the old ballad, "Tanta-ra-rara—rogues all!" Upon reading the touching history of King Edwy and his bride, as recorded in Hume, we turned to Osborne, Stowe, Grafton, Holinshed, Harding, William of Malmesbury, Fabian, Rapin, and others; but the only facts that seemed to be really well established were, that Edwy was king of England, and that he banished Saint Dunstan from his dominions. All the rest was a mass of confusion. A chaos of antagonist opinions, assertions, and denials, or a most scandalous conflict, in which Hatred, Superstition, Revenge, Self-interest, Party Motives, Carelessness, and Indolence, all set upon poor Truth, shouting and hallooing, with a view to prevent her voice from being heard at all amid their hubbub. To Hume's account, therefore, we adhered; not because it is the most interesting and romantic, but because it is the most fair and probable, merely supplying such particulars of the scene of the tragedy as he has left unnoticed.

King Edwy, in his seventeenth year, was crowned with great magnificence in the market-place of Kingston. He was of a handsome

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figure and a most amiable disposition. Before his accession he had been smitten with the charms of Elgiva, a noble lady, his kinswoman, whom he married secretly, in spite of the fulminations of Saint Dunstan, and Odo, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had represented to him that their relationship was too near to allow of their union. Upon the day of his coronation a grand feast was prepared for all the nobles; but the king, disliking their rude merriment and drunkenness, took an early opportunity to withdraw, and spend the remainder of the day in the more congenial society of his best-beloved Elgiva. The nobles, after he was gone, expressed great dissatisfaction at the indignity with which they were treated in being abandoned by their entertainer; and Saint Dunstan, best known to posterity as the devil's nose pincher, was deputed by the rest to bring back the monarch to the table. Saint Dunstan, who was in all probability drunk at the time, readily undertook the mission, and accompanied by Odo, the archbishop of Canterbury, who was also highly indignant at the disrespect Edwy had shown to the church, rushed into the royal apartment, and found the king dallying with his bride. The brutal Dunstan immediately tore him from her arms, and, applying an opprobrious epithet to the queen, dragged the young monarch by force into the banquetting-hall of the nobles. It was not to be expected that any woman, however mild her temper, could forgive so deep an insult as this, and Elgiva exercised all the influence she possessed over her husband's mind to bring about the ruin of the presuming and unmannerly priest. An opportunity was soon found; charges were brought against him, from which he could not clear himself, and he was finally banished from the kingdom, and forced to take refuge in Flanders. But the Archbishop of Canterbury still remained behind. The unhappy Elgiva, in espousing the king, had gained to herself a host of troubles and of enemies; and, instead of intimidating, had only embittered the latter by the means she had adopted. Intrigues were fomented against the young couple, who had loved so well, but so unwisely. The queen, all fresh in youth, and all radiant in her beauty, was seized by the archbishop, at the head of a party of ruffians, and held forcibly upon the ground, while a wretch with a hot iron burnt her "damask cheeks," to obliterate the traces of that transcendent loveliness which had set enmity between the civil and ecclesiastical power. She was then carried away to the sea-coast, and hidden for some days, till an opportunity was found to convey her to Ireland. She remained in that country for some months, when she effected her escape. The scars on her face had healed; the brutal work had not been effectually done, and she shone in as great beauty as ever, and was hastening to Kingston, to the embraces of her royal spouse, when she was intercepted at Gloucester by the spies of the relentless archbishop. At this time revolt was openly declared against the authority of Edwy, and, to show him how strong and how reckless the conspirators were, the archbishop gave orders that the unhappy princess should be put to death by the most horrible tortures which could be devised. It was finally resolved that she should be hamstrung. The cruel sentence was carried into execution, and the poor queen was left to linger on a couch of straw, without nourishment or attendance of any sort, until death put a period to her sufferings a few days afterwards. Edwy was

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soon afterwards deposed. He did not long survive his Elgiva: crownless, and what to him was worse—wifeless, he died of a broken heart before he attained his twentieth year.

Portraits of all these old Saxon kings, and of Edwy among the rest, used formerly to adorn the walls of Kingston Church, and we procured admission into the sacred edifice with the full expectation of seeing them, upon the faith of two or three guide-books which we had consulted. We ascertained, however, that our guides were not to be trusted, the portraits having been removed to Windsor Castle more than a century ago.

We also made inquiry after another relic—the stone upon which these old monarchs were crowned, and which formerly stood in the market-place. We were informed that it was at present in the safe custody of the mayor, where it will remain until the new town-hall is built; in which it is proposed to set apart an honourable place for it. This may now be considered the only relic—and that but a poor one, which Kingston possesses of all its former grandeur. Part of the chapel in which the coronation ceremony was sometimes performed, fell down in the year 1730, and has not been rebuilt in its former style, but merely patched up to keep the wind and the rain out. The site of the chapel is the same; but the original edifice, which saw the inauguration of Athelstan and Edwy must have long since disappeared.

Kingston at one time sent members to parliament; but the practice of election, very different to what it is now, imposing upon the constituent body, and not upon the candidates, the necessity of spending money, the good people grumbled at the expense, and finally prayed to be relieved from it for evermore by a formal petition to King Edward III. Their prayer was granted; and Kingston, penny-wise and pound-foolish, has dwindled away into a very inconsiderable place.

A small, but very clear stream, called the Hog's Mill river, runs into the Thames at Kingston. It takes its rise near Ewell, and is much frequented by anglers.

THE CRAYON PAPERS.

WOLFERT'S ROOST.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The situation of the Roost is in the very heart of what was the debatable ground between the American and British lines during the war. The British held possession of the city of New York, and the island of Manhattan, on which it stands. The Americans drew up towards the Highlands, holding their head-quarters at Peekskill. The intervening country from Croton River to Spiting Devil Creek, was the debatable land, subject to be harried by friend and foe, like the Scottish borders of yore. It is a rugged country, with a line of rocky hills extending through it, like a back-bone, sending ribs on either side; but, among these rude hills are beautiful winding valleys, like those watered by the Pocantico and the Neperan. In the fastnesses of these hills, and along these valleys, exist a race of hard-headed, hard-handed, stout-hearted Dutchmen, descendants of the

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primitive Netherlanders. Most of these were strong Whigs throughout the war, and have ever remained obstinately attached to the soil, and neither to be fought nor bought out of their paternal acres. Others were Tories, and adherents to the old kingly rules; some of whom took refuge within the British lines, joined the royal bands of refugees—a name odious to the American ear—and occasionally returned to harass their ancient neighbours.

In a little while this debatable land was overrun by predatory bands from either side; sacking hen-roosts, plundering farm-houses, and driving off cattle. Hence arose two great orders of border chivalry, the Skinners and the Cow-boys, famous in the heroic annals of Westchester county. The former fought, or rather marauded, under the American, the latter under the British banner; but both, in the hurry of their military ardour, were apt to err on the safe side, and rob friend as well as foe. Neither of them stopped to ask the politics of horse or cow which they drove into captivity; nor, when they wrung the neck of a rooster, did they trouble their heads to ascertain whether they were crowing for Congress or King George.

While this marauding system prevailed on shore, the Great Tappan Sea, which washes this belligerent region, was domineered over by British frigates, and other vessels of war, anchored here and there, to keep an eye upon the river, and maintain a communication between the various military posts. Stout galleys also, armed with eighteen-pounders, and navigated with sails and oars, cruised about like hawks, ready to pounce upon their prey.

All these were eyed with bitter hostility by the Dutch yeomanry along shore, who were indignant at seeing their great Mediterranean ploughed by hostile prows; and would occasionally throw up a mud breast-work on a point or promontory, mount an old iron field-piece, and fire away at the enemy, though the greatest harm was apt to happen to themselves, from the bursting of their ordnance; nay there was scarcely a Dutchman along the river that would hesitate to fire with his long duck-gun at any British cruiser that came within reach, as he had been accustomed to fire at water-fowl.

I have been thus particular in my account of the times and neighbourhood, that the reader might the more readily comprehend the surrounding dangers, in this the Heroic Age of the Roost.

It was commanded at the time, as I have already observed, by the stout Jacob Van Tassel. As I wish to be extremely accurate in this part of my chronicle, I beg that this Jacob Van Tassel of the Roost may not be confounded with another Jacob Van Tussal, commonly known in border story by the name of "Clump-footed Jake," a noted Tory, and one of the refugee band of Spiting Devil. On the contrary, he of the Roost was a patriot of the first water, and, if we may take his own word for granted, a thorn in the side of the enemy. As the Roost, from its lonely situation on the water's edge, might be liable to attack, he took measures for defence. On a row of hooks above his fire-place, reposed his great piece of ordnance, ready charged and primed for action. This was a duck, or rather goose-gun, of unparalleled longitude, with which it was said he could kill a wild goose, though half way across the Tappan Sea. Indeed, there are as many wonders told of this renowned gun, as of the enchanted weapons of the heroes of classic story.

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In different parts of the stone walls of this mansion he had made loop-holes, through which he might fire upon an assailant. His wife was stout-hearted as himself, and could load as fast as he could fire; and then, he had an ancient and redoubtable sister, Nochie Van Wurmer,—a match, as he said, for the stoutest man in the country. Thus garrisoned, the little Roost was fit to stand a siege, and Jacob Van Tassel was the man to defend it to the last charge of powder.

He was, as I have already hinted, of pugnacious propensities; and, not content with being a patriot at home, and fighting for the security of his own fire-side, he extended his thoughts abroad, and entered into a confederacy with certain of the bold, hard-riding lads of Tarrytown, Petticoat-Lane, and Sleepy Hollow, who formed a kind of Holy Brotherhood, scouring the country to clear it of Skinner and Cow-boy, and all other border vermin. The Roost was one of their rallying points. Did a band of marauders from Manhattan island come sweeping through the neighbourhood, and driving off cattle, the stout Jacob and his compeers were soon clattering at their heels, and fortunate did the rogues esteem themselves if they could but get a part of their booty across the lines, or escape themselves without a rough handling. Should the moss-troopers succeed in passing with their cavalgada, with thundering tramp and dusty whirlwind, across Kingsbridge, the Holy Brotherhood of the Roost would rein up at that perilous pass, and, wheeling about, would indemnify themselves by foraging the refugee region of Morrissania.

When at home at the Roost, the stout Jacob was not idle; but was prone to carry on a petty warfare of his own, for his private recreation and refreshment. Did he ever chance to espy, from his look-out place, a hostile ship or galley anchored or becalmed near shore, he would take down his long goose-gun from the hooks over the fire-place, sally out alone, and lurk along shore, dodging behind rocks and trees, and watching for hours together, like a veteran mouser intent on a rat-hole. So sure as a boat put off for shore, and came within shot, bang! went the great goose-gun; a shower of slugs and buck-shot whistled about the ears of the enemy, and before the boat could reach the shore, Jacob had scuttled up some woody ravine, and left no trace behind.

About this time the Roost experienced a vast accession of warlike importance, in being made one of the stations of the water-guard. This was a kind of aquatic corps of observation, composed of long, sharp, canoe-shaped boats, technically called whale-boats, that lay lightly on the water, and could be rowed with great rapidity. They were manned by resolute fellows, skilled at pulling an oar, or handling a musket. These lurked about in nooks and bays, and behind those long promontories which run out into the Tappan Sea, keeping a look-out to give notice of the approach or movements of hostile ships. They roved about in pairs; sometimes at night, with muffled oars, gliding like spectres about frigates and guard-ships riding at anchor, cutting off any boats that made for shore, and keeping the enemy in constant uneasiness. These musquito-cruisers generally kept aloof by day, so that their harbouring-places might not be discovered, but would pull quietly along, under shadow of the shore at night, to take up their quarters at the Roost. Hither, at such time, would also repair the hard-riding lads of the hills, to hold secret councils of war with the "ocean-chivalry;" and in these nocturnal meetings were con-

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certed many of those daring forays, by land and water, that resounded throughout the border.

The chronicle here goes on to recount divers wonderful stories of the wars of the Roost, from which it would seem that this little warrior nest carried the terror of its arms into every sea, from Spiting Devil Creek to Antony's Nose; that it even bearded the stout island of Manhattan, invading it at night, penetrating to its centre, and burning down the famous Delancy house, the conflagration of which makes such a blaze in revolutionary history. Nay, more, in their extravagant daring, these cocks of the Roost meditated a nocturnal descent upon New-York itself, to swoop upon the British commanders, Howe and Clinton, by surprise, bear them off captive, and perhaps put a triumphant close to the war!

All these and many similar exploits are recorded by the worthy Diedrich with his usual minuteness and enthusiasm, whenever the deeds in arms of his kindred Dutchmen are in question; but though most of these warlike stories rest upon the best of all authority, that of the warriors themselves, and though many of them are still current among the revolutionary patriarchs of this heroic neighbourhood, yet I dare not expose them to the incredulity of a tamer and less chivalric age. Suffice it to say, the frequent gatherings at the Roost, and the hardy projects set on foot there, at length drew on it the fiery indignation of the enemy; and this was quickened by the conduct of the stout Jacob Van Tassel, with whose valorous achievements we resume the course of the chronicle.

This doughty Dutchman, continues the sage Diedrich Knickerbocker, was not content with taking a share in all the magnanimous enterprises concocted at the Roost, but still continued his petty warfare along shore. A series of exploits at length raised his confidence in his prowess to such a height, that he began to think himself and his goose-gun a match for anything. Unluckily, in the course of one of his prowlings, he descried a British transport aground, not far from shore, with her stern swung toward the land, within point-blank shot. The temptation was too great to be resisted; bang! as usual, went the great goose-gun, shivering the cabin windows, and driving all hands forward. Bang! bang! the shots were repeated. The reports brought several sharpshooters of the neighbourhood to the spot; before the transport could bring a gun to bear, or land a boat, to take revenge, she was soundly peppered, and the coast evacuated. This was the last of Jacob's triumphs. He fared like some heroic spider that has unwittingly ensnared a hornet, to his immortal glory, perhaps, but to the utter ruin of his web.

It was not long after this, during the absence of Jacob Van Tassel on one of his forays, and when no one was in garrison but his stout-hearted spouse, his redoubtable sister, Nochie Van Wurmer, and a strapping negro wench, called Dinah, that an armed vessel came to anchor off the Roost, and a boat full of men pulled to shore. The garrison flew to arms, that is to say, to mops, broomsticks, shovels, tongs, and all kinds of domestic weapons; for unluckily the great piece of ordnance, the goose-gun, was absent with its owner. Above all, a vigorous defence was made with that most potent of female weapons, the tongue. Never did invaded hen-roost make a more

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vociferous outcry. It was all in vain. The house was sacked and plundered, fire was set to each corner, and in a few moments its blaze shed a baleful light far over the Tappan Sea. The invaders then pounced upon the blooming Laney Van Tassel, the beauty of the Roost, and endeavoured to bear her off to the boat. But here was the real tug of war. The mother, the aunt, and the strapping negro wench, all flew to the rescue. The struggle continued down to the very water's edge, when a voice from the armed vessel at anchor ordered the spoilers to let go their hold; they relinquished their prize, jumped into their boats, and pulled off, and the heroine of the Roost escaped with a mere rumpling of the feathers.

The fear of tiring my readers, who may not take such an interest as myself in these heroic themes, induces me to close here my extracts from this precious chronicle of the venerable Diedrich. Suffice it briefly to say, that shortly after the catastrophe of the Roost, Jacob Van Tassel, in the course of one of his forays, fell into the hands of the British, was sent prisoner to New York, and was detained in captivity for the greater part of the war. In the meantime, the Roost remained a melancholy ruin, its stone walls and brick chimneys alone standing, blackened by fire, and the resort of bats and owlets. It was not until the return of peace, when this belligerent neighbourhood once more resumed its quiet agricultural pursuits, that the stout Jacob sought the scene of his triumphs and disasters, rebuilt the Roost, and reared again on high its glittering weathercocks.

Does any one want farther particulars of the fortunes of this eventful little pile? Let him go to the fountain-head, and drink deep of historic truth. Reader! the stout Jacob Van Tassel still lives, a venerable, grey-headed patriarch of the Revolution, now in his ninety-fifth year! He sits by his fireside, in the ancient city of the Manhattoes, and passes the long winter evening surrounded by his children, and grand-children, and great-grand-children, all listening to his tales of the border wars, and the heroic days of the Roost. His great goose-gun, too, is still in existence, having been preserved for many years in a hollow tree, and passed from hand to hand among the Dutch burghers, as a precious relique of the revolution. It is now actually in possession of a contemporary of the stout Jacob, one almost his equal in years, who treasures it up at his house in the Bowerie of New Amsterdam, hard by the ancient rural retreat of the chivalric Peter Stuyvesant. I am not without hopes of one day seeing this formidable piece of ordnance restored to its proper station in the arsenal of the Roost.

Before closing this historic document, I cannot but advert to certain notions and traditions concerning the venerable pile in question. Old-time edifices are apt to gather odd fancies and superstitions about them, as they do moss and weather-stains, and this is in a neighbourhood a little given to old-fashioned notions, and who look upon the Roost as somewhat of a fated mansion. A lonely, rambling, down-hill lane leads to it, overhung with trees, with a wild brook dashing along, and crossing and re-crossing it. This lane I found some of the good people of the neighbourhood shy of treading at night; why I could not for a long time ascertain, until I learned that one or two

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of the rovers of the Tappan Sea, shot by the stout Jacob during the war, had been buried hereabout in unconsecrated ground.

Another local superstition is of a less gloomy kind, and one which I confess I am somewhat disposed to cherish. The Tappan Sea, in front of the Roost, is about three miles wide, bordered by a lofty line of waving and rocky hills. Often, in the still twilight of a summer evening, when the sea is like glass, with the opposite hills throwing their purple shadows half across it, a loud sound is heard, as of the steady, vigorous pull of oars, far out in the middle of the stream, though not a boat is to be descried. This I should have been apt to ascribe to some boat rowed along under the shadows of the western shore, for sounds are conveyed to a great distance by water, at such quiet hours, and I can distinctly hear the baying of the watch-dogs at night, from the farms on the sides of the opposite mountains. The ancient traditionists of the neighbourhood, however, religiously ascribe these sounds to a judgment upon one Rumbout Van Dam, of Spiting Devil, who danced and drank late one Saturday night, at a Dutch quilting frolic at Kakiat, and set off alone for home in his boat, on the verge of Sunday morning, swearing he would not land till he reached Spiting Devil, if it took him a month of Sundays. He was never seen afterwards, but is often heard plying his oars across the Tappan Sea, a Flying Dutchman on a small scale, suited to the size of his cruising-ground; being doomed to ply between Kakiat and Spiting Devil till the day of judgment, but never to reach the land.

There is one room in the mansion, which almost overhangs the river, and is reputed to be haunted by the ghost of a young lady who died of love and green apples. I have been awakened at night by the sound of oars and the tinkling of guitars beneath the window, and seeing a boat loitering in the moonlight, have been tempted to believe it the Flying Dutchman of Spiting Devil, and to try whether a silver bullet might not put an end to his unhappy cruisings; but, happening to recollect that there was a living young lady in the haunted room, who might be terrified by the report of fire-arms, I have refrained from pulling trigger.

As to the enchanted fountain, said to have been gifted by the wizard sachem with supernatural powers, it still wells up at the foot of the bank, on the margin of the river, and goes by the name of the Indian spring; but I have my doubts as to its rejuvenating powers; for though I have drunk oft and copiously of it, I cannot boast that I find myself growing younger.

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

Having pitched my tent, probably for the remainder of my days, in the neighbourhood of Sleepy Hollow, I am tempted to give some few particulars concerning that spell-bound region; especially as it has risen to historic importance, under the pen of my revered friend and master, the sage historian of the New Netherlands. Beside, I find the very existence of the place has been held in question by many; who, judging from its odd name, and from the odd stories current among the vulgar concerning it, have rashly deemed the whole to be a fanciful creation, like the Lubber land of mariners. I

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must confess there is some apparent cause for doubt, in consequence of the colouring given by the worthy Diedrich, to his descriptions of the Hollow, who, in this instance, has departed a little from his usually sober, if not severe, style; beguiled, very probably, by his predilection for the haunts of his youth, and by a certain lurking taint of romance, whenever anything connected with the Dutch was to be described. I shall endeavour to make up for this amiable error, on the part of my venerable and venerated friend, by presenting the reader with a more precise and statistical account of the Hollow; though I am not sure that I shall not be prone to lapse, in the end, into the very error I am speaking of, so potent is the witchery of the theme.

I believe it was the very peculiarity of its name, and the idea of something mystic and dreamy connected with it, that first led me in my boyish ramblings into Sleepy Hollow. The character of the valley seemed to answer to the name; the slumber of past ages apparently reigned over it; it had not awakened to the stir of improvement, which had put all the rest of the world in a bustle. Here reigned good old long-forgotten fashions; the men were in homespun garbs, evidently the product of their own farms, and the manufacture of their own wives; the women were in primitive short gowns and petticoats, with the venerable sun-bonnets of Holland origin. The lower part of the valley was cut up into small farms, each consisting of a little meadow and corn-field; an orchard of sprawling gnarled apple-trees; and a garden, where the rose, the marigold, and the hollyhock were permitted to skirt the domains of the capacious cabbage, the aspiring pea, and the portly pumpkin. Each had its prolific little mansion teeming with children; with an old hat nailed against the wall for the housekeeping wren; a motherly hen under a coop on the grass-plot, clucking to keep around her a brood of vagrant chickens; a cool stone well, with the moss-covered bucket suspended to the long balancing-pole, according to the antediluvian idea of hydraulics; and its spinning-wheel humming within doors the patriarchal music of home manufacture.

The Hollow at that time was inhabited by families which had existed there from the earliest times, and which, by frequent intermarriage, had become so interwoven, as to make a kind of natural commonwealth. As the families had grown larger, the farms had grown smaller, every new generation requiring a new subdivision, and few thinking of swarming from the native hive. In this way that happy golden mean had been produced, so much extolled by the poets, in which there was no gold, and very little silver. One thing which doubtless contributed to keep up this amiable mean was a general repugnance to sordid labour. The sage inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow had read in their Bible, which was the only book they studied, that labour was originally inflicted upon man as a punishment of sin; they regarded it, therefore, with pious abhorrence, and never humiliated themselves to it but in cases of extremity. There seemed, in fact, to be a league and covenant against it throughout the Hollow, as against a common enemy. Was any one compelled by dire necessity to repair his house, mend his fences, build a barn, or get in a harvest, he considered it a great evil, that entitled him to call in the assistance of his friends. He accordingly proclaimed a "bee," or rustic gathering; whereupon all his neighbours hurried to his aid, like faithful allies, attacked the task with the desperate energy of lazy men eager to overcome a job; and when it was accomplished, fell to eating and drinking,

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fiddling and dancing, for very joy that so great an amount of labour had been vanquished with so little sweating of the brow.

Yet let it not be supposed that this worthy community was without its periods of arduous activity. Let but a flock of wild pigeons fly across the valley, and all Sleepy Hollow was wide awake in an instant. The pigeon season had arrived: every gun and net was forthwith in requisition. The flail was thrown down on the barn floor, the spade rusted in the garden, the plough stood idle in the furrow; every one was to the hill-side and stubble-field at daybreak, to shoot or entrap the pigeons in their periodical migrations.

So, likewise, let but the word be given that the shad were ascending the Hudson, and the worthies of the Hollow were to be seen launched in boats upon the river, setting great stakes, and stretching their nets, like gigantic spider-webs, half across the stream, to the great annoyance of navigators. Such are the wise provisions of nature by which she equalizes rural affairs. A laggard at the plough is often extremely industrious with the fowling-piece and fishing-net; and whenever a man is an indifferent farmer, he is apt to be a first-rate sportsman. For catching shad and wild pigeons, there were none throughout the country to compare with the lads of Sleepy Hollow.

As I have observed, it was the dreamy nature of the name that first beguiled me, in the holiday rovings of boyhood, into this sequestered region. I shunned, however, the populous parts of the Hollow, and sought its retired haunts, far in the foldings of the hills, where the Pocantico "winds its wizard stream," sometimes silently and darkly through solemn woodlands, sometimes sparkling between grassy borders in fresh green meadows, sometimes stealing along the feet of ragged heights, under the balancing sprays of beech and chestnut trees. A thousand crystal springs, with which this neighbourhood abounds, sent down from the hill-sides their whimpering rills, as if to pay tribute to the Pocantico. In this stream I first essayed my unskilful hand at angling. I loved to loiter along it, with rod in hand, watching my float as it whirled among the eddies, or drifted into dark holes, under twisted roots and sunken logs, where the largest fish are apt to lurk. I delighted to follow it into the brown recesses of the woods; to throw by my fishing gear, and sit upon rocks beneath towering oaks and clambering grape vines; bathe my feet in the cool current, and listen to the summer breeze playing among the tree-tops. My boyish fancy clothed all nature around me with ideal charms, and peopled it with the fairy beings I had read of in poetry and fable. Here it was I gave full scope to my incipient habit of day-dreaming, and to a certain propensity to weave up and tint sober realities with my own whims and imaginings, which has sometimes made life a little too much like an Arabian tale to me, and this "working-day world" rather like a region of romance.

The great gathering place of Sleepy Hollow, in those days, was the church. It stood outside of the Hollow, near the great highway, on a green bank shaded by trees, with the Pocantico sweeping round it, and emptying itself into a spacious mill-pond. At that time the Sleepy Hollow church was the only place of worship for a wide neighbourhood. It was a venerable edifice, partly of stone and partly of brick, the latter having been brought from Holland in the early days of the province, before the arts in the New Netherlands could aspire to such a fabrication. On a stone above the porch were inscribed the

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names of the founders, Frederick Filipsen, a mighty patroon of the olden time, who reigned over a wide extent of this neighbourhood, and held his seat of power at Yonkers; and his wife, Katrina Van Courtlandt, of the no less potent line of the Van Courtlandts of Croton, who lorded it over a great part of the Highlands.

The capacious pulpit, with its wide-spreading sounding-board, were likewise early importations from Holland, as also the communion-table, of massive form and curious fabric. The same might be said of a weather-cock perched on top of the belfry, and which was considered orthodox in all windy matters, until a small pragmatical rival was set up on the other end of the church above the chancel. This latter bore, and still bears, the initials of Frederick Filipsen, and assumed great airs in consequence. The usual contradiction ensued that always exists among church weather-cocks, which can never be brought to agree as to the point from which the wind blows, having doubtless acquired, from their position, the Christian propensity of schism and controversy.

Behind the church, and sloping up a gentle acclivity, was its capacious burying-ground, in which slept the earliest fathers of this rural neighbourhood. Here were tombstones of the rudest sculpture, on which were inscribed, in Dutch, the names and virtues of many of the first settlers, with their portraitures curiously carved in similitude of cherubs. Long rows of grave-stones, side by side, of similar names, but various dates, showed that generation after generation of the same families had followed each other, and been garnered together in this last gathering-place of kindred.

Let me speak of this quiet grave-yard with all due reverence, for I owe it amends for the heedlessness of my boyish days. I blush to acknowledge the thoughtless frolic with which, in company with other whipsters, I have sported within its sacred bounds during the intervals of worship, chasing butterflies, plucking wild flowers, or vieing with each other who could leap over the tallest tombstones, until checked by the stern voice of the sexton.

The congregation was in those days of a really rural character. City fashions were as yet unknown, or unregarded, by the country people of the neighbourhood. Steam-boats had not as yet confounded town with country. A weekly market-boat from Tarrytown, the "Farmer's Daughter," navigated by the worthy Gabriel Requa, was the only communication between all these parts and the metropolis. A rustic belle in those days considered a visit to the city in much the same light as one of our modern fashionable ladies regards a visit to Europe; an event that may possibly take place once in the course of a lifetime, but to be hoped for rather than expected. Hence the array of the congregation was chiefly after the primitive fashions existing in Sleepy Hollow; or if by chance there was a departure from the Dutch sun-bonnet, or the apparition of a bright gown of flowered calico, it caused quite a sensation throughout the church. As the dominie generally preached by the hour, a bucket of water was providently placed on a bench near the door in summer, with a tin cup beside it, for the solace of those who might be athirst, either from the heat of the weather or the drouth of the sermon.

Around the pulpit, and behind the communion-table, sat the elders of the church, reverend, grey-headed, leathern-visaged men, whom I

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regarded with awe, as so many apostles. They were stern in their sanctity, kept a vigilant eye upon my giggling companions and myself, and shook a rebuking finger at any boyish device to relieve the tediousness of compulsory devotion. Vain, however, were all their efforts at vigilance. Scarcely had the preacher held forth for half an hour, in one of his interminable sermons, than it seemed as if the drowsy influence of Sleepy Hollow breathed into the place: one by one the congregation sank into slumber; the sanctified elders leaned back in their pews, spreading their handkerchiefs over their faces, as if to keep off the flies; while the locusts in the neighbouring trees would spin out their sultry summer notes, vieing with the sleep-provoking tones of the dominie.

I have thus endeavoured to give an idea of Sleepy Hollow and its church, as I recollect them to have been in the days of my boyhood. It was in my stripling days, when a few years had passed over my head, that I revisited them, in company with the venerable Diedrich. I shall never forget the antiquarian reverence with which that sage and excellent man contemplated the church. It seemed as if all his pious enthusiasm for the ancient Dutch dynasty swelled within his bosom at the sight. The tears stood in his eyes as he regarded the pulpit and the communion-table; even the very bricks that had come from the mother country seemed to touch a filial chord within his bosom. He almost bowed in deference to the stone above the porch, containing the names of Frederick Filipsen and Katrina Van Courtlandt, regarding it as the linking together of these patronymic names once so famous along the banks of the Hudson; or, rather as a key-stone, binding that mighty Dutch family connection of yore, one foot of which rested on Yonkers, and the other on the Croton. Nor did he forbear to notice with admiration the windy contest which had been carried on since time immemorial, and with real Dutch perseverance, between the two weathercocks; though I could easily perceive he coincided with the one which had come from Holland.

Together we paced the ample church-yard. With deep veneration would he turn down the weeds and brambles that obscured the modest brown grave-stones, half sunk in earth, on which were recorded in Dutch the names of the patriarchs of ancient days, the Ackers, the Van Tassels, and the Van Warts. As we sat on one of the tomb-stones he recounted to me the exploits of many of these worthies; and my heart smote me when I heard of their great doings in days of yore, to think how heedlessly I had once sported over their graves.

From the church the venerable Diedrich proceeded in his researches up the Hollow. The genius of the place seemed to hail its future historian. All nature was alive with gratulation. The quail whistled a greeting from the cornfield; the robin carolled a song of praise from the orchard; the loquacious cat-bird flew from bush to bush, with restless wing, proclaiming his approach in every variety of note, and anon would whisk about, and perk inquisitively into his face, as if to get a knowledge of his physiognomy; the wood-pecker also tapped a tattoo on the hollow apple-tree, and then peered knowingly round the trunk, to see how the great Diedrich relished his salutation; while the ground-squirrel scampered along the fence, and occasionally whisked his tail over his head, by way of a huzza!

The worthy Diedrich pursued his researches in the valley with

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characteristic devotion; entering familiarly into the various cottages, and gossiping with the simple folk in the style of their own simplicity. I confess my heart yearned with admiration to see so great a man, in his eager quest after knowledge, humbly demeaning himself to curry favour with the humblest; sitting patiently on a three-legged stool, patting the children, and taking a purring grimalkin on his lap, while he conciliated the good will of the old Dutch house-wife, and drew from her long ghost stories, spun out to the humming accompaniment of her wheel.

His greatest treasure of historic lore, however, was discovered in an old goblin-looking mill, situated among rocks and waterfalls, with clanking wheels, and rushing streams, and all kinds of uncouth noises. A horse-shoe, nailed to the door to keep off witches and evil spirits, showed that this mill was subject to awful visitations. As we approached it an old negro thrust his head, all dabbled with flour, out of a hole above the water-wheel, and grinned and rolled his eyes, and looked like the very hobgoblin of the place. The illustrious Diedrich fixed upon him at once as the very one to give him that invaluable kind of information never to be acquired from books. He beckoned him from his nest, sat with him by the hour on a broken millstone by the side of the waterfall, heedless of the noise of the water and the clatter of the mill; and I verily believe it was to his conference with this African sage, and the precious revelations of the good dame of the spinning wheel, that we are indebted for the surprising, though true, history of Ichabod Crane, and the headless horseman, which has since astounded and edified the world.

But, I have said enough of the good old times of my youthful days; let me speak of the Hollow as I found it after an absence of many years, when it was kindly given me once more to revisit the haunts of my boyhood. It was a genial day as I approached that fated region. The warm sunshine was tempered by a slight haze, so as to give a dreamy effect to the landscape. Not a breath of air shook the foliage. The broad Tappan Sea was without a ripple; and the sloops, with drooping sails, slept on its glassy bosom. Columns of smoke from burning brushwood rose lazily from the folds of the hills, on the opposite side of the river, and slowly expanded in mid air. The distant lowing of a cow, or the noontide crowing of a cock, coming faintly to the ear, seemed to illustrate rather than disturb the drowsy quiet of the scene.

I entered the Hollow with a beating heart. Contrary to my apprehensions, I found it but little changed. The march of intellect, which had made such rapid strides along every river and highway, had not yet, apparently, turned down into this favoured valley. Perhaps the wizard spell of ancient days still reigned over the place, binding up the faculties of the inhabitants in happy contentment with things as they had been handed down to them from yore. There were the same little farms and farm-houses, with their old hats for the housekeeping wren; their stone wells, moss-covered buckets, and long balancing poles. There were the same little rills whimpering down to pay their tributes to the Pocantico; while that wizard stream still kept on its course, as of old, through solemn woodlands and fresh green meadows: nor were there wanting joyous holiday boys, to loiter along its banks, as I had done; throw their pin-hooks in the stream, or launch their mimic barks. I watched them with a kind of melancholy

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pleasure, wondering whether they were under the same spell of the fancy that once rendered this valley a fairy-land to me. Alas! alas! to me everything now stood revealed in its simple reality. The echoes no longer answered with wizard tongues; the dream of youth was at an end; the spell of Sleepy Hollow was broken!

I sought the ancient church on the following Sunday. There it stood on its green bank among the trees; the Pocantico swept by it in a deep, dark stream, where I had so often angled; there expanded the mill-pond, as of old, with the cows under the willows on its margin, knee-deep in water, chewing the cud, and lashing the flies from their sides with their tails. The hand of improvement, however, had been busy with the venerable pile. The pulpit fabricated in Holland had been superseded by one of modern construction; and the front of the semi-Gothic edifice was decorated by a semi-Grecian portico. Fortunately the two weathercocks remained undisturbed on their perches at each end of the church, and still kept up a diametrical opposition to each other on all points of windy doctrine.

On entering the church the changes of time continued to be apparent. The elders round the pulpit were men whom I had left in the gamesome frolic of their youth, but who had succeeded to the sanctity of station of which they once had stood so much in awe. What most struck my eye was the change in the female part of the congregation. Instead of the primitive garbs of homespun manufacture and antique Dutch fashion, I beheld French sleeves, French caps, and French collars, and a fearful fluttering of French ribands.

When the service was ended, I sought the church-yard in which I had sported in my unthinking days of boyhood. Several of the modest brown stones, on which were recorded in Dutch the names and virtues of the patriarchs, had disappeared; and had been succeeded by others of white marble, with urns, and wreaths, and scraps of English tombstone poetry, marking the intrusion of taste and literature, and the English language, in this once unsophisticated Dutch neigbbourhood.

As I was stumbling about among these silent, yet eloquent, memorials of the dead, I came upon names familiar to me; of those who had paid the debt of nature during the long interval of my absence. Some I remembered my companions in boyhood, who had sported with me on the very sod under which they were now mouldering; others who in those days had been the flower of the yeomanry, figuring in Sunday finery on the church-green; others, the white-haired elders of the sanctuary, once arrayed in awful sanctity around the pulpit, and ever ready to rebuke the ill-timed mirth of the wanton stripling, who, now a man, sobered by years, and schooled by vicissitudes, looked down pensively upon their graves. "Our fathers," thought I, "where are they!—and the prophets, can they live for ever!"

I was disturbed in my meditations by the noise of a troop of idle urchins, who came gambolling about the place where I had so often gambolled. They were checked, as I and my playmates had often been, by the voice of the sexton, a man staid in years and demeanour. I looked wistfully in his face; had I met him anywhere else, I should, probably, have passed him by without remark; but, here I was alive to the traces of former times, and detected in the demure

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features of this guardian of the sanctuary the lurking lineaments of one of the very playmates I have alluded to. We renewed our acquaintance. He sat down beside me on one of the tombstones over which we had leaped in our juvenile sports, and we talked together about our boyish days, and held edifying discourse on the instability of all sublunary things, as instanced in the scene around us. He was rich in historic lore, as to the events of the last thirty years, and the circumference of thirty miles, and from him I learned the appalling revolution that was taking place throughout the neighbourhood. All this I clearly perceived he attributed to the boasted march of intellect, or rather, to the all-pervading influence of steam. He bewailed the times when the only communication with town was by the weekly market boat—the "Farmer's Daughter," which, under the pilotage of the worthy Gabriel Requa, braved the perils of the Tappan Sea. Alas! Gabriel, and the "Farmer's Daughter" slept in peace. Two steam-boats now splashed and paddled up daily to the little rural port of Tarrytown. The spirit of speculation and improvement had seized even upon that once quiet and unambitious little dorp. The whole neighbourhood was laid out into town lots. Instead of the little tavern below the hill, where the farmers used to loiter on market-days, and indulge in cider and ginger-bread, an ambitious hotel, with cupola and verandahs, now crested the summit, among churches built in the Grecian and Gothic styles, showing the great increase of piety and polite taste in the neighbourhood. As to Dutch dresses and sun-bonnets, they were no longer tolerated, or even thought of; not a farmer's daughter but now went to town for the fashions; nay, a city milliner had recently set up in the village, who threatened to reform the heads of the whole neighbourhood.

I had heard enough! I thanked my old playmate for his intelligence, and departed from the Sleepy Hollow church, with the sad conviction that I had beheld the last lingerings of the good old Dutch times, in this once-favoured region. If anything were wanting to confirm this impression, it would be the intelligence which has just reached me, that a bank is about to be established in the aspiring little port just mentioned. The fate of the neighbourhood is, therefore, sealed. I see no hope of averting it. The golden mean is at an end. The country is suddenly to be deluged with wealth. The late simple farmers are to become bank-directors, and drink claret and champagne; and their wives and daughters to figure in French hats and feathers; for French wines and French fashions commonly keep pace with paper money. How can I hope that even Sleepy Hollow may escape the general awakening? In a little while I fear the slumber of ages will be at an end; the strum of the piano will succeed to the hum of the spinning-wheel; the trill of the Italian opera to the nasal quaver of Ichabod Crane; and the antiquarian visitor to the Hollow, in the petulance of his disappointment, may pronounce all that I have recorded of that once spell-bound region, a fable.

GEOFFREY CRAYON.

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VINCENT EDEN;

OR, THE OXONIAN.

BY QUIP.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HIEROKOSMION.—AN AVOWAL.—A NUNEHAM PARTY.—THE BROTHERS.

THUS terminated, as recorded in our last chapter, the Freshman's first adventure with the Proctor; and, after a due participation in the sympathetic condolences of the social circle at present engaged in the discussion of Raffleton's champagne, on the subject of that gentleman's rustication, and a full explanation of the somewhat ludicrous circumstances which had led to it, he took his leave of the party, and prepared to return once more to his rooms with the firm determination of losing no time in setting about his imposition for the Reverend Burnaby Birch.

Just as he had descended the staircase a mild-looking personage with a snowy neckcloth, neatly-trimmed whiskers, and an appearance altogether strongly resembling that of a beneficed clergyman of the established church, glided into the passage, and, with the sweetest of smiles, volunteered to open the street-door for him.

"I beg you won't think of giving yourself any such trouble, sir," said Eden, wondering who the polite gentleman could be, and surmising that it might possibly be Raffleton's private tutor, lodging in the same house with him. "Really, sir—I must beg——"

"Trouble, sir!" said the mild man; "there *are* moments when trouble becomes a pleasure. Dear me!" added he, after fumbling at the door-handle for some time,—"dear me, this handle does stick so. Perhaps you would'nt mind walking round. This way, sir, if you please. I say," resumed the mild man, as Eden followed him through the passage,—"I say, I'm afraid our friend up there has got into a scrape with the Proctor this morning—eh?"

More fully convinced than ever of the relation in which the mild man stood to Raffleton by the interest which he evidently took in his welfare, Eden briefly narrated the circumstances of his friend's rustication.

"You don't say so!" ejaculated the mild man. "Ah!" proceeded he, halting suddenly, and catching Eden gently by the arm,—"ah! what a pity it is, my dear young sir, that youth will still be youth! What a pity it is, I say, that all those fine feelings, all those fervid aspirations, all that buoyancy and elasticity of spirit which belong to the spring-time of life, should only tempt their gay possessor to pass the

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rubicon of prudence as easily as—as he would a double post and rail. Ah!"

Here the mild man stopped short, and scrutinized Eden's face for a moment.

"Sir," he then resumed,—"sir, I give you my honour that, in losing Mr. Raffleton, I shall lose more than I can express. By the playfulness of his disposition, the profuseness of his liberality, the—I had almost said nobility of his manners, he has endeared himself to all the house. Ah! why will not Proctors remember that they too have once been young?"

Here the mild man suddenly threw open a door which led into a most extensive shop, evidently devoted to the tailoring business.

"You appear, sir," said the mild man, "to have been but a short time in Oxford. In that short time, however, it is not absolutely impossible that the name of Mr. Walrus and his Hierokosmion may have reached you."

"Mr. Walrus and *his what?*" asked Eden, fairly astonished at last beyond all power of suppression.

"Hierokosmion," said the mild man. "I am that Mr. Walrus—this is my Hierokosmion."

"Oh!" said Eden, becoming at once alive to the reason why the street-door had stuck, and he himself been invited to make his exit through the shop. "Oh! I see now."

"Yes," resumed Mr. Walrus, looking with an air of ineffable dignity, blended with extreme sweetness, round the shop; "this is my Hierokosmion, or temple of fashion; being a Greek word—as I need not tell *you*, sir, compounded of *hieron*—fashion, and *kosmos*—a temple. Bring down some of them summer waistcoatings, James."

James, who was the shop-boy, with a rival white tie to his master's, instantly proceeded to obey.

"Thank you," said Eden, "I'm not exactly in want of———"

"No, sir," said Mr. Walrus; "I should only wish you, as a friend of Mr. Raffleton's, just to glance over the establishment, with a view to future favours. More stripes, James. Our waterproof cloaks, sir, are unrivalled—allow me. There is a fact, sir, connected with these, which is, I believe, not generally known. You have heard of Grace Darling, of course, sir."

"Oh, yes," said Eden, somewhat at a loss to know what was coming next. "The lady who saved some lives at the wreck, you mean. Yes. Well———"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Walrus, mysteriously sinking his voice to a whisper,—"well, sir, it is not generally known,—as I said before,—but, during the whole of that tremendous storm, when the waves ran mountains high, and the rain fell in torrents round the frail boat in which they had embarked, that heroic girl and her aged parent were enveloped

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in two of my patent waterproofs, and were thus enabled to brave alike the blast and the billow in the cause of suffering humanity. I never see the picture of her, sir, but I identify myself in a manner with that cause. You smile, sir; I can refer to my books for the fact. 'Walrus waterproofs,' we used to call them before; 'Darling dreadnoughts' we call them ever since, for the alliteration, you perceive, sir. Some of them figured Egyptian silks in the window, Jemes."

"Yes," said Eden, "it's all very well; and you're very poetical, Mr. Walrus; but really I don't happen to ———"

"No, sir," said Mr. Walrus; "of course not—that is, at present. Sweet thing this rose and rhododendron pattern, sir. This is a nice quiet thing, too, for breakfasting with a tutor, or anything in a mild way. Allow me, sir; more to the light—so."

"You seem to have reduced the study of dress to a science," said Eden.

"Science, sir," said the mild man; "I believe you. Science! ah! where should we be without it? We, sir, who breathe a classical air—who live, if I may be allowed the expression, in a logical atmosphere, unconsciously learn to systematise our ideas on the most trifling matters,—much more so on such a noble study as that of dress. There are in Oxford, sir, four sorts of dress: in a logical moment I divided them. There is, first, the quiet, or gentlemanly; secondly, the romantic, or ultra-gorgeous; and thirdly, the sporting, or cord-and-cut-away costume; and, fourthly, the domestic, or dirty; which last is confined solely to reading-men. Jemes, show the gentleman that romantic dress-waistcoat we made for the Earl of May to go to the Woodstock ball in. Singularly ultra-gorgeous, is it not, sir?"

If there be any among my readers whose lot it has been, even as it once was mine, to be exposed, as Freshmen, to the tender mercies of Mr. Walrus, they will readily believe that our hero found himself utterly unable to extricate himself from the meshes of the "Hierokosmion," until he had been fairly (or rather unfairly) seduced into an order for a full suit of "quiet or gentlemanly" vestments.

"And mind you let me have them soon, Mr. Walrus," said Eden: "or else, you know, 'youth will still be youth,' and I shall come and blow you up."

"Youth be d—d!" said the mild man, in the surliest of tones, and with a total change of manner, as his new customer quitted the shop. "I say, Jemes," shouted this double-faced Janus of the Temple of Fashion,—"Jemes, that Raffleton's been and got rusticated at last. I knew he would before long. You see and get the money for his lodgings out of him this blessed day, and make him give me a note of hand, payable at three months, for his tailor's bill, or else I'll put him in the Vice-Chancellor's Court before he goes, and keep him there all the Long Vacation, tell him."

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Shortly after Eden's departure from the "Temple of Fashion," he was joined in his rooms by Mr. Richardson Lane, who had stopped at Raffleton's to see the champagne out.

"That Raffleton," said he, "is a most extraordinary fellow."

"Yes, he is," *said* Eden. "And you're something in the same way," he *thought*.

"What on earth do you think he's going to do before he goes?" pursued his friend.

"I am sure I haven't the faintest idea," was the answer—and the truth.

"Soon after you left us," said Mr. Lane, "his landlord, Walrus—you've seen Walrus, perhaps?"

"I have," replied Eden; and a visit of the "quiet or gentlemanly" suit that was to be, rose up in judgment before him as he said so.

"Well," said his friend, "well—Walrus took it into his head to send up his compliments and his bill to Raffleton, and said he was going to be paid, or some such nonsense—which, of course, our friend seemed to think was a fiction. Well, Walrus came up himself—got rather savage—and began to talk about the Vice-Chancellor's Court, and so on. Raffleton's conduct was beautiful; an angel couldn't have behaved better. 'Mr Walrus,' said he, 'will you take a glass of champagne to begin with?'

"'No, sir,' said the infuriated Walrus, 'I will not take a glass of champagne to begin with. I want my money—that's all about it.'

"'Mr. Walrus,' said Raffleton, 'don't let us quarrel. I am about, as you see, to do a little "*Future in rus*,"—as the school-boy said when he got to the last but one of the Latin participles.'

"'I don't want any of your jokes,' said the monster, 'I want my money, or a note of hand.'

"'Well, Mr. Walrus,' said our friend; 'of course, if you must have the note of hand, you must. At three months, you say?'

"The mercenary monster assented.

"'You shall have it,' said Raffleton, who had evidently got some scheme into his head. 'Give it me now, and I'll sign it. *Now*, will you take a glass of champagne?'

"The mollified Walrus took the wine and drank it.

"'Walrus,' said our friend—'Walrus, you are a trump!"

"The trump looked as if he was about to deny the character.

"'You are,' said Raffleton—'you know you are. Now I know I behaved very rudely to you on Saturday night, and I should like to make you some amends. I'll tell you what it is. To-morrow is the terminal jubilee of "The Brothers,"—a club of which I am president, and I've engaged to dine at Nuneham with them, and so start by the mail afterwards. Now, if you like to come down and dine with us—I can take a friend—at Nuneham—house-boat, and so on, you

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know—why, the club will be very glad to see you, that's all. Eh? what do you say?'

"The Walrus," said Mr. Lane, "was in such a good humour at getting his promissory note, that he assented immediately. Now, I know our friend means to make a fool of him somehow; but how he wouldn't say. All I know is, there's sure to be some fun or other; and, if you would like to come and meet the Walrus, each member can take a friend, and *you* shall dine with me."

It is needless to say that Eden accepted Mr. Richardson Lane's invitation for the following day; having conceived a violent curiosity to be made acquainted with the nature of the plot which it was too evident had been formed against the unsuspecting Walrus, and, at the same time, to become a witness of the proceedings of a club so original as one boasting "The Brothers" for its name, Mr. John Raffleton for its president, and Mr. Richardson Lane for one of its members, could not possibly fail to prove.

At the appointed hour, our hero was carried off by Mr. Richardson Lane to the scene of embarkation for Nuneham. On their arrival at the river side, they found the barge belonging to Messrs. Davis and King already thronged with a large assembly of "Brothers," some smoking, some stepping first out of the barge into the house-boat, and then back again out of the house-boat into the barge; some making very particular inquiries concerning the quantity of champagne ordered, and others following their example respecting the number of quarts of ice; all, however, behaving in the most fraternal manner, and all clad alike in the full uniform of the club, with white hats, white trousers, white waistcoats, and elegant buttons to their light green coats, with the delicately chased initials of the "Brothers' Club" in deep relief upon their surface. In the centre stood Raffleton, exhorting and imploring everybody to get into the house-boat, which was a capital imitation of the children's pictures of Noah's Ark, and about to be manned by almost as miscellaneous and extraordinary a crew, as soon as they possibly could; and close to him appeared a mild, benevolent-looking individual, whom, in spite of the total alteration of costume which he had adopted, Eden had no difficulty in recognising as the illustrious proprietor of the Hierokosmion.

The theory on dress with which the mild man had favoured Eden on the preceding day had certainly been reduced to practice on the present occasion, in the adornment of the theorist's own proper person. The "quiet, or gentlemanly" suit of black had been replaced by a most "romantic, or ultra-gorgeous" blue checked shirt, with a picturesque and nautically-knotted neckcloth; a blue jacket, with fancy buttons representing a dolphin in the act of swallowing an anchor, which seemed uncommonly likely to choke him; a pair of voluminous white trousers and blue ribbed silk stockings, terminating in what

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might, at first sight, have been taken for two small and shining patches of black sticking-plaister, but which in reality were pumps, with an enormous pair of horns to them, which looked a great deal more like pump-handles than pump-strings.

In short, Mr. Walrus had done it, and he was fully aware of the circumstance. Meanwhile Raffleton kept alternately treading on the patches of sticking-plaister, and stirring him up with a boat-hook, to make him lay aside his benevolent and solemn air, and look what he called "lively." After which he would turn to another tall, stout, jolly-looking personage, who was the crack hatter and mercer of Oxford, and had been asked, as well for his own convivial qualities, as to keep the proprietor of the Hierokosmion in countenance, and inquire with a grave air "if he did not think Walrus was quite the sailor?" And then the mercer would acquiesce, and the proprietor of the Hierokosmion would lay his hand upon his heart, look more benevolent than ever, and say it was the least he could do upon such an occasion as the present.

Just before the house-boat was about to be put in motion by two antique animals meant for horses, and attached (with a boy) to the other end of a chain extending from the boat itself, Raffleton returned from a private conference which he had been holding for the last five minutes with Mr. King, the proprietor of the various craft destined to convey the "Brothers" and their fortunes on their expedition.

"I think," said Raffleton, "upon consideration, that the dinner and the champagne, and all that, will be safer with me than with you. You shall all go in the house-boat, and I'll go on with the eatables in a four-oar. Let me see—who is there will come with me? Eden, you're light, you shall steer; I'll look after the provisions—and the crew must be Duffil, Dean,—yes, and Ravelall," (here he winked at the mercer, who returned it)—"and—ah, to be sure—and Walrus for bow-oar. Yes."

The proprietor of the Hierokosmion began to say that he wasn't much of a hand at pulling, but was instantly cut short.

"Not pull!" said Raffleton, with an expression of supreme incredulity. "Do you mean for one moment to tell me that that shirt, and those trousers, and those pumps," (here he trod heavily upon the last mentioned articles,) "and those stockings, haven't been used to pulling all their lives? Oh! come—that's too good. Come along—in with you—none of your modesty—eh? Not pull!—that's capital. Come along!"

The unfortunate man was immediately bundled into the boat by Ravelall, the mercer, who seemed to have received private orders to make him as miserable as possible; and away went the four-oar, Eden steering, and Raffleton sitting on six dozen of champagne, and a portable ice-house in the bows, and, as he said, looking out for rocks

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a-head, but in reality gloating with a fiend-like satisfaction upon the evident anxiety of the would-be-gentlemanly Walrus concerning the management of his oar. First of all he struck himself a severe blow on the nose with it; and then somehow or other it would slip out of the rowlock, and nearly drag him into the water after it; while, to make his misery complete, the athletic mercer, who was a sort of Crichton in Oxford, and could do everything better than anybody else, gave a tremendously fast and fatiguing stroke, admirably followed up by Messrs. Duffil and Dean, who both belonged to a racing-boat; and Raffleton, after searching through a provision-basket, was busily engaged in painting a miniature representation of the interior of the Hierokosmion, in mustard, upon the exterior of its proprietor's white trousers, as he bobbed backwards and forwards. Every now and then the miserable man caught a crab, and up went the patches of sticking-plaister into the air, and down went his head into his tormentor's lap.

"*Time!*" shouted Raffleton, and "*Time!*" echoed Messrs. Ravelall, Duffil, and Dean to the wretched Walrus, to whom the voyage to Nuneham seemed a great deal more like a very painful fore-glimmering of eternity.

On—on they went.—Iffley and Sandford, each in their turn, receded and disappeared from the seared and scorched eyesight of the miserable man, till Nuneham's gay green shores, with their rustic bowers and picturesque bridge, received the gliding boat, and the unfortunate galley-slave was allowed at last to throw himself upon the grass with a countenance tortured into the fac-simile of a full-blown peony after a heavy shower, and listen to Raffleton's encomiums on the beauty of the day and refreshing warmth of the sun, with sundry little parentheses as to what a deal of good it would do, and how thankful they ought to be for it. It might have been a mistake, too,—but Eden certainly did fancy, as he assisted the waiters, who had preceded them, in removing the cargo up the bank, that he heard something very like an actual and formal denunciation of the whole "Brotherhood," and everything appertaining to them, issue from the parched and panting lips of their prostrate and ungrateful guest.

"Bill at three months, eh?" muttered Raffleton, as he passed the prostrate Walrus.

The arrival of the house-boat, and the landing of the "Brothers," was hailed by the most tremendous shouts; three musicians, hired for the occasion, struck up a lively tune; dinner served up on a long range of tables on the lawn, and down they sat, with the president at the head of the table, ably supported by Mr. Richardson Lane at the other extremity, and the once more mild and benevolent looking proprietor of the Hierokosmion carefully encased, within drinking distance of everybody, between the jovial mercer and a three-bottle gentleman from Brazen-Nose, specially retained for the purpose, as Raffleton

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said, of putting the Walrus into his native element, and seeing him half seas over when he got there. Shortly after, every one seemed to be seized with a violent desire to drink wine with him; and, the effect probably of his health being drunk so often, his benevolent face began gradually to assume an aspect of the most roseate and salubrious hue. Meanwhile Mr. Duffil, who was seated next Eden, began to compliment him on the manner in which he had steered the boat.

"Oh, I'm used to the water," said Eden; "I live near the sea."

"This is your first term in Trinity," said Mr. Duffil, who was also of that college. "I wish we had some more Freshmen like you."

"Why?" asked Eden.

"You look very strong," remarked Mr. Duffil, answering his question somewhat indirectly.

"I am, pretty well," said Eden, "thank you."

"I know you must be," was the rejoinder. "I saw you move the college-roller in the garden yesterday."

Eden smiled. This was the identical college-roller for the loan of which Mr. John Tomes had petitioned the Dean.

"Noble exercise, boating," said Mr. Duffil. "Some champagne."

"With pleasure," said Eden. "It *is* a fine exercise."

"The honour of Trinity," said Mr. Duffil, who was getting rather excited,—"the honour of Trinity must be maintained."

"Oh! of course," said Eden, not exactly seeing how.

"Thews and sinews are the things," said Mr. Duffil, who resembled a Hercules in white trousers, minus his club.

"They are," said Eden, rather wondering what they were the things for.

"Take another glass of champagne," said Mr. Duffil. "Would —would you like to belong to our racing-boat?"

"Oh!" said Eden, beginning at last to understand. "I don't know. I know nothing about your rules,—your system of racing here,—your——"

"Very simple," said Mr. Duffil. "You subscribe five pounds."

"Yes," said Eden. "Very simple that."

"You get up at five o'clock every morning, and practise down to Iffley in a two-oar."

"Hem!" said Eden, who, if the truth must be known, was rather too fond of his bed for a hero.

"Then, in the evening, you go down to Sandford in the regular racing-boat, play skittles, and come up again best pace," said his informant.

"Ah!" said Eden, "I see."

"The diet is the principal thing," said Mr. Duffil. "You are fined a shilling every time you touch ice, or pastry, or drink more than two glasses of wine."

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"Oh!" said Eden, eyeing his friend's glass, and a large vase of ice which had just been placed before him, alternately.

"And a guinea every time you speak to a pretty girl," said Mr. Duffil.

"What's that for?" asked Eden.

"I don't know exactly," said Mr. Duffil. "They say it tends to—to make one effeminate, I believe."

"Ah!" said Eden. "I really—I don't think I should like it much. I say, what's going to be done?" The cloth had been removed, and the jolly mercer had been called upon for a song, not in vain.

"I will give you, gentlemen," said Mr. Ravelall, "if you will allow me, one I had the honour of composing myself for the gentlemen of a certain college, which shall be nameless, on the occasion of their commons being somewhat unmercifully curtailed by their head. It is called

"THE STARVED STUDENTS' STAVE.

"Oh! feel you no shame, Mr. Dean,
For your pitiful 'Rules of Reduction?'
Fire and famine! it soon will be seen
That we can't live, like snipes, upon suction.

"Who can doubt but you like '*quantum suff.*?'
And you have it, or else I'm mistaken;
Then, surely, you should not speak gruff
Because gentlemen fry their own bacon;

"Because noblemen gridirons keep,
A steak or a kidney to put on;
Or, now and then ride over sheep,
Being compelled, sir, to kill their own mutton.

"Are we sent here apprenticed to cooks,
To learn to dress larks, or pluck pigeons?
How can we attend to our books
While dangling our woodcocks or widgeons?

"As gentlemen, gentlemen treat;
And you'll never have reason to rue it:
But, in Heaven's name! sir, give us more meat—
Or we'll—yes, sir, you'd better look to it.

"We'll pull down old Wolsey, and stew him;
Vi et armis the larder we'll storm;
We'll appeal to some *Rad—nor* cease through him
To clamour for 'Victualling Reform.'

"And, although we should fail in this measure,
Still no longer we'll bow to your rod;
For, we'll e'en come it Nebuchadnezzar,
And eat all the grass in 'Tom Quad.'"

Tumultuous cheers from the whole family of Brothers crowned the conclusion of the merry mercer's endeavour to promote the hilarity of the meeting; in the midst of which the thin, shrill treble of the, by this time, uproarious Walrus was distinctly heard above the universal din.

"I say," screamed he, "I tell you what it is, Ravelall. If you'll just write me a bang-up puff about the Hierokosmion, to sing at pub-

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lic meetings, eh! I wouldn't—no, that I wouldn't—grudge finding you in the Irish labourer's dress, a stock, and a pair of gaiters, gratis for nothing all the year round;—eh? come, that's fair: or, I wouldn't mind, if it couldn't be done without, flinging you a flash cut-away coat in, with fly-away flaps, and buttons—Lord bless you!—as bang these here Brummagem concerns of the Brothers, or whatever they call themselves, all to bits—eh?"

"Silence!" shouted Ravelall, cramming both fists into the open mouth of the obstreperous Walrus, who had long ago forgotten all that he ever knew about playing it gentlemanly; and "Silence!" shouted the whole chorus of Brothers. The vice-president was on his legs. He was proposing the health of their inestimable but exiled president, John Raffleton, Esq., and his speedy return.

Enthusiastically was that toast drunk, and majestically did the subject thereof glance round the festive board, as, after a glance expressive of supreme satisfaction at the rapid progress which the Walrus was evidently making under the joint auspices of the jovial mercer and his coadjutor from Brazen-Nose, he slowly and solemnly rose to return thanks for the honour just done him. He commenced by observing that hitherto, in addressing them, his feelings had ever been, like the champagne before them, unadulterated and sparkling. But, upon the present occasion, the chalk of pain was mingled with the cream of pleasure—so much so that his sensations rather resembled the half-and-half in which his friend, Mr. Walrus, had indulged at the villages, where they had halted on their voyage. (Several "Hear, hears!" and a particularly drunken one from Mr. Walrus.) And how had that chalk been inserted? By whom had that half-and-half been compounded? By one whose very name would cast a cloud over their present happiness; by one whom he would leave to the cries of his own conscience, and those of that innocent babe, to whom, he trusted, he had by this time rendered the justice which was its due. That individual—he might be permitted to say, that miscreant—had doomed him to a temporary exile from the Brothers whom he had loved so long and so well. (Loud groans and hisses.) It was not his intention to expiate upon the origin or merits of that festive and fraternal society, which he now saw around him, he feared, for the last time. Everybody knew, who knew anything at all, that, while there were Political Clubs, Professional Clubs, Boating Clubs, Boxing Clubs, Singing Clubs, Archery Clubs, Military Clubs, and Naval Clubs, to be met with in all directions, there was but one club which had for its express aim and object, its sole and common bond of union, it's very essence of fraternity, the promotion of FUN! (Tremendous cheering.) He called upon them all, as men and brethren, to state whether, during the presidency of the unworthy ("No! no!") individual who now addressed them, the cause of

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"Fun" had, or had not, been promoted to the best of his ability. It would be egotism on his part to recount the various funny exploits which he had, as a member of the brotherhood, instigated, participated in, or performed. He would not pay so poor a compliment to the memory of any individual present as to suppose that he could by any possibility have forgotten the celebrated cracker case, ("Hear, hear!") when squibs were inserted in the box intended for the reception of the Prize Poems; and the Registrar of the University was thrown into fits, which lasted ten days, in consequence. Neither could he imagine that that night—that memorable night—would ever fade from their memories, when a chosen band of Brothers sallied forth with carving-knives from a late supper, scaled the school-railings, and brought away the noses and whiskers of three out of the thirteen illustrious stone busts which surmounted them. The abduction of the sign-board from the "Three Goats," and its subsequent elevation over the Vice-Chancellor's door,—was that a thing to be forgotten? It was not: neither was the similar case of the optician's sign; the gigantic spectacles taken forcibly from over the shop-door, and adapted, he might say, by his particular request, to the large metal proboscis which looked down from the gates of Brazen-Nose College. In all these feats, trifling as they might be, he might without vanity be permitted to remind them that he, as their president, as their elder brother, had played a prominent part. (Here the applause became perfectly frightful.) He trusted that, ere he that night left them, he should be enabled to show them yet more fun. The painful part of his duty now remained for him to discharge. He must resign that post, which would ever be cherished by him in memory as a sign-post which pointed back to the blissful days which he had spent among them.

The orator concluded by proposing Mr. Richardson Lane, of Trinity, as their future president, and Mr. Fluke, of Christ Church, as vice-president; and, the motion being carried unanimously and univocally, sat down, covered with applause and perspiration.

Here a somewhat inebriated Brother rose to propose the rather curious toast of "The health of that sporting gentleman, the Archbishop of York, who kindly permits his grounds to be devoted to such jolly meetings as the present." This being drunk, another, and still more inebriated Brother, suggested the propriety of the admission of the statues of Cain and Abel in the Brazen-nose quadrangle as honorary members of the Brothers' Club. This was, however, overruled by the new President, whose health followed, backed by a long and somewhat inarticulate speech; after which the Brothers got rather noisy, and gradually deserted their seats to join in the classical games of leap-frog and foot-racing. And a truly edifying spectacle it was to see the mild, the philanthropic Walrus knuckling down for everybody, knocked down by everybody, and picked up by Ravelall on purpose to be

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knocked down as soon as any body was ready at the former of those noble pastimes.

At last, to Eden's unspeakable delight, Raffleton proposed that they should mount the two jaded wretches of quadrupeds who had dragged the house-boat, and revive the tilts and tournaments of bygone days. This device was, it is needless to say, specially designed for the further torture of the unsuspecting Walrus; who, accordingly, being a great deal too far gone to make any resistance, was speedily equipped in a table-cloth for a mantle, a boat-hook for a lance, and a dish-cover tied on his head with a handkerchief for a helmet. He was then placed, forthwith, upon the worst horse, and ridden at by Raffleton with another boat-hook on the other animal, for the space of a quarter of an hour, at the rate of two severe pokes with the boat-hook and one tumble per minute, to the excessive gratification of the Brothers assembled,—particularly those who owed him anything.

"Bill at three months, eh?" said Raffleton, as he helped to pick him up for the last time.

Evening closed in upon the frolicsome festivities of the Brothers; the hour for parting arrived; the house-boat was, after considerable difficulty in collecting straggling members of the fraternity, once more manned; the four-oar fastened astern; the three musicians installed upon the roof, and a merry tune struck up for the more lively of the Brothers to dance to; while Messrs. Raffleton, Richardson Lane, and Duffil sat down to play whist with a "Dummy" below. This amusement, however, they were shortly compelled to abandon, in consequence of Mr. Lane's manifesting a strange disposition to kick the aforesaid "Dummy" under the table for not playing right, as he said; and, failing in discovering the exact pair of legs belonging to that much calumniated gentleman, kicking all those that he could find instead.

Night came on before they reached Oxford; but there was a moon for those on deck, and a lamp, which shone dimly down upon the cabin-table, shone also down upon three figures. One of these was passive, being extended at full length upon the table with his eyes closed and his mouth open. The other two were anxiously inspecting him.

"He's sound asleep at last," whispered one of them. It was the jovial mercer.

"I see," was the answer. "Hush! I think it will do now."

And Raffleton, for he it was, went cautiously towards a little cupboard. When he returned to the table, one hand held a large iron pot, full of something which smelt uncommonly like tar, and the other a small canvass-bag.

"Now then," whispered Raffleton. "Gently!"

So soundly did their victim slumber,—so well had the champagne done its work,—that not a quiver of the limbs, not a murmur of the lips escaped from the lifeless-looking mass of humanity, till a layer of

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tar, and a thick sprinkling of feathers, had so disguised that once mild and benevolent countenance, that an ornithologist would have hailed it as a most felicitous and full-grown specimen of an hitherto undiscovered tribe of owls.

"Bill at three months, eh?" said the late president of the Brothers' Club, hardly able to restrain himself and Ravelall from shouting aloud in their glee.

"This *is* delicious," said the mercer. "Hush! he'll awake."

The fear was vain. The eyes opened once, but the Walrus saw not out of them; champagne was over all his faculties,—he was insensible.

As the clocks gave out the last quarter to eleven, a long procession might have been seen proceeding through several by-lanes in the direction of —— College. It was not exactly the shortest way that they took; but it was the quietest. There was no policeman in their route.

The four first and steadiest of the procession bore a man's body and an owl's head along upon their shoulders. At the gate of the College these four halted, set the figure upon its legs, threw a handkerchief over its head, knocked, entered unchallenged by the porter, and halted once more at a door on the ground-floor. The rest of the procession remained outside the gates.

The handkerchief was removed,—the figure placed upon its knees at the door,—a tremendous series of knocks given,—and a retreat effected to their companions outside the gate.

That knock was no common knock. He who heard it had been used to knocks of all kinds. The cunning single knock of a dun had been familiar to him of yore,—the timid double knock of an undergraduate was his daily delight,—but he had never heard such a knocking as this! He was undressing, but he rushed out.

To have seen the Reverend Burnaby Birch at any time would have been a treat,—to have seen him in a flannel waistcoat, flannel dressing-gown, and flannel drawers, a great treat; but to have seen him, as he now stood, with the face of astonishment which crowned those articles of clothing, would have been a treat far greater than either.

There was a pause. The Reverend Burnaby was trying to remember which it was,—Guy Faux Day, or the First of May. Neither Guy Faux nor the chimney-sweepers wore feathers on their face—it could be neither. In speechless horror he gazed on the prostrate figure before him, who had fallen off his knees on his head, where he lay face upwards.

"Who—what—are you?" said the reverend gentleman, having ascertained that the figure did not bite.

No answer,—and a tremendous shake from the interrogator.

"Who are you?" roared he.

"Hier—Hiero—" came faintly from the feathers.

"Who's Hiero?" said the Reverend Burnaby.

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"Kos—kosmion," said the feathers.

"*Eh?*" screamed the Proctor.

"Bro—brothers," in-articulated the feathers.

"What's your name?" shrieked the Reverend Burnaby.

"It's—it's on—my shirt," was the interesting and indistinct reply.

The Reverend Burnaby grew furious. It must be another practical joke of the departed and distinguished foreigners. He rushed to the opposite door, knocked the Rev. James Smiler up, and held a consultation over him of the feathers.

At last an undergraduate who was passing by, amid screams of laughter, recognised the proprietor of the Hierokosmion.

The Reverend James Smiler first said "Good Heavens!" and then thought it would be best to take him home. Accordingly they summoned the only scout not gone out of College, and dragged their half insensible burthen up the High Street. The door opened, and a female mouth with it; there was a fearful scream, and the talons of the female Walrus were imbedded in the cheeks of the Reverend Burnaby Birch.

"Stand—stand off, woman!" roared the Reverend Burnaby.

"Murder!" screamed the Reverend James Smiler.

"I'll murder everybody!" burst from the feminine fury.

"Hurrah!" said the undergraduate, pulling at the gown of the virago.

"Who did it?" shouted Mrs. Walrus.

"I'm the Proctor!" screamed Burnaby.

The light fell upon the velvet sleeves—he was the Proctor. In an instant his assailant fell off, cried out for pardon, caressed the feathers, and sobbed unceasingly.

From the yard of the Mitre, about twenty individuals witnessed the whole transaction. They saw also that the conflicting parties appeared to part amicably at last; and as soon as they saw this, and the door was closed upon the feathers, a triumphant laugh broke from them. It is supposed from this, and from the additional circumstance of one of the party taking a most affectionate leave of them at the Angel, from his inquiring for sundry articles of luggage and clothing which had been sent there some time before, from his shortly after ascending the box of the London and Worcester mail, as well as from the words, "Bill at three months, eh?" which escaped him as he did so,—that those twenty individuals composed the Brothers' Club, and that the passenger to London was no other than their rusticated president.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ALHAMBRA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

DURING a summer's residence in the old Moorish palace of the Alhambra, of which I have already given numerous anecdotes to the public, I used to pass much of my time in the beautiful hall of the Abencerrages, beside the fountain celebrated in the tragic story of that devoted race. Here it was that thirty-six cavaliers of that heroic line were treacherously sacrificed, to appease the jealousy or allay the fears of a tyrant. The fountain, which now throws up its sparkling jet, and sheds a dewy freshness around, ran red with the

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noblest blood of Granada; and a deep stain on the marble pavement is still pointed out by the cicerones of the pile, as a sanguinary record of the massacre. I have regarded it with the same determined faith with which I have regarded the traditional stains of Rizzio's blood on the floor of the chamber of the unfortunate Mary, at Holyrood. I thank no one for endeavouring to enlighten my credulity on such points of popular belief. It is like breaking up the shrine of the pilgrim; it is robbing the poor traveller of half the reward of his toils; for, strip travelling of its historical illusions, and what a mere fag you make of it!

For my part, I gave myself up, during my sojourn in the Alhambra, to all the romantic and fabulous traditions connected with the pile. I lived in the midst of an Arabian tale, and shut my eyes as much as possible to everything that called me back to every-day life; and, if there is any country in Europe where one can do so, it is in poor, wild, legendary, proud-spirited, romantic Spain, where the old magnificent barbaric spirit still contends against the utilitarianism of modern civilisation.

In the silent and deserted halls of the Alhambra, surrounded with the insignia of regal sway, and the still vivid though dilapidated traces of oriental voluptuousness, I was in the stronghold of Moorish story, and everything spoke and breathed of the glorious days of Granada when under the dominion of the crescent. When I sat in the hall of the Abencerrages, I suffered my mind to conjure up all that I had read of that illustrious line. In the proudest days of Moslem domination, the Abencerrages were the soul of everything noble and chivalrous. The veterans of the family, who sat in the royal council, were the foremost to devise those heroic enterprises which carried dismay into the territories of the Christians; and what the sages of the family devised, the young men of the name were the foremost to execute. In all services of hazard, in all adventurous forays and hair-breadth hazards, the Abencerrages were sure to win the brightest laurels. In those noble recreations, too, which bear so close an affinity to war,—in the tilt and tourney, the riding at the ring, and the daring bull-fight,—still the Abencerrages carried off the palm. None could equal them for the splendour of their array, the gallantry of their devices; for their noble bearing and glorious horsemanship. Their open-handed munificence made them the idols of the populace, while their lofty magnanimity and perfect faith gained them golden opinions from the generous and high-minded. Never were they known to decry the merits of a rival, or to betray the confidings of a friend; and the "word of an Abencerrage" was a guarantee that never admitted of a doubt.

And then their devotion to the fair! Never did Moorish beauty consider the fame of her charms established until she had an Abencerrage for a lover; and never did an Abencerrage prove recreant to his vows. Lovely Granada! City of delights! Who ever bore the favours of thy dames more proudly on their casques, or championed them more gallantly in the chivalrous tilts of the Vivarambla? Or who ever made thy moon-lit balconies, thy gardens of myrtles and roses, of oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, respond to more tender serenades?

I speak with enthusiasm on this theme; for it is connected with the recollection of one of the sweetest evenings and sweetest scenes

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that ever I enjoyed in Spain. One of the greatest pleasures of the Spaniard is, to sit in the beautiful summer evenings, and listen to traditional ballads and tales about the wars of the Moors and Christians, and the "*buenas andanzas*" and "*grandes hechos*," the "good fortunes" and "great exploits" of the hardy warriors of yore. It is worthy of remark, also, that many of these songs, or romances, as they are called, celebrate the prowess and magnanimity in war, and the tenderness and fidelity in love, of the Moorish cavaliers, once their most formidable and heated foes. But centuries have elapsed to extinguish the bigotry of the zealot; and the once detested warriors of Granada are now held up by Spanish poets as the mirrors of chivalric virtue.

Such was the amusement of the evening in question. A number of us were seated in the Hall of the Abencerrages, listening to one of the most gifted and fascinating beings that I had ever met with in my wanderings. She was young and beautiful; and light and ethereal; full of fire, and spirit, and pure enthusiasm. She wore the fanciful Andalusian dress; touched the guitar with speaking eloquence; improvised with wonderful facility; and, as she became excited by her theme, or by the rapt attention of her auditors, would pour forth in the richest and most melodious strains a succession of couplets full of striking description or stirring narration, and composed, as I was assured, at the moment. Most of these were suggested by the place, and related to the ancient glories of Granada, and the prowess of her chivalry. The Abencerrages were her favourite heroes; she felt a woman's admiration of their gallant courtesy and high-souled honour; and it was touching and inspiring to hear the praises of that generous but devoted race chanted in this fated hall of their calamity by the lip of Spanish beauty.

Among the subjects of which she treated was a tale of Moslem honour, and old-fashioned Spanish courtesy, which made a strong impression on me. She disclaimed all merit of invention, however, and said she had merely dilated into verse a popular tradition; and, indeed, I have since found the main facts inserted at the end of Conde's History of the Domination of the Arabs, and the story itself embodied in the form of an episode in the Diana of Montemayor. From these sources I have drawn it forth, and endeavoured to shape it according to my recollection of the version of the beautiful minstrel; but alas! what can supply the want of that voice, that look, that form, that action, which gave magical effect to her chant, and held every one rapt in breathless admiration! Should this mere travesty of her inspired numbers ever meet her eye in her stately abode at Granada, may it meet with that indulgence which belongs to her benignant nature. Happy should I be if it could awaken in her bosom one kind recollection of the lonely stranger and sojourner for whose gratification she did not think it beneath her to exert those fascinating powers which were the delight of brilliant circles; and who will ever recall with enthusiasm the happy evening passed in listening to her strains in the moonlit halls of the Alhambra.

GEOFFREY CRAYON.

THE ABENCERRAGE.—A SPANISH TALE.

On the summit of a craggy hill, a spur of the mountains of Ronda, stands the castle of Allora, now a mere ruin, infested by bats and

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owlets, but in old times one of the strong border holds of the Christians, to keep watch upon the frontiers of the warlike kingdom of Granada, and to hold the Moors in check. It was a post always confided to some well-tried commander; and, at the time of which we treat, was held by Rodrigo de Narvaez, a veteran famed both among Moors and Christians, not only for his hardy feats of arms, but also for that magnanimous courtesy which should ever be entwined with the sterner virtues of the soldier.

The castle of Allora was a mere part of his command; he was Alcayde, or military governor of Antiquera, but he passed most of his time at this frontier post, because its situation on the borders gave more frequent opportunity for those adventurous exploits which were the delight of the Spanish chivalry. His garrison consisted of fifty chosen cavaliers, all well mounted and well appointed; with these he kept vigilant watch upon the Moslems, patrolling the roads, and paths, and defiles of the mountains, so that nothing could escape his eye; and now and then signalizing himself by some dashing foray into the very Vega of Granada.

On a fair and beautiful night in summer, when the freshness of the evening breeze had tempered the heat of day, the worthy Alcayde sallied forth, with nine of his cavaliers, to patrol the neighbourhood, and seek adventures. They rode quietly and cautiously, lest they should be overheard by Moorish scout or traveller; and kept along ravines and hollow ways, lest they should be betrayed by the glittering of the full moon upon their armour. Coming to where the road divided, the Alcayde directed five of his cavaliers to take one of the branches, while he, with the remaining four, would take the other. Should either party be in danger, the blast of a horn was to be the signal to bring their comrades to their aid.

The party of five had not proceeded far, when, in passing through a defile overhung with trees, they heard the voice of a man singing. They immediately concealed themselves in a grove on the brow of a declivity, up which the stranger would have to ascend. The moonlight, which left the grove in deep shadow, lit up the whole person of the wayfarer as he advanced, and enabled them to distinguish his dress and appearance with perfect accuracy. He was a Moorish cavalier; and his noble demeanour, graceful carriage, and splendid attire, showed him to be of lofty rank. He was superbly mounted on a dapple-grey steed, of powerful frame and generous spirit, and magnificently caparisoned. His dress was a marlota, or tunic, and an albernoz of crimson damask fringed with gold. His Tunisian turban, of many folds, was of silk and cotton striped, and bordered with golden fringe. At his girdle hung a scimitar of Damascus steel, with loops and tassels of silk and gold. On his left arm he bore an ample target, and his right hand grasped a long double-pointed lance. Thus equipped, he sat negligently on his steed, as one who dreamed of no danger, gazing on the moon, and singing, with a sweet and manly voice, a Moorish love-ditty.

Just opposite the place where the Spanish cavaliers were concealed, was a small fountain in the rock, beside the road, to which the horse turned to drink; the rider threw the reins on his neck, and continued his song.

The Spanish cavaliers conferred together; they were all so pleased with the gallant and gentle appearance of the Moor that they resolved

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not to harm, but to capture him, which, in his negligent mood, promised to be an easy task; rushing, therefore, from their concealment, they thought to surround and seize him. Never were men more mistaken. To gather up his reins, wheel round his steed, brace his buckler, and couch his lance, was the work of an instant; and there he sat, fixed like a castle in his saddle, beside the fountain.

The Christian cavaliers checked their steeds, and reconnoitred him warily, loath to come to an encounter which must end in his destruction.

The Moor now held a parley: "If you be true knights," said he, "and seek for honourable fame, come on singly, and I am ready to meet each in succession; but, if you be mere lurkers of the road, intent on spoil, come all at once, and do your worst!"

The cavaliers communed for a moment apart, when one, advancing singly, exclaimed; "Although no law of chivalry obliges us to risk the loss of a prize when clearly in our power, yet we willingly grant, as a courtesy, what we might refuse as a right. Valiant Moor! defend thyself!"

So saying, he wheeled, took proper distance, couched his lance, and putting spurs to his horse, made at the stranger. The latter met him in mid career, transpierced him with his lance, and threw him headlong from his saddle. A second and a third succeeded, but were unhorsed with equal facility, and thrown to the earth, severely wounded. The remaining two, seeing their comrades thus roughly treated, forgot all compact of courtesy, and charged both at once upon the Moor. He parried the thrust of one, but was wounded by the other in the thigh, and, in the shock and confusion, dropped his lance. Thus disarmed, and closely pressed, he pretended to fly, and was hotly pursued. Having drawn the two cavaliers some distance from the spot, he suddenly wheeled short about, with one of those dexterous movements for which the Moorish horsemen were renowned; passed swiftly between them, swung himself down from his saddle, so as to catch up his lance; then, lightly replacing himself, turned to renew the combat.

Seeing him thus fresh for the encounter, as if just issued from his tent, one of the cavaliers put his lips to his horn, and blew a blast that soon brought the Alcayde and his four companions to the spot.

The valiant Narvaez, seeing three of his cavaliers extended on the earth, and two others hotly engaged with the Moor, was struck with admiration, and coveted the contest with so accomplished a warrior. Interfering in the fight, he called upon his followers to desist, and, addressing the Moor with courteous words, invited him to a more equal combat. The latter readily accepted the challenge. For some time their contest was fierce and doubtful, and the Alcayde had need of all his skill and strength to ward off the blows of his antagonist. The Moor, however, was exhausted by previous fighting, and by loss of blood. He no longer sat his horse firmly, nor managed him with his wonted skill. Collecting all his strength for a last assault, he rose in his stirrups, and made a violent thrust with his lance; the Alcayde received it upon his shield, and at the same time wounded the Moor in the right arm; then, closing in the shock, he grasped him in his arms, dragged him from his saddle, and fell with him to the earth; when, putting his knee upon his breast, and his dagger to his throat, "Cavalier!" exclaimed he, "render thyself my prisoner, for thy life is in my hands!"

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"Kill me rather," replied the Moor, "for death would be less grievous than loss of liberty."

The Alcayde, however, with the clemency of the truly brave, assisted the Moor to rise, ministered to his wounds with his own hands, and had him conveyed with great care to the castle of Allora. His wounds were slight, and in a few days were nearly cured; but the deepest wound had been inflicted on his spirit. He was constantly buried in a profound melancholy.

The Alcayde, who had conceived a great regard for him, treated him more as a friend than a captive, and tried in every way to cheer him, but in vain; he was always sad and moody, and when on the battlements of the castle, would keep his eyes turned to the south with a fixed and wistful gaze.

"How is this?" exclaimed the Alcayde, reproachfully, "that you, who were so hardy and fearless in the field, should lose all spirit in prison? If any secret grief preys on your heart, confide it to me as to a friend, and I promise you, on the faith of a cavalier, that you shall have no cause to repent the disclosure."

The Moorish knight kissed the hand of the Alcayde. "Noble cavalier," said he, "that I am cast down in spirit is not from my wounds, which are slight; nor from my captivity, for your kindness has robbed it of all gloom; nor from my defeat, for to be conquered by so accomplished and renowned a cavalier is no disgrace. But, to explain to you the cause of my grief, it is necessary to give you some particulars of my story; and this I am moved to do by the great sympathy you have manifested toward me, and the magnanimity that shines through all your actions.

"Know, then, that my name is Abendaraez, and that I am of the noble but unfortunate line of the Abencerrages of Granada. You have doubtless heard of the destruction that fell upon our race. Charged with treasonable designs, of which they were entirely innocent, many of them were beheaded, the rest banished; so that not an Abencerrage was permitted to remain in Granada, excepting my father and my uncle, whose innocence was proved, even to the satisfaction of their persecutors. It was decreed, however, that, should they have children, the sons should be educated at a distance from Granada, and the daughters should be married out of the kingdom.

"Conformably to this decree, I was sent, while yet an infant, to be reared in the fortress of Cartama, the worthy Alcayde of which was an ancient friend of my father. He had no children, and received me into his family as his own child, treating me with the kindness and affection of a father, and I grew up in the belief that he really was such. A few years afterwards his wife gave birth to a daughter; but his tenderness towards me continued undiminished. I thus grew up with Xarisa, for so the infant daughter of the Alcayde was called, as her own brother, and thought the growing passion which I felt for her was mere fraternal affection. I beheld her charms unfolding, as it were, leaf by leaf, like the morning rose, each moment disclosing fresh beauty and sweetness.

"At this period I overheard a conversation between the Alcayde and his confidential domestic, and found myself to be the subject. 'It is time,' said he, 'to apprise him of his parentage, that he may adopt a career in life. I have deferred the communication as long

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as possible, through reluctance to inform him that he is of a proscribed and an unlucky race.'

"This intelligence would have overwhelmed me at an earlier period; but the intimation that Xarisa was not my sister operated like magic, and in an instant transformed my brotherly affection into ardent love.

"I sought Xarisa, to impart to her the secret I had learned. I found her in the garden, in a bower of jessamines, arranging her beautiful hair by the mirror of a crystal fountain. The radiance of her beauty dazzled me. I ran to her with open arms, and she received me with a sister's embraces. When we had seated ourselves beside the fountain, she began to upbraid me for leaving her so long alone.

"In reply, I informed her of the conversation I had overheard. The recital shocked and distressed her. 'Alas!' cried she, 'then is our happiness at an end!'

"'How!' exclaimed I, 'wilt thou cease to love me, because I am not thy brother?'

"'Not so,' replied she; 'but do you not know that when it is once known we are not brother and sister, we can no longer be permitted to be thus always together?'

"In fact, from that moment our intercourse took a new character. We met often at the fountain among the jessamines; but Xarisa no longer advanced with open arms to meet me. She became reserved and silent, and would blush and cast down her eyes, when I seated myself beside her. My heart became a prey to the thousand doubts and fears that ever attend upon true love. I was restless and uneasy, and looked back with regret to the unreserved intercourse that had existed between us, when we supposed ourselves brother and sister; yet I would not have had the relationship true for the world.

"While matters were in this state between us, an order came from the king of Granada for the Alcayde to take command of the fortress of Coyn, which lies directly on the Christian frontier. He prepared to remove with all his family, but signified that I should remain at Cartama. I exclaimed against the separation, and declared that I could not be parted from Xarisa. 'That is the very cause,' said he, 'why I leave thee behind. It is time, Abendaraez, that thou shouldst know the secret of thy birth—that thou art no son of mine, neither is Xarisa thy sister.' 'I know it all!' exclaimed I, 'and I love her with tenfold the affection of a brother. You have brought us up together; you have made us necessary to each other's happiness; our hearts have entwined themselves with our growth; do not now tear them asunder. Fill up the measure of your kindness; be indeed a father to me, by giving me Xarisa for my wife.'

"The brow of the Alcayde darkened as I spoke. 'Have I then been deceived?' said he. 'Have those nurtured in my very bosom been conspiring against me? Is this your return for my paternal tenderness?—to beguile the affections of my child, and teach her to deceive her father? It was cause enough to refuse thee the hand of my daughter that thou wert of a proscribed race, who can never approach the walls of Granada. This, however, I might have passed

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over; but never will I give my daughter to a man who has endeavoured to win her from me by deception.'

"All my attempts to vindicate myself and Xarisa were unavailing. I retired in anguish from his presence, and, seeking Xarisa, told her of this blow, which was worse than death to me. 'Xarisa,' said I, 'we part for ever! I shall never see thee more! Thy father will guard thee rigidly. Thy beauty and his wealth will soon attract some happier rival, and I shall be forgotten!'

"Xarisa reproached me with my want of faith, and promised me eternal constancy. I still doubted and desponded, until, moved by my anguish and despair, she agreed to a secret union. Our espousals made, we parted, with a promise on her part to send me word from Coyn, should her father absent himself from the fortress. The very day after our secret nuptials, I beheld the whole train of the Alcayde depart from Cartama; nor would he admit me to his presence, or permit me to bid farewell to Xarisa. I remained at Cartama, somewhat pacified in spirit by this secret bond of union; but everything around me fed my passion, and reminded me of Xarisa. I saw the windows at which I had so often beheld her. I wandered through the apartment she had inhabited, the chamber in which she had slept. I visited the bower of jessamines, and lingered beside the fountain in which she had delighted. Everything recalled her to my imagination, and filled my heart with tender melancholy.

"At length a confidential servant brought me word that her father was to depart that day for Granada on a short absence, inviting me to hasten to Coyn, describing a secret portal at which I should apply, and the signal by which I would obtain admittance.

"If ever you have loved, most valiant Alcayde, you may judge of the transport of my bosom. That very night I arrayed myself in my most gallant attire, to pay due honour to my bride, and arming myself against any casual attack, issued forth privately from Cartama. You know the rest, and by what sad fortune of war I found myself, instead of a happy bridegroom in the nuptial bower of Coyn, vanquished, wounded, and a prisoner within the walls of Allora. The term of absence of the father of Xarisa is nearly expired. Within three days he will return to Coyn, and our meeting will no longer be possible. Judge then whether I grieve without cause, and whether I may not well be excused for showing impatience under confinement."

Don Rodrigo de Narvaez was greatly moved by this recital; for, though more used to rugged war than scenes of amorous softness, he was of a kind and generous nature.

"Abendaraez," said he, "I did not seek thy confidence to gratify an idle curiosity. It grieves me much that the good fortune which delivered thee into my hands should have marred so fair an enterprise. Give me thy faith as a true knight to return prisoner to my castle within three days, and I will grant thee permission to accomplish thy nuptials."

The Abencerrage would have thrown himself at his feet to pour out protestations of eternal gratitude, but the Alcayde prevented him. Calling in his cavaliers, he took the Abencerrage by the right hand in their presence, exclaiming solemnly, "You promise, on the faith of a cavalier, to return to my castle of Allora within three days, and render yourself my prisoner?" And the Abencerrage said, "I promise."

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Then said the Alcayde, "Go! and may good fortune attend you! If you require any safeguard, I and my cavaliers are ready to be your companions."

The Abencerrage kissed the hand of the Alcayde in grateful acknowledgment. "Give me," said he, "my own armour and my steed, and I require no guard. It is not likely that I shall again meet with so valorous a foe."

The shades of night had fallen when the tramp of the dapple grey steed resounded over the draw-bridge, and immediately afterwards the light clatter of hoofs along the road bespoke the fleetness with which the youthful lover hastened to his bride. It was deep night when the Moor arrived at the castle of Coyn. He silently and cautiously walked his panting steed under its dark walls, and, having nearly passed round them, came to the portal denoted by Xarisa. He paused and looked round to see that he was not observed, and then knocked three times with the butt of his lance. In a little while the portal was timidly unclosed by the duenna of Xarisa. "Alas! senor," said she, "what has detained you thus long? Every night have I watched for you, and my lady is sick at heart with doubt and anxiety."

The Abencerrage hung his lance, and shield, and scimitar against the wall, and then followed the duenna with silent steps up a winding staircase to the apartment of Xarisa. Vain would be the attempt to describe the raptures of that meeting. Time flew too swiftly, and the Abencerrage had nearly forgotten until too late his promise to return a prisoner to the Alcayde of Allora. The recollection of it came to him with a pang, and suddenly awoke him from his dream of bliss. Xarisa saw his altered looks, and heard with alarm his stifled sighs; but her countenance brightened when she heard the cause. "Let not thy spirit be cast down," said she, throwing her white arms around him. "I have the keys of my father's treasures; send ransom more than enough to satisfy the Christian, and remain with me."

"No," said Abendarraez, "I have given my word to return in person, and, like a true knight, must fulfil my promise. After that, fortune must do with me as it pleases."

"Then," said Xarisa, "I will accompany thee. Never shall you return a prisoner, and I remain at liberty."

The Abencerrage was transported with joy at this new proof of devotion in his beautiful bride. All preparations were speedily made for their departure. Xarisa mounted behind the Moor on his powerful steed; they left the castle walls before day-break, nor did they pause until they arrived at the gate of the castle of Allora, which was flung wide to receive them.

Alighting in the court, the Abencerrage supported the steps of his trembling bride, who remained closely veiled, into the presence of Rodrigo de Narvaez. "Behold, valiant Alcayde," said he, "the way in which an Abencerrage keeps his word. I promised to return to thee a prisoner, but I deliver two captives into your power. Behold Xarisa, and judge whether I grieved without reason over the loss of such a treasure. Receive us as your own, for I confide my life and her honour to your hands."

The Alcayde was lost in admiration of the beauty of the lady, and the noble spirit of the Moor. "I know not," said he, "which of

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you surpasses the other; but I know that my castle is graced and honoured by your presence. Enter into it, and consider it your own while you deign to reside with me."

For several days the lovers remained at Allora, happy in each other's love, and in the friendship of the brave Alcayde. The latter wrote a letter full of courtesy to the Moorish king of Granada, relating the whole event, extolling the valour and good faith of the Abencerrage, and craving for him the royal countenance.

The King was moved by the story, and was pleased with an opportunity of showing attention to the wishes of a gallant and chivalrous enemy; for though he had often suffered from the prowess of Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, he admired the heroic character he had gained throughout the land. Calling the Alcayde of Coyn into his presence, he gave him the letter to read. The Alcayde turned pale, and trembled with rage on the perusal. "Restrain thine anger," said the king; "there is nothing that the Alcayde of Allora could ask that I would not grant, if in my power. Go thou to Allora; pardon thy children; take them to thy home. I receive this Abencerrage into my favour, and it will be my delight to heap benefits upon you all."

The kindling ire of the Alcayde was suddenly appeased. He hastened to Allora, and folded his children to his bosom, who would have fallen at his feet. The gallant Rodrigo de Narvaez gave liberty to his prisoner without ransom, demanding merely a promise of his friendship. He accompanied the youthful couple and their father to Coyn, where their nuptials were celebrated with great rejoicings. When the festivities were over, Don Rodrigo de Narvaez returned to his fortress of Allora.

After his departure, the Alcayde of Coyn addressed his children: "To your hands," said he, "I confide the disposition of my wealth. One of the first things I charge you, is not to forget the ransom you owe to the Alcayde of Allora. His magnanimity you can never repay, but you can prevent it from wronging him of his just dues. Give him, moreover, your entire friendship; for he merits it fully, though of a different faith."

The Abencerrage thanked him for his generous proposition, which so truly accorded with his own wishes. He took a large sum of gold, and inclosed it in a rich coffer, and, on his own part, sent six beautiful horses, superbly caparisoned, with six shields and lances, mounted and embossed with gold. The beautiful Xarisa at the same time wrote a letter to the Alcayde, filled with expressions of gratitude and friendship; and sent him a box of fragrant cypress wood, containing linen of the finest quality for his person. The valiant Alcayde disposed of the present in a characteristic manner. The horses and armour he shared among the cavaliers who had accompanied him on the night of the skirmish. The box of cypress wood and its contents he retained for the sake of the beautiful Xarisa, and sent her by the hands of the messenger the sum of gold paid as a ransom, entreating her to receive it as a wedding present. This courtesy and magnanimity raised the character of the Alcayde Rodrigo de Narvaez still higher in the estimation of the Moors, who extolled him as a perfect mirror of chivalric virtue; and from that time forward there was a continual exchange of good offices between them.

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LEGENDS OF THE LOCHS AND GLENS.—No. II.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ONLY DAUGHTER."

THE PHANTOM FUNERAL.

At the distance of several miles from the scene which in a former legend we described, there is a winding passage through the hills, which leads to a very narrow and precipitous defile, called Glenshee, or Glensheich,—that is to say, the Valley of Spirits. The glen itself is formed by the bases of the mountains, which fall, many of them, in a sharp declivity, for several hundred feet, and is in its gorge filled with the waters of a small dark lake, over which no ray of sunshine has ever been known to shed a character of gladness. Along its farther margin there occur here and there nooks or corners of table-land. Narrow they are, and always of a grotesque formation; for the hills are peculiarly wild and sterile in their character, inasmuch as a shelving mass of *débris* is the only surface which many of them present, while others are composed entirely of broken and rugged rocks. Yet, although narrow, there was a time when one, and not the broadest, of these table lands sustained a hearth round which a poor but honest family were wont to assemble. The hut which contained that hearth was indeed of the very humblest order. It lay beneath the shelter of the precipice; and, save that its wicker chimney emitted at all seasons a delicate wreath of smoke, something more than a careless glance would have been required to convince you that such a thing was there. Moreover, round it, or near at hand, were such traces of man's industry as such a spot might alone be expected to exhibit. A patch of green was beside the cabin door, which, from the strong contrast it presented to the brown and stunted herbage near, you were at no loss to determine must be a potatoe field. A couple of goats, too, were tethered beside the threshold: while a few fowls, less than half-domesticated, scraped a scanty subsistence for themselves from among the roots of the heather. But in other respects sign there was none, that in this melancholy defile man had set up his rest; for the very roof of the cottage waved with long rank grass, and the blue-bell and wild thyme were abundantly intermixed with it.

Wild as Glenshee is, however, and desolate and lonely, there are not wanting features here and there which effectually redeem it from the hazard of being condemned as utterly repulsive. A clear mountain stream comes tumbling down the hill, making the ear glad with its everlasting music, and falls into the lake, not till it has threaded its way for a long space amid overhanging rows of mountain-ash and the delicate alder. Over its banks, too, the sward grows rich and sweet, as if the soil were fertilized by the course of the torrent; while here and there the intervention of a rock gathers the waters into a heap, that they may spring off again in a tiny cataract of the most pellucid beauty. But this is not all. The rivulet in question flows *westward*,—a circumstance not to be overlooked, as connected with the burthen of our history; for streams which take this course have a virtue peculiarly

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their own. When the shadows of the trees fall on them, or of the rocks, or even of the clouds above, they become scrolls in which the favoured among men "may read strange matters;" and many a time and oft has this particular rivulet shown to the eyes which studied them events that were to come.

A good many years ago, the hut of which I have spoken was inhabited by old Robin Ure, the shepherd of Glenshee, a thoughtful and somewhat contemplative man, who had arrived at one of the latter stages of human existence, through some enjoyment, and a good deal of suffering. Robin was one of those philosophers of nature's forming, who feel that perfect happiness is not to be expected upon earth, and who therefore school themselves to bear with patience, to look back with resignation and forward in hope. Robin was also a religious man in his own peculiar way; for, though he seldom went to church, from which, indeed, his occupation cut him off, he carried his Bible with him to the hill-side, and read it gratefully. And much need there was that Robin should find both there, and in the world of imagination which his native poetry created, some solace for the trials which the world of busy men brought him. He had a kind, cheerful, and industrious partner, to be sure, who used her best endeavours to render his home happy; but, woe is me! even the tenderness of a wife will not always suffice if it come alone. Out of the seven children, all of them daughters, whom God had given them, one only survived; and she, albeit the very apple of their eyes, was to her parents a source of unremitting anxiety. She was a fragile and a delicate thing, tender, and sensitive in her frame, which was but little adapted to struggle against the rude blasts of her native glen, and the privations to which at times she was subjected. Indeed Mary, or, as the wild and poetic dialect of the glen has it, Mari, was a living instance of that caprice of nature, which plants flowers in a glacier, and scatters rills through a desert waste. Yet hers was not a mere physical debility, —that is to say, the feebleness of the frame had a deeper source than ordinary disease. The order of her destiny had entailed upon Mari a supernatural gift, which sapped the foundations of her life, and stript her of every source of interest and enjoyment belonging to her sex and to her nature. She was born to the inheritance of the second-sight,—that strange and most mysterious faculty, which may be traced no where except in the Highlands of Scotland; and the consequence was, that from her very cradle she had been an object of awe, I had almost said of terror, even to those who loved her with the tenderest affection. Accordingly the poor child grew almost to woman's estate without having even an ordinary acquaintance with any beyond her own narrow family circle; and, as Robin and his wife could not fail to fall in some degree under the shadow of their unhappy child's proscription, a stranger within the narrow vale of Glenshee—unless, indeed, it might be Murdoch, the shepherd of the opposite mountain, who sometimes came with a bonnet-full of blackberries, or a lamb's-skin for Mari's winter bed-quilt,—would have been almost as much an object of curiosity as Gulliver in Brobdignag, or the first ship to the South Sea Islanders. Yet, as matters stood within, the household of Glenshee was by no means an unhappy one, when the spirit of the lonely maiden rested from the trouble of its waters; for in the long nights of winter, when the wooden boards

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were drawn snugly over the window, and the logs of dried fir glowed and crackled on the hearth, the good wife turned her wheel cheerily, and Mari rested her chin upon her father's knee, and turned up to him the lustrous eyes which seemed to form quite the largest half of the pale face they lighted, to listen to the wonders of wild poesie which he drew from a Gaelic volume of Ossian,—the commonest study of such among the Highlanders as study at all. When summer came again, the wizard maiden loved well to carry to the mountain's brow afar off the broth or sowens which formed her father's simple meal, and to linger upon some bare peak which overhung the lake, till the sun went down in his glory, and the stars came forth in their gentleness. For it is one of the peculiarities of this strange malady, if malady it may be called, that the fit of inspiration neither comes when the seer may desire its coming, nor admits of control or repression. There is, and there has been, divination everywhere. The Pythoness of old, the astrologer of the middle ages, the fortune-teller of our own times, all have, or pretend to have, intercourse with unseen powers which they control; but the second-sight is peculiar to the Scottish Highlanders, and a heavy burthen it is upon those individuals on whom destiny may lay it.

Mari was standing on the threshold of her fifteenth year when my tale commences, though her weak frame and stinted proportions did not seem to claim, by several years, a period of life so far advanced towards maturity. If the healthful breeze of the mountains had blown upon her cheek with the invigorating influence which so often attends upon it, she would probably have been a beautiful specimen of her peculiar style of peasant loveliness; for her features were regular and open, and in the period of health, which she occasionally enjoyed, wore an expression of touching sweetness which spoke to the heart. She had a beseeching light in her deep grey eyes, which gave you an impression that there was some fervent and unuttered desire within which this world could not grant; and the melancholy languor of the other features, and the frequency with which her face was turned towards heaven, suggested the idea that her longing was to be at rest.

One clear, blue, biting evening at the end of October, that beautiful Scottish season when the varied covering of tree and mountain is yet stationary under the bright frosty atmosphere of winter, Murdoch, the shepherd, took his way up the margin of Lochshee with his plaid drawn round him, and his bonnet pulled over his eyes, in testimony of the sharpness of the air. The breeze came keenly over the mountain-tops, and swept the atmosphere of every trace of cloud or haze; but without rippling the surface of the water, which lay, as usual, dark, clear, and motionless, as if under the spell of some viewless influence. The leaves of the mountain-ash were falling with that sad sighing motion, which seems to say that they are grieving to resign their bright and brief existence; but the hardier wych-elms yet retained their dark green foliage, and, though rare and straggling, they connected the bright blue sky and the delicate tint of the sunset with the departing season to which they seemed to belong.

Murdoch took less heed of the beauty of the evening than we have done, for he was pushing briskly forward, and appeared to view with some complacency the unusual breadth of the column of smoke

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which rose from the cottage chimney, as if betokening the additional warmth of the blaze within. The shepherd had rounded the last turn of the rocky footpath, which led him by a long sweep from the opposite margin of the lake, and had put his foot upon the nearest of the stepping-stones which were to take him dry-shod over the broad part of the stream, as it flowed over the level ground, when his eye caught the flutter of a plaid, and he looked hastily up the river to discover the owner of it, not doubting that Elspeth's hour of milking had arrived, and that she had wrapt herself up to follow its duties out of doors. The plaid, however, as his quick eye soon perceived, was suspended from a tree, and its folds prevented him from tracing any figure to whom it might belong, or which might have sheltered behind it. The thought glanced across him that Mari might have retreated to her favourite haunt, and he pushed his way through the brechans, with the intention of winning her home out of the chill autumn air to her mother's warm hearth; but when he drew aside the plaid, which hung like a screen from some hazels, he became like one transfixed at the vision which met him. The poor child stood like one spell-stricken, close by the verge of the streamlet, with her small fleshless feet touching the water, her hands pressed convulsively over her breast, and her eyes fixed with a wild and rigid stare upon the surface of the stream, while the masses of long black hair, which waved by the action of the wind back from her unearthly and colourless features, gave her, even in the eyes that were familiar with her wildest moods, an expression of frenzied excitement.

Murdoch hesitated for a moment, in doubt whether or not he could with safety arrest the young Pythoness in her mood of inspiration; but apprehension for the afflicted creature's bodily health prevailed, and he advanced slowly, yet with a warning noise, to her side, and said softly,

"The burn side is ower chilly for you, Mari dear; come with me to your mother's fire. See how the chimney smokes; I warrant it is cozier by the nook this bitter even than standing there without plaid or brogues upon you. Come your ways, Mari."

And he advanced nearer and nearer, with always a deeper tone of entreaty. The maiden stretched out her hand without looking towards him, and drew her friendly visitant closer to the water's edge.

"Look you there, and see what your morning work will be. You are come to ask Robin Ure to hunt the fox on Craig Caillach—ay, ay; but Heaven sends me the power to keep him. And I would keep you too; for you are one half o' my treasure of dust. There!—there!—Will you do as I have warned you, or will ye dree the weird that mun surely come!"

Murdoch looked eagerly into the water, but his gaze discovered nothing, except a dark spot upon its surface, caused by the shadow from one of the sharp cliffs as it deepened in the increasing twilight.

"Well, well, Mari dear," answered he at last, "there is nothing but the figure of the craig—there is surely nothing to frighten you in a rock near which you have lived all your life. And if I do wile your father to the fox-hunt the morn, he kens all the wild places in the corri ower well to make it a dangerous chase to him."

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Mari made a movement of impatience, and exclaimed hastily, and as it seemed angrily,

"Ah! dull dark eye-balls—clogged with worldly wisdom—see you not that withered cluster of beechen leaves that floats upon the burn?—there is blood in its track, and it has lodged in the shadow of the Devil's Dyke. See!—see!—it shivers and trembles, and the water gurgles under it. Blood—blood and brains!—God be with us, Murdoch!—one of ye will find his last chase on yon craig to-morrow. Come—come!"

The unfortunate young prophetess, overcome by the terrible frenzy of her vision, staggered backwards, and fell into the arms of the terrified and compassionate shepherd.

Murdoch's blood ran cold at the mysterious language of the excited creature before him. That he had sought the cottage of Glenshee for the express purpose of persuading Robin to join in the sport to which she had alluded was true; but it was equally certain that no living thing had as yet been apprised of that intention; and the information of Mari must have been conveyed by a channel such as Murdoch was far too genuine a Highlander to contemplate without a shudder. He carried his unconscious burthen to her home, and committed her to the mournful and anxious attendance of Elspeth, who found a ready solution to the riddle of Murdoch's scared and solemn looks in the situation of the poor little sufferer, whom he loved, as she well knew, like a sister, and whom he had but seldom before seen in the paroxysms of her disease. Robin was from home far over the mountain, and although the good wife was in hourly expectation of his return, yet Murdoch was not to be prevailed upon to wait for him, but avowed his intention of returning straight to his home, as the business which brought him to the glen was not of so pressing a nature as to demand his longer sojourn. He satisfied himself, accordingly, that the hour of Robin's return from a toilsome trudge over the hill would place his accidental attendance on the fox-chase out of the question; and having so secured the safety of the old man from the perils which threatened him, he availed himself of the good wife's proffered repast of cheese and bannocks, and once more retraced his steps down the side of the lake, forbearing, from motives which may be traced to the sensitiveness of the superstitious, to lighten the load that weighed him down with its mystery by imparting any portion of it to the maternal heart of Elspeth.

A fox-chase over the giant hills, cliffs, and crags of the Highlands is, no doubt, a piece of amusement that may prove somewhat startling to the ear of a southern sportsman; but when the hunt is described as performed on foot, and for the sole purpose of exterminating the creature, which the sheep-farmer finds so inimical to the interests of his fold, the practicability of the exploit may be admitted, though the perils attending it continue as before; for they who have had an opportunity of seeing the stout and fearless agility with which the young Highlander springs from crag to crag after his prey, or follows the hounds down the shelving sides of scaur and corri, will confess that the chamois is won through scarcely superior hazard. Accordingly, Mari's prediction of danger to the hunters on that rugged and most dangerous promontory of the mountain called the Devil's Dyke was by no means chimerical, as Murdoch with all his strength of limb and nerve,

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acknowledged; and he waited in considerable anxiety the reports of the chase throughout the early part of the morning that followed its occurrence. It was not long that his suspense continued; for before noontide a gilly from the other side of the hill came over to tell him that Angus Bane had slid from the uppermost pinnacle of the craig, and dashed his head to atoms among the rocks at the foot of the corri called the Devil's Stair, and to bid Murdoch come over to his funeral on the day following.

A thoughtful and an awe-stricken man was Murdoch that evening, as he once more took his solitary way over the path that led him to Glenshee. His blood curdled in his veins as he considered the verification of Mari's prophecy, with the natural timidity which, even among the most steady believers in the supernatural, fails not to assail them on any immediate experience of its effects. He longed to be himself the first to communicate to the girl the fulfilment of her wild prediction, partly because he wished to judge of her faith in her own powers by her manner of receiving it, and partly because he was apprehensive of evil consequences, should she hear of the accident from a less heedful informant. His heart beat quickly as he passed the scene of his last night's adventure, and he asked himself if it were possible that a frame so feeble could struggle long with such fierce emotions as he had witnessed there; and, as the question arose, he involuntarily quickened his pace, as if in anxiety to learn the well-being of the unfortunate Mari. The shadows had deepened as he sped along, and before Murdoch had crossed the burn, its surface was dimmed by the descending night; but a bright spark glowed from the cottage window, and the wayfarer strode forward enlivened, and almost reassured, by the picture his fancy presented of the snug group, and the warm welcome which awaited him. His visions, however, were interrupted; for before he crossed the threshold the door was open, and a figure closely muffled, which he, nevertheless, recognized to be Mari, stepped out into the darkness. He drew aside for an instant to watch her motions, half afraid to cross the young prophetess for the second time by his presence, and yet determined, if possible, to prevent so dismal a triumph of her disease as that to which he had been witness on the previous night. He was concealed under the hazel bushes as she passed, but her garments touched him, and from within the folds of her plaid he heard a loud sob and a plaining sound, that convinced him she was weeping bitterly, and there was something in the natural and familiar evidence of such suffering which transformed the afflicted being before him from an object of dread and horror to one of sympathy and compassion.

"Is it you, Mari dear?" said he, in a gentle voice, and walking up to her from behind. "What's takin' you out at this time o' night, an' the sky sae dark, an' the wind sae snell as it is e'en now? Surely the beasts are a' closed in by this time; an' your mother could ha'e nae bit errand to tak' ye doon the loch side after gloaming. Come your ways hame again, dearie, and leave that silly moon to look frae behind the clouds at her ain white face in the water, an' ye shall see her some other night, when there is nae wind to drive the black curtain ower, an' to cut ye through as this does."

The girl turned round to him at once, and answered in a plaintive and sorrowful tone as she withdrew the screen from her face.

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"Is it you, Murdoch? I am thankful to God for sending you to me. I would have had a cold walk over Ben Shee if you had not come."

"Ben Shee!" repeated the Shepherd. "Was it over Ben Shee that you were bound, Mari, and in search o' me? What can I do for you? 'Tell me that. I'se do it, whatever it may be," and he drew her towards him, and wrapped the sheltering plaid closer round her shivering frame, while she continued to weep piteously, and clung to his strong arm, as if in entreaty.

"Promise me one thing, Murdoch of Ben Shee—promise me," said she, in a paroxysm of anxiety—"promise, as you would on a dying bed, one thing that I shall ask you; for, if you refuse, it will bring me to the grave. Old Robin Ure, my father, the kindest of fathers, and the wisest and the best, he that would not break one of the least of the commands of God's, nor teach others to disregard them, has refused me, and the sin shall be upon his head, and the suffering upon mine. Promise me that you will be less headstrong, Murdoch, and that you will add your words to mine, that we may move the old man from his purpose; promise that you will not attend the funeral of Angus Bane."

Murdoch gave the excited creature the promise she desired, and then stood silent for a few moments, surprised and bewildered.

"Oh, Murdoch! Murdoch!" said Mari, in a voice of utter despair, "what shall we do to keep my father at home? Remember my words last night, and then ask if any childish whim is on my spirit now. You, Murdoch, you can testify to the truth of mine observance. You can say whether phantasies struggle with truth within my brain till it be crazed. Oh, Murdoch! Murdoch! tell you the old man, that if he go to the burial, he will never return. Tell him that he will leave his child an orphan, and his wife a widow, and that his own old bones shall whiten where never a voice will wail his coronach, nor kindly hand be nigh to close his eyelids, or to streak his corpse; that no lyke wake will be held over him, nor grass grow green upon his heart. Oh, Murdoch! Murdoch! is it not an awful thing to die unblessed, and by our own wilful agency? to sleep with unhallowed things, and to leave those we love best without a prayer for them or ourselves?"

The poor girl stopped her gasping address, and her whole form seemed to heave with agitation. Murdoch soothed her for a while with promises of his utmost endeavours to move the resolution of her father, and she grew calmer under the hopes of success with which he strove to reassure her.

"An' what for should we no follow poor old Angus to his lang hame, Mari?" asked he at last. "Angus was one of your father's oldest friends on all Ben Shee; an' he must hae a gude reason for't before he agree to stay at hame, an' let others mourn for him. Tell me, Mari dear, what ye are afraid for?"

Mari flung the plaid far back from her face and head, and turned her forehead up to the white moonshine, till Murdoch could see that the beam itself was not more wan and deathlike. Her features were all at work with the spell of her malady; she waved her arms for him to follow, and then flitted past him to a small ridge, or knoll, on the margin of her favourite stream. When she had gained the summit, she stood with her back towards the waters, her face turned fully

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up to the sky, and her arms stretched out over the valley at her feet, the impersonation of an inspired priestess.

"See, see, they are coming," said she, in an eager and concentrated tone, and with her eyes fastened upon some object in the valley, which Murdoch fancied the dim night alone prevented him from tracing: "they are coming slowly—slowly—a bonny burial, an' six mourners at the bier: they are coming o'er the moor o' Chrom Dhu, and their black shadows are following them like spirits. Stand aside, Murdoch; they will pass even now, and we may count the bearers, and see if Robin Ure be among them."

Murdoch stared wistfully at the spell-bound creature before him, and, as he scanned the deathly features and gleaming eyes, his heart swelled with a compassionate longing to arrest, even in its progress, the destroying influence that was upon her. He felt that it could be no visible shadow on which her gaze was fixed with such a fearful intensity, for the moor of Chrom Dhu was far away over the other side of the mountain. He took both her cold hands, and, chafing them gently with his own, spoke kindly to her in words of comfort and remonstrance.

"Yon's no Chrom Dhu, Mari dear; it's your ain bonnie Glen-shee, an' there's nae living shadows moving on it; it is but the waving of your ain black firs you are looking at, and the clouds that are scudding so mirkily ower the moor. Let us go, Mari; ye will catch your very death in this dreary night."

"Trees and clouds!" said the maiden with a terrible laugh: "do they bury each other, and walk in such goodly ranks as these do? Kneel down, poor clay, and you shall see."

Murdoch almost unconsciously obeyed her, and she stood hanging over him, so as to bring their figures into the closest possible contact; then placing one hand upon her side, she made him look through the angle formed by her elbow, and speak not till his gaze was done. The prohibition was unnecessary. Murdoch drew his breath between his closed teeth, the blood stood still in his veins, his flesh moved, and his brain sickened with horror.

A funeral procession, in solemn and regular array, moved steadily along within a few paces of the spot where he stood. The pall, the bier, the coffin, and the mourning habiliments, all were as distinct and palpable as the commonest occurrences of life, and they gradually approached nearer and nearer with their slow and measured movement, and their noiseless tread, till the gazer felt his eye-strings crack as he measured the diminishing distance. On they came—dark, dismal, and solemn—nearer, nearer, and nearer—on they came with a tread which was the more horrible because it gave back no sound. Murdoch felt the atmosphere of a crowd; felt their garments stir the air as they passed him; felt the burial-pall flap beside his very cheek, and his soul shuddered with horror. The faces of friends and kinsmen were among that company of wraiths, and Murdoch felt the arm of Mari grasp his neck with a convulsive clutch as the last stragglers passed the spot. Another, and another lingered; one more—it was Robin Ure. A white mist fell upon the vision of Murdoch, and, with a scream of agony, he fell senseless upon the heather.

When Murdoch awoke from his trance he was alone. Mari had disappeared, the sky was pure and cloudless, and the full moon

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shed light and gladness over the valley. The shepherd arose, with a heavy sickness at his heart, and a bewilderment in his brain, that rendered his memory dim. He was gradually conscious of some deadly peril that hung over his old and valued friend; a peril which he had promised all his efforts to avert, and which rendered his presence in the cottage an immediate necessity.

The next moment he had turned his back upon the shealing, and was wending his way with enfeebled steps towards his home. "I have seen the future," was his reflection, "and is mine hand to change the decrees of Providence?" Human companionship at that moment would have shaken again the scarcely-established intellect, and he walked homeward. Sleep was not destined to visit the eyes of Murdoch during that, nor many succeeding nights of his existence, and the whole of the next day he walked about like one in a dream, with the horrible spell of his memory clinging to him like a fiend, and making the very sunshine black with its presence.

A dreadful mystery was before him; he knew not what evil it portended, but, to look upon the similitude of the living, he well knew, was to number them shortly with the dead, and he felt, as it were, instinctively that he had seen Robin for the last time. A feverish desire was upon him to make one in that company of wraiths; and, despite his solemn vow to Mari, the temptation rose strong and vivid to follow in the train of Angus's funeral, and witness, even at the cost of participating in, the danger that threatened it.

The burial would take place at early morning; and, as the churchyard lay far away, it was necessary that he should set out overnight, that he might join the procession in its march. He was resolved to go. The clouds of the previous night had fulfilled their omen, for a heavy fall of snow continued throughout the day, and, by the hour of starting, had rendered the mountain-path neither pleasant nor safe to traverse; but Murdoch was determined to share the peril of which he alone had received the warning, and by midnight he was prepared to start. The storm still raged, and the wind drifted the snow about in wreaths, till the density of the atmosphere became appalling; yet the spell-stricken shepherd did not waver in his purpose. He folded his plaid about him, and quenched his solitary fire, and was about to extinguish the lamp before he went forth, when a low knocking at the door, and a feeble and continued moan, sent the blood to his heart, and the tremor to his limbs, which a less mysterious incident might have lent them in the present fever of his imagination.

After a few moments of hesitation, however, the knocking was repeated, and Murdoch advanced to the door, wondering if any human applicant could indeed seek shelter on such a night. The gust blew out the lamp as he slowly undid the fastening of the door, and looked abroad upon the tempest. A dim object lay half across the threshold, and he moved it with his hand before he could be convinced that thence issued the piteous moaning which met his ear. A very slight exertion was sufficient to place the creature—by whatever denomination it went—upon its feet, and Murdoch turned it to the half-open door, that the vague light of the sky might give him the means, which the darkened cottage withheld, of identifying it.

"God pity you, poor shorn lamb! is it you?" exclaimed the stout

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Highlander in a faltering voice, as the wasted lineaments of Mari became visible from the folds of the plaid; "is it you, or is't your wraith that has breasted the wind and the storm for nae purpose but to scare the little sense that ye left me, clean awa'?"

"Murdoch! Murdoch!" answered the poor maiden in a spent and feeble tone that sounded itself like the wail of the tempest, "come your ways; it was indeed the spirit that brought this wretched body over the mountain in life. Blessings on you, Murdoch, for expecting me; the plaid and the brogues will not be to seek. Come quickly, Murdoch. My strength failed me, or I should have been earlier. Come—come! they are near the Chrom by this time," and she pulled the corner of his plaid, and turned once more towards the door.

"An' where is it ye would lead me now, Mari?" said the shepherd. "Ye are no able for a longer walk the night. Sit down, an' rest ye, Mari dear, and take off that snowy plaid, and I'll kindle up the logs again: and here's new milk in the corner, that I brought in, little thinking *ye* would need it, and you'll soon be warm and strong again; and by morning dawn we'll set off to Glenshee. Your poor mother will be half-crazed when she misses you." And he strove earnestly to lead her mind from the subject of her continued ramble, but it was all in vain; she stamped her foot upon the ground impatiently. "Warmed and fed!" said she indignantly, "when I might be looking my last upon those who will never be warmed or fed again! Man! I tell you to come with me, if you would not rue it to the last moment of your life," and she turned from him again with a gesture of command.

"Whither then, Mari," said the shepherd submissively, "whither am I to follow you? You cannot reach Chrom Dhu, were you as strong as I am, before morning, unless you climb the south shoulder of the Devil's Dyke; and, when ye are even on the top o' the crag, it takes a stronger limb and a firmer foot than yours to make its way down the other side."

"There is no need, Murdoch," answered the unfortunate in her former tone of helplessness. "We can but look upon the work of doom were we beside it,—that may as well be done from the crag itself."

The storm was somewhat abated when they set forth, and, though the snow still fell heavily, there was no impenetrable mist of moving wreaths to make their progress one of danger as well as of difficulty. Murdoch was hurried along by his frail conductress with an activity that seemed the effect of some supernatural gift. She made her way through the drifted snow with a speed which taxed even his own powers; and glided up the toilsome ascent which led to the Devil's Dyke so quickly and easily, that Murdoch felt his blood chill with the remembrance that she was not gifted like himself. At length the summit of the crag was gained, and Mari stood fearlessly on its ridge, and looked over into the wild hollow of Chrom Dhu.

The Chrom was a lonely moor, or, rather a peat-hagg, leafless and trackless, that yawned in one long stripe of savage sterility at the foot of the precipice. In the middle of the waste lay a small sheet of moss-water, unfathomably deep, but generally discernible from all points, stagnant and motionless as it was, from the pitchy colour of its surface, which was esteemed a sufficient warrant for the safety

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of the cattle, that might otherwise have been tempted to its margin. The wild singularity of the Chrom was this night completely veiled by the pure covering of snow that lay deep and spotless upon its bosom. Even the black pool had been previously frozen up, and retained, in consequence, its share of the universal shroud. The dull white light of the sky, and the uniformity of the earth, made every object, even at the foot of the crag, distinctly visible; and Murdoch stood motionless, gazing downwards, expecting each moment that he numbered, to see the funeral procession of Angus Bane enter the Chrom on its progress to the churchyard.

The snow had ceased, and the dawn was far advanced, leaving the whole sweep of the valley at their command; and before Murdoch had recovered breath from the steep ascent of the crag, the foremost of the train of mourners appeared in view. They came in one large group, closely gathered about the bier, and followed by one or two straggling lingerers, exactly as Murdoch remembered their arrangement in his vision of the night. On they went,—their black figures clearly traced upon the white ground, and each one casting a long shadow, that loomed far over the earth, with a strange and frightful appearance in the solitude. On they came; and Mari's breath came in suffocating gasps, and she tossed her arms wildly to the sky. Murdoch watched them with an eagerness that bound every sense into one long gaze. On they came, slowly, steadily,—on and on, till they had reached the middle of the moor. Murdoch's heart quailed and sickened within him, and Mari laughed in her agony with a cry of madness.

"God be merciful! The pool! the pool!" shouted Murdoch, till his broad chest heaved and strained with the effort.

It was in vain; the doomed train had missed their way on that trackless desert, and were all in the centre of the lake before the treacherous ice gave way. It was the work of an instant. One crackling sound reached even to the ears of the watchers,—one fell plunge, and the bier and the mourners, the dead and the doomed, were engulfed for ever. Murdoch caught Mari in his arms, as in her frenzy she would have leapt from the crag at the moment of their immersion, and, flinging her over his shoulder like a three years' child, he took his sorrowful way to the desolate cottage of Glenshee.

The afflicted creature moaned and sobbed for awhile in his arms, as if the fury of her paroxysm were subsiding, and as each gasp came feebler and feebler, Murdoch pleased himself with the thought that her terrible exertions were repaid by sleep. At last the sounds of her mourning ceased entirely; her head hung heavier and heavier on his neck, and Murdoch reached the shealing like one who walks in a dream. Mari was dead; and Murdoch gave to poor old Elspeth the body of her child, and the news of her widowhood, at the same moment.

Murdoch's experience of second sight was not fatal. He is still alive, and,

A better and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

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COLIN CLINK,

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

CHAPTER XIV.

The benefits of being soused in a horse-trough.—Some farther specimens of Miss Sowersoft's moral excellence.—An unlooked-for discovery is partially made, which materially concerns Miss Fanny Woodruff and Dr. Rowel.

On the following morning Palethorpe arose, and finding Colin still asleep, was proceeding, whip in hand, to help him up according to custom, when, as he turned down the clothes that almost enveloped the child's head, the unusual appearance of his countenance arrested the man's attention as well as his hand. His veins were swollen with rapid bounding blood, and his heart thumped audibly in its place, and with doubly accelerated motion, as though eagerly hastening to beat out its appointed number of pulsations, and leave the little harassed life it contained again free from the pains and vexations of this lower world.

A blush of remorse passed for a moment over the man's dark countenance as he gazed. What had they done to him?—what was amiss? He covered the boy carefully up again, and hastened down stairs to communicate the news to Miss Sowersoft.

"Oh,—it's all nonsense!" she exclaimed, on hearing all that Mr. Palethorpe had to say about it. "The lad's got a bit of a cold,—that's all. I'll make him a basin of milk, with a little of that nice feverfew out of the garden boiled in it, and then if you wake him up, and let him take that, it will stick to his ribs, and do him an amazing deal of good."

But as there was no hurry about such a matter, Miss Maria very leisurely took her own breakfast before she set about carrying her very charitable project into execution. When the milk, with some sprigs of feverfew boiled in it, was ready, Sally was sent up stairs with it. She found Colin awake, but weak and ill; and, much to her surprise, on presenting him with a lump of bread and the basin of milk, which more closely resembled a light green wash for stencilling walls, than any true Christian dish, he could neither touch nor bear the sight of either.

"La!" cried Sally, "why I never heard anything like it, as to neither eat nor drink! Come, cram a bit down your throat with your finger, and see if it will not get you an appetite. Why, *I* can eat and drink very well, and why shouldn't you? Come, come,—don't be soft, and refuse what Goramighty sends you, while it lies in your power to get it. I'm sure this milk is very nice, indeed."

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In corroboration of her statement she took a sip. But Colin shook his head feebly and heavily, and declared it would do him no good. He could take nothing,—he wanted nothing, but to be left alone, that he might think and wish, and weep as he thought and wished, that he were but once more at home, or that his mother or Fanny were but with him.

Shortly after Sally had returned below stairs, and communicated the astounding intelligence that Colin would take neither bit nor sup, Miss Sowersoft herself crept up stairs. She assured him he had plenty of colour in his face; that there could not be anything particularly amiss with him; advised him against putting on pretences of sickness, lest he should be struck with sickness in reality as a judgment on him, like the children that mocked the prophet Elijah, and were eaten up by bears; and concluded by insinuating, that if he were tickled with a whip-thong, he would in all probability be a great deal better directly.

"Send me home!" bitterly ejaculated Colin, bursting into tears. "Put me in a cart, and send me home!—I want to go home!—I must go home!—Mother!—Fanny!—Oh, come to me!—I shall die—I shall die!"

Miss Sowersoft felt rather alarmed; but reflecting that there was nothing like showing a little spirit and resolution when young folks took such whims as those into their heads, she severely taunted him with being home-sick and mother-sick; told him that neither she nor Fanny, if they were present, could do more for him than she could; and threatened that, if he did not leave off that hideous noise, which was disgraceful to a great lad of his age, she would tie a stocking round his mouth, and stop him that way. There being no great consolation in all this, it is not surprising that our hero made such slight application of it, that, for the matter of any difference it made in him, Miss Sowersoft might just as well have tied her stocking across her own mouth, or stuffed it in either, which ever she might prefer, as have given utterance to it. She was therefore constrained to submit to the lad's own way, and to confess in her own mind that there really was something more amiss with him than at first she had believed.

By mid-day he had become a great deal worse; and in the afternoon, as his disorder still rapidly increased, Mr. Palethorpe was despatched on horseback to Bramleigh, for the purpose of consulting Dr. Rowel.

About six o'clock in the evening he returned home, bringing with him a packet of white powders in little blue papers, tied together much in the fashion of that little pyrotechnic engine of mischief usually denominated a cracker.

Certain fears, which had by this time crept over the mind of Miss Sowersoft caused her to be more than usually charitable and eager in her inquiries after the doctor's opinion about Colin: but the answers

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she received were neither very conclusive nor very satisfactory. She was, in fact, obliged to seek for consolation, for the present, in the belief, which she struggled hard to impress firmly upon herself, that the boy's illness had arisen wholly in consequence of his sitting on the ground so late in the evening to write his letter; and that his subsequent sousing in the horse-trough had no connection whatever with it; as he might very easily have fallen accidentally into a river instead, and received no more harm from it than he had from the aforesaid pumping.

During several subsequent days, the boy continued in such a state as filled his mistress's heart with continual apprehensions lest her house should eventually be troubled with his corpse. About his death, considering that event solely by itself, she cared very little; he might live or die, just as his constitution inclined him, for aught she would choose between the two; only, in case he should not survive, it would annoy her very much indeed to have all the trouble of getting another body's corpse prepared for the ground, without, in all likelihood, ever receiving from Mrs. Clink a single halfpenny in return for it. She mentioned her apprehensions to Mr. Palethorpe, who replied, that it was all silly childishness to allow herself to be imposed on by her own good feelings, and that talk about humanity would never do for folks so far north as they were. On this unquestioned authority Miss Sowersoft would inevitably have acted that very day, and removed our hero, at any risk, to Bramleigh, in order to give him a chance of dying comfortably at home, had not fortune so ordered it, that, while preparations were being made for taking him from a bed of fever into an open cart which stood ready in the yard, Dr. Rowel chanced to ride up, and at once put his veto upon their proceedings. Not that the doctor would by any means have purposely ridden half the distance for the sake of such a patient; but as chance not unfrequently favours those whom their own species despise, it happened that his professional assistance had that afternoon been required in the case of a wealthy old lady in the neighbourhood; and, as the doctor's humanity was not, at all events, so very short-legged as not to be able to carry him one quarter of a mile when it lay in his way, he took Snitterton Lodge in his circuit, for the sake of seeing Master Colin.

It will readily be supposed that during these few days, (as the boy had not made his appearance at home on the previous Sunday, according to conditional promise,) both his mother and Fanny had almost hourly been expecting to hear from him. Nor had various discussions on the cause of his silence been by any means omitted. Mrs. Clink attributed it to the fact of his having found everything so very pleasant at Snitterton Lodge, that he really had had neither time nor inclination to wean himself for a few short hours from the delights with which he was surrounded; but Fanny, whose mind had been dwelling ever since his

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departure upon the dismal forebodings with which Miss Sowersoft's appearance had filled it, expressed to Mrs. Clink her full belief that something had happened to Colin, or he would never have neglected either to come himself, or to write, as he had promised.

"I am sure," she continued, very pensively, "it has made me so uneasy all this last week, that I have dreamed about him almost every night. Something has happened to him, I am as certain as if I had seen it; for I can trust to Colin's word just as well as though he had taken his oath about it. However, I will walk over this afternoon and see; for I shall never rest until I know for a certainty."

"Walk, fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Mrs. Clink. "If you go over there in that suspicious manner, as though you fancied they had murdered him, it is a hundred to one but you will affront Miss Sowersoft, and get Colin turned out of a situation that may be the making of him. Stay where you are—do; and if you cannot make anything, do not mar it by interfering in a matter that you know nothing about. I have had trouble enough with him one way or another, without his being brought back on my hands, when he is as comfortable, I dare say, as he possibly can be."

Though the latter remark was evidently intended to apply to Fanny's supposed injudicious solicitude for Colin's welfare, the girl passed it by without observation. She hurried her day's work forwards, in order to gain the necessary time for making her projected visit; and at about the middle of the afternoon suddenly disappeared from the eyes of Mrs. Clink, without informing her previously touching her place of destination.

While Dr. Rowel was yet in attendance on Colin, Fanny arrived, and introduced herself to Miss Sowersoft, as she was employing herself in picking the pips off a handful of cowslips which lay in her lap. On seeing Fanny thus unexpectedly, and under circumstances which she felt would require some very ingenious explanation or evasion, her countenance seemed to darken as though a positive shadow had been cast upon it. A struggle between her real feelings and her consciousness of the necessity to disguise them ensued; and in the course of a few brief seconds the darkness of her countenance passed away, and she affected to salute her unwelcome visiter with much cordiality.

In reply to Fanny's inquiry respecting Colin, Miss Maria stated that he was improving very nicely under Mr. Palethorpe's tuition, although they had had some trouble to make him do as he was bid; that he had enjoyed the most extraordinary good health until a few days ago, when he took a little cold, which had made him rather poorly.

"There!—I was sure of it!" cried Fanny, interrupting her; "I said so to his mother before I came away. I knew there was something amiss, or he would have written to us before now. And how did he take such a cold, Miss Sowersoft?"

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"Take cold!—why, you know there are a hundred different ways of taking cold, and it is impossible sometimes for even a person himself to say how he took it. I am sure Palethorpe gets tremendous colds sometimes, and how he gets them is a perfect miracle. But, on my word, cold is so insinuating, that really, as I say sometimes, there is not a part but it will find its way to at one time or another."

"Yes—but where is Colin now?—because I shall want to see him before I go back."

"Oh, he is somewhere about the house," replied Miss Maria, with an unprecedented degree of effrontery; "but your seeing him is not of the least consequence. It cannot cure his cold; and as for anything else, it would very likely make him all the more discontented when you were gone again. If you take my advice, you would not see him, especially when I can tell you everything just the same as though you saw it yourself."

At this moment the foot of the doctor, as he groped his way down stairs, was overheard by the speaker. She started up instantly, and endeavoured to hurry Fanny out of the room before that professional gentleman should enter it; but her manœuvre failed, and before Miss Sowersoft could caution him to be silent, the doctor remarked, in a sufficiently loud tone to be heard distinctly by both, that unless the boy was taken great care of, there was little chance left of his recovery.

"What boy?" exclaimed Fanny, rushing forward. "What! *is* he so ill as that? For God's sake let me see him!"

Concluding from the direction in which the doctor had come that Colin was somewhere in the regions above, she flew rather than walked up stairs, without waiting for an invitation or a conductor, and soon threw her arms in an ecstasy of grief upon his neck.

"Oh, Colin! God has sent me on purpose to save you! *Do* be better, and you shall go home again very soon."

But Colin could only put up his pallid arms in an imploring action, and cry for very joy; as he gazed in the face of one of those only two who had occupied his day and night thoughts, and been the unconscious subjects of his unceasing and most anxious wishes.

The trouble of this first meeting being over, some more quiet conversation ensued; and, although almost too ill and weak to be allowed to talk, Colin persisted in stating briefly to the horror-stricken Fanny the kind of reception he had met with on his arrival, his treatment afterwards, the taking of his letter from him, and the brutal conduct which had caused his present illness. The girl stood silent, merely because she knew not what to think, what to believe, what to doubt; and was besides utterly lost for words to express properly her strangely mingled thoughts. It was almost impossible—incredible! Why could they do it? There was no cause for it—there *could* be no cause for it. Human nature, and especially human nature in the shape of

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woman, was incapable of anything so infamous. Yet Colin was sensible—he had told an intelligible tale; and, most true of all, there he lay, a mere vision of what he was so brief a time ago,—a warranty plain and palpable that grievous wrong had been endured. Her brain was absolutely bewildered—she looked like one hovering on the doubtful boundary between sense and insanity. She cast her eyes around for surety—on the bed—at *him*. A burst of tears, as of a spring that for the first time breaks its bounds, succeeded,—and then another and another, as she fell on her knees and buried her face in the clothes that covered him.

By and by, the doctor and Miss Maria were present in the room with her. Fanny raised her head and beheld Colin's mistress attempting, in the presence of the doctor, to do the attentive, by adjusting the sheet about the boy's neck to keep off the external air.

"Do not touch him!" exclaimed Fanny, springing to her feet; "he shall have nothing from your hands, for you are a disgrace to the name of a woman!"

"Ay!" cried the doctor: "young woman, what now, what now?"

"What now? Sir, you may well say *what now!* I have heard all about it—he has told me all—and I say that woman shall not touch him while I am here. She has nearly killed him, and now wants to show, because *you* are here, how kind and good she is!"

So saying, Fanny resolutely set about making the arrangement which Miss Sowersoft had contemplated with her own hands.

"Why—what—who is this young woman?" asked the doctor, somewhat astonished at the unexpected scene which had just passed before him.

"Nobody!" replied Miss Sowersoft; "she is only Mrs. Clink's servant, and a pert impudent hussey too."

At the same time she looked in the doctor's face, and endeavoured to smile contemptuously, though it "came off" in such a manner as would inevitably have frightened anybody less accustomed than was Dr. Rowel to witness the agonies of the human countenance.

"Yes, sir," added Fanny, "I am only a servant; but I am a *woman*, whether servant or mistress. I nursed this lad when I was but six years old myself, and have taken care of him ever since. She shall not drown him like a blind puppy, though she thinks she will!"

"*Me* drown him!" exclaimed Miss Sowersoft in feigned amazement.

"Yes," replied Fanny, "*you* drown him. If you had not half murdered him in that trough, he would never have been here now."

"*Do* let us go down stairs, doctor," observed Miss Sowersoft; "it is not worth hearing such rubbish as this." And she made her way towards the door.

"Where is that letter?" cried Fanny eagerly, fearful lest the lady to whom she addressed herself should escape.

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"Pshaw! nonsense! don't catechise me!" replied Miss Sowersoft, as she tripped down stairs; while the doctor half in soliloquy and half addressing Miss Sowersoft, remarked, in allusion to Fanny,

"She's a damsel of some spirit too!" Then addressing the girl herself, "Are you the little girl I saw at Mrs. Clink's when this boy was born?"

"Yes, sir, I am," answered Fanny, as her passion sunk almost to nothing, and she blushed to be so questioned.

"Ah, indeed!" cried Doctor Rowel. "Well, I should not have thought it. Why, you are quite a fine young woman now. Dear-a-me! I had quite lost sight of you. I could not have believed it. Humph!" And the doctor surveyed her fair proportions with something of astonishment, and a great deal of satisfaction. To think that from such a little, pale, half-fed, unhappy thing of work and thought beyond her years as she then was, there should have sprung up the full-sized, the pretty featured, and naturally genteel-looking girl now before him! But then, he had not that benefit which the reader enjoys, of reflecting how worldly circumstances, how poverty and plenty, sway the tempers of mankind; and that, as Mistress Clink's circumstances improved, so had Fanny improved likewise; and from seven or eight years old upwards, Fanny had enjoyed a much more comfortable home than, on his first introduction to her might reasonably have been expected.

Lest the reader should unnecessarily marvel how her individuality should have been unrecognised by the physician, I beg to inform him, that while the person of every great man is as familiar to all the poor eyes of the neighbourhood as though he were their born and natural uncle, he himself remains as much in the dark as to the identity of every poor face he meets, even though he chance to meet it every day, as though he had never seen it once in the whole course of his life.

Doctor Rowel resumed his conversation.

"And, how came you to be put to service so very early? for you had not, if I remember rightly, either health or strength to recommend you."

Colin's eyes as he lay were fixed, as it might have been the eyes of a picture, on the doctor's countenance.

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir," replied Fanny; but after a few moments' hesitation, added, "I suppose it was because I had no friends."

"No friends," the doctor repeated,—"why, where were your father and mother?"

"I never knew them, sir."

"Indeed! never knew them!"

"No, sir!" and Fanny sobbed at the very recollection of her childhood's helplessness.

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"Humph!" ejaculated the doctor; "you scarcely seem to have been born for a servant. Where did Mrs. Clink find you?"

"I do not know, sir. She never told me."

"Ah!—oh! oh!—well? It's odd she never told you. So you do not know either who your father, or your mother, or your friends were?"

"No, sir,—I do not. But I remember——"

"Well,—go on,—you remember,—what do you remember? where did you come from? Do you know that?"

"I think, from Leeds, sir."

"Leeds!" exclaimed the doctor; "and what else now do you remember?"

"I can remember, sir,—though I but just remember it,—that my father was taken away from me once, and I never saw him again."

"And, what's your name?" continued the doctor, in evident excitement.

"Fanny Woodruff," she replied.

The doctor's features looked pale and rigid, and his eyes were fixed almost immovably upon her.

"God bless my soul!" he slowly ejaculated, as he rose to leave the room; "she should have been lost, or dead!"

But he turned again when at the head of the stairs.

"Now, young woman,—if you can keep a secret,—tell nobody, not even your mistress, what has passed. Take no notice; and perhaps, I may do something for you. But I thought we had seen the last of your face seventeen years ago!"

Fanny and Colin were left alone.

"He knows something about me!" was the first thought that arose in Fanny's mind. But she did not utter it, and only asked very softly, if Colin had heard what the doctor said.

"Yes," he replied, "and I shall never forget it."

"But, say nothing," added the girl: "he promised to do something for me. I wonder what it is!"

"So do I," added Colin; "something worth having, I dare say."

Thus they talked till evening. Colin said how much better he felt since she had been with him; and Fanny declared she would not leave him again for another day, until he was well; and when he was well, then she would get him away from such unfeeling people, even though she had to go down on her knees to beg another situation for him elsewhere.

When, some little time afterwards, Fanny went down stairs, and informed the mistress of the house of her resolution to stay and attend on Colin until he was better, that amiable creature replied,

"I think you won't, then. We have not any room to spare. As if I was going to keep beds at liberty, to accommodate any trunnion that

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may think fit to cram herself into my house! We've plenty of work on our hands without having to wait on other people's servants. What do you say, Sammy?"

"Well, I don't know, meesis," replied Mr. Palethorpe; "it seems as if Mr. Rowel was understood to say he was very bad, and must be waited on pretty constantly."

"I'm sure *I* shan't wait on him neither constantly nor inconstantly!" very pertly exclaimed Miss Sowersoft; and, certainly giving a very ingenious turn to her own views, as soon as she found which way her lover's needle pointed; "*I*'m not going to trot up and down stairs a thousand times a day for the sake of such a thing as a plough-lad. Them may wait on him that likes him, if he is to be waited on; but I'm positive I shan't, nor anybody else that belongs to me!"

This conclusion left, without another word, the field wholly open to Fanny; and, as Miss Sowersoft, on concluding her speech, bounced off into the dairy, not another word was needed.

Whatever might be the views entertained by the lady of the house, touching the treatment most proper for Colin, there still were individuals amongst that rude community, whose feelings were of a somewhat more Catholic kind than those of their mistress; so that Fanny found no difficulty in procuring a volunteer in the person of Abel, to go over to Bramleigh for the purpose of informing Mistress Clink how affairs stood, and of bringing back such few needful articles as Fanny might require during her stay at the farm.

All that night she passed a sleepless watch by the side of Colin's bed, beguiling the hours not devoted to immediate attendance on him, partly by looking over the little books which had come from home in his box, but more by employing her mind in the creation of every possible description of fanciful suppositions touching her own origin, her history, her parents, and the knowledge which the doctor appeared to have of her earliest life. What was it?—what could it be? and, what could he mean by enjoining her to mention nothing of all this to any second person? In her he had unexpectedly found one whom he had known a baby, and had believed to be dead, or lost in the vast promiscuous crowds of poverty long ago. Had she been born to better things than surrounded her now? Had she been defrauded of her rights? And, did the doctor bid her be silent because he might have to employ stratagem in order to recover them again? Perhaps she was born—nay! she knew not what she was born; nor dare she trust herself to think, scarcely; though certain it is that a visionary world of ladies and gentlemen, and fine things, and wealth to set Colin up in the world and to make his mother comfortable, and to exalt herself over all the petty enemies by whom they were now surrounded, passed in pleasant state before her prolific imagination; while, it is equally certain, that—blushing, though unseen and in secret, at the very

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consciousness,—a prouder feeling sprung up in her bosom, and she began to feel as though she must be more genteel, and more particular, and less like a common servant, than she had hitherto been.

Such were the golden fancies, and the pretty resolves, that crowded round her brain that night. Neither, as an honest chronicler of human nature, would I take upon me to assert that she did not once or twice during these reveries rise to contemplate her own features in the glass, and to adjust her hair more fancifully, and wonder—if it should be so, —what kind of looking lady she would make. Truly, it was a pretty face that met her eyes in the mirror. As Colin woke up from a partial slumber, and raised his head slightly from the pillow, to see for his guardian, and to ascertain what had become of her, the reflection of her countenance as she was "looking the lady," chanced to catch his eye: and, though he smiled as he gently sunk down again, he thought that that face would never again pass from before him.

CHAPTER XV.

Fanny is deceived by the doctor.—A scene in Rowel's "Establishment for the Insane" at Nabbfield.

Poor girl! What pains she takes—if not to "curse herself," at least to form that paradise out of the chaos of her own thoughts, which her supposed benefactor, the physician, never intended to realize. She was deceived, utterly and deeply deceived; and deceived, too, by the very means which the doctor had recommended to her apparently for the attainment of success. For, great as some of our modern diplomatists have incontestably been considered in the noble and polite art of deception, I much question whether the man more capable of aspiring to higher honours in it than was Doctor Rowel of Nabbfield, is not yet to be born.

As the Doctor rode homewards, after his interview with Fanny, recorded in the preceding chapter, true enough it is that he did several times over, and with inexpressible inward satisfaction, congratulate and compliment himself upon having achieved such a really fine stroke of policy at a very critical moment, as no other man living could, he verily believed, have at all equalled. Within the space of a few brief moments he had, to his infinite astonishment, discovered, in the person of a serving-girl, one whom he himself had endeavoured, while she was yet an infant, to put out of the way; and upon whose father he had perpetrated one of the most atrocious of social crimes, for the sole purpose of obtaining the management of his property while he lived, and its absolute possession on his decease. He had ascertained that the girl retained some indistinct recollection of the forcible arrest and carrying away of her parent, of which he himself had been the instigator; and thus, suddenly he found himself placed in a position which demanded both

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promptitude and ingenuity in order to secure his own safety and the permanency of all he held through this unjust tenure. Since any discovery by Fanny of what had passed between them would inevitably excite public question and inquiry, the very brilliant idea had instantaneously suggested itself to his mind that—as in the girl's continued silence alone lay his own hopes of security,—no project in the capacity of man to conceive was more likely to prove successful in obtaining and preserving that silence, than that of representing it as vital to her own dearest interest to keep the subject deeply locked for the present in her own bosom. This object, he flattered himself, he had already succeeded in achieving, without exciting in the mind of Fanny herself the least suspicion of his real and ultimate purpose. At the same time he inwardly resolved not to stop here, but to resort to every means in his power calculated still more deeply to bind the unsuspecting young woman to the preservation of that silence upon the subject, which, if once broken, might lead to the utter overthrow of a system which he had now maintained for years.

Elated with the idea of his own uncommon cleverness, he cantered along the York road from the moor with corresponding briskness; turned down a green lane to the left; cleared several fences and a pair of gates in his progress; and reached within sight of his "Establishment for the Insane" at Nabbfield, as the last light of another unwished-for and unwelcome sun shot through the barred and grated windows of the house, and served dimly to show to the melancholy habitants of those cells the extent of their deprivations and their misery.

Far advanced as it was in the evening, the doctor had not yet dined: his professional duties, together with some other causes already explained, having detained him beyond his usual hour. Nevertheless, for reasons best known to himself, but which, it may be supposed, the events of the afternoon had operated in producing, the doctor had no sooner dismounted, and resigned his steed to the care of a groom, who appeared in waiting the instant that the clatter of his hoofs sounded on the stones of the yard, than, instead of retiring to that removed portion of the building, in which, for the purpose of being beyond the reach of the cries of those who were kept in confinement, his own private apartments were situated, he demanded of one of the keepers the key of a particular cell. Having obtained it,—

"Shall I attend you, sir?" asked the man.

"No, Robson. James is harmless. I will see him into his cell myself to-night."

"He is in the patient's yard, sir," replied the keeper.

"Very well—very well. Wait outside; and, if I want assistance, I will call you."

The man retired, while Dr. Rowel proceeded down a long and ill-lighted passage, or corridor, in which were several angular turns and

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windings ; and when nearly lost in the gloom of the place, he might have been heard to draw back a heavy bolt, and raise a spring-latch like an iron bar, which made fast the door that opened upon the yard, or piece of ground to which the keeper had alluded.

It was just at that brief, but peculiar time, at the turn of day and night, which every observer of Nature must occasionally have remarked, when the light of the western atmosphere, and that of a rayless moon high up the southern heaven, mingle together in subdued harmony, and produce a kind of illumination, issuing from no given spot, but pervading equally the whole atmosphere,—like that which we might imagine of a Genii's palace,—without any particular source, neither wholly of heaven nor of earth, but partaking partially of each.

The passage-door was thrown back, and the doctor stood upon its threshold. A yard some forty feet square surrounded by a wall about six yards high, and floored with rolled gravel, like the path of a garden, was before him. Near the centre stood a dismal-looking yew-tree, its trunk rugged, and indented with deep natural furrows, as though four or five shoots had sprung up together, and at last become matted into one; its black lines of foliage, harmonizing in form with the long horizontal clouds of the north-west quarter, which now marked the close approach of night. Nothing else was to be seen. As the eye, however, became somewhat more accustomed to the peculiar dusky light which pervaded this place, the figure of a man standing against the tree-trunk, became visible ; with his arms tightly crossed upon his breast, and bound behind him, as though they had almost grown into his sides ; and his hair hanging long upon his shoulders, somewhat like that of a cavalier, or royalist, of the middle of the seventeenth century.

The doctor raised his voice, and called, in a lusty tone,

"Woodruff!"

The patient returned no answer, nor did he move.

"James Woodruff!" again shouted the doctor.

A slight turn of the head, which as quickly resumed its previous attitude, was the only response made to the summons.

Finding he could not call this strange individual to him, Doctor Rowel stepped across the yard, and advanced up to him.

"James," said he mildly, "it is time you were in your cell."

The man looked sternly in his face, and replied,

"I have been there some thousands of times too often already.

"Never heed that," answered Rowel. "You *must* go to rest, you know."

"*Must* go—ay? Ah! and so I must. I am helpless. But, had I one hand free—only one hand—nay, with one finger and thumb, I would first put you to rest where you should never wake again! When am I to go free?"

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"Will you go to your room?" said the doctor, without regarding his question.

"I ask again," cried the alleged madman, "as I have asked every day past counting, when am I to be loosed of this accursed place? How long is this to last?"

"Only until you are better," remarked, with deep dissimulation, this worthy member of the faculty.

"Better!" exclaimed Woodruff, with rising passion, as he tugged to loosen his arms from the jacket which bound him, though as ineffectually as a child might have tugged at the roots of an oak sapling. "I could curse you again and doubly for that word, but that I *have* cursed till language is weak as water, and words have no more meaning. I am sick of railing. Better! Till I am *better!* Thief!—liar!—villain!—for you are all these, and a thousand more,—I am WELL. You know it. Sound in mind and body,—only that these girths have crippled me before my time. How am I mad? I can think, reason, talk, argue,—hold memory of past life. I remember, villain! when you and your assassins seized me; stole my child from me; swore that I was mad; and brought me here, now seventeen years ago; and all that you might rob me of my property!—I remember that. Is that madness? I remember, before that, that I married your sister. Was it not so? I remember that she died, and left me a little pattern of herself, that called you uncle. Was not that so? Where is that child? What has become of her? Or are you a murderer besides? All this I remember: and I know now that I have power of will, and aptness to do all that man's mind is called to do. How, then, am I mad? Oh! for one hand free! One hand and arm. Only one! Give me that half chance to struggle with you. Let us end it so, if I am never to go free again. Take two to one; and if you kill me, you shall stand free of the scaffold; for I will swear with my last breath that you did it in self-defence. Do that. Let me have one grapple—a single gripe—and, if you can master me, why God forgive you!"

The doctor smiled, as in contempt of the impotent ravings and wild propositions of his brother-in-law; for such, it is almost needless to state, James Woodruff was. But the alleged maniac continued his discourse.

"Then, as you are such a rank, arrant coward, give me my whole liberty; let me go beyond this house, and I will never touch you. I will not ruffle a hair of your accursed head. Do that and I will leave you to God for the reward of all you have done to me and mine! Set me free! Untie my limbs, and let me out this night! It is dark. Nobody can tell where I came from. Let me go, and I will never mention your name in complaint, nor lift a hand against you. Think, man,—do but think! To spend seventeen years of nights in that dungeon, and seventeen years of days on this speck of ground! To you who have been at liberty to walk, and breathe freely, and see God's crea-

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tion, it may be idle; but I have seen nothing of seventeen springs but their light skies; nor of summers, but their heat and their strong shadows; nor of autumn, but the random leaves which the wind whirled over into this yard; nor of winter, but its snow and clouds. I want to be upon the green earth,—the grass,—amongst the fields. I want to see my wife's grave again!—some other human face than yours!—and—and—Man,—if you be man,—I want to find my daughter!"

He flung himself on the ground, and groaned as in utter despair.

The doctor was accustomed to witness these fits of frenzy, and therefore paid no farther attention now than consisted in an effort to raise the man again upon his feet, and a renewed solicitation to him to retire into the room.

"No," said he; "I have something to speak of yet. I have come to another determination. In my mind, villain! there has been seventeen years of rebellion against your wrong; and I have sworn, and have kept my oath till now, that you should never compel me to give up my rights, in virtue of my wife, to you. But time has outworn the iron of my soul: and seventeen years of this endurance cannot be set against all the wealth of the world. What is it to me? To dig the earth, and live on roots; but to be free with it; to go and come as I list; to be at liberty, body and limb! This would be paradise compared with the best palace that ever Mammon built in hell. Now, take these straps from off me, and set me free. Time is favourable. Take me into your house peaceably and quietly, and I will make over to you all I have, as a free gift. What you have stolen, you shall keep. Land, houses, gold, everything; I will not retain of them a grain of sand, a stone, or a sparkle of metal. But let me out! Let me see this prison behind me!"

"It would be the act of a lunatic, and of no effect," replied the doctor.

"How lunatic? To give that which is of no use to me for that which is dearer than life? Besides, I am sane—sound of mind."

"No," interrupted the doctor, "you are wrong on one question. Your disease consists in this very thing. You fancy I keep you confined in order to hold your property myself."

"*Fancy* you do!" savagely exclaimed Woodruff, stamping the ground with rage; "this contradiction is enough to drive me mad. I *know* it! *You* know it. There is no fancy in the case. It is an excuse, a vile pretence, a lie of seventeen years' standing. It was a lie at first. Will you set me free?"

"It cannot be," said the doctor; "go to your room."

"It *shall* be!" replied Woodruff; "I will not go."

"Then I must call assistance," observed Rowel, as he attempted to approach the door at which he had entered.

"You shall not!" replied the patient, placing himself in front of the

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doctor, as though resolutely bent on preventing his approach to the door, although he had not the least use of his arms, which might have enabled him to effect his purpose.

"Stand aside, fool!" Rowel exclaimed, as he threw out his right arm in order to strike off the intruder. But Woodruff anticipated him; and, by a sudden and dexterous thrust of his foot in a horizontal line, he knocked the doctor's legs from under him, and sent him sprawling on the ground. Woodruff fell upon him instantly, in order to keep him down, and to stifle the loud cries of "Robson! Robson!" which were now issuing in rapid succession from the doctor's larynx. At the same time a tremendous struggle, rendered still more desperate by the doctor's fears, took place on the ground; during which the unhappy Woodruff strove so violently to disengage his hands from the ligatures of the waistcoat which bound him, that the blood gushed somewhat copiously from his mouth and nostrils. His efforts were not altogether unavailing. He partly disengaged one hand; and, with a degree of activity and energy only to be accounted for from the almost superhuman spirit which burned within him, and for which his antagonist, with all his advantages, was by no means an equal match, he succeeded in planting his forefinger and thumb, like the bite of a crocodile, upon the doctor's throat.

"Swear to let me free, or I'll kill you!" he exclaimed.

"Yes,—y—e—s,—I sw—ear!" gurgled through the windpipe of the vanquished physician, as he kicked and plunged like a horse in a bog to shake off his foe. The light of a lamp flashed upon them, and Robson rushed into the yard.

"Let me out!" again demanded Woodruff.

"I will, I will!" replied the doctor.

Before Robson could interfere, the grasp upon his neck was loosed, and Woodruff stood quietly upon his feet. The doctor soon followed.

"Seize him, Robson!" said he; and, in an instant, before Woodruff was aware, the strong man had him grasped as in a vice.

"You swore to set me free!" cried the patient.

"Yes," replied the doctor, with a triumphant sneer, as he followed the keeper until he had pitched Woodruff into his room, and secured the entrance. "Yes," he repeated, staring maliciously at his prisoner through the little barred opening in the door,—"yes, you shall be let out—*of this cell into that yard again*, when you have grown a little tamer!"

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BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

SEPTEMBER, 1839.

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Jonathan Bill throwing the Bailiff's assistant over the wall &c.

New York. J. Mason. Sept.r 1845

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others blanched by exposure to the weather—its heavy projecting cor-

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New York, J. Mason, Sept. 1839.

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JACK SHEPPARD.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD," AND "CRICHTON."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

EPOCH THE THIRD.—1724.

CHAPTER IX.

OLD NEWGATE.

At the beginning of the twelfth century—whether in the reign of Henry the First, or Stephen is uncertain—a fifth gate was added to the four principal entrances of the city of London; then, it is almost needless to say, surrounded by ramparts, moats and other defences. This gate, called *Newgate*, "as being latelier builded than the rest," continued, for upwards of three hundred years, to be used as a place of imprisonment for felons and trespassers; at the end of which time, having grown old, ruinous, and "horribly loathsome," it was rebuilt and enlarged by the executors of the renowned Sir Richard Whittington, *the* Lord Mayor of London; whence it afterwards obtained amongst a certain class of students, whose examinations were conducted with some strictness at the Old Bailey, and their highest degrees taken at Hyde-park-corner, the appellation of Whittington's or, more briefly, the Whit. It may here be mentioned that this gate, destined to bequeath its name—a name which has since acquired a terrible significance—to every successive structure erected upon its site, was granted in 1400, by charter by Henry the Sixth to the citizens of London, in return for their loyal services, and thenceforth became the common gaol to that city and the county of Middlesex. Nothing material occurred to Newgate, until the memorable year 1666, when it was utterly destroyed by the Great Fire. It is with the building raised after this direful calamity that our history has to deal.

Though by no means so extensive or commodious as the modern prison, Old Newgate was a large and strongly-built pile. The body of the edifice stood on the south side of Newgate street, and projected at the western extremity far into the area opposite St. Sepulchre's Church. One small wing lay at the north of the gate, where Giltspur Compter now stands; and the Press Yard, which was detached from the main building, was situated at the back of Phœnix Court. The south, or principal front, looking *down* the Old Bailey, and not *upon it*, as is the case with the present structure, with its massive walls of roughened free-stone—in some places darkened by the smoke, in others blanched by exposure to the weather—its heavy projecting cor-

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nice, its unglazed doubly-grated windows, its gloomy porch decorated with fetters, and defended by an enormous iron door, had a stern and striking effect. Over the Lodge, upon a dial, was inscribed the appropriate motto, "*Venio sicut fur.*" The Gate which crossed Newgate Street, had a wide arch for carriages, and a postern, on the north side, for foot-passengers. Its architecture was richly ornamental, and resembled the style of a triumphal entrance to a capital, rather than a dungeon, having battlements and hexagonal towers, and being adorned on the western side with a triple range of pilasters of the Tuscan order, amid the intercolumniations of which were niches embellished with statues. The chief of these was a figure of Liberty, with a cat at her feet, in allusion to the supposed origin of the fortunes of its former founder, Sir Richard Whittington. On the right of the postern against the wall was affixed a small grating, sustaining the debtors' box; and any pleasure which the passer-by might derive from contemplating the splendid structure above described was damped at beholding the pale faces and squalid figures of the captives across the bars of its strongly-grated windows. Some years after the date of this history, an immense ventilator was placed at the top of the Gate, with the view of purifying the prison, which, owing to its insufficient space and constantly-crowded state, was never free from that dreadful and contagious disorder, now happily unknown, the gaol-fever. So frightful, indeed, were the ravages of this malady, to which debtors and felons were alike exposed, that its miserable victims were frequently carried out by cart-loads, and thrown into a pit in the burial-ground of Christ-church, without ceremony.

Old Newgate was divided into three separate prisons—the Master's Side, the Common Side, and the Press Yard. The first of these, situated at the south of the building, with the exception of one ward over the gateway, was allotted to the better class of debtors, whose funds enabled them to defray their chamber-rent, fees, and garnish. The second, comprising the bulk of the gaol, and by many degrees worse in point of accommodation, having several dismal and noisome wards under-ground, was common both to debtors and malefactors—an association little favourable to the morals or comforts of the former, who, if they were brought there with any notions of honesty, seldom left with untainted principles. The last—in all respects the best and airiest of the three, standing, as has been before observed, in Phœnix Court, at the rear of the main fabric—was reserved for state offenders, and such persons as chose to submit to the extortionate demands of the keeper: from twenty to five hundred pounds premium, according to the rank and means of the applicant, in addition to a high weekly rent, being required for accommodation in this quarter. Some excuse for this rapacity may perhaps be found in the fact, that five thousand pounds was paid for the purchase of the Press Yard

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by Mr. Pitt, the then Governor of Newgate. This gentleman, tried for high treason, in 1716, on suspicion of aiding Mr. Forster, the rebel general's escape, but acquitted, reaped a golden harvest during the occupation of his premises by the Preston rebels, when a larger sum was obtained for a single chamber than (in the words of a sufferer on the occasion) "would have paid the rent of the best house in Saint James's Square or Piccadilly for several years."

Nor was this all. Other, and more serious impositions, inasmuch as they affected a poorer class of persons, were practised by the underlings of the gaol. On his first entrance, a prisoner, if unable or unwilling to comply with the exactions of the turnkeys, was thrust into the Condemned Hold with the worst description of criminals, and terrified by threats into submission. By the old regulations, the free use of strong liquors not being interdicted, a tap-house was kept in the Lodge, and also in a cellar on the Common Side,—under the superintendence of Mrs. Spurling, formerly, it may be remembered, the hostess of the Dark House at Queenhithe,—whence wine, ale and brandy of inferior quality were dispensed, in false measures, and at high prices, throughout the prison, which in noise and debauchery rivalled, if it did not surpass, the lowest tavern.

The chief scene of these disgusting orgies—the cellar, just referred to,—was a large low-roofed vault, about four feet below the level of the street, perfectly dark,—unless when illuminated by a roaring fire, and candles stuck in pyramidal lumps of clay,—with a range of butts and barrels at one end, and benches and tables at the other, where the prisoners—debtors and malefactors, male and female—assembled as long as their money lasted, and consumed the time in drinking, smoking, and gaming with cards and dice. Above, was a spacious hall, connected with it by a flight of stone steps, at the further end of which stood an immense grated door, called in the slang of the place "The Jigger," through the bars of which the felons in the upper wards were allowed to converse with their friends, or if they wished to enter the room, or join the revellers below, they were at liberty to do so, on payment of a small fine. Thus, the same system of plunder was everywhere carried on. The gaolers robbed the prisoners; the prisoners robbed one another.

Two large wards were situated in the Gate; one of which, the Stone Ward, appropriated to the master debtors, looked towards Holborn; the other called the Stone Hall, from a huge stone standing in the middle of it, upon which the irons of criminals under sentence of death were knocked off previously to their being taken to the place of execution, faced Newgate-street. Here, the prisoners took exercise; and, a quaint, but striking picture has been left of their appearance when so engaged, by the author of the English Rogue. "At my first being acquainted with the place," says this writer, in the 'Miseries of a Prison,'—"the prisoners, methought, walking up and down the

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Stone Hall, looked like so many wrecks upon the sea. Here the ribs of a thousand pounds beating against the Needles—those dangerous rocks, credulity; here floated, to and fro, silks, stuffs, camlets, and velvet, without giving place to each other, according to their dignity; here rolled so many pipes of canary, whose bungholes lying open, were so damaged that the merchant may go hoop for his money." A less picturesque, but more truthful, and, therefore, more melancholy description of the same scene, is furnished by the shrewd and satirical Ned Ward, who informs us, in the "Delectable History of Whittington's College," that "When the prisoners are disposed to recreate themselves with walking, they go up into a spacious room, called the Stone Hall; where, when you see them taking a turn together, it would puzzle one to know which is the gentleman, which the mechanic, and which the beggar, for they are all suited in the same garb of squalid poverty, making a spectacle of more pity than executions; only to be out at the elbows is in fashion here, and a great indecorum not to be threadbare."

In an angle of the Stone Hall was the Iron Hold; a chamber containing a vast assortment of fetters and handcuffs of all weights and sizes. Four prisoners, termed "The Partners," had charge of this hold. Their duty was to see who came in, or went out; to lock up and open the different wards; to fetter such prisoners as were ordered to be placed in irons; to distribute the allowances of provision; and to maintain some show of decorum; for which latter purpose they were allowed to carry whips and truncheons. When any violent outrage was committed,—and such matters were of daily, sometimes hourly, occurrence,—a bell, the rope of which descended into the hall, brought the whole of the turnkeys to their assistance. A narrow passage at the north of the Stone Hall led to the Bluebeard's room of this enchanted castle, a place shunned even by the reckless crew who were compelled to pass it. It was a sort of cooking-room, with an immense fire-place flanked by a couple of caldrons; and was called Jack Ketch's Kitchen, because the quarters of persons executed for treason were there boiled by the hangman in oil, pitch and tar, before they were affixed on the city gates, or on London Bridge. Above this revolting spot was the female debtors' ward; below it a gloomy cell, called Tangier; and, lower still, the Stone Hold, a most terrible and noisome dungeon, situated underground, and unvisited by a single ray of daylight. Built and paved with stone, without beds, or any other sort of protection from the cold, this dreadful hole, accounted the most dark and dismal in the prison, was made the receptacle of such miserable wretches as could not pay the customary fees. Adjoining it was the Lower Ward,—"Though, in what degree of latitude it was situated," observes Ned Ward, "I cannot positively demonstrate, unless it lay ninety degrees beyond the North Pole; for, instead of

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being dark there but half a year, it is dark all the year round." It was only a shade better than the Stone Hold. Here were imprisoned the fines; and, "perhaps," adds the before-cited authority, "if he behaved himself, an outlawed person might creep in among them." Ascending the gate once more on the way back, we find over the Stone Hall another large room, called Debtors' Hall, facing Newgate-street, with "very good air and light." A little too much of the former, perhaps; as the windows being unglazed, the prisoners were subjected to severe annoyance from the weather and easterly winds.

Of the women felons' rooms nothing has yet been said. There were two. One called Waterman's Hall, a horrible place adjoining the postern under the gate, whence, through a small barred aperture, they solicited alms from the passengers: the other, a large chamber, denominated My Lady's Hold, was situated in the highest part of the gaol at the northern extremity. Neither of these wards had beds, and the unfortunate inmates were obliged to take their rest on the oaken floor. The condition of the rooms was indescribably filthy and disgusting; nor were the habits of the occupants much more cleanly. In other respects, they were equally indecorous and offensive. "It is with no small concern," writes an anonymous historian of Newgate, "that I am obliged to observe that the women in every ward of this prison are exceedingly worse than the worst of the men, not only in respect to their mode of living, but more especially as to their conversation, which, to their great shame, is as profane and wicked as hell itself can possibly be."

There were two Condemned Holds,—one for each sex. That for the men lay near the Lodge, with which it was connected by a dark passage. It was a large room, about twenty feet long and fifteen broad, and had an arched stone roof. In fact, it had been anciently the right hand postern under the gate leading towards the city. The floor was planked with oak, and covered with iron staples, hooks, and ring-bolts, with heavy chains attached to them. There was only one small grated window in this hold, which admitted but little light.

Over the gateway towards Snow Hill were two strong wards, called the Castle and the Red Room. They will claim particular attention hereafter.

Many other wards, especially on the Master Debtors' side,—have been necessarily omitted in the foregoing hasty enumeration. But there were two places of punishment which merit some notice from their peculiarity. The first of these, the Press Room, a dark close chamber, near Waterman's Hall, obtained its name from an immense wooden machine kept in it, with which such prisoners as refused to plead to their indictments were pressed to death—a species of inquisitorial torture not discontinued until so lately as the early part of the reign of George the Third, when it was abolished by an express

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statute. Into the second, denominated the Bilbowes,—also a dismal place,—refractory prisoners were thrust, and placed in a kind of stocks, whence the name.

The Chapel was situated in the south-east angle of the gaol, the ordinary at the time of this history being the Reverend Thomas Purney; the deputy chaplain, Mr. Wagstaff.

Much has been advanced by modern writers respecting the demoralising effect of prison society; and it has been asserted that a youth once confined in Newgate, is certain to come out a confirmed thief. However this may be now, it was unquestionably true of Old Newgate. It was the grand nursery of vice,—"a famous university," observes Ned Ward in the London Spy, "where, if a man has a mind to educate a hopeful child in the daring science of padding; the light-fingered subtlety of shop-lifting; the excellent use of jack and crow; for the silently drawing bolts, and forcing barricades; with the knack of sweetening; or the most ingenious dexterity of picking pockets; let him but enter him in this college on the Common Side, and confine him close to his study but for three months; and, if he does not come out qualified to take any degree of villainy, he must be the most honest dunce that ever had the advantage of such eminent tutors."

To bring down this imperfect sketch of Newgate to the present time, it may be mentioned that, being found inadequate to the purpose required, the old gaol was pulled down in 1770. Just at the completion of the new gaol, in 1780, it was assailed by the mob during the Gordon riots, fired, and greatly damaged. The devastations, however, were speedily made good; and, in two years more it was finished.

It is a cheering reflection, that in the present prison, with its clean, well-whitewashed, and well-ventilated wards, its airy courts, its infirmary, its improved regulations, and its humane and intelligent officers, many of the miseries of the old gaol are removed. For these beneficial changes society is mainly indebted to the unremitting exertions of the philanthropic HOWARD.

CHAPTER X.

HOW JACK SHEPPARD GOT OUT OF THE CONDEMNED HOLD.

MONDAY, the 31st of August, 1724,—a day long afterwards remembered by the officers of Newgate,—was distinguished by an unusual influx of visitors to the Lodge. On that morning the dead warrant had arrived from Windsor, ordering Sheppard for execution, (since his capture by Jonathan Wild in Bedlam, as related in a former chapter, Jack had been tried, convicted, and sentenced to death,) together with three other malefactors, on the following Friday. Up to this moment, hopes had been entertained of a respite, strong representations in his favour having been made in the highest quarter; but now that his fate seemed

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sealed, the curiosity of the sight-seeing public to behold him was redoubled. The prison gates were besieged like the entrance of a booth at a fair; and the Condemned Hold, where he was confined, and to which visitors were admitted at the moderate rate of a guinea ahead, had quite the appearance of a show-room. As the day wore on, the crowds diminished,—many who would not submit to the turnkey's demands were sent away ungratified,—and at five o'clock, only two strangers, Mr. Shotbolt, the head turnkey of Clerkenwell Prison, and Mr. Griffin, who held the same office in Westminster Gatehouse, were left in the Lodge. Jack, who had formerly been in the custody of both these gentlemen, gave them a very cordial welcome; apologized for the sorry room he was compelled to receive them in; and when they took leave, insisted on treating them to a double bowl of punch, which they were now discussing with the upper gaoler, Mr. Ireton, and his two satellites, Austin and Langley. At a little distance from the party, sat a tall sinister-looking personage, with harsh inflexible features, a gaunt but muscular frame, and large bony hands. He was sipping a glass of cold gin and water, and smoking a short black pipe. His name was Marvel, and his avocation, which was as repulsive as his looks, was that of public executioner. By his side sat a remarkably stout dame, to whom he paid as much attention as it was in his iron nature to pay. She had a nut-brown skin, a swarthy upper lip, a merry black eye, a prominent bust, and a tun-like circumference of waist. A widow for the fourth time, Mrs. Spurling, (for she it was,) either by her attractions of purse or person, had succeeded in moving the stony heart of Mr. Marvel, who, as he had helped to deprive her of her former husbands, thought himself in duty bound to offer to supply their place. But the lady was not to be so easily won; and though she did not absolutely reject him, gave him very slight hopes. Mr. Marvel, therefore, remained on his probation. Behind Mrs. Spurling stood her negro attendant, Caliban; a hideous, misshapen, malicious monster, with broad hunched shoulders, a flat nose, and ears like those of a wild beast, a head too large for his body, and a body too long for his legs. This horrible piece of deformity, who acted as drawer and cellarman, and was a constant butt to the small wits of the gaol, was nicknamed the Black Dog of Newgate.

In the general survey of the prison, taken in the preceding chapter, but little was said of the Lodge. It may be well, therefore, before proceeding farther, to describe it more minutely. It was approached from the street by a flight of broad stone steps, leading to a ponderous door, plated with iron, and secured on the inner side by huge bolts, and a lock, with wards of a prodigious size. A little within stood a second door, or rather wicket, lower than the first, but of equal strength, and surmounted by a row of sharp spikes. As no apprehension was entertained of an escape by this outlet,—nothing of

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the kind having been attempted by the boldest felon ever incarcerated in Newgate,—both doors were generally left open during the day-time. At six o'clock, the wicket was shut; and at nine, the gaol was altogether locked up. Not far from the entrance, on the left, was a sort of screen, or partition-wall, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, formed of thick oaken planks riveted together by iron bolts, and studded with broad-headed nails. In this screen, which masked the entrance of a dark passage communicating with the Condemned Hold, about five feet from the ground, was a hatch, protected by long spikes set six inches apart, and each of the thickness of an elephant's tusk. The spikes almost touched the upper part of the hatch; scarcely space enough for the passage of a hand being left between their points and the beam. Here, as has already been observed, condemned malefactors were allowed to converse with such of their guests as had not interest or money enough to procure admission to them in the hold. Beyond the hatch, an angle, formed by a projection in the wall of some three or four feet, served to hide a door conducting to the interior of the prison. At the farther end of the Lodge, the floor was raised to the height of a couple of steps; whence the whole place, with the exception of the remotest corner of the angle before-mentioned, could be commanded at a single glance. On this elevation a table was now placed, around which sat the turnkeys and their guests, regaling themselves on the fragrant beverage provided by the prisoner. A brief description will suffice for them. They were all stout ill-favoured men, attired in the regular gaol-livery of a scratch wig and a snuff-coloured suit; and had all a strong family likeness to each other. The only difference between the officers of Newgate and their brethren was, that they had enormous bunches of keys at their girdles, while the latter had left their keys at home.

"Well, I've seen many a gallant fellow in my time, Mr. Ireton," observed the chief turnkey of Westminster Gatehouse, as he helped himself to his third glass of punch; "but I never saw one like Jack Sheppard."

"Nor I," returned Ireton, following his example: "and I've had some experience too. Ever since he came here, three months ago, he has been the life and soul of the place; and now the dead warrant has arrived, instead of being cast down, as most men would be, and as all others *are*, he's gayer than ever. Well, *I* shall be sorry to lose him, Mr. Griffin. We've made a pretty penny by him—sixty guineas this blessed day."

"No more!" cried Griffin, incredulously; "I should have thought you must have made double that sum at the least."

"Not a farthing more, I assure you,' rejoined Ireton, pettishly; "we're all on the square here. I took the money myself, and *ought* to know."

"Oh! certainly," answered Griffin; "certainly."

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"I offered Jack five guineas as his share," continued Ireton; "but he wouldn't take it himself, and gave it to the poor debtors and felons, who are now drinking it out in the cellar on the Common Side."

"Jack's a noble fellow," exclaimed the head gaoler of Clerkenwell Prison, raising his glass; "and, though he played me a scurvy trick, I'll drink to his speedy deliverance."

"At Tyburn, eh, Mr. Shotbolt?" rejoined the executioner. "I'll pledge you in that toast with all my heart."

"Well, for my part," observed Mrs. Spurling, "I hope he may never see Tyburn. And if I'd my own way with the Secretary of State, he never *should*. It's a thousand pities to hang so pretty a fellow. There hav'nt been so many ladies in the Lodge since the days of Claude Du Val, the gentleman highwayman: and they all declare it'll break their hearts if he's scragged."

"Bah!" ejaculated Marvel, gruffly.

"You think our sex has no feeling, I suppose, sir," cried Mrs. Spurling, indignantly; "but I can tell you we have. And, what's more, I tell you, if Captain Sheppard *is* hanged, you need never hope to call *me* Mrs. Marvel."

"'Zounds!" cried the executioner, in astonishment. "Do you know what you're talking about, Mrs. Spurling? Why, if Captain Sheppard should get off, it 'ud be fifty guineas out of my way. There's the grand laced coat he wore at his trial, which I intend for my wedding dress."

"Don't mention such a thing, sir," interrupted the tapstress; "I couldn't bear to see you in it. Your speaking of the trial brings the whole scene to my mind. Ah! I shall never forget the figure Jack cut on that occasion. What a buzz of admiration ran round the court as he appeared! And, how handsome and composed he looked! Everybody wondered that such a stripling could commit such desperate robberies. His firmness never deserted him till his old master, Mr. Wood, was examined. Then he *did* give way a bit. And when Mr. Wood's daughter,—to whom, I've heard tell, he was attached years ago,—was brought up, his courage forsook him altogether, and he trembled, and could scarcely stand. Poor young lady! *She* trembled, too, and was unable to give her evidence. When sentence was passed there wasn't a dry eye in the court."

"Yes, there was one," observed Ireton.

"I guess who you mean," rejoined Shotbolt. "Mr. Wild's."

"Right," answered Ireton. "It's strange the antipathy he bears to Sheppard. I was standing near Jack at that awful moment, and beheld the look Wild fixed on him. It was like the grin of a fiend, and made my flesh creep on my bones. When the prisoner was removed from the dock, we met Jonathan as we passed through the yard. He stopped us, and, addressing Jack in a taunting tone, said, 'Well, I've

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been as good as my word !'—'True,' replied Sheppard ; 'and I'll be as good as mine !' And so they parted."

"And I hope he will if it's anything to Jonathan's disadvantage," muttered Mrs. Spurling, half aside.

"I'm surprised Mr. Wild hasn't been to inquire after him to-day," observed Langley ; "it's the first time he's missed doing so since the trial."

"He's gone to Enfield after Blueskin, who has so long eluded his vigilance," rejoined Austin. "Quilt Arnold called this morning to say so. Certain information, it seems, has been received from a female, that Blueskin would be at a flash-ken near the Chase at five o'clock to-day, and they're all set out in the expectation of nabbing him."

"Mr. Wild had a narrow escape lately, in that affair of Captain Darrell," observed Shotbolt.

"I don't exactly know the rights of that affair," rejoined Griffin, with some curiosity.

"Nor any one else, I suspect," answered Ireton, winking significantly. "It's a mysterious transaction altogether. But, as much as is known is this. Captain Darrell, who resides with Mr. Wood at Dollis Hill, was assaulted and half-killed by a party of ruffians, headed, he swore, by Mr. Wild, and his uncle Sir Rowland Trenchard. Mr. Wild, however, proved, on the evidence of his own servants, that he was at the Old Bailey at the time ; and Sir Rowland proved that *he* was in Manchester. So the charge was dismissed. Another charge was then brought against them by the captain, who accused them of kidnapping him when a boy, and placing him in the hands of a Dutch skipper, named Van Galgebrok, with instructions to throw him overboard, which was done, though he afterwards escaped. But this accusation, for want of sufficient evidence, met with the same fate as the first, and Jonathan came off victorious. It was thought, however, that if the skipper *could* have been found, that the result of the case would have been materially different. This was rather too much to expect ; for we all know, if Mr. Wild wishes to keep a man out of the way, he'll speedily find a way to do so."

"Ay, ay," cried the gaolers laughing.

"I could have given awkward evidence in that case if I'd been so inclined," said Mrs. Spurling, "ay, and found Van Galgebrok too. But I never betray an old customer."

"Mr. Wild is a great man," said the hangman, replenishing his pipe, "and we owe him much, and ought to support him. Were anything to happen to him, Newgate wouldn't be what it is, nor Tyburn either."

"Mr. Wild has given you some employment, Mr. Marvel," remarked Shotbolt.

"A little, sir," replied the executioner, with a grim smile. "Out of the twelve hundred subjects I've tucked up, I may safely place half to

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his account. If ever he requires my services, he shall find I'm not ungrateful. And though I say it who shouldn't say it, no man can tie a better knot. Mr. Wild, gentlemen, and the nubbin'-cheat."

"Fill your glasses, gentlemen," observed Ireton, "and I'll tell you a droll thing Jack said this morning. Amongst others who came to see him, was a Mr. Kneebone, a woollen-draper in Wych Street, with whose pockets, it appears, Jack, when a lad, made a little too free. As this gentleman was going away, he said to Jack, in a jesting manner, 'that he should be glad to see him to-night at supper.' Upon which the other answered, 'that he accepted his invitation with pleasure, and would make a point of waiting upon him.' Ha! ha! ha!"

"*Did* he say so?" cried Shotbolt. "Then I advise you to look sharply after him, Mr. Ireton; for may I be hanged myself if I don't believe he'll be as good as his word."

At this juncture, two women, very smartly attired in silk hoods and cloaks, appeared at the door of the Lodge.

"Ah! who have we here?" exclaimed Griffin.

"Only Jack's two wives—Edgeworth Bess and Poll Maggot," replied Austin, laughing.

"They can't go into the Condemned Hold," said Ireton, consequentially; "it's against Mr. Wild's orders. They must see the prisoner at the hatch."

"Very well, sir," replied Austin, rising and walking towards them. "Well, my pretty dears," he added,—"come to see your husband, eh? You must make the most of your time. You won't have him long. You've heard the news, I suppose?"

"That the dead warrant's arrived," returned Edgeworth Bess, bursting into a flood of tears; "oh, yes! we've heard it."

"How does Jack bear it?" inquired Mrs. Maggot.

"Like a hero," answered Austin.

"I knew he would," replied the Amazon. "Come, Bess,—no whimpering. Don't unman him. Are we to see him here?"

"Yes, my love."

"Well, then, lose no time in bringing him to us," said Mrs. Maggot. "There's a guinea to drink our health," she added, slipping a piece of money into his hand.

"Here, Caliban," shouted the under-turnkey, "unlock Captain Sheppard's padlock, and tell him his wives are in the Lodge waiting to see him."

"Iss, Massa Austin," replied the black. And taking the keys, he departed on the errand.

As soon as he was gone, the two women divested themselves of their hoods and cloaks, and threw them, as if inadvertently, into the farthest part of the angle in the wall. Their beautifully proportioned figures and rather over-displayed shoulders attracted the notice of Aus-

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tin, who inquired of the chief turnkey, "whether he should stand by them during the interview?"

"Oh! never mind them," said Mrs. Spurling, who had been hastily compounding another bowl of punch. "Sit down, and enjoy yourself. I'll keep a look out that nothing happens."

By this time Caliban had returned, and Jack appeared at the hatch. He was wrapped in a loose dressing-gown of light material, and stood near the corner where the women's dresses had just been thrown down, quite out of sight of all the party, except Mrs. Spurling, who sat on the right of the table.

"Have you got Jonathan out of the way?" he asked, in an eager whisper.

"Yes, yes," replied Edgeworth Bess. "Patience Kite has lured him to Enfield on a false scent after Blueskin. You need fear no interruption from him, or any of his myrmidons."

"That's well!" cried Jack. "Now stand before me, Poll. I've got the watch-spring saw in my sleeve. Pretend to weep both of you as loudly as you can. This spike is more than half cut through. I was at work at it yesterday and the day before. Keep up the clamour for five minutes, and I'll finish it."

Thus urged, the damsels began to raise their voices in loud lamentation.

"What the devil are you howling about?" cried Langley. "Do you think we're to be disturbed in this way? Make less noise, hussies, or I ll turn you out of the Lodge."

"For shame, Mr. Langley," rejoined Mrs. Spurling: "I blush for you, sir! To call yourself a man, and interfere with the natural course of affection! Have you no feeling for the situation of those poor disconsolate creatures, about to be bereaved of all they hold dear? Is it nothing to part with a husband to the gallows? I've lost four in the same way, and know what it is." Here she began to blubber loudly for sympathy.

"Comfort yourself, my charmer," said Mr. Marvel, in a tone intended to be consolatory. "I'll be their substitute."

"*You!*" cried the tapstress, with a look of horror: "Never!"

"Confusion!" muttered Jack, suddenly pausing in his task, "the saw has broken just as I am through the spike."

"Can't we break it off?" replied Mrs. Maggot.

"I fear not," replied Jack, despondingly.

"Let's try, at all events," returned the Amazon.

And grasping the thick iron rod, she pushed with all her force against it, while Jack seconded her efforts from within. After great exertions on both parts, the spike yielded to their combined strength, and snapped suddenly off.

"Halloa!—what's that?" cried Austin, starting up.

"Only my darbies," returned Jack, clinking his chains.

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"Oh! that was all, was it?" said the turnkey, quietly reseating himself.

"Now, give me the woollen cloth to tie round my fetters," whispered Sheppard. "Quick!"

"Here it is," replied Edgeworth Bess.

"Give me your hand, Poll, to help me through," cried Jack, as he accomplished the operation. "Keep a sharp look out, Bess."

"Stop!" interposed Edgeworth Bess; "Mr. Langley is getting up, and coming this way. We're lost!"

"Help me through at all hazards, Poll," cried Jack, straining towards the opening.

"The danger's past," whispered Bess. "Mrs. Spurling has induced him to sit down again. Ah! she looks this way, and puts her finger to her lips. She comprehends what we're about. We're all safe!"

"Don't lose a moment, then," cried Jack, forcing himself into the aperture, while the Amazon assisted by Bess, pulled him through it.

"There!" cried Mrs. Maggot, as she placed him without noise upon the ground; "you're safe so far."

"Come, my disconsolate darlings," cried Austin, "it only wants five minutes to six. I expect Mr. Wild here presently. Cut it as short as you can."

"Only two minutes more, sir," entreated Edgeworth Bess, advancing towards him in such a manner as to screen Jack, who crept into the farthest part of the angle,—"only two minutes, and we've done."

"Well, well, I'm not within a minute," rejoined the turnkey.

"We shall never be able to get you out unseen, Jack," whispered Poll Maggot. "You must make a bold push."

"Impossible," replied Sheppard, in the same tone. "That would be certain destruction. I can't run in these heavy fetters. No: I must face it out. Tell Bess to slip out, and I'll put on her cloak and hood."

Meanwhile, the party at the table continued drinking and chatting as merrily as before.

"I can't help thinking of Jack Sheppard's speech to Mr. Kneebone," observed Shotbolt, as he emptied his tenth tumbler; "I'm sure he's meditating an escape, and hopes to accomplish it to-night."

"Poh! poh!" rejoined Ireton; "it was mere idle boasting. I examined the Condemned Hold myself carefully this morning, and didn't find a nail out of its place. Recollect, he's chained to the ground by a great horse-padlock, and is never unloosed except when he comes to that hatch. If he escapes at all, it must be before our faces."

"It wouldn't surprise me if he did," remarked Griffin. "He's audacity enough for anything. He got out in much the same way from the Gatehouse,—stole the keys, and passed through a room where I was sitting half-asleep in a chair."

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"Caught you napping, eh?" rejoined Ireton, with a laugh. "Well, he won't do that here. I'll forgive him if he does."

"And so will I," said Austin. "We're too wide awake for that. Ain't we, partner?" he added, appealing to Langley, whom punch had made rather dozy.

"I should think so," responded the lethargic turnkey, with a yawn.

During this colloquy, Jack had contrived unobserved to put on the hood and cloak, and being about the size of the rightful owner, presented a very tolerable resemblance to her. This done, Edgeworth Bess, who watched her opportunity, slipped out of the Lodge.

"Halloa!" exclaimed Austin, who had caught a glimpse of her departing figure,—"one of the women is gone!"

"No—no," hastily interposed Mrs. Spurling; "they're both here. Don't you see they're putting on their cloaks?"

"That's false!" rejoined Marvel, in a low tone; "I perceive what has taken place."

"Oh! goodness!" ejaculated the tapstress in alarm. "You won't betray him."

"Say the word, and I'm mum," returned the executioner. "Will you be mine?"

"It's a very unfair advantage to take—very," replied Mrs. Spurling; "however, I consent."

"Then I'll lend a helping hand. I shall lose my fees and the laced coat. But it's better to have the bride without the weddin'-dress than the weddin'-dress without the bride."

At this moment, Saint Sepulchre's clock struck six.

"Close the wicket, Austin," vociferated Ireton, in an authoritative tone.

"Good b'ye!" cried Jack, as if taking leave of his mistresses, "to-morrow, at the same time."

"We'll be punctual," replied Mrs. Maggot. "Good b'ye, Jack! Keep up your spirits."

"Now for it!—life or death!" exclaimed Jack, assuming the gait of a female, and stepping towards the door.

As Austin rose to execute his principal's commands, and usher the women to the gate, Mrs. Spurling and Marvel rose too. The latter walked carelessly towards the hatch, and, leaning his back against the place whence the spike had been removed, so as completely to hide it continued smoking his pipe as coolly as if nothing had happened.

Just as Jack had gained the entrance, he heard a man's footstep behind him; and, aware that the slightest indiscretion would betray him, he halted, uncertain what to do.

"Stop a minute, my dear," cried Austin. "You forget that you promised me a kiss the last time you were here."

"Won't one from me do as well?" interposed Mrs. Maggot.

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"Much better," said Mrs. Spurling, hastening to the rescue. "I want to speak to Edgeworth Bess myself."

So saying, she planted herself between Jack and the turnkey. It was a moment of breathless interest to all engaged in the attempt.

"Come—the kiss!" cried Austin, endeavouring to pass his arm familiarly round the Amazon's waist.

"Hands off!" she exclaimed; "or you'll repent it."

"Why, what'll you do?" demanded the turnkey.

"Teach you to keep your distance!" retorted Mrs. Maggot, dealing him a buffet that sent him reeling several yards backwards.

"There! off with you!" whispered Mrs. Spurling, squeezing Jack's arm, and pushing him towards the door, "and don't come here again."

Before Austin could recover himself, Jack and Mrs. Maggot had disappeared.

"Bolt the wicket!" shouted Ireton, who, with the others, had been not a little entertained by the gallant turnkey's discomfiture.

This was done, and Austin returned with a crest-fallen look to the table. Upon which Mrs. Spurling, and her now accepted suitor, resumed their seats.

"You'll be as good as your word, my charmer," whispered the executioner.

"Of course," responded the widow, heaving a deep sigh. "Oh! Jack! Jack!—you little know what a price I've paid for you!"

"Well, I'm glad those women are gone," remarked Shotbolt. "Coupling their presence with Jack's speech, I couldn't help fearing some mischief might ensue."

"That reminds me he's still at large," returned Ireton. "Here, Caliban, go and fasten his padlock."

"Iss, Massa Ireton," replied the black.

"Stop, Caliban," interposed Mrs. Spurling, who wished to protract the discovery of the escape as long as possible. "Before you go, bring me the bottle of pine-apple rum I opened yesterday. I should like Mr. Ireton and his friends to taste it. It's in the lower cupboard. Oh! you haven't got the key—then *I* must have it, I suppose. How provoking!" she added, pretending to rummage her pockets; "one never *can* find a thing when one wants it."

"Never mind it, my dear Mrs. Spurling," rejoined Ireton; "we can taste the rum when he returns. We shall have Mr. Wild here presently, and I wouldn't for the world—Zounds!" he exclaimed, as the figure of the thieftaker appeared at the wicket, "here he is. Off with you, Caliban! Fly, you rascal!"

"Mr. Wild here!" exclaimed Mrs. Spurling in alarm. "Oh gracious! he's lost!"

"Who's lost?" demanded Ireton.

"The key," replied the widow.

All the turnkeys rose to salute the thieftaker, whose habitually-sul-

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len countenance looked gloomier than usual. Ireton rushed forward to open the wicket for him.

"No Blueskin, I perceive, sir," he observed, in a deferential tone, as Wild entered the Lodge.

"No," replied Jonathan, moodily. "I've been deceived by false information. But the wench who tricked me shall bitterly repent it. I hope this is all. I began to fear I might be purposely got out of the way. Nothing has gone wrong here?"

"Nothing whatever," replied Ireton. "Jack is just gone back to the Condemned Hold. His two wives have been here."

"Ha!" exclaimed Jonathan, with a sudden vehemence that electrified the chief turnkey; "what's this!—a spike gone!—'Sdeath!—the women, you say, have been here. He has escaped."

"Impossible, sir," replied Ireton, greatly alarmed.

"Impossible!" echoed Wild, with a fearful imprecation. "No, sir, it's quite possible—more than possible. It's certain. I'll lay my life he's gone. Come with me to the Condemned Hold directly, and, if I find my fears confirmed, I'll—"

He was here interrupted by the sudden entrance of the black, who rushed precipitately into the room, letting fall the heavy bunch of keys in his fright.

"O Massa Ireton!—Massa Wild!" ejaculated Caliban,—"Shack Sheppart gone!"

"Gone? you black devil!—Gone?" cried Ireton.

"Iss, Massa. Caliban sarch ebery hole in de place, but Shack no dere. Only him big hoss padlock—noting else."

"I knew it," rejoined Wild, with concentrated rage; "and he escaped you all—in broad day—before your faces. You may well say it's impossible! His Majesty's gaol of Newgate is admirably guarded, I must say. Ireton, you are in league with him."

"Sir!" said the chief turnkey, indignantly.

"You *are*, sir," thundered Jonathan; "and, unless you find him, you shan't hold your place a week. I don't threaten idly, as you know. And you, Austin,—and you, Langley,—I say the same thing to you."

"But, Mr. Wild—" implored the turnkeys.

"I've said it," rejoined Jonathan, peremptorily. "And you, Marvel, you must have been a party—"

"I, sir!"

"If he's not found, I'll get a new hangman."

"Zounds!" cried Marvel, "I—"

"Hush!" whispered the tapstress, "or I retract my promise."

"Mrs. Spurling," said Jonathan, who overheard the whisper, "you owe your situation to me. If you have aided Jack Sheppard's escape, you shall owe your discharge to me also."

"As you please, sir," replied the tapstress, coolly. "And the next

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Jack Sheppard escaping from the condemned cell in Newgate

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effectual,—may have upon her enfeebled frame, and still worse upon

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her mind. What a mercy that the blow aimed at her by the ruffian, Wild, though it brought her to the brink of the grave, should have restored her to reason! Ah! she stirs."

As she said this, she drew a little aside, while Mrs. Sheppard heaved a deep sigh, and opened her eyes, which now looked larger, blacker, and more melancholy then ever.

"Where am I?" she cried, passing her hand across her brow.

"With your friends, dear Mrs. Sheppard," replied Winifred, advancing.

"Ah! you are there, my dear young lady," said the widow, smiling faintly; "when I first waken, I'm always in dread of finding myself again in that horrible asylum."

"You need never be afraid of that," returned Winifred, affectionately; "my father will take care you never leave him more."

"Oh! how much I owe him!" said the widow, with fervour, "for bringing me here, and removing me from those dreadful sights and sounds, that would have driven me distracted, even if I had been in my right mind. And how much I owe *you*, too, dearest Winifred, for your kindness and attention. Without you I should never have recovered either health or reason. I can never be grateful enough. But, though *I* cannot reward you, Heaven will."

"Don't say anything about it, dear Mrs. Sheppard," rejoined Winifred, controlling her emotion, and speaking as cheerfully as she could. "I would do anything in the world for you, and so would my father, and so would Thames; but he *ought*, for he's your nephew, you know. We all love you dearly."

"Bless you! bless you!" cried Mrs. Sheppard, averting her face to hide her tears.

"I mustn't tell you what Thames means to do for you if ever he gains his rights," continued Winifred; "but I *may* tell you what my father means to do."

"He has done too much already," answered the widow. "I shall need little more."

"But, *do* hear what it is," rejoined Winifred; "you know I'm shortly to be united to your nephew,—that is," she added, blushing, "when he can be married by his right name, for my father won't consent to it before."

"Your father will never oppose your happiness, my dear, I'm sure," said Mrs. Sheppard; "but what has this to do with me?"

"You shall hear," replied Winifred; "when this marriage takes place, you and I shall be closely allied, but my father wishes for a still closer alliance."

"I don't understand you," returned Mrs. Sheppard.

"To be plain, then," said Winifred, "he asked me whether I have any objection to you as a mother."

"And what—what was your answer?" demanded the widow, eagerly.

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"Can't you guess?" returned Winifred, throwing her arms about her neck. "That he couldn't choose any one so agreeable to me."

"Winifred," said Mrs. Sheppard, after a brief pause, during which she appeared overcome by her feelings—"Winifred," she said, gently disengaging herself from the young girl's embrace, and speaking in a firm voice, "you must dissuade your father from this step."

"How?" exclaimed the other. "Can you not love him?"

"Love him!" echoed the widow. "The feeling is dead within my breast. My only love is for my poor lost son. I can esteem him, regard him; but, love him as he *ought* to be loved—that I cannot do."

"Your esteem is all he will require," urged Winifred.

"He has it, and will ever have it," replied Mrs. Sheppard, passionately—"he has my boundless gratitude and devotion. But I am not worthy to be any man's wife—far less *his* wife. Winifred, you are deceived in me. You know not what a wretched guilty thing I am. You know not in what dark places my life has been cast; with what crimes it has been stained. But the offences I *have* committed are venial in comparison with what I should commit were I to wed your father. No—no, it must never be."

"You paint yourself worse than you are, dear Mrs. Sheppard," rejoined Winifred, kindly. "Your faults were the faults of circumstances."

"Palliate them as you may," replied the widow, gravely, "they *were* faults; and as such, cannot be repaired by a greater wrong. If you love me, do not allude to this subject again."

"I'm sorry I mentioned it at all, since it distresses you," returned Winifred; "but as I knew my father intended to propose to you, if poor Jack should be respited——"

"*If* he should be respited!" repeated Mrs. Sheppard, with startling eagerness. "Does your father doubt it? Speak! tell me!"

Winifred made no answer.

"Your hesitation convinces me he does," replied the widow. "Is Thames returned from London?"

"Not yet," replied the other; "but I expect him every minute. My father's chief fear, I must tell you, is from the baneful influence of Jonathan Wild."

"That fiend is ever in my path," exclaimed Mrs. Sheppard, with a look, the wildness of which greatly alarmed her companion. "I cannot scare him thence."

"Hark!" cried Winifred, "Thames is arrived. I hear the sound of his horse's feet in the yard. Now you will learn the result."

"Heaven support me!" cried Mrs. Sheppard, faintly.

"Breathe at this phial," said Winifred.

Shortly afterwards,—it seemed an age to the anxious mother,—Mr.

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Wood entered the room, followed by Thames. The latter looked very pale, either from the effect of his wound, which was not yet entirely healed, or from suppressed emotion,—partly, perhaps, from both causes,—and wore his left arm in a sling.

"Well!" cried Mrs. Sheppard, raising herself, and looking at him as if her life depended upon the answer. "He is respited?"

"Alas! no," replied Thames, sadly. "The warrant for his execution is arrived. There is no further hope."

"My poor son!" groaned the widow, sinking backwards.

"Heaven have mercy on his soul!" ejaculated Wood

"Poor Jack!" cried Winifred, burying her face in her lover's bosom.

Not a word was uttered for some time, nor any sound heard except the stifled sobs of the unfortunate mother.

At length, she suddenly started to her feet; and, before Winifred could prevent her, staggered up to Thames.

"When is he to suffer?" she demanded, fixing her large black eyes, which burnt with an insane gleam, upon him.

"On Friday," he replied.

"Friday!" echoed Mrs. Sheppard; "and to-day is Monday. He has three days to live. Only three days. Three short days. Horrible!"

"Poor soul! her senses are going again," said Mr. Wood, terrified by the wildness of her looks. "I was afraid it would be so."

"Only three days," reiterated the widow, "three short, short days,—and then all is over. Jonathan's wicked threat is fulfilled at last. The gallows is in view—I see it, with all its hideous apparatus!—ough!" and shuddering violently, she placed her hands before her, as if to exclude some frightful vision from her sight.

"Do not despair, my sweet soul," said Wood, in a soothing tone.

"Do not despair!" echoed Mrs. Sheppard, with a laugh that cut the ears of those that listened to it like a razor—"Do not despair! And who or what shall give me comfort when my son is gone? I have wept till my eyes are dry—suffered till my heart is broken—prayed till the voice of prayer is dumb—and all of no avail. He will be hanged—hanged—hanged. Ha! ha! What have I left but despair and madness! Promise me one thing, Mr. Wood," she continued, with a sudden change of tone, and convulsively clutching the carpenter's arm, "promise it me."

"Anything, my dear," replied Wood. "What is it?"

"Bury us together in one grave in Willesden churchyard. There is a small yew-tree west of the church. Beneath that tree let us lie. In one grave, mind. Do you promise to do this?"

"Solemnly," rejoined the carpenter.

"Enough," said the widow, gratefully. "I must see him to-night."

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"Impossible, dear Mrs. Sheppard," said Thames. "To-morrow I will take you to him."

"To-morrow will be too late," replied the widow, in a hollow voice, "I feel it will. I must go to-night or I shall never behold him again. I must bless him before I die. I have strength enough to drag myself there, and I do not want to return."

"Be pacified, sweet soul," said Wood, looking meaningly at Thames; "you *shall* go, and I will accompany you."

"A mother's blessing on you," replied Mrs. Sheppard, fervently. "And now," she added, with somewhat more composure, "leave me, dear friends, I entreat, for a few minutes to collect my scattered thoughts—to prepare myself for what I have to go through — to pray for my son."

"Shall we do so?" whispered Winifred to her father.

"By all means," returned Wood; "don't delay an instant." And, followed by the young couple, who gazed wistfully at the poor sufferer, he hastily quitted the room, and locked the door after him.

Mrs. Sheppard was no sooner alone than she fell upon her knees by the side of the couch, and poured forth her heart in prayer. So absorbed was she by her passionate supplications, that she was insensible to anything passing around her, until she felt a touch upon her shoulder, and heard a well-known voice breathe in her ear—"Mother!"

She started at the sound as if an apparition had called her, screamed, and fell into her son's outstretched arms.

"Mother! dear mother!" cried Jack, folding her to his breast.

"My son! my dear, dear son!" returned Mrs. Sheppard, returning his embrace with all a parent's tenderness.

Jack was completely overcome. His chest heaved violently, and big tears coursed rapidly down his cheeks.

"I don't deserve it," he said, at length; "but I would have risked a thousand deaths to have enjoyed this moment's happiness."

"And you must have risked much to obtain it, my love. I have scarcely recovered the shock of hearing of your condemnation, when I behold you free!"

"Not two hours hence," rejoined Jack, "I was chained down in the Condemned Hold in Newgate. With a small saw, conveyed to me a few days since by Thames Darrell, which I contrived to conceal upon my person, I removed a spike in the hatch, and with the aid of some other friends, worked my way out. Having heard from Thames that you were better, and that your sole anxiety was about me, I came to give you the *first* intelligence of my escape."

"Bless you for it. But you will stay here?"

"I dare not. I must provide for my safety."

"Mr. Wood will protect you," urged Mrs. Sheppard.

"He has not the power—perhaps not the will to do so. And if he

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would I would not subject him to the annoyance. The moment my escape is known, a large reward will be placed on my head. My dress, my person will be minutely described. Jonathan Wild and his blood-hounds, with a hundred others, incited by the reward, will be upon my track. Nay, for aught I know, some of them may even now have got scent of me."

"You terrify me," cried Mrs. Sheppard. "Oh! if this is the case do not stay an instant. Fly! fly!"

"As soon as I can do so with safety, I will return, or send to you," said Jack.

"Do not endanger yourself on my account," rejoined his mother. "I am quite easy now; receive my blessing, my dear son; and if we never meet again, rest assured my last prayer shall be for you."

"Do not talk thus, dear mother," returned Jack, gazing anxiously at her pale countenance, "or I shall not be able to quit you. You must live for me."

"I will try to do so," replied the widow, forcing a smile. "One last embrace. I need not counsel you to avoid those fatal courses which have placed you in such fearful jeopardy."

"You need not," replied Jack, in a tone of the deepest compunction. "And, Oh! forgive me, though I can never forgive myself, for the misery I have caused you."

"Forgive you!" echoed his mother, with a look radiant with delight. "I have nothing to forgive. Ah!" she screamed, with a sudden change of manner; and pointing to the window, which Jack had left open, at which a dark figure was standing, "there is Jonathan Wild!"

"Betrayed!" exclaimed Jack, glancing in the same direction. "The door!—the door!—death!" he added, as he tried the handle, "it is locked—and I am unarmed. Madman that I am to be so!"

"Help!" shrieked Mrs. Sheppard.

"Be silent," said Jonathan, striding deliberately into the room; "these cries will avail you nothing. Whoever answers them must assist me to capture your son. Be silent, I say, if you value his safety."

Awed by Jonathan's manner, Mrs. Sheppard repressed the scream that rose to her lips, and both mother and son gazed with apprehension at the heavy figure of the thieftaker, which, viewed in the twilight, seemed dilated to twice its natural size, and appeared almost to block up the window. In addition to his customary arms, Jonathan carried a bludgeon with a large heavy knob, suspended from his wrist by a loop; a favourite weapon, which he always took with him on dangerous expeditions, and which, if any information had been requisite, would have told Sheppard that the present was one of them.

"Well, Jack," he said, after a pause, "are you disposed to go back quietly with me?"

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"You'll ascertain that when you attempt to touch me," rejoined Sheppard, resolutely.

"My janizaries are within call," returned Wild. "I'm armed, you are not."

"It matters not. You shall not take me alive."

"Spare him! spare him!" cried Mrs. Sheppard, falling on her knees.

"Get up, mother," cried Jack; "do not kneel to him. I wouldn't accept my life from him. I've foiled him hitherto, and will foil him yet. And, come what will, I'll baulk him of the satisfaction of hanging me."

Jonathan raised his bludgeon, but controlled himself by a powerful effort.

"Fool!" he cried, "do you think I would'nt have secured you before this if I hadn't some motive for my forbearance?"

"And that motive is fear," replied Jack, contemptuously.

"Fear!" echoed Wild, in a terrible tone,—"fear! Repeat that word again, and nothing shall save you."

"Don't anger him, my dear son," implored the poor widow, with a look of anguish at Jack. "Perhaps he means well."

"Mad as you are, you're the most sensible of the two, I must say," rejoined Jonathan.

"Spare him!" cried Mrs. Sheppard, who fancied she had made some impression on the obdurate breast of the thieftaker,—"spare him! and I will forgive you, will thank you, will bless you. Spare him! spare him!"

"On one condition I *will* spare him," returned Wild; "on one condition only."

"What is it?" asked the poor woman.

"Either he or you must return with me," answered Jonathan.

"Take *me*, then," replied the widow. And she would have rushed to him, if she had not been forcibly withheld by her son.

"Do not go near him, mother," cried Jack; "do not believe him. There is some deep treachery hidden beneath his words."

"I *will* go," said Mrs. Sheppard, struggling to get free.

"Attend to me, Mrs. Sheppard," said Jonathan, looking calmly on at this distressing scene. "Attend to me, and do not heed him. I swear to you, solemnly swear to you, I will save your son's life, nay more, will befriend him, will place him out of the reach of his enemies, if you consent to become my wife."

"Execrable villain!" exclaimed Jack.

"You hear that," cried Mrs. Sheppard; "he swears to save you."

"Well," replied her son; "and you spurn the proposal."

"No; she accepts it," rejoined Jonathan, triumphantly. "Come along, Mrs. Sheppard. I've a carriage within call shall convey you swiftly to town. Come! come!"

"Hear me, mother," cried Jack, "and I will explain to you *why* the

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villain makes this strange and revolting proposal. He well knows that but two lives—those of Thames Darrell and Sir Rowland Trenchard,—stand between you and the vast possessions of the family. Those lives removed,—and Sir Rowland is completely in his power, the estates would be yours—HIS! if he were your husband. Now do you see his motive?"

"I see nothing but your danger," replied his mother, tenderly.

"Granted it were as you say, Jack," said Wild;—"and I shan't take the trouble to contradict you—the estates would be *yours* hereafter."

"Liar!" cried Jack. "Do you affect ignorance that I am a condemned felon, and can inherit nothing? But do not imagine that under any circumstances I would accept your terms. My mother shall never degrade herself by a connection with you."

"Degrade herself," rejoined Jonathan, brutally. "Do you think I would take a harlot to my bed, if it didn't suit my purposes to do so?"

"He says right," replied Mrs. Sheppard, "I am only fit for such as him. Take me! take me!"

"Before an hour you shall be mine," said Jonathan, advancing towards her.

"Back!" cried Jack, fiercely; "lay a finger on her and I will fell you to the ground. Mother! do you know what you do? Would you sell yourself to this fiend?"

"I would sell myself body and soul, to save you," rejoined his mother, bursting from his grasp.

Jonathan caught her in his arms.

"Come away!" he cried, with the roar of a demon.

This laugh and his looks alarmed her.

"It *is* the fiend!" she exclaimed, recoiling. "Save me!—save me!"

"Damnation!" vociferated Jonathan, savagely. "We've no time for any Bedlam scenes now. Come along, you mad jade. I'll teach you submission in time."

With this, he endeavoured to force her off; but, before he could accomplish his purpose, he was arrested, and his throat seized by Jack. In the struggle, Mrs. Sheppard broke from him, and filled the room with her shrieks.

"I'll now pay the debt I owe you," cried Jack, tightening his gripe till the thieftaker blackened in the face.

"Dog!" cried Wild, freeing himself by a powerful effort, and dealing Jack a violent blow with the heavy bludgeon, which knocked him backwards, "you are not yet a match for Jonathan Wild. Neither you nor your mother shall escape me. But I must summon my janizaries." So saying, he raised a whistle to his lips, and blew a loud call; and, as this was unanswered, another still louder. "Confusion!" he cried; "something has happened. But I won't be cheated of my prize."

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"Help! help!" shrieked Mrs. Sheppard, fleeing from him to the farthest corner of the room.

But it was of no avail. Jonathan again seized her, when the door was thrown open, and Thames Darrell, followed by Mr. Wood and several serving-men, all well armed, rushed into the room. A glance sufficed to show the young man how matters stood. He flew to the window, and would have passed his sword through the thieftaker's body, if the latter had not quickly interposed the person of Mrs. Sheppard, so that if the blow had been stricken she must have received it.

"Quilt!—Mendez!—where are you?" vociferated Wild, sounding his whistle for the third time.

"You call in vain," rejoined Thames. "Your assistants are in my power. Yield, villain!"

"Never!" replied Jonathan.

"Put down your burthen, monster!" shouted Wood, pointing an immense blunderbuss at him.

"Take her!" cried Jonathan; and, flinging the now inanimate body of the poor widow, who had fainted in the struggle, into the arms of Thames, he leapt through the window, and by the time the latter could consign her to Wood, and dart after him, he had disappeared.

"Pursue him," cried Thames to the attendants, "and see that he does not escape."

The order was promptly obeyed.

"Jack," continued Thames, addressing Sheppard, who had only just recovered from the blow, and regained his feet, "I don't ask *how* you came here, nor do I blame your rashness in doing so. Fortunately, ever since Wild's late murderous attack, the household has all been well armed. A postchaise seen in the road first alarmed us. On searching the grounds, we found two suspicious-looking fellows in the garden, and had scarcely secured them when your mother's cries summoned us hither, just in time to preserve her."

"Your arrival was most providential," said Jack.

"You must not remain here another instant," replied Thames. "My horse is at the door, saddled, with pistols in the holsters—mount him, and fly."

"Thames, I have much to say," said Jack, "much that concerns your safety."

"Not now," returned Thames, impatiently. "I cannot—will not suffer you to remain here."

"I will go, if you will consent to meet me at midnight near the old house in Wych Street," replied Jack. "By that time, I shall have fully considered a plan which occurs to me for defeating the schemes of your enemies."

"Before that time you will be captured, if you expose yourself thus," rejoined Thames. "However, I will be there. Farewell."

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"Till midnight," replied Jack.

And imprinting a kiss upon his mother's cold lips, he left the room. He found the horse where Thames told him he would find him, mounted, and rode off across the fields in the direction of town.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WELL HOLE.

JONATHAN WILD'S first object, as soon as he had made good his retreat, was to ascertain what had become of his janizaries, and, if possible, to release them. With this view, he hurried to the spot where he had left the postchaise, and found it drawn up at the road-side, the postilion dismounted, and in charge of a couple of farming-men. Advancing towards them, sword in hand, Jonathan so terrified the hinds by his fierce looks and determined manner, that, after a slight show of resistance, they took to their heels, leaving him master of the field. He then threw open the door of the vehicle, in which he found his janizaries with their arms pinioned, and leaping into it, ordered the man to drive off. The postilion obeyed, and dashed off as hard as his horses could gallop along the beautiful road leading to Neasdon and Willesden, just as the serving-men made their appearance. Arrived at the latter place, Jonathan, who, meanwhile, had contrived to liberate his attendants from their bonds, drew up at the Six Bells, and hiring a couple of horses, despatched his attendants in search of Jack Sheppard, while he proceeded to town. Dismissing the postchaise at the Old Bailey, he walked to Newgate to ascertain what had occurred since the escape. It was just upon the stroke of nine as he entered the Lodge, and Mr. Austin was dismissing a host of inquirers who had been attracted thither by the news,—for it had already been extensively noised abroad. Some of these persons were examining the spot where the spike had been cut off; others the spike itself, now considered a remarkable object; and all were marvelling how Jack could have possibly squeezed himself through such a narrow aperture, until it was explained to them by Mr. Austin that the renowned housebreaker was of slender bodily conformation, and therefore able to achieve a feat which he, Mr. Austin, or any man of similar dimensions, would have found wholly impossible. Affixed to the wall, in a conspicuous situation, was a large placard, which, after minutely describing Sheppard's appearance and attire, concluded thus:—"*Whoever will discover or apprehend the above* JOHN SHEPPARD, *so that he be brought to justice, shall receive* ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS REWARD, *to be paid by* MR. PITT, *the keeper of Newgate.*"

This placard attracted universal attention. While Jonathan was conversing with Austin, from whom he took care to conceal the fact of his having seen Sheppard since his escape, Ireton entered the Lodge.

"Altogether unsuccessful, sir," said the chief turnkey, with a look

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of disappointment, not unmixed with apprehension, as he approached Wild. "I've been to all the flash cases in town, and can hear nothing of him or his wives. First, I went to Country Tom's, the Goat, in Long Lane. Tom swore he hadn't set eyes on him since the trial. I next proceeded to Jenny Bunch's, the Ship, in Trig Lane—there I got the same answer. Then to the Feathers, in Drury Lane. Then to the Golden Ball, in the same street. Then to Martin's brandy-shop, in Fleet Street. Then to Dan Ware's, in Hanging Sword Court. Then to the Dean's Head, in St. Martin's Le Grand. And, lastly, to the Seven Cities o'Refuge, in the New Mint. And nowhere could I obtain the slightest information."

"Humph!" exclaimed Wild.

"Have you been more successful, sir," ventured Ireton.

Jonathan shook his head.

"Mr. Shotbolt thinks he has a scheme that can't fail," interposed Austin: "but he wishes to know whether you'll be as good as your word, in respect to the great reward you offered for Jack's capture."

"Have I ever broken my word in such matters, that he dares put the question?" rejoined Jonathan, sternly. "Tell Mr. Shotbolt that if he, or any other person, takes Jack Sheppard before to-morrow morning, I'll double it. Do you hear?"

"I do, sir," replied Austin, respectfully.

"Two hundred pounds, if he's lodged in Newgate before to-morrow morning," continued Wild. "Make it known among your friends." And he strode out of the place.

"Two hundred pounds!" exclaimed Ireton, "besides the governor's offer—that's three hundred. I must go to work again. Keep a sharp look out, Austin, and see that we lose no one else. I should be sorry if Shotbolt got the reward."

"Devilish hard! I'm not allowed a chance," grumbled Austin, as he was left alone. "However, some one *must* look after the gaol; and they're all gone but me. It's fortunate we've no more Jack Sheppards, or I should stand but a poor chance. Well, I don't think they'll any of 'em nab him, that's one comfort."

On quitting the Lodge, Wild repaired to his own habitation. Telling the porter that he would attend to the house himself, he bade him go in search of Jack Sheppard. There was something in Jonathan's manner, as he issued this command, that struck the man as singular, and he afterwards recalled it. He, however, made no remark at the time, but instantly prepared to set out. As soon as he was gone, Jonathan went up stairs to the audience-chamber; and, sitting down, appeared for some time buried in reflection. The dark and desperate thoughts that were passing through his mind at this time will presently be shown. After a while, he raised his eyes; and, if their glance could have been witnessed at the moment, it could not have been easily

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forgotten. Muttering something to himself, he appeared to be telling upon his fingers the advantages and disadvantages of some scheme he had in contemplation. That he had resolved upon its execution, whatever it might be, was evident from his saying aloud,—

"I will do it. So good an opportunity may never occur again."

Upon this he arose, and paced the room hastily backwards and forwards, as if further arranging his plans. He then unlocked a cabinet, opened a secret drawer; and, after ransacking its contents, discovered a paper he was in search of, and a glove. Laying these carefully aside, he restored the drawer to its place. His next occupation was to take out his pistols, examine the priming, and rub the flints. His sword then came in for his scrutiny: he felt at, and appeared satisfied with its edge. This employment seemed to afford him the highest satisfaction; for a diabolical grin—it cannot be called a smile—played upon his face all the time he was engaged in it. His sword done with, he took up the bludgeon; balanced it in his hand; upon the points of his fingers; and let it fall with a smash, intentionally upon the table.

"After all," he said, "this is the safest weapon. No instrument I've ever used has done me such good service. It *shall* be the bludgeon." So saying, he slung it upon his wrist.

Taking up a link, which was blazing beside him, he walked across the room; and touching a spring in the wall, a secret door flew open. Beyond was a narrow bridge, crossing a circular building, at the bottom of which lay a deep well. It was a dark mysterious place, and what it was used for no one exactly knew; but it was called by those who had seen it the Well Hole. The bridge was protected on either side by a railing with banisters placed at wide intervals. Steps to aid the descent, which was too steep to be safe without them, led to a door on the opposite side. This door, which was open, Jonathan locked and took out the key. As he stood upon the bridge, he held down the light, and looked into the profound abyss. The red glare fell upon the slimy brick-work, and tinged the inky waters below. A slight cough uttered by Jonathan at the moment awakened the echoes of the place, and was returned in hollow reverberations. "There'll be a louder echo here presently," thought Jonathan. Before leaving the place he looked upwards, and could just discern the blue vault and pale stars of heaven through an iron grating at the top.

On his return to the room, Jonathan purposely left the door of the Well Hole ajar. Unlocking a cupboard, he then took out some cold meat and other viands, with a flask of wine, and a bottle of brandy, and began to eat and drink voraciously. He had very nearly cleared the board, when a knock was heard below, and descending at the summons, he found his two janizaries. They had both been unsuccessful. As Jonathan scarcely expected a more satisfactory result,

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he made no comment; but, ordering Quilt to continue his search, and not to return until he had found the fugitive, called Abraham Mendez into the house, and shut the door.

"I want you for the job I spoke of a short time ago, Nab," he said. "I mean to have no one but yourself in it. Come up stairs, and take a glass of brandy."

Abraham grinned, and silently followed his master, who, as soon as they reached the audience-chamber, poured out a bumper of spirits, and presented it to him. The Jew swallowed it at a draught.

"By my shoul!" he exclaimed, smacking his lips, "dat ish goot—very goot."

"You shall finish the bottle when the job's done," replied Jonathan.

"Vat ish it, Mishter Vild?" inquired Mendez. "Shir Rowland Trenchard's affair—eh?"

"That's it," rejoined Jonathan; "I expect him here every minute. When you've admitted him, steal into the room, hide yourself, and don't move till I utter the words, 'You've a long journey before you.' That's your signal."

"And a famoush goot shignal it ish," laughed Abraham. "He hash a long journey before him—ha! ha!"

"Peace!" cried Jonathan. "There's his knock. Go, and let him in. And mind you don't arouse his suspicions."

"Never fear—never fear," rejoined Abraham, as he took up the link, and left the room.

Jonathan cast a hasty glance around, to see that all was properly arranged for his purpose; placed a chair with its back to the door; disposed the lights on the table so as to throw the entrance of the room more into shadow; and then flung himself into a seat to await Sir Rowland's arrival.

He had not to wait long. Enveloped in a large cloak, Sir Rowland stalked into the room, and took the seat assigned him; while the Jew, who received a private signal from Jonathan, set down the link near the entrance of the well-hole, and having made fast the door, crept behind one of the cases.

Fancying they were alone, Sir Rowland threw aside his cloak, and produced a heavy bag of money, which he flung upon the table; and, when Wild had feasted his greedy eyes sufficiently upon its golden contents, he handed him a pocket-book filled with notes.

"You have behaved like a man of honour, Sir Rowland," said Wild, after he had twice told over the money. "Right to a farthing."

"Give me an acquittance," said Trenchard.

"It's scarcely necessary," replied Wild; "however, if you require it, certainly. There it is. 'Received from Sir Rowland Trenchard, £15,000—Jonathan Wild: August 31st, 1724.' Will that do?"

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"It will," replied Trenchard. "This is our last transaction together."

"I hope not," replied Wild.

"It is the last," continued the knight, sternly; "and I trust we may never meet again. I have paid you this large sum—not because you are entitled to it, for you have failed in what you undertook to do, but because I desire to be troubled with you no further. I have now settled my affairs, and made every preparation for my departure to France, where I shall spend the remainder of my days. And I have made such arrangements that at my decease tardy justice will be done my injured nephew."

"You have made no such arrangements as will compromise me, I hope, Sir Rowland!" said Wild, hastily.

"While I live you are safe," rejoined Trenchard; "after my death I can answer for nothing."

"Sblood!" exclaimed Wild, uneasily. "This alters the case materially. When were you last confessed, Sir Rowland?" he added abruptly.

"Why do you ask?" rejoined the other, haughtily.

"Because—because I'm always distrustful of a priest," rejoined Jonathan.

"I have just parted from one," said Trenchard.

"So much the worse," replied Jonathan, rising and taking a turn, as if uncertain what to do.

"So much the better," rejoined Sir Rowland. "He who stands on the verge of the grave, as I do, should never be unprepared."

"You're strangely superstitious, Sir Rowland," said Jonathan, halting, and looking steadfastly at him.

"If I were so, I should not be here," returned Trenchard.

"How so?" asked Wild, curiously.

"I had a terrible dream last night. I thought my sister and her murdered husband dragged me hither, to this very room, and commanded you to slay me."

"A terrible dream, indeed," said Jonathan, thoughtfully. "But you mustn't indulge these gloomy thoughts. Let me recommend a glass of wine."

"My penance forbids it," said Trenchard, waving his hand. "I cannot remain here long."

"You will remain longer than you anticipate," muttered Wild.

"Before I go," continued Sir Rowland, "I must beg of you to disclose to me all you know relative to the parentage of Thames Darrell."

"Willingly," replied Wild. "Thinking it likely you might desire to have this information, I prepared accordingly. First, look at this glove. It belonged to his father, and was worn by him on the night he was murdered. You will observe that a coronet is embroidered on it."

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"Ha!" exclaimed Trenchard, starting, "is he so highly born?"

"This letter will inform you," replied Wild, placing a document in his hand.

"What is this?" cried Sir Rowland. "I know the hand—ha! my friend! and I have murdered *him!* And my sister was thus nobly,—thus illustriously wedded. O God! O God!"

And he appeared convulsed with agony.

"Oh! if I had known this," he exclaimed, "what guilt, what remorse might have been spared me!"

"Repentance comes too late when the deed's done," returned Wild, bitterly.

"It is not too late to repair the wrong I have done my nephew," cried Trenchard. "I will set about it instantly. He shall have the estates. I will return to Manchester at once."

"You had better take some refreshment before you start," rejoined Wild. "'*You've a long journey before you.*'"

As the signal was given, the Jew, who had been some time in expectation of it, darted swiftly behind Sir Rowland, and flung a cloth over his head, while Jonathan rushing upon him in front, struck him several quick and violent blows in the face with the bludgeon. The white cloth was instantly dyed with crimson; but, regardless of this, Jonathan continued his murderous assault. The struggles of the wounded man were desperate—so desperate, that in his agony he overset the table, and, in the confusion tore off the cloth, and disclosed a face horribly mutilated, and streaming with blood. So appalling was the sight, that even the murderers—familiar as they were with scenes of slaughter,—looked aghast at it.

During this dreadful pause the wretched man felt for his sword. It had been removed from the scabbard by the Jew. He uttered a deep groan, but said nothing.

"Despatch him!" roared Jonathan.

Having no means of defence, Sir Rowland cleared the blood from his vision; and, turning to see whether there was any means of escape, he descried the open door behind him leading to the Well Hole, and instantly darted through it.

"As I could wish!" cried Jonathan. "Bring the light, Nab."

The Jew snatched up the link and followed him.

A struggle of the most terrific kind now ensued. The wounded man had descended the bridge, and dashed himself against the door beyond it; but, finding it impossible to force his way further, he turned to confront his assailants. Jonathan aimed a blow at him, which if it had taken place, must have instantly terminated the strife; but, avoiding this, he sprang at the thieftaker, and grappled with him. Firmly built, as it was, the bridge creaked in such a manner with their contending efforts, that Abraham durst not venture beyond the door, where he

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stood, holding the light, a horrified spectator of the scene. The contest, however, though desperate, was brief. Disengaging his right arm, Jonathan struck his victim a tremendous blow on the head with the bludgeon, that fractured his skull; and, exerting all his strength, threw him over the rails, to which he clung with the tenacity of despair.

"Spare me!" he groaned, looking upwards. "Spare me!"

Jonathan, however, instead of answering him, searched for his knife, with the intention of severing his wrist. But not finding it, he had again recourse to the bludgeon, and began beating the hand fixed on the upper rail, until, by smashing the fingers, he forced it to relinquish its hold. He then stamped upon the hand on the lower banister, until that also relaxed its gripe.

Sir Rowland then fell.

A hollow plunge, echoed and re-echoed by the walls, marked his descent into the water.

"Give me the link," cried Jonathan.

Holding down the light, he perceived that the wounded man had risen to the surface, and was trying to clamber up the slippery sides of the well.

"Shoot him! shoot him! Put him out of hish mishery," cried the Jew.

"What's the use of wasting a shot?" rejoined Jonathan, savagely. "He can't get out."

After making several ineffectual attempts to keep himself above water, Sir Rowland sunk, and his groans, which had become gradually fainter and fainter, were heard no more.

"All's over," muttered Jonathan.

"Shall ve go back to de oder room?" asked the Jew. "I shall breathe more freely dere. Oh! Chrisht! de door's shut! It musht have schwung to during de schuffle!"

"Shut!" exclaimed Wild. "Then we are imprisoned. The spring can't be opened on this side."

"Dere's de other door!" cried Mendez, in alarm.

"It only leads to the fencing crib," replied Wild. "There's no outlet that way."

"Can't ve call for asshistanche?"

"And who'll find us, if we do?" rejoined Wild, fiercely. "But they *will* find the evidences of slaughter in the other room,—the table upset,—the bloody cloth,—dead man's sword,—the money,—and my memorandum, which I forgot to remove. Hell's curses! that after all my precautions I should be thus entrapped. It's all your fault, you shaking coward! and, but that I feel sure you'll swing for your carelessness, I'd throw you into the well, too."

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LEGENDS OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

WITH THE ADVENTURES OF THE AUTHOR IN SEARCH OF THEM.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER, ESQ.

Borthwood forest was an extensive tract of wild and well-wooded country, lying on this side of Shanklin. You will see, when you pass that way, a singularly-pointed conical hill, with a peasant's cottage perched upon the top of it, rising out of a comparatively level country. It is known to this day by the name of "The Queen's Bower." Its use, and the origin of its name, are as follow:—

It was the custom of our Norman ancestors, when they gave a grand hunting entertainment, to select an open space, as near as might be in the centre of their hunting-ground; and choosing some natural mount, or forming an artificial one, they erected upon it a pavilion, in which were placed the ladies, and such of their company as did not intend personally to take a part in the chase. A large portion of the forest was then surrounded by as many of the chief retainers as could be got together. These advanced in a circle, making a great noise, gradually contracting the area of the circle, until at length all the beasts that they had disturbed were driven into the appointed hunting-ground. Here the knights who had assembled for the chase lay in wait for them near the openings through which it was probable that the game would issue from the forest. The knights were generally on horseback, armed with bows and arrows, and attended with their squires holding their dogs in leash. As the deer passed, they shot their arrows, and let their dogs loose upon the game, and generally with fatal effect; for skill in every branch of the art of hunting appears to have been the great test of a man's being a gentleman.

The hill still called the Queen's Bower derives its name from the circumstance of Isabella de Fortibus, the lady of the Isle of Wight in the reign of Edward the First, having there erected her hunting-pavilion. This lady, so celebrated in the local history of the island, was sometimes styled the Queen of the Isle of Wight; and, indeed, though feudally subject to the Crown of England, her authority within her own dominions was quite despotic, and she lived in her castle of Carisbrook in a magnificence and state worthy of royalty.

A very curious account of a hunting of this lady, or Queen of the Isle of Wight, in Borthwood forest, is preserved in an ancient manuscript* in the British Museum. It appears that a certain knight visited her court in disguise; and Isabella, wishing to satisfy her doubts as to whether he was come of noble blood or not, without committing a breach of ancient hospitality by asking him questions, proposes a grand hunting-match, that he might prove his noble breeding by his skill in the chase. The manuscript is as follows:—

"On the morrow, whan yt was day,
To her men she gan to say,

* Ancient MS. Brit. Mus. Harl. MSS. 2252, 44. Wart. Eng. Poet. vol. i. p. 198.

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'To-morrow, whan it is daylight,
Lok ye be all redy dight,
With your houndis more and lesse
In forrest to take my gresse,*
And thare I will myself be,
Your games to beholde and see.'
Ippomedon had houndis three,
That he brot from his countree,
Whan they were to the wood gone,
This ladye and her men ichone,†
And with hem her houndis ladde,‡
All that any houndis hadde,
Syr Tholomew forgate he nought
His maistres houndis thythere he brought,
That many a day he had run ere;
Full well he thought to note hem there.
Whan they came to the lande on hight,
The queen's pavylyon there was pight,§
That she might see all the best
All the game of the forrest;
And to the ladye brought many a best,
Herte and hynd, buck and doe,
And other bestis many mo.
The houndis that were of gret prise
Plucked down deer all atryse.
Ippomedon, he with his houndis throo,‖
Drew down both buck and doo,
More he took with houndis three
Than all that othir compagnie.
Their squyers undyd¶ their deer,
Eche man after his manere:
Ippomedon a deer gede unto,
That full konningly gon he it undo,¶
So fair, that very son he gan to dight
That both him byheld squyre and knighte:
The ladye looked out of her pavylyon,
And saw him dight the venyson;
There she had grete daintee,
And so had alle that dyd hym see.
She sawe all that he down threw,
Of huntynge she wist he could enou,
And thought in her heart then
That he was come of gentilmen.
She bad Jason her men to calle,
Home then passed gret and smalle.
Home thei come soon anon,
This ladye to her meat gan gon,**
And of venery†† had her fill,
For they had taken game at will."

Thus this royal lady having ascertained that Sir Ippomedon was a good shot with a bow, that his greyhounds were of the right breed, and that he knew how to cut up his deer when he had brought it down, goes home to dinner satisfied that the stranger knight is a gentleman, every inch of him.

* Gresse—game. † Ichone—each one, *i. e.* all. ‡ Ladde—led.
§ Pight—pitched. ‖ Three. ¶ To undo a deer, is to cut it up.
** To her meat gan gon—went to dinner. †† Venery—hunting.

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GODSHILL.

Having received a letter from Captain Nosered, of Violet Cottage, Ventnor, containing an invitation for Mr. Winterblossom and myself to spend the day with him, stating at the same time that he had a tale for me connected with that neighbourhood, very curious, and well-authenticated, which he wished to show me; as the captain was an old friend of mine, we accepted the invitation, and set out in a car together the next day.

"Pray, sir," said I, as we went along, "what is that church that I see yonder perched up at the top of a hill?"

"Godshill," answered the antiquary.

"Godshill! Pray can you inform me how it got that name? It cannot be because it is nearer to heaven than the country round it."

"I certainly never heard that reason for it before. I always understood that it had been named Godshill in commemoration of a miracle that tradition tells us was performed at the building of the church. The story, as it is now told, and by many still believed, in the Isle of Wight, is as follows:—

"A sum of money having been given by certain pious individuals, whose names unfortunately are now lost, for the erection of a church, the religious authorities of the Island, under whose direction it was to be erected, looked out for a proper site for it. After mature deliberation, they fixed upon a spot at the foot of the steep eminence upon which the present church stands.

"Having arranged this to their own satisfaction, they sent a messenger to the proprietor of the land, informing him that the Bishop of the Isle of Wight, after a solemn consultation with a council composed of ancient and holy men, having at heart the spiritual welfare of his island flock, had at length decided upon conferring upon him the high honour and distinction of allowing the church to be built upon his land; and he begged him moreover not to be puffed up with pride thereat, but to receive the favour thus conferred upon him with all humility and gratitude.

"Now it so happened that the owner of this land was a poor franklin (a freeholder), of very limited means and a very large family, and moreover he was by no means of a religious turn of mind. In his heart he hated all priests and monks; he went to sleep at mass when he did attend it; fast-day and feast were to him alike; and as for confession, he avoided it altogether,—not because he had nothing to confess, but because he was afraid of frightening the priest if he told the truth; and where was the good of confession if he told lies.

"There were, however, occasional exceptions to this rule. There was a certain jolly wandering friar, who used to visit him occasionally and shrive him, without being too particular about trifles; and, besides, he used to hear his confession after supper, which tended to make it pass off very smoothly. Once, indeed, the friar ordered him a slight penance; but then upon that visit he found his landlord's ale a little turned, which might in some degree have soured his temper. The franklin used to say, that a simmering mug of ale, with a roasted crab bobbing about in it, would get him absolution from any sin in the world.

"This being the character of the man who owned the land, it may easily be imagined that, although he avoided the first evil of being

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puffed up with pride, he could not bring himself to acknowledge the favour conferred upon him with all the humility and gratitude required of him.

"He did not, however, dare to fly in the face of his powerful self-styled benefactors. He hemmed, and hawed, and coughed, and then remarked what a splendid site for the church there was just at the top of the hill.

"He was informed that that situation had been well considered, and it was thought to be too much exposed.

"The franklin then changed his tone, and, looking down to the ground with a well-feigned humility, he said to the monk—

"'Father, the fact is, I am a very great sinner; and if the church is built upon land belonging to me, it will be erected upon unholy ground. I pray you, father, consider this well. My neighbours on both sides are pious persons, and their land contains magnificent sites for building churches. If you build your church upon their land, it will not stand upon unholy ground; and the high honour will be conferred upon a pious person, who is worthy to be distinguished by the favour of the bishop and his reverend council.'

"The monk replied, 'Your being a sinner is no obstacle, but the reverse; for, when the foundation-stone is laid, you will receive absolution for all your sins, be they ever so black; and as for the land being tainted with unholiness, we can consecrate that.'

"The franklin was now sorely puzzled what to say. He muttered something about the largeness of his family and the smallness of his farm, and how the spot fixed upon was the best bit of the whole, and how he might be reduced to poverty.

"The monk, however, turned a deaf ear to all this, affecting either not to hear or not to understand the drift of his argument; and so, without in the least committing himself by any hint about the possibility of compensation, he hied him back to his masters, and told them how, when he had delivered his message, the franklin bent his eyes with all humility towards the ground, and replied, that he was too great a sinner for so high an honour to be conferred upon him.

"In the due course of time the bishop's architect came to survey the spot, and trace out the lines of the foundation, and some stones from the quarry at Binstead were piled in a heap, ready for the commencement of the building. The next morning the architect and the masons made their appearance. How great was their astonishment to find not a single stone remaining where they had placed it, and not a single peg or mark put in by the architect remaining there!

"They stood here for some time, first staring at the bare field, then looking at one another, and then staring at the ground again.

"'Where are all the building-stones gone to?' said one.

"'Where are all my pegs that marked out the lines of the foundation?' said the architect.

"'Where are all the stones and the pegs gone to, Master Franklin? What tricks have you been playing us, Master Franklin?' said one of them to the owner of the field.

"The franklin looked innocence itself, then opened his eyes and his mouth, and raised up his hands in mute astonishment.

"'It strikes me,' said one of the labourers, scratching his head,

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'that we must just have mistaken our way, and come to the wrong field.'

"'That's quite impossible!' said two or three of the others, speaking together.

"While they were thus debating, the owner of the land at the top of the hill made his appearance among them.

"'Is this fair?—is this right?—is this honourable?' said he.

"'What fair?—what right?' rejoined the architect. 'We do not understand you.'

"'I know well,' said the man from the top of the hill, 'that land is oftentimes seized to erect a church upon, without compensation being given to the owner; but I ask you, is it not hard, very hard, that the foundations of a church should be pegged out, and the stones placed ready for the builder, upon my land, without my being told a word about it beforehand? Sir, I honour the priesthood and holy men as a good man ought; but not when they come like a thief in the night to plunder me of my patrimony. Fie! fie! Master Architect. What!—must you come in the night, while I am asleep, to mark out your foundations, and place your building-stones all ready to begin with? Why, if I had overslept myself, I might almost have found when I awoke my best field converted into buildings and churchyards.'

"'What can the man mean?' said the architect, when the little man from the top of the hill stopped to take breath.

"'Why, it is just what I thought,' said one of the masons; 'there must be two fields somehow or other so exactly alike, that we must have mistaken the one for the other.'

"'I can assure you,' said our friend the franklin, putting in his word, 'that, although he appears a little excited at present, he is a very sensible, respectable, pious man; but what he is talking about I cannot imagine.'

"'Look up there,' said the little man from the top of the hill; 'there they have already brought stones to commence a church with, and have actually begun to mark out the direction of the foundations.'

"In consequence, everybody did look up in the direction he pointed, and certainly they did perceive the tops of two heaps of stones showing themselves above the brow of the hill. The architect and his assistants immediately directed their steps there, and, to their great astonishment, they found the building-stones disposed in much the same order on the top of the hill that they had placed them in the field below.

"What was to be done? The bishop had arranged that he should come that very afternoon to lay the first stone of the church himself. There was, therefore, no time to be lost; so, without speculating farther how the stones had contrived to get up to the top of a steep hill without assistance, they set themselves to work in good earnest to bring them down again; and before the appointed time for the bishop's arrival the stones were all heaped up as they were before, the architect had pegged out the shape of the new church, and a little part of the foundation had been dug, ready to receive the first stone.

"Shortly after the hour at which the bishop was expected, a group of monks and other ecclesiastics were seen collected together in the distance waiting for him. After the lapse of about twenty minutes, the dignitary himself, riding on a mule, attended by about six or seven

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mounted attendants, joined their inferior brethren, who were awaiting him. They now formed themselves into a procession, walking two and two, those on foot marching first, then the bishop; his mounted companions followed two and two, and a few more attendants on foot brought up the rear.

"As they advanced at a slow pace, they chanted a psalm. One half of them chanted the first verse, the other half replied to them in a higher note, while here and there their united voices swelled into a loud chorus.

"The workmen and the peasantry, who were assembled round the destined site of the new church, listened with deep devotion to the solemn notes of the holy song, now swelling loud, now dying away upon the summer wind.

"When the procession arrived at the spot, the monks on foot filed to the right and to the left, still raising their voices, and turning up their eyes towards heaven. The bishop on his mule now arrived in front, and it was expected that he would dismount and offer up a prayer for the success of their undertaking. Had he been on foot, there is no doubt but that he would have done so; but mules are animals proverbially obstinate, delighting in showing that they have a will of their own, independent of their master's. So was it in the present instance; for the animal, instead of stopping short, as he was directed to do, continued to walk leisurely on, till at length he quickened his pace into a trot, and he had actually ascended half way up the steep hill in front before he could be brought to a full stop. At length the bishop returned crest-fallen and out of humour, and having taken his appointed place, he commenced his prayer for the success of the undertaking, resting his knee upon an embroidered footstool, while the rest of the congregation knelt upon the ground. After his prayer was concluded, some masonic tools and a small silver coin were given to him. He now, with the assistance of two masons, deposited the coin, and settled down the stone upon it. They chanted a psalm; and when this was concluded, the bishop's attendant deacon called for the franklin by name. When he had come, the bishop said, 'Kneel down.'

"The franklin knelt.

"The bishop then, after praising him for his piety, pronounced a full absolution for all his sins, and all the ecclesiastics responded in a deep 'Amen.' The bishop then gave the whole assembly his parting benediction, and the ceremony was at an end.

"As the venerable fathers rode home together, they discussed and rediscussed, and commented upon the curious tale of which they had heard several versions that morning; how all the building-stones, together with the architect's markers and pegs, had been mysteriously conveyed away from their allotted spot to the top of a steep hill in the neighbourhood. It could not have been chance. If the stones had rolled from the top of the hill down to the bottom, it would have been another thing; but stones cannot roll up a hill.

"Was it a miracle? Catholic priests in all ages of the world are supposed to be oftener preachers than believers of the miracles that take place under their own eyes; so, though the possibility of its having been a miracle was thrown out once or twice, the majority were decidedly against the opinion that a miracle had been worked in the present instance.

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"Then there was a third supposition. It might have been a trick played upon them by some base reprobate. This appeared to them all to be much more unlikely than either of the two foregoing suppositions. Where could a man be found so utterly wicked as to wish to do such an action? Certainly not in the Isle of Wight, so celebrated for its piety. But even suppose such a man was found, how was it possible to imagine for a moment that he would dare to do it? The church can excommunicate as well as bless; besides, people had been burnt alive for sacrilege before; then what object could any person possibly have in doing so? It certainly could not be merely for the sake of running the chance of being burnt alive, with the addition of the curses of the church, and the execration of all mankind. Then, again, how could he possibly carry his intentions into execution, even if he was mad enough to desire it? It could have been no light labour to have carried all the stones up the hill; and it was evidently quite impossible to have done it without being observed by some of the neighbours; and what neighbour would dare to conceal such an action from the Holy Church?

"At length one of the brothers interrupted this discussion, saying, in a most solemn tone,

"'In the blindness of your hearts, and in the eagerness of your talking, you have altogether forgotten the most important fact of all.'

"'What is that?' demanded two or three at once.

"'Had it not been for the assistance of two strong men in stopping his mule, the bishop himself would have been carried up to the top of the hill.'

"It would never have done for the other ecclesiastics to have cast any reflections upon the horsemanship of their superior; so it was absolutely necessary for them all to come to the conclusion that there was something very supernatural and wonderful in the whole affair. Thus ostensibly, at any rate, the theory of the miracle carried it hollow.

"The bishop, however, between whom and the mule similar differences of opinion, attended with precisely the same results, had frequently occurred before, could not in his heart subscribe to the proof that appeared to have convinced the rest; so he thus addressed his attendants.

"'Brethren, however singular may have appeared what we have heard and seen this day, we ought not lightly to adopt an opinion that anything has occurred out of the common order of nature, lest other causes, simple and obvious to the unlearned, should by chance be brought to light, sufficient to account for what has happened, and thus the authority of the Church be brought into jeopardy. I will therefore order two men to be placed to watch the spot to-night, and to-morrow we will discuss this matter again, after they shall have made their report.'

"One of his attendants was in consequence sent back to direct two of the workmen to remain on the spot all night, and to give them his blessing, which was accordingly done.

"A messenger from the bishop was sent to them again in the morning, to see whether all had remained quiet during the night. The account that he brought back was, that he found the two men lying upon the ground in a helpless state, like men weary in body

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and oppressed with strong drink. He roused them with some trouble, and they then gave a very strange and marvellous account of what they had seen and heard during the night.

"The most extraordinary fact, however, that the messenger had to report was, that the stones had all contrived to get up to the top of this hill again; the foundation-stone had been taken away, and the trench filled up, and the turf laid smooth again.

"Upon ascending the hill, they found the building-stones bestowed in the same form they were the morning before; the lines of the foundation were in the same manner pegged out by the architect's marks; a small portion of the foundation had been dug, and the first stone had been laid,—the identical first stone that had been laid by the bishop in another place the evening before.

"The bishop, upon hearing this, ordered the two watchers and all the other persons who had been employed the day previous to be brought before him. The account that the two watchers gave was, that about midnight they were startled by a low rumbling noise, which appeared to issue from the heaps of stones. Presently the stones were observed to move, rolling about one against another, just as if there was a large body moving about and kicking in the midst of the heap; then a little stone rolled off the top of the heap, and tumbled on the ground; but it quite made their hair stand on end to see that, instead of stopping there, it kept on rolling and rolling,—where the ground was rough it hopped and skipped, and then went on rolling again in the direction of the hill. Then out came another stone, and rolled, and skipped, and rolled like the first. In a little time, when the stones had contrived to shake themselves out of the heap, where they seemed to be very much in one another's way, they all began rolling away together,—the little ones going faster and more nimbly than the others. The watchers said that they had some difficulty in getting out of the way, there were so many of them on the move together. A large stone, indeed, did come foul of one of them, hit him on the shin, and knocked him out of the way, nearly breaking his leg, and then went bowling on, as if it did not care whether his leg was broken or not.

"When the stones had all gone by, they determined, though they were very much frightened at the time, to follow them, and see what they would do. They overtook them at a steep pitch of the hill, which appeared to offer considerable hindrance to their ascent. The little ones, indeed, were seen scrambling up without any very great difficulty; but the large heavy ones could hardly get on at all. Some of them rolled half way over, and then rolled back again, but, after one or two efforts, they generally got a roll in advance; and when they passed the steep pitch, they bowled away again merrily.

"The watchers waited until they had all passed the difficulty except one large stone, with a very awkward angle sticking out of its side, which seemed effectually to prevent its turning over at all. It contrived to turn half way over, and then rolled back again, and this it had repeated so often, that it had actually worked itself into a hole, and all its efforts to extricate itself seemed hopeless.

"The watchers consulted with one another whether it would not be an act of charity to lend the poor stone a hand, and then they knelt down and put their shoulders against its under side, and gave a heave. The great awkward stone rolled over, and then kept

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scrambling on as if it had been just as well made as the rest of its companions.

"They followed the stones to the top of the hill to watch their proceedings there. The stones in several places were seen huddling themselves close together, and there were some others rolled up to them, and gave one hop, and jumped on to the top of them, till at length they were seen piled up in just such heaps as they lay in before down below. Then the pegs—the architect's pegs were hopping about upon the ground like sparrows; but their wooden heads did not seem to be half so sharp-witted as the stones, for they seemed sorely puzzled where to place themselves, notwithstanding the apparent exertions of a tall wand, with a bit of coloured rag at the top of it, which kept constantly moving backward and forward, now sticking himself in at one corner, and then at another, probably much in the same way that it had previously done under the architect's directions. But long before they had made their arrangements to anything like their own satisfaction, up hopped a spade, which banged across the ground they were marking, knocking down two or three pegs in his way without any ceremony, and began sedulously digging and throwing out the earth. It was marvellous to see how it crammed itself into the ground, and then threw out the earth, without any hand or foot to guide it.

"When it had dug a hole sufficiently large, up rolled a large flat stone, and squatted itself down in it. This stone was afterwards found to be the same identical stone that had been laid by the bishop with so much ceremony down below.

"This was the account given by the two men who had been set to watch.

"One of the other men employed now stepped forward, and said, that with regard to the bad hurt that one of the watchers had got upon his shin, he was quite certain that his companion had not received that hurt up to late in the evening before. They always worked with bare legs, and he must therefore have seen it.

"Here the bishop and his council put their heads together, and consulted a little in an under tone. It was evident that the man had received his hurt some time during the night, and not during his work hours; and it was quite incredible that he could purposely have inflicted such an injury upon himself. This was a strong piece of circumstantial evidence, and went far to prove the truth of the story. Then the account given by these two men agreed so exactly in every particular,—they were so accurate in the description of every minute circumstance,—all the different parts of the story fitted so well together, that they considered it unnecessary to hear any farther evidence upon the subject. The bishop then dismissed the assembly.

"Two days after this the bishop, attended by the principal ecclesiastics and the chief inhabitants of the Isle of Wight, went in solemn procession to consecrate the new site of the church. The ceremony was very similar to the preceding one, except that the bishop recited at great length, and with some trifling alterations and additions, the wonderful miracle that had taken place upon the spot. After he had concluded his address, they raised the foundation-stone to see whether the piece of money was still lying under it.

"Great was the astonishment of all the assembly to find that it

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was gone, and exactly in the spot where it should have been was found the paring of a thumb-nail. As soon as this was publicly announced, a loud and universal shout arose—'A relic! a holy relic!' I pass over altogether, for it would be grating to the ear of every religious Protestant, the consultations that were held upon the subject, the processions that followed, the masses that were said, the adorations that were paid to this trumpery and filthy object. It is sufficient to know that the site was consecrated, the church was built, and the ground upon which it was erected has ever since been known by the name of God's-hill.

"The franklin was highly pleased to have had all his sins absolved by the bishop himself, without the necessity of any confession; while his cows still ranged over his favourite field; and the two watchers never passed that way without partaking of the best cheer that the franklin could set before them."

UNCLE SAM'S PECULIARITIES.

AMERICAN NIGGERS.—HUDSON RIVER STEAM-BOAT DIALOGUES.

THERE is not the least exchange of feeling between the white and black population of America. In some of the slave States, to teach a slave to read and write is an offence punishable with death, and a *free* black sailor arriving in port is consigned to a prison until his ship is again ready for sea. The following observations refer exclusively to the "free States;" in which the blacks and mulattoes are proprietors of their own persons, but have not all the social and political privileges of the republic:—

Nature has created a difference in physical formation, colour, and mental capacity between the *real negro*, with retiring forehead, projecting jaws and large heels, and the European, or Caucasian variety of the genus homo, which nothing can ever set aside. American physiologists declare that there are upwards of fifty different anatomical developments by which the existence of negro blood in any individual can be tested. But, if no difference were perceptible except the rank odour of a nigger, *that one* difference would be quite sufficient, in my humble opinion, to place an insuperable bar against the "amalgamation"—odious word!—which the blacks, and some eccentric white enthusiasts, in the United States, are professing to desire. The zealous "abolitionist" is pleased to think that at a future age of the world, some thousands of years hence, no *black* man will be in existence; the negro blood being all "amalgamated" with the white, so that mankind will assume a sober whity-brown appearance. There can be no doubt that when this process shall be completed, our descendants of the thousandth generation will commence an amalgamation between the aforesaid Negro-Caucasian, whity-browns, and the Tartarian inhabitants of the "Celestial Empire."

The treatment of the blacks by the whites in the "free" States is

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simply founded on the conventional opinions that the blacks are not the brethren of the whites; that it is a "curse" to the country that so many blacks are in existence in it, elbowing their superiors; and that the only way to make these two distinct races of mankind live peaceably together is to draw a line of demarkation between them, and allow *all* the whites to say to *all* the blacks, "keep your distance, confess your inferiority, and do not attempt to associate with us." Although this state of things may be called ungenerous, and even cruel, towards the few blacks who have more than an average amount of intelligence, yet it has puzzled all the Philadelphia lawyers to invent more than two systems of government for a free state with niggers in it; one system being to rest satisfied with the *distinctive dye* of nature, and to enforce obedience from the blacks; the other is sacrilegiously to break down the law,

"Whereto we see in all things nature tends,"

and "amalgamate" the two species.

I shall conclude this exordium with remarking, that I never met an Englishman, who, after being six months in the States, did not agree that the plan of treating the blacks as natural inferiors was unavoidable, and that the amalgamation doctrine is an abomination too hideous ever to be entertained except by the blacks themselves, and the most degenerate and frantic white men.

Passing on a summer evening one of the African churches in New York, I listened at an open window to the following snatches of the minister's discourse. I should have ventured within doors, but the steam at the window forewarned me.

"My belobed brebren," said the parson, "ebery ting tells me de molgamation assoity mus triump. I wab at Bosson toder day, an hard a bootiful sarmen frum de Reberend Missa Rae. He said de Queen ob Sheba wab a dark lady, may be berry dark—'spose black. Yet de Queen ob Sheba cum to Solymun, who raise her, and pud her on a chair by em side. Reberend Missa Rae guess Solymun wad hab made her Queen ob Israel only he wab married afore. Dis Solymun wab a king sarten; but not like a king ob de present day. He wab so wise dat he wab the wisest man as eber live on dis circular globe as is continually surrounding the heabens. De heabens tell de glory ob heaben, and dis circular globe tell the unjust 'havior ob man to hisself, for man to man is man to hisself, or his own fam'ly." (A pause.) "Yas, I say de anjust 'havior ob man to hisself, or his own likeness. Are we not broders? I say we is. I say so wib a loud voice to ma fellow white Chrestian brebren. Em cannot answer dat. Em say *no*, but a say *yas*." (A pause.) "I dine wib de white men in Bosson—de obolition assoity—an' dey did not turn up 'em nose at me. No: but gabe me one ob de tob seats, and' a sat wib de white men an' ma colo'd frens, wib de univarsal feelin ob ooman natur on ma soul." (A pause.) "Some say too we shall hab de millitiee-law ultered, and de black and white will go fort to battle togeder side by em side, at de next war."

After the sermon I heard the congregation singing a hymn, the concluding line of the verses, which was repeated twice, being

"We shall be de soldiers in de army by and by."

The laws of New York State disqualify the blacks from serving

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in the militia, or voting as citizens, unless they have freehold property of the value of two hundred and fifty dollars. No doubt there are many thus qualified, but no American mob would permit a nigger to take part with it in an election. A coloured man is not allowed to enter any part of a theatre but the gallery, and there he is carefully excluded by wooden palings from the whites. Black men are not permitted to work a fire engine at a conflagration, although they *may* take up the water-plugs, and busy themselves with the hose. No nigger must enter the public grounds, called the Park and the Battery, in New York, on "celebration days." I saw a drunken nigger who had offended in this respect, when a balloon was about to ascend from the Battery, chased by the mob, and nearly murdered. The mob caught him by some iron railings, against which they beat his head and face until the poor creature was covered with blood and wounds. Certainly no English mob would have used a dog so. Some constables were on the spot, but did not interfere; the sovereign people were merely having a *nigger hunt!* After the balloon had ascended, their majesties, pleased with the sport they had enjoyed in "whipping" the nigger, commenced a general hunt, and obliged every coloured man to "clear out" of the streets, under pain of being brutishly knocked down and trampled on. Sometimes, on such occasions, the niggers collect together and show fight, which is then called a *nigger riot;* the blacks defending themselves are taken before the squires, and sent to cut stone at the State's prison; thus, a nigger riot helps the state to some valuable labour.

The river Schuylkill, near Philadelphia, is much used by the anti-pœdo-Baptist niggers, for *total* immersion, in their "baptisms for riper years;" and the favourite season for this religious ablution is the depth of winter. I was witness to the baptism, or dipping, of about twenty niggers one Sunday morning, when the river was frozen over. Some grinning labourers were breaking the ice with pickaxes, while a procession of six hackney coaches was approaching; the white coachmen looking all sorts of unutterable fun. The black minister let himself out of the first coach, and immediately commenced a discourse, the aim of which was to convince the bystanders that there was nothing ridiculous in what they were about to perform. He concluded by informing the troop of unhappy bathers that, if they trusted in the Lord, they would certainly not catch cold. The poor fellows, dressed like Spanish monks were, however, shivering with the damp expectation. The minister walked first into the water, and, as his congregation followed him, he gave each the *coup de grace* by sousing the head under the water so low as to make the fullest assurance of the total immersion being perfect. While this was being acted, the following colloquy ensued between three white Philadelphians and two of the black Baptists.

1st Phil. What on airth can these black fellows be communicating in the water?

2d Phil. Can't say, if they aint washing themselves agin the summer comes on.

3d Phil. Those on the airth are shaking quaking Baptists, kind of Mother Ann people, a-going to be dipped present-*ly*. Those in the water under the airth have caught cold, and are coming out quite cured of the excruciating enthusiasm that made them go in.

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1st PHIL. (*to one of the blacks.*) How is it you choose winter for this here washing?

3D. PHIL. Who gave that coloured man in the black cap leave to have the ice broke? It should'nt be done near here. It spoils sleighing and skating frolics, and don't ought to be done by any.

1st NIGGER. We are anti-pœdo Baptists.

1st PHIL. Are you?

2D PHIL. Howoo? (how?)

3D PHIL. What's that to do with washing yourselves, and using cakes of ice for soap?

1st NIGGER. For total 'mersion.

2D NIGGER. Don't 'terrupt de cerem'ny.

3D PHIL. Ceremony, you curious nigger! I should call it a frolic, only you look so eteraal shivered. You should have brought some apple-jack with you.

1st NIGGER. Jamaky sperets is best.

2D PHIL. Well said, old 'un.

1st NIGGER. Ole enough to be oo fader.

2D PHIL. Father? you precious nigger! Do you say I'm a baboon, or a Hottentot monkey!

1st NIGGER. No, sa; but oe shouldn't make fun of 'ligious ce-m'ny.

2D PHIL. I make fun? What's the use of that when the whole gang of you are making so much fun of yourselves, you don't give anybody a chance to strike out a funny idea in addition?

The following dialogues will serve to introduce a variety of niggers.

FIRST PART.—DECK OF A HUDSON RIVER STEAM-BOAT.

A dandy nigger, technically termed a "long-tailed blue," dancing Jim Crow's pattern dance, of which Mr. T. D. Rice has afforded the denizens of London an exact portraiture. It must be remarked, however, that the dance on deck does not include the song with which Mr. Rice accompanies it. A very old nigger is selling fruit to the passengers, who are laughing at "long-tailed blue;" a good-looking Mulatto lad is selling hot Indian corn; two very ugly niggers are at the steam-engine, looking on with a peculiar scowl, expressive of animosity to the "whites," of whom they are conversing; and two black stewards occasionally make their appearance at the companion door.—Time, dusk of the evening.

MULATTO (*chants.*)

"*Hot* corn, hot *corn*,
Here's your nice hot *corn*,
All hot!"

TENNESSEE. The owners of this boat ought to be ashamed of themselves for having such abominable niggers on board. I shall complain. I overheard one of them say, that if all the blacks were of his mind they would not leave a white man on the face of the earth.

SPECTATOR. What an atrocious idea! Yet the generality of white men would agree in the wish that no *black* men darkened the face of nature.

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TENNESSEE. If he were in Tennessee his back should be warmed as soon as we reached the shore. I don't know how you Englishers feel, but really my republican blood boils when these black rascals dare to utter a disrespectful word in my presence, and I not to be able to punish them for it. The license these niggers have in these infernal free States sickens any one from the south. Look at that fellow eating clams.* You don't see such an ugly nigger as that every day.

SPECTATOR. A monstrous ill-looking fellow, indeed! With some long hair, and a bear-skin, he would make a perfect representative of Shakspeare's Caliban.

TENNESSEE. There's the other, too! Why, sir, I wouldn't give a hundred dollars for both of them in one lot. What a broken-winded, spavined pair! What a sprawling, lame-handed, loose-jointed pair! Shame on the proprietors to have such rascals on board! I shall patronize the Mohawk Company next trip.

MULATTO.

"*Hot* corn, hot *corn*,
Here's your nice hot *corn*,
All hot!"

TENNESSEE. There 's a likely young fellow, that corn-dealer, there!

SPECTATOR. What may be the value of such a hand as that in the south?—two hundred dollars?

TENNESSEE. Oh, ay? dirt cheap at that. Now, there's a tight nigger—that one dancing; he figures it well, too. How proud he seems that the whites are looking on. Astonishing the pride of some of those fellows! That black devil has been jumping Jim Crow ever since we have been on board, I expect. What a capital hand for a light footed messenger on a plantation! Now some of our gentlemen from the south couldn't see that fellow without wishing to kidnap him. He 'd fetch a high price, *he* would! If he'd sell himself he might raise a little fortune.

CALIBAN (*sings.*)

"Ole Jim Crow has sole hisself to the debil."

TENNESSEE. Do you hear that, sir? Those scoundrels are listening.

The Tennessee and myself here separated, and I went to another part of the boat, and overheard the following conversation:—

WESTERN FARMER. What kind is it for a fix?

WESTERN MERCHANT.† They know how to go a-head pretty bustling.

W. FARMER. Did you go out of Liverpool?

W. MERCHANT. Yes; right into the bowels of the land, as Hamblin says when he plays Richmond.

W. FARMER. And what did you see?

W. MERCHANT. Why, I went to Hull, and see the most considerable black, ugly-looking steamers, as ever were created on the entire globe. I was crossing a ferry when I first saw one, and I was

* Shell-fish resembling cockles, but about as large as a London oyster.

† An American "Western Merchant" is a similar trader to an English village shopkeeper; an epitome of linen-draper, shoe-dealer, grocer, and ironmonger.

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tee-totally amazed. So I set to, and laughed rather loud, until all the passengers came to the side of the vessel to see what was the matter. "You're in a fit," says the boatman.—"I can't help it," says I; "that there steamer is enough to give a man from the States the cholera-morbus, or Vitus's dance, for three weeks; only from good manners I disguise my feelings."—"Disguise," says the ferryman, "why, I expect you laughed out loud a-purpose."—"No," says I, "I didn't; I only smiled a leetle. When I laugh out loud you'll hear it two or three times over, like an echo. I laugh like a forge-bellows at a foundry, and it gets easier to me the longer I'm at it. My lungs are real American, *they* are; springy, tough, and curious bendible. If I wasn't struck powerful amazed, then that nigger as is helping himself to his own apples doesn't know he's born yit."

The nigger alluded to was a white-headed, stout-looking, old fellow, who, as I afterwards understood, was of the great age of one hundred and two. He had a deep and full-toned voice, and such a laugh as would not have disgraced Sir John Falstaff before the neglect of Prince Hal, heartburn, and potations of sack-posset or "sherris," put him under the care of Dame Quickly. The old nigger,—who did not object to be known by the *sobriquet* of *Old Horse*,—on finding he was spoken of, said he was his own *bos* (master), and he had given himself leave to take two cents' worth to set the passengers an example.

W. Farmer. Never mind. It's nothing to us. You are your own nigger, I guess, and nobody has a better right to the apples, if you have leave.

W. Merchant. What! Nigger *Hundred-per-cent*, is that you? Are you quite sure you're alive yet? A young child said you put it in mind of a coffin as much as ten years ago. How do you manage to fix yourself in this way, out of all reasonable calcylation?

Ole Hoss. Lo'd lub oo, sa! it wab the tumperance assoity as dib it,—ha! yah!

W. Merchant. Ah! Good things those temperance institutions are sometimes; but can't say as they done much good keeping such an old nigger as you alive, that ought to have been buried comfortable twenty years ago, short reckoning.

Ole Hoss. A wab an old boy den, sa, twenty years ago; a wab called Ole Hoss cas a wab so tarnation strong. Diff'rence ma loife,—ha! yah!

W. Merchant. Well then, *Old Horse*, as you keep a-head with the temperance, you'll have no rum, I calcylate, the next time you help me with my luggage at the Federal Wharf.

Ole Hoss. Much as oo please to pay for, sa; ole ooman hab join de temperance; *a* habn't; so a hab double 'lowance sperets, an' keep aloive a consequence,—ha! yah!

W. Merchant. Oh! that's the constitution-ticket, is it, *Old Horse*; you rum Hottentot nigger you? If I had as many cents as I've spent in rum on your throat these twenty years, they'd buy me a span of new Bosson hats.

Ole Hoss. Recollect when oo gained 'lection for 'special Caucus man, what a treat oo gabe at Jerusalem,—ha! yah!

W. Merchant. To be sure I do, Old *Never-die*.

Ole Hoss. Had twenty-tree glasses Jamaky sperets maself. Se-

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beral ole niggas dere ; all dead since. Pore fallows ! ole field niggas : ole slabes ! Diff'rence ma loife,—ha ! yah !

W. MERCHANT. How long have you been free, old *Dodge-at-death ?*

OLE HOSS. Ah ! long time, sa,—long time. Ma aunt nuss Gen'ral Washington. Recollect when no house furder den de park in New Yark. Diff'rence ma loife,—ha ! yah ! When a little snub,—dis high—at school, taught catechism,—ha ! yah ! Taught to say, "Kingdom come ; king, queen, an' all de royal fam'ly." Gen'ral Washington kill all ob 'em ; and den, "kingdom come, royal fam'ly," and all taken out ob de prayer. Dat wab 'fore oo wab born, sa. Diff'rence ma loife,—ha ! yah !

W. MERCHANT. Where were you raised, you exaggerated piece of darkness, eh ?

OLE HOSS. Africa, sa. Come ober as an emigrant wid fader and moder in two vessels. Bery oncomfortable cos ob no steam-boats in dose days. Diff'rence ma loife,—ha ! yah !

W. MERCHANT. And how long were you a slave ?

OLE HOSS. (Evidently offended.) A don't 'member dates, sa. A am not a common nigga.

W. MERCHANT. Who said you were, old Bumpos ? Do you think I wish to offend your dignity, eh, old Grim death and cross-bones ?

OLE HOSS. Not at all, sa. A am not offended. Dis nigga sells apples and things for amoosement ; but a am a suspectible fam'ly. Ma grand-daughter quite white, all but de hair an' eyes. Diff'rence ma loife,—ha ! yah !

W. MERCHANT. So you've been amalgamating, eh, you extravagant piece of blubber ?

OLE HOSS. Ma grand-daughter married an English nobleman's 'prentis.

W. MERCHANT. His apprentice, eh, you woolly tortoise ? What trade does he carry on ?

OLE HOSS. Can't say, sa. Same trade as 'em bos. 'Em go gunning togeder.

W. MERCHANT. And which carries the bag, old Flourhead ?

OLE HOSS. 'Prentis.

W. MERCHANT. By the living Jingo ! he has the best place of it. Why didn't he invite you over to England ?

OLE HOSS. A am too ole, sa ; would hab made a fus-rate nobleman's 'prentice fifty years ago ; but lost a good deal ob time. Too ole ! too ole ; Diff'rence ma loife,—ha ! yah !

MULATTO. "*Hot* corn, hot *corn*,
Here's your nice hot *corn*,
All hot !"

W. MERCHANT (*to the Spectator.*) This old fellow, sir, has seen *all* the celebration days, and was forty years old when they began.

OLE HOSS. Fifty-eight celebration days for de white people, and forty-seben for de black genelmen.* Diff'rence ma loife,—ha ! yah !

* The Declaration of Independence is celebrated on the *fourth* of July by the white natives, or Anglo-Americans, and on the *fifth*—the day *after* the fair—by the black natives, or Afrieo-Americans ; but sometimes the blacks have omitted the celebration. This fact is highly characteristic of the American *social* system, and deserves to be the cue for a political thought or two ; but this is not the place for its introduction.

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Plenty ob nigga hunts in the Battery since niggas made free. A hab been hunted sebenteen times. Nar kill me sebrel times.

W. MERCHANT. How could you live so long, you live elephant's leg, you?

OLE HOSS. No temperance assoity in dose days, when 'em a young man. Diff'rence ma loife,—ha! yah!

W. FARMER. No; but the bosses took care the niggers didn't drink too much.

W. MERCHANT. But tell us how you swindle death in this manner. Let us know the patent. How do you fix it, you immortal nigger, eh?

OLE HOSS. Four 'sicians once a-board dis boat, sa, an' held consultation. 'Zamined me, all four. Dan one says, we can't *cross*-'zamine dis nigga, cos 'em good oomard. No make dis nigga cross no way, 'em calcylate. 'Em lib so long eder cos 'em drink so much Jamaky sperets, or, cos 'em laugh so much. So says, 'a laugh cos ob de rum, an' a has good sperets cos a always take de best Jamaky: 'em both go togeder,—ha! yah!

W. FARMER. You're a rum one, you are, you extraordinary specimen, you!

A SAILOR (*sings.*)

"Come, nigger, ferry me over
To the good ship called the 'Fame,'
For I've got a husband on board her,
But, blow me, if I know his name!"

OLE HOSS. Buy ma apples, sa?

W. MERCHANT. Why, you unconscionable nigger, how dare you enter into conversation with me, and then ask me to buy apples? How much will you charge for the entire whole of this specylation, all but the basket? And, will you take a grocery order in payment?

OLE HOSS. Quarter dullar, hard Jackson.

W. MERCHANT. Well, here it is, you wonderful patriarch. Hand the apples round, and contrive not to pocket any yourself, you curious sample of another generation, you.

MULATTO.

"*Hot* corn, hot *corn*,
Here's your nice hot *corn*,
All hot!"

SECOND PART.

Long-tailed blue, Caliban, and Zip Coon, (three niggers,) near the engine hatchway.

CALIBAN. Dis rum too 'trong; a put some more water to it.

ZIP COON. Let me say too 'trong fust. Den water it for oosalf,—yah! yah! Last night a dream of being in 'Lisium.

CALIBAN. 'Lysian fields, opposite New York?

ZIP COON. No, real 'Lisium; an' saw Adam; an' a wab a coloured genelman, an' all de fam'ly, till 'em had de yallow fever—yah! yah!

CALIBAN. A dream, too; saw debil, an' said 'em quite white, omny painted black by de fust settlers in dis country.

LONG-TAILED BLUE (*theatrically*). "'Tis de eye ob childhood fears painted debil."

ZIP COON. But, some say de debil's dead an buried in Cole Harbour,—yah! yah!

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CALIBAN. In ma dream 'em said 'em kept a plantation in New Orleans.

ZIP COON. A had a dream once, so tarrible a couldn't remember it, no way.

LONG-TAILED BLUE (*theatrically*). "Onny a dream; but, den so tarrible, it shakes ma soul."

CALIBAN. A had a dream so exasperating, couldn't wake for laughing at it, and kep sleepen all Sunday.

ZIP COON. Dat wab de day when two charity sermons preached,—yah! yah!

CALIBAN. A waked in de evenen.

ZIP COON. Cos de boat wab going to Albany,—yah! yah!

LONG-TAILED BLUE. One of oo niggas at de blazen embas, 'blige by gibing some fia for ma sega.

(*Caliban brings a log of blazing wood.*)

LONG-TAILED BLUE. Dat's not de way to breng a genelman fia for a sega. 'Low me to hab it in a 'spectable manner.

CALIBAN. Why, a allaws breng fia to white men in dat way.

LONG-TAILED BLUE. Do oo? Den larn better noder time. Knock off a small bit at de side; dat's de 'spectable way ob it.

CALIBAN. Oo a some man's servant, oo a.

LONG-TAILED BLUE. A am not anybody's servant. A wab a help to a person once, but gabe him notice to quit, an' clared out. A am a genelman, an' no low trade. A am not a common nigga.

CALIBAN. A store-porter.

LONG-TAILED BLUE. No; I isn't in any low trade a tell ye. A am a profession.

ZIP COON. What a long-tailed blue dis nigga hab to be sure,—yah! yah!

CALIBAN. A stole it ready made.

ZIP COON. Look at ma varagated buttons. Dese are de patent crush buttons; onny two parcels come ober in four ships,—yah! yah!

LONG-TAILED BLUE. Vulga creturs! Dut inferna' opposition ball at de low price of fifiy cents, make dese common niggas horrible familia.

CALIBAN. None of oo kitchen pride here. A am a coloured genelmen as well as ooself, a calcylate.

Long-tailed blue begins to dance.

ZIP COON. A know 'em now; a didn't afore. Oo ib de master ob de cerem'nies at de social congress ob all nations, coloured genelmen and ladies in pertickler,—yah! yah!

LONG-TAILED BLUE. Dat's quite correc. Hab de hona to be 'pointed by de female committee of pattern ladies. Here's ma card. "Sebenty-foive, Erclese-street, end of de dird avenue," whare de fust-rate secon' han' costume ib at de lowest mark price.

CALIBAN. Why, you inferna' niggar! dat wab oo den dat cheat me ob seben dullars wid de grocery order a bring in exchange.

LONG-TAILED BLUE. Don't stroike! Oo'll pud oosalf into a bushel ob nettles ib oo stroike me.

CALIBAN. Oo are a wicker-basket ob bumposity, oo are, wid a liddle dash ob aggrawation.

ZIP COON. 'Em a secon' han' tailor's goose, wid cabbage wegetables for the lining ob 'em pockets,—yah! yah!

LONG-TAILED BLUE. A call dat a blow. Ib oo stroike dat way, ma blood will be up. Did oo see dat blow?

ZIP COON. No; but a see oo teeth threatened addaciously.

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Enter upon the scene the skipper of the steam-boat.

SKIPPER. What's the matter with you black devils there? You'll be splitting your tongues some of these days with your eternal jaw. I'll not have it on board my boat for any nigger as ever walked on four legs. If you can't be quiet, I'll give you such a hint that you'll jump in taking it. I'll pitch you two a couple of hundred miles into that en-*jine* fire! and, this long-tailed blue shall go ashore in his own hat, with that cambric-handkerchief for a mainsail! I expect you take me for an English figure-head, a wooden man, with a sham telescope. If you want to jaw, keep ashore, and be hanged to you! D'ye think I'm going to turn my boat into a zoological institute, and have nothing but chattering scratching apes in her? Keep her to, there!—keep her to! Slue up the extra, and pull the boat-line taut.

This reprimand from the captain had the desired effect: the quarrel which had just commenced was immediately discontinued; and, as I was making my way into the cabin, I heard Zip Coon singing

THE STOKER'S CHANT.

"The ebben tide ib floating past,
Fire down below!
The arrival time ib coming fast,
Fire down below!
Racoon cry in de maple tree,
Fire down below!
The wood ib on fire, and the fire a sea
Fire down below!
Oo a oo oh! fire down below!"

THE CONQUEROR'S GRANDSIRE.

THE winds are in motion to favour the brave,
And the steeds of the ocean are cleaving the wave;
Of a thousand wild warriors, the mighty, the free,
Those steeds are the carriers across the dark sea:
The Berserkers, howling, stand ranged on each prow,
And their frantic eyes, scowling, gloom death to the foe.
Now, this was the host of Jarl Rollo, the Northman.

Loud shouted the heroes, and bared was each brand,
As forth from the sea rose the cloud of the land;
And wild was the wrestle, each fierce to be first,
As down from each vessel the ravagers burst;
And fierce was the onset, and fiercely repell'd;
But, ere it was sunset the landsmen were quell'd;
And the Jarl burnt the town for a light to march on by!

To Rouen, with ravage, the sea-monarch goes,
With merriment savage destroying the foes;
Church, city, and village, they all fared the same,
First given to pillage, then given to flame;
The monks by the halter or cross were all kill'd,
And even on the altar the nuns they defiled,—
All but two or three old ones, whose good saints preserved them.

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To Charles, the French monarch, his nobles in rule
Told the march of this anarch :—now Charles was a fool,
Reeked naught what was doing, folks did as they please,
Nor whatever was brewing, while he had his ease.
So sitting in quiet, he heard them right through,
Then said, "For this riot, to-morrow will do,"
And very composedly sat down to drinking.

He was next day at dinner, lords, ladies, and all,
When Jarl Rollo, the sinner, stalk'd into the hall,
And seating him coolly, *sans* fashion or form,
Roar'd hoarsely out, "Truly, your climate is warm,
So I'll taste of your liquor before I begin!"
And he snatched up a beaker, and drank to the King.—
"Who the devil art thou?" quoth King Charles rather bluntly.

"Thou shalt find me the devil,—in manners at least,—
An' ye be not more civil to welcome a guest!
They call me Jarl Rollo, the King of the Sea,
And a thousand men follow my raven so free!
We have paid ye a visit on hearing your fame,
To ask you how is it with you and your dame!"
Now King Charles was a churl, for he thank'd not Jarl Roll.

"Beyond the dark water," quoth Rollo the Bold,
"They boast your fair daughter and treasures of gold;
Having plenty of leisure, we came here to see—
For my men is thy treasure! thy daughter for me!—
Ye are time-worn and listless, with foes cannot wage,
And my power resistless shall shield thy old age."—
"Grammercy!" quoth the King, "Don't you wish 't was a bargain?"

"What ho!" the Jarl thundered, "my merry men all!"
And some four or five hundred burst into the hall;
Some with young infants pitching from spear unto spear,
The half-dead things screeching, oh! fearful to hear!
And all sat down laughing, wild, reckless, and rude;
Some the merry wine quaffing, some gorging the food,
And others the delicate women caressing.

Then, out roar'd the Sea-king, "My warriors behold
Yield the treasures I'm seeking, thy daughter, thy gold.
At my name thou hast shook not, nay, bearded my might!
Now, mark me, I brook not such insult and slight!
When I cross the dark water no child's play is mine.
Thy gold and thy daughter, or this fate is thine!"—
And he struck out the brains of a page that stood near him.

As the ghastly mass, shivering, dropt dead and inert,
A grey-goose shaft, quivering, struck Rollo's mail'd shirt,
And a voice was heard shrieking, "Unhand me, ye knaves!"
And a boy to the Sea-king was dragg'd by his slaves,
Then the Jarl roar'd out, chuckling, "By Woden! ho! ho!
Why, the babe and the suckling will next come as foe!
Did ye think, boy, a Northman's coat thin as a heron's?"—

"A curse on its thickness!" the bold boy replied,
"And a curse on the weakness and youth ye deride!
Had my arm back'd my spirit, foul fiend that thou art,
The fate that ye merit had flown on my dart.—
Thou to wed my loved sister, Giscila the fair!
Thou!—Ev'n God would assist her ere such marriage were!
Take our treasures, and go—but our bright one—oh, never!"

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Quoth the Jarl, "Mighty pretty, my Dauphin of France!
Now you've finished your ditty, let's see how ye dance.
Fling a rope round yon rafter, and hang him thereto:
He'll be taller, men, after an odd inch or two."—
'Mid the Northmen's fierce laughter, their pallid foes' moan,
A rope round the rafter is hastily thrown,
And the noose round the neck of the bold boy placed ready.

Like the moaning blood-chilling of sleeping despair
Rose the wild wail heart-thrilling of Gisella the fair,
And rushing forth madly, she clasped the Jarl's knee,—
"Oh! take all—all gladly—take treasure—take me—
Only spare my loved brother, our darling, our joy!
By thine own fond dear mother, oh spare my bright boy!"—
"Ha! ha!" roared the Jarl, "have you come to your senses?"

Then the boy cried, "No, never, dark demon of pride,
My life to deliver shall *she* be thy bride."
His words were unheeded, for Charles (call'd the fool)
Had already conceded—child, treasure, and rule—
One claim ere the bridal's permission premised,
"That the Jarl left his idols, and gat him baptized!"
Then the Northmen all laugh'd, and their leader roar'd fiercely.

"I've been christen'd already some ten times before;
But, to pleasure the lady, I'll wash me once more—
Nay, her station to alter more quick than is wont,
Be her spouse at the altar, her son at the font."
So they went and were wedded, the fair to the stern;
And a sight none had dreaded they found on return;
The Northmen had hung the bold boy in their absence!

Then the fair girl, heart-riven, look'd up in despair,
And the vengeance of Heaven forgot not her prayer!
Though the Jarl gat the dukedom of Normandy wide,
Great Heaven rebuked him by means of his bride.
Though he'd lands, castles, treasure, serfs many a one,
He lack'd heart-peace and pleasure, for heir had he none;
And for many a year did Duke Rollo live childless;

Till a wizard right evil, by magic's black art,
Gave the Duke, through the devil, the wish of his heart.
Loud and long the Duke's mirth rose when a glad son there came,
Though then died in the birth-throes Gisella his dame.
But that son, born of evil, God's vengeance fulfill'd—
He was Robert the Devil, and Rollo he kill'd,
And his son was the Norman that conquer'd broad England!

G. E. Inman.

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THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SKETCH-BOOK."

Break, Phantsie, from thy cave of cloud,
And wave thy purple wings,
Now all thy figures are allow'd,
And various shapes of things.
Create of airy forms a stream;
It must have blood and nought of phlegm;
And though it be a waking dream,
Yet let it like an odour rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music on their ear.

BEN JONSON.

"THERE are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy," and among these may be placed that marvel and mystery of the seas, the island of St. Brandan. Every school-boy can enumerate and call by name the Canaries, the Fortunate Islands of the ancients, which, according to some ingenious and speculative minds, are mere wrecks and remnants of the vast islands of Atalantis, mentioned by Plato as having been swallowed up by the ocean. Whoever has read the history of those isles will remember the wonders told of another island, still more beautiful, seen occasionally from their shores, stretching away in the clear bright west, with long shadowy promontories, and high sun-gilt peaks. Numerous expeditions, both in ancient and modern days, have launched forth from the Canaries in quest of that island; but, on their approach, mountain and promontory have gradually faded away, until nothing has remained but the deep blue sky above and the deep blue water below. Hence it was termed by the geographers of old, Aprositus, or the Inaccessible; while modern navigators have called its very existence in question, pronouncing it a mere optical illusion, like the Fata Morgana of the Straits of Messina, or classing it with those unsubstantial regions known to mariners as Cape Flyaway, and the Coast of Cloud Land.

Let not, however, the doubts of the worldly-wise sceptics of modern days rob us of all the glorious realms owned by happy credulity in days of yore. Be assured, O reader of easy faith!—thou for whom I delight to labour—be assured that such an island does actually exist, and has, from time to time, been revealed to the gaze, and trodden by the feet, of favoured mortals. Nay, though doubted by historians and philosophers, its existence is fully attested by the poets, who, being an inspired race, and gifted with a kind of second sight, can see into the mysteries of nature hidden from the eyes of ordinary mortals. To this gifted race it has ever been a region of fancy and romance, teeming with all kinds of wonders. Here once bloomed, and perhaps still blooms, the famous garden of Hesperides, with its golden fruit. Here, too, was the enchanted garden of Armida, in which that sorceress held the Christian Paladin, Rinaldo, in delicious but inglorious thraldom, as is set forth in the immortal lay of Tasso. It was on this island, also, that Sycorax, the witch, held sway, when the good Prospero and his infant daughter Miranda were wafted to its shores. The isle was then

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——" full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not."

Who does not know the tale, as told in the magic page of Shakspeare?

In fact, the island appears to have been at different times under the sway of different powers, genii of earth, and air, and ocean, who made it their shadowy abode; or rather, it is the retiring place of old worn-out deities and dynasties, that once ruled the poetic world, but are now nearly shorn of all their attributes. Here Neptune and Amphitrite hold a diminished court, like sovereigns in exile. Their ocean-chariot lies, bottom upward, in a cave of the island, almost a perfect wreck, while their pursy Tritons and haggard Nereids bask listlessly like seals about the rocks. Sometimes they assume a shadow of their ancient pomp, and glide in state about the glassy sea, while the crew of some tall Indiaman, that lies becalmed with flapping sails, hear with astonishment the mellow note of the Triton' shell swelling upon the ear, as the invisible pageant sweeps by. Sometimes the quandam monarch of the ocean is permitted to make himself visible to mortal eyes, visiting the ships that cross the line, to exact a tribute from new-comers; the only remnant of his ancient rule, and that, alas! performed with tattered state, and tarnished splendour.

On the shores of this wondrous island the mighty kraken heaves his bulk, and wallows many a rood; here, too, the sea-serpent lies coiled up, during the intervals of his much-contested revelations to the eyes of true believers; and here, it is said, even the Flying Dutchman finds a port, and casts his anchor, and furls his shadowy sail, and takes a short repose from his eternal wanderings.

Here all the treasures lost in the deep are safely garnered. The caverns of the shores are piled with golden ingots, boxes of pearls, rich bales of oriental silks, and their deep recesses sparkle with diamonds, or flame with carbuncles. Here, in deep bays and harbours, lies many a spell-bound ship, long given up as lost by the ruined merchant. Here, too, its crew, long bewailed as swallowed up in ocean, lie sleeping in mossy grottoes, from age to age, or wander about enchanted shores and groves, in pleasing oblivion of all things.

Such are some of the marvels related of this island, and which may serve to throw some light on the following legend, of unquestionable truth, which I recommend to the entire belief of the reader.

THE ADALANTADO OF THE SEVEN CITIES.

A LEGEND OF ST. BRANDAN.

In the early part of the fifteenth century, when Prince Henry of Portugal, of worthy memory, was pushing the career of discovery along the western coast of Africa, and the world was resounding with reports of golden regions on the main land, and new-found islands in the ocean, there arrived at Lisbon an old bewildered pilot of the seas, who had been driven by tempests, he knew not whither, and who raved about an island far in the deep on which he had landed, and which he had found peopled with Christians, and adorned with noble cities.

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The inhabitants, he said, gathered round, and regarded him with surprise, having never before been visited by a ship. They told him they were descendants of a band of Christians, who fled from Spain when that country was conquered by the Moslems. They were curious about the state of their father-land, and grieved to hear that the Moslems still held possession of the kingdom of Granada. They would have taken the old navigator to church, to convince him of their orthodoxy; but, either through lack of devotion or lack of faith in their words, he declined their invitation, and preferred to return on board of his ship. He was properly punished. A furious storm arose, drove him from his anchorage, hurried him out to sea, and he saw no more of the unknown island.

This strange story caused great marvel in Lisbon, and elsewhere. Those versed in history remembered to have read in an ancient chronicle that, at the time of the conquest of Spain in the eighth century, when the blessed cross was cast down, and the crescent erected in its place, and when Christian churches were turned into Moslem mosques, seven bishops, at the head of seven bands of pious exiles, had fled from the peninsula, and embarked in quest of some ocean island, or distant land, where they might found seven Christian cities, and enjoy their faith unmolested.

The fate of these pious saints errant had hitherto remained a mystery, and their story had faded from memory. The report of the old tempest-tossed pilot, however, revived this long-forgotten theme, and it was determined by the pious and enthusiastic that the island thus accidentally discovered was the identical place of refuge whither the wandering bishops had been guided by a protecting Providence, and where they had folded their flocks.

This most excitable of worlds has always some darling object of chimerical enterprise. "The Island of the Seven Cities" now awakened as much interest and longing among zealous Christians as has the renowned city of Timbuctoo among adventurous travellers, or the North-east Passage among hardy navigators; and it was a frequent prayer of the devout, that these scattered and lost portions of the Christian family might be discovered, and reunited to the great body of Christendom.

No one, however, entered into the matter with half the zeal of Don Fernando de Ulmo, a young cavalier of high standing in the Portuguese court, and of most sanguine and romantic temperament. He had recently come to his estate, and had run the round of all kinds of pleasures and excitements, when this new theme of popular talk and wonder presented itself. The Island of the Seven Cities became now the constant subject of his thoughts by day and his dreams by night; it even rivalled his passion for a beautiful girl, one of the greatest belles of Lisbon, to whom he was betrothed. At length his imagination became so inflamed on the subject, that he determined to fit out an expedition at his own expense, and set sail in quest of this sainted island. It could not be a cruise of any great extent; for, according to the calculations of the tempest-tossed pilot, it must be somewhere in the latitude of the Canaries, which at that time, when the new world was as yet undiscovered, formed the frontier of ocean enterprise. Don Fernando applied to the Crown for countenance and protection. As he was a favourite at court, the usual patronage was readily extended to him; that is to say, he re-

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ceived a commission from the King, Don Ioam II., constituting him Adalantado, or military governor, of any country he might discover, with the single proviso that he should bear all the expenses of the discovery, and pay a tenth of the profits to the Crown.

Don Fernando now set to work in the true spirit of a projector. He sold acre after acre of solid land, and invested the proceeds in ships, guns, ammunition, and sea-stores. Even his old family mansion in Lisbon was mortgaged without scruple; for he looked forward to a palace in one of the Seven Cities, of which he was to be Adalantado. This was the age of nautical romance, when the thoughts of all speculative dreamers were turned to the ocean. The scheme of Don Fernando, therefore, drew adventurers of every kind. The merchant promised himself new marts of opulent traffic; the soldier hoped to sack and plunder some one or other of those Seven Cities; even the fat monk shook off the sleep and sloth of the cloister, to join in a crusade which promised such increase to the possessions of the church.

One person alone regarded the whole project with sovereign contempt and growling hostility. This was Don Ramiro Alvarez, the father of the beautiful Serafina, to whom Don Fernando was betrothed. He was one of those perverse matter-of-fact old men, who are prone to oppose everything speculative and romantic. He had no faith in the Island of the Seven Cities; regarded the projected cruise as a crack-brained freak; looked with angry eye and internal heart-burning on the conduct of his intended son-in-law, chaffering away solid lands for lands in the moon, and scoffingly dubbed him Adalantado of Lubberland. In fact, he had never really relished the intended match, to which his consent had been slowly extorted by the tears and entreaties of his daughter. It is true he could have no reasonable objections to the youth, for Don Fernando was the very flower of Portuguese chivalry. No one could excel him at the tilting match, or the riding at the ring; none was more bold and dexterous in the bull-fight; none composed more gallant madrigals in praise of his lady's charms, or sang them with sweeter tones to the accompaniment of her guitar; nor could any one handle the castanets and dance the bolero with more captivating grace. All these admirable qualities and endowments, however, though they had been sufficient to win the heart of Serafina, were nothing in the eyes of her unreasonable father. O Cupid, god of love! why will fathers always be so unreasonable?

The engagement to Serafina had threatened at first to throw an obstacle in the way of the expedition of Don Fernando, and for a time perplexed him in the extreme. He was passionately attached to the young lady, but he was also passionately bent on his romantic enterprise. How should he reconcile the two passionate inclinations? A simple and obvious arrangement at length presented itself: marry Serafina, enjoy a portion of the honeymoon at once and defer the rest until his return from the discovery of the Seven Cities!

He hastened to make known this most excellent arrangement to Don Ramiro, when the long-smothered wrath of the old cavalier burst forth in a storm about his ears. He reproached him with being the dupe of wandering vagabonds, and wild schemers, and of squandering all his real possessions in pursuit of empty bubbles. Don Fernando was too sanguine a projector and too young a man to listen tamely to such language. He acted with what is technically called "becoming spirit."

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A high quarrel ensued; Don Ramiro pronounced him a madman, and forbade all farther intercourse with his daughter, until he should give proof of returning sanity, by abandoning this mad-cap enterprise; while Don Fernando flung out of the house, more bent than ever on the expedition, from the idea of triumphing over the incredulity of the grey-beard, when he should return successful.

Don Ramiro repaired to his daughter's chamber the moment the youth had departed. He represented to her the sanguine unsteady character of her lover, and the chimerical nature of his schemes; showed her the propriety of suspending all intercourse with him, until he should recover from his present hallucination; folded her to his bosom with parental fondness, kissed the tear that stole down her cheek, and, as he left the chamber, gently locked the door; for although he was a fond father, and had a high opinion of the submissive temper of his child, he had a still higher opinion of the conservative virtues of lock and key. Whether the damsel had been in any wise shaken in her faith as to the schemes of her lover, and the existence of the Island of the Seven Cities, by the sage representations of her father, tradition does not say; but it is certain that she became a firm believer the moment she heard him turn the key in the lock.

Notwithstanding the interdict of Don Ramiro, therefore, and his shrewd precautions, the intercourse of the lovers continued, although clandestinely. Don Fernando toiled all day, hurrying forward his nautical enterprise, while at night he would repair beneath the grated balcony of his mistress, to carry on at equal pace the no less interesting enterprise of the heart. At length the preparations for the expedition were completed. Two gallant caravels lay anchored in the Tagus, ready to sail with the morning dawn; while late at night, by the pale light of a waning moon, Don Fernando sought the stately mansion of Alvarez, to take a last farewell of Serafina. The customary signal of a few low touches of a guitar brought her to the balcony. She was sad at heart, and full of gloomy forebodings; but her lover strove to impart to her his own buoyant hope and youthful confidence. "A few short months," said he, "and I shall return in triumph. Thy father will then blush at his incredulity, and will once more welcome me to his house, when I cross its threshold a wealthy suitor, and Adalantado of the Seven Cities."

The beautiful Serafina shook her head mournfully. It was not on those points that she felt doubt or dismay. She believed most implicitly in the Island of the Seven Cities, and trusted devoutly in the success of the enterprise; but she had heard of the inconstancy of the seas, and the inconstancy of those who roam them. Now, let the truth be spoken, Don Fernando, if he had any fault in the world, it was that he was a little too inflammable; that is to say, a little too subject to take fire from the sparkle of every bright eye: he had been somewhat of a rover among the sex on shore, what might he not be on sea? Might he not meet with other loves in foreign ports? Might he not behold some peerless beauty in one or other of those seven cities, who might efface the image of Serafina from his thoughts?

At length she ventured to hint her doubts; but Don Fernando spurned at the very idea. Never could his heart be false to Serafina! Never could another be captivating in his eyes!—never—never! Repeatedly did he bend his knee, and smite his breast, and call upon

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the silver moon to witness the sincerity of his vows. But might not Serafina herself be forgetful of her plighted faith? Might not some wealthier rival present while he was tossing on the sea, and, backed by the authority of her father, win the treasure of her hand?

Alas! how little did he know Serafina's heart! The more her father should oppose, the more would she be fixed in her faith. Though years should pass before his return, he would find her true to her vows. Even should the salt seas swallow him up, (and her eyes streamed with salt tears at the very thought,) never would she be the wife of another—never—never! She raised her beautiful white arms between the iron bars of the balcony, and invoked the moon as a testimonial of her faith.

Thus according to immemorial usage, the lovers parted with many a vow of eternal constancy. But will they keep those vows? Perish the doubt! Have they not called the constant moon to witness?

With the morning dawn the caravels dropped down the Tagus, and put to sea. They steered for the Canaries, in those days the regions of nautical romance. Scarcely had they reached those latitudes when a violent tempest arose. Don Fernando soon lost sight of the accompanying caravel, and was driven out of all reckoning by the fury of the storm. For several weary days and nights he was tossed to and fro at the mercy of the elements, expecting each moment to be swallowed up. At length, one day, toward evening, the storm subsided, the clouds cleared up, as though a veil had suddenly been withdrawn from the face of heaven, and the setting sun shone gloriously upon a fair and mountainous island, that seemed close at hand. The tempest-tossed mariners rubbed their eyes, and gazed almost incredulously upon this land, that had emerged so suddenly from the murky gloom; yet there it lay, spread out in lovely landscapes, enlivened by villages, and towers, and spires, while the late stormy sea rolled in peaceful billows to its shores. About a league from the sea, on the banks of a river, stood a noble city, with lofty walls and towers, and a protecting castle. Don Fernando anchored off the mouth of the river, which appeared to form a spacious harbour. In a little while a barge was seen issuing from the river. It was evidently a barge of ceremony; for it was richly though quaintly carved and gilt, and decorated with a silken awning and fluttering streamers, while a banner, bearing the sacred emblem of the cross, floated to the breeze. The barge advanced slowly, impelled by sixteen oars, painted of a bright crimson. The oarsmen were uncouth, or rather antique, in their garb, and kept stroke to the regular cadence of an old Spanish ditty. Beneath the awning sat a cavalier in a rich though old-fashioned doublet, with an enormous sombrero and feather.

When the barge reached the caravel, the cavalier stepped on board. He was tall and gaunt, with a long Spanish visage, and lack-lustre eyes, and an air of lofty and somewhat pompous gravity. His mustaches were curled up to his ears, his beard was forked and precise; he wore gauntlets that reached to his elbows, and a Toledo blade that strutted out behind, while in front its huge basket-hilt might have served for a porringer.

Thrusting out a long spindle leg, and taking off his sombrero with a grave and stately sweep, he saluted Don Fernando by name, and

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welcomed him in old Castilian language, and in the style of old Castilian courtesy.

Don Fernando was startled at hearing himself accosted by name by an utter stranger in a strange land. As soon as he could recover from his surprise, he inquired what land it was at which he had arrived.

"The Island of the Seven Cities!"

Could this be true? Had he indeed been thus tempest-driven upon the very land of which he was in quest. It was even so. The other caravel, from which he had been separated in the storm, had made a neighbouring port of the island, and announced the tidings of this expedition, which came to restore the country to the great community of christendom. The whole island, he was told, was given up to rejoicings on the happy event; and they only awaited his arrival, to acknowledge allegiance to the crown of Portugal, and hail him as Adalantado of the Seven Cities. A grand fête was to be solemnized that very night, in the palace of the Alcayde, or governor of the city; who, on beholding the most opportune arrival of the caravel, had despatched his grand chamberlain in his barge of state, to conduct the future Adalantado to the ceremony.

Don Fernando could scarcely believe but that this was all a dream. He fixed a scrutinising gaze upon the grand chamberlain, who having delivered his message, stood in buckram dignity, drawn up to his full stature, curling his whiskers, stroking his beard, and looking down upon him with inexpressible loftiness through his lack-lustre eyes. There was no doubting the word of so grave and ceremonious a hidalgo.

Don Fernando now arrayed himself in gala attire. He would have launched his boat, and gone on shore with his own men, but he was informed the barge of state was expressly provided for his accommodation, and, after the fête, would bring him back to his ship; in which, on the following day, he might enter the harbour in befitting style. He accordingly stepped into the barge, and took his seat beneath the awning. The grand chamberlain seated himself on the cushion opposite. The rowers bent to their oars, and renewed their mournful old ditty, and the gorgeous, but unwieldy barge moved slowly and solemnly through the water.

The night closed in before they entered the river. They swept along past rock and promontory, each guarded by its tower. The sentinels at every post challenged them as they passed by.

"Who goes there?"

"The Adalantado of the Seven Cities."

"He is welcome. Pass on."

On entering the harbour they rowed close along an armed galley, of the most ancient form. Soldiers with crossbows were stationed on the deck.

"Who goes there?" was again demanded.

"The Adalantado of the Seven Cities."

"He is welcome. Pass on."

They landed at a broad flight of stone-steps leading up between two massive towers, to the water-gate of the city, at which they knocked for admission. A sentinel in an ancient steel casque looked over the wall. "Who is there?"

"The Adalantado of the Seven Cities."

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The gate swung slowly open, grating upon its rusty hinges. They entered between two rows of iron-clad warriors in battered armour, with crossbows, battle-axes, and ancient maces, and with faces as old-fashioned and rusty as their armour. They saluted Don Fernando in military style, but with perfect silence, as he passed between their ranks. The city was illuminated; but in such a manner as to give a more shadowy and solemn effect to its old-time architecture. There were bonfires in the principal streets, with groups about them in such old-fashioned garbs, that they looked like the fantastic figures that roam the streets in carnival time. Even the stately dames who gazed from the balconies, which they had hung with antique tapestry, looked more like effigies dressed up for a quaint mummery than like ladies in their fashionable attire. Everything, in short, bore the stamp of former ages, as if the world had suddenly rolled back a few centuries. Nor was this to be wondered at. Had not the Island of the Seven Cities been for several hundred years cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, and was it not natural that the inhabitants should retain many of the modes and customs brought here by their ancestors?

One thing, certainly, they had conserved; the old-fashioned Spanish gravity and stateliness. Though this was a time of public rejoicing, and though Don Fernando was the object of their gratulations, everything was conducted with the most solemn ceremony; and, wherever he appeared, instead of acclamations, he was received with profound silence, and the most formal reverences and swayings of their sombreros.

Arrived at the palace of the Alcayde, the usual ceremonial was repeated. The chamberlain knocked for admission.

"Who is there?" demanded the porter.

"The Adalantado of the Seven Cities."

"He is welcome. Pass on."

The grand portal was thrown open. The chamberlain led the way up a vast but heavily moulded marble staircase, and so through one of those interminable suites of apartments that are the pride of Spanish palaces. All were furnished in a style of obsolete magnificence. As they passed through the chambers, the title of Don Fernando was forwarded on by servants stationed at every door; and everywhere produced the most profound reverences and courtesies. At length they reached a magnificent saloon, blazing with tapers, in which the Alcayde, and the principal dignitaries of the city were waiting to receive their illustrious guest. The grand chamberlain presented Don Fernando in due form, and falling back among the other officers of the household, stood as usual, curling his whiskers, and stroking his forked beard.

Don Fernando was received by the Alcayde and the other dignitaries with the same stately and formal courtesy that he had everywhere remarked. In fact, there was so much form and ceremonial, that it seemed difficult to get at anything social or substantial. Nothing but bows, and compliments, and old-fashioned courtesies. The Alcayde and his courtiers resembled in face and form those quaint worthies to be seen in the pictures of old illuminated manuscripts; while the cavaliers and dames who thronged the saloon might have been taken for the

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antique figures of Gobelin tapestry suddenly vivified and put in motion.

The banquet, which had been kept back until the arrival of Don Fernando, was now announced; and, such a feast! such unknown dishes and obsolete dainties; with the peacock, that bird of state and ceremony, served up in full plumage, in a golden dish, at the head of the table. And then, as Don Fernando cast his eyes over the glittering board, what a vista of odd heads and head-dresses, of formal bearded dignitaries, and stately dames with castellated locks and towering plumes!

As fate would have it, on the other side of Don Fernando was seated the daughter of the Alcayde. She was arrayed, it is true, in a dress that might have been worn before the flood; but then, she had a melting black Andalusian eye, that was perfectly irresistible. Her voice, too,—her manner, her movements, all smacked of Andalusia, and showed how female fascination may be transmitted from age to age, and clime to clime, without ever losing its power, or going out of fashion. Those who know the witchery of the sex in that most amorous region of Old Spain, may judge what must have been the fascination to which Don Fernando was exposed when seated beside one of the most captivating of its descendants. He was, as has already been hinted, of an inflammable temperament; with a heart ready to get into a blaze at every instant. And then, he had been so wearied by pompous tedious old cavaliers, with their formal bows and speeches; is it to be wondered at that he turned with delight to the Alcayde's daughter, all smiles and dimples, and melting looks, and melting accents? Besides, for I wish to give him every excuse in my power, he was in a particularly excitable mood from the novelty of the scene before him, and his head was almost turned with this sudden and complete realization of all his hopes and fancies; and then, in the flurry of the moment, he had taken frequent draughts at the wine-cup, presented to him at every instant by officious pages, and all the world knows the effect of such draughts in giving potency to female charms. In a word, there is no concealing the matter, the banquet was not half over before Don Fernando was making love outright to the Alcayde's daughter. It was his old habitude, contracted long before his matrimonial engagement. The young lady hung her head coyly: her eye rested upon a ruby heart, sparkling in a ring on the hand of Don Fernando, a parting gage of love from Serafina. A blush crimsoned her very temples. She darted a glance of doubt at the ring, and then at Don Fernando. He read her doubt, and in the giddy intoxication of the moment, drew off the pledge of his affianced bride, and slipped it on the finger of the Alcayde's daughter.

At this moment the banquet broke up. The chamberlain, with his lofty demeanour, and his lack-lustre eyes, stood before him, and announced that the barge was waiting to conduct him back to the caravel. Don Fernando took a formal leave of the Alcayde and his dignitaries, and a tender farewell of the Alcayde's daughter, with a promise to throw himself at her feet on the following day. He was rowed back to his vessel in the same slow and stately manner, to the cadence of the same mournful old ditty. He retired to his cabin, his brain whirling with all that he had seen, and his heart now and then giving him a twinge as he recollected his temporary infidelity to

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the beautiful Serafina. He flung himself on his bed, and soon fell into a feverish sleep. His dreams were wild and incoherent. How long he slept he knew not; but, when he awoke he found himself in a strange cabin, with persons around him of whom he had no knowledge. He rubbed his eyes to ascertain whether he were really awake. In reply to his inquiries he was informed that he was on board of a Portuguese ship, bound to Lisbon; having been taken senseless from a wreck drifting about the ocean.

Don Fernando was confounded and perplexed. He retraced every thing distinctly that had happened to him in the Island of the Seven Cities, and until he had retired to rest on board of the caravel. Had his vessel been driven from her anchors, and wrecked during his sleep? The people about him could give him no information on the subject. He talked to them of the Island of the Seven Cities, and of all that had befallen him there. They regarded his words as the ravings of delirium; and, in their honest solicitude administered such rough remedies that he was fain to drop the subject, and observe a cautious taciturnity.

At length they arrived in the Tagus, and anchored before the famous city of Lisbon. Don Fernando sprang joyfully on shore, and hastened to his ancestral mansion. To his surprise it was inhabited by strangers; and, when he asked about his family, no one could give him any information concerning them.

He now sought the mansion of Don Ramiro, for the temporary flame kindled by the bright eyes of the Alcayde's daughter had long since burnt itself out, and his genuine passion for Serafina had revived with all its fervour. He approached the balcony, beneath which he had so often serenaded her. Did his eyes deceive him? No! There was Serafina herself at the balcony. An exclamation of rapture burst from him as he raised his arms towards her. She cast upon him a look of indignation, and, hastily retiring, closed the casement. Could she have heard of his flirtation with the Alcayde's daughter? He would soon dispel every doubt of his constancy. The door was open. He rushed up stairs, and entering the room, threw himself at her feet. She shrank back with affright, and took refuge in the arms of a youthful cavalier.

"What mean you, sir," cried the latter, "by this intrusion?"

"What right have you," replied Don Fernando, "to ask the question?"

"The right of an affianced suitor!"

Don Fernando started, and turned pale. "Oh, Serafina! Serafina!" cried he, in a tone of agony, "is this thy plighted constancy?"

"Serafina?—what mean you by Serafina? If it be this young lady you intend, her name is Maria."

"Is not this Serafina Alvarez, and is not that her portrait?" cried Don Fernando, pointing to a picture of his mistress.

"Holy Virgin!" cried the young lady; "he is talking of my great grandmother!"

An explanation ensued,—if that could be called an explanation, which plunged the unfortunate Fernando into tenfold perplexity. If he might believe his eyes he saw before him his beloved Serafina; if he might believe his ears, it was merely her hereditary form and features, perpetuated in the person of her great grand-daughter.

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His brain began to spin. He sought the office of the Minister of Marine, and made a report of his expedition, and of the Island of the Seven Cities, which he had so fortunately discovered. Nobody knew anything of such an expedition, or such an island. He declared that he had undertaken the enterprise under a formal contract with the Crown, and had received a regular commission, constituting him Adalantado. This must be matter of record; and he insisted loudly that the books of the department should be consulted. The wordy strife at length attracted the attention of an old grey-headed clerk, who sat perched on a high stool, at a high desk, with iron-rimmed spectacles on the top of a thin pinched nose, copying records into an enormous folio. He had wintered and summered in the department for a great part of a century, until he had almost grown to be a piece of the desk at which he sat; his memory was a mere index of official facts and documents, and his brain was little better than red tape and parchment. After peering down for a time from his lofty perch, and ascertaining the matter in controversy, he put his pen behind his ear, and descended. He remembered to have heard something from his predecessor about an expedition of the kind in question; but then, it had sailed during the reign of Don Joam II., and he had been dead at least a hundred years. To put the matter beyond dispute, however, the archives of the Torvo do Tombo—that sepulchre of old Portuguese documents—were diligently searched, and a record was found of a contract between the Crown and one Fernando de Ulmo, for the discovery of the Island of the Seven Cities, and of a commission secured to him as Adalantado of the country he might discover.

"There!" cried Don Fernando, triumphantly, "there you have proof before your own eyes of what I have said. I am the Fernando de Ulmo specified in that record. I have discovered the Island of the Seven Cities, and am entitled to be Adalantado, according to contract."

The story of Don Fernando had certainly what is pronounced the best of historical foundation, documentary evidence; but, when a man in the bloom of youth talked of events that had taken place above a century previously as having happened to himself, it is no wonder that he was set down for a madman.

The old clerk looked at him from above and below his spectacles, shrugged his shoulders, stroked his chin, re-ascended his lofty stool, took the pen from behind his ear, and resumed his daily and eternal task, copying records into the fiftieth volume of a series of gigantic folios. The other clerks winked at each other shrewdly, and dispersed to their several places, and poor Don Fernando, thus left to himself, flung out of the office, almost driven wild by these repeated perplexities.

In the confusion of his mind he instinctively repaired to the mansion of Alvarez, but it was barred against him. To break the delusion under which the youth apparently laboured, and to convince him that the Seraphina about whom he raved was really dead, he was conducted to her tomb. There she lay, a stately matron, cut out in alabaster; and, there lay her husband beside her,—a portly cavalier in armour; and there knelt on each side the effigies of a numerous progeny, proving that she had been a fruitful vine. Even the very monument gave proofs of the lapse of time, for the hands of her husband

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—which were folded as if in prayer—had lost their fingers, and the face of the once lovely Serafina was noseless.

Don Fernando felt a transient glow of indignation at beholding this monumental proof of the inconstancy of his mistress; but, who could expect a mistress to remain constant during a whole century of absence? And, what right had he to rail about constancy, after what had passed between him and the Alcayde's daughter? The unfortunate cavalier performed one act of pious devotion; he had the alabaster nose of Serafina restored by a skilful statuary, and then tore himself from the tomb.

He could now no longer doubt the fact that, somehow or other, he had skipped over a whole century during the night he had spent at the Island of the Seven Cities; and, he was now as complete a stranger in his native city, as if he had never been there. A thousand times did he wish himself back to that wonderful island, with its antiquated banquet halls, where he had been so courteously received; and, now that the once young and beautiful Serafina was nothing but a great-grandmother in marble, with generations of descendants, a thousand times would he recall the melting black eyes of the Alcayde's daughter, who, doubtless, like himself, was still flourishing in fresh juvenility, and breathe a secret wish that he were seated by her side.

He would at once have set on foot another expedition at his own expense to cruise in search of the sainted island, but his means were exhausted. He endeavoured to rouse others to the enterprise, setting forth the certainty of profitable results, of which his own experience furnished such unquestionable proof. Alas! no one would give faith to his tale; but looked upon it as the feverish dream of a shipwrecked man. He persisted in his efforts; holding forth in all places and all companies, until he became an object of jest and jeer to the light-minded, who mistook his earnest enthusiasm for a proof of insanity; and the very children in the streets bantered him with the title of "The Adalantado of the Seven Cities."

Finding all his efforts in vain in his native city of Lisbon, he took shipping for the Canaries, as being nearer the latitude of his former cruise, and inhabited by people given to nautical adventure. Here he found ready listeners to his story,—for the old pilots and mariners of those parts were notorious island hunters, and devout believers in all the wonders of the seas. Indeed, one and all treated his adventure as a common occurrence, and, turning to each other with a sagacious nod of the head, observed, "He has been at the island of St. Brandan."

They then went on to inform him of that great marvel and enigma of the ocean; of its repeated appearance to the inhabitants of their islands; and of the many but ineffectual expeditions that had been made in search of it. They took him to a promontory of the island of Palma, from whence the shadowy St. Brandan had oftenest been descried, and they pointed out the very tract in the west where its mountains had been seen.

Don Fernando listened with rapt attention. He had no longer a doubt that this mysterious and fugacious island must be the same with that of the Seven Cities; and that there must be some supernatural influence connected with it, that had operated upon himself, and made the events of a night occupy the space of a century.

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He endeavoured, but in vain, to rouse the islanders to another attempt at discovery; they had given up the phantom island as indeed inaccessible. Fernando, however, was not to be discouraged. The idea wore itself deeper and deeper in his mind, until it became the engrossing subject of his thoughts and object of his being. Every morning he would repair to the promontory of Palma, and sit there throughout the livelong day, in hopes of seeing the fairy mountains of St. Brandan peering above the horizon; every evening he returned to his home, a disappointed man, but ready to resume his post on the following morning.

His assiduity was all in vain. He grew grey in his ineffectual attempt; and was at length found dead at his post. His grave is still shown in the island of Palma, and a cross is erected on the spot where he used to sit and look out upon the sea, in hopes of the reappearance of the enchanted island.

THE HATCHMENT.*

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE COUNTESS OF B——.

DEAR LADY B——,

It has been naturally and philosophically observed, that such is the temper of the human mind, that in the midst of the deepest sorrow any accident slightly ludicrous, which would hardly affect us at another time, is apt to throw us into convulsive laughter. So, on the other hand, in our gayest and happiest moments, even casual impressions of a melancholy kind, often make themselves far more sensibly felt than if we were passively faring on, in a quiet and unexcited mood. By this I endeavour to account for the following lines, which I beg to inscribe to your ladyship, and which were not merely suggested, but almost extemporarily composed, as I drove home last night from one of those occasions of social and intellectual enjoyment which G—— House always affords to those whom good fortune makes its guests. As I hope the verses will explain themselves, I need hardly add, that a gay entertainment at a splendid mansion in —— Square, where a Hatchment proclaimed the loss of its master or mistress, inspired them.

Thursday, July 18th.

I HAVE seen,
And but few weeks agone,
When no *Hatchment* here hath been
To tell the passers on
That *Somebody* within these walls did dwell,
Obey'd and cherish'd well;
To whom
Their mirth and glee,
And revelry,
Were known,
As if for them alone
Were all that joyousness, without a shade of gloom.

I know not,
If Owner of that proud abode,
Ere the *Hatchment* mark'd his lot
Beneath the churchyard sod;
Or She, its beauteous ornament and grace,
Have vanish'd from their place!

* The proper heraldic word for that blazon of arms which is hung upon the mansions of the wealthy or great, when death has removed them from the enjoyments of the world, is *Achievement*; but I have adopted the popular name, which is now indeed almost, if not quite, as correct as the other.

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Dim name!
Unread by me
The heraldry
Of fame;
For dark is midnight's brow,
As is the dismal grave in which they fester now.*

I but gaze
On the gay-lighted hall,
Below that *Hatchment*, throwing up its blaze
To tell to one and all
That *Somebody* hath been forgotten quite
Within Time's briefest flight;
And lo!
The bright wine quaffing,
The mirth, the laughing,
The song,
No more to them belong.
For them, alas! no more, wine, mirth, and music flow.

They are dead;
And the slow hearse hath ta'en,
With *Hatchment* honours to their lowly bed,
The rich, the proud, the vain!
The *Somebody* who fill'd that highest sphere,
And is—as nothing there!
Unheard
The rattling coach,
The loud approach,
The friends!
Whose step the stair ascends,
As if still at the top the welcome face appeared.

I perceive
None but a jocund crew:
That *Hatchment* hints to none to think, or grieve,
Or backward cast their view
On *Somebody*, who only yesterday
Made dear companions stay—
So fond!—
While revel, dancing,
And love, soft glancing,
Lit up
The sparkling scene and cup,
Till it would seem a death to tear the festive bond.

I am lost
In ecstasy of dread;
That *Hatchment* through my brain a spell hath tost,
'Tis instinct with the dead!
The *Spectre* whom it glorifies sits there,
Enthroned in dusk and glare—
It speaks!
From the hollow tomb
That voice doth come—
"Be glad,
Be wine and wassail mad.
To-morrow, O ye fools! ye rot with me!" it shrieks.

TEUTHA.

* I have to apologise for the difference of construction in this stanza; but I have not time to amend it.

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THE SPALPEEN.

BY P. McTEAGUE, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

READER,—I am going to tell you a story about an Irish spalpeen, —which I heard not long since in the county of Clare.

Doubtless you have heard of the county of Clare,—it is one of the wildest in Ireland, and is most remarkable for its one hundred and twenty beautiful little lakes, and its hundred and twenty-six ruined castles and monasteries.

I wish that some of those young ladies and gentlemen who take such delight in rambling up and down the Rhine every summer; or who trip it over the Swiss mountains; or go through France and Italy with green veils and coloured spectacles;—I say I wish some of them would come and look at the sweet county of Clare; as, by so doing, they would not only strengthen their eyesight, but greatly improve their health and complexions. They would also be gainers in pocket, and enjoy the pleasure of seeing their money transferred to honest Paddy, (who is almost always in want of cash), instead of to those foreigners who spend all they get in buying rings to wear either in their ears or upon their fingers.

Perhaps, however, you will not even yet know what sort of people the spalpeens may be? For your enlightenment, therefore, I must inform you that they are, generally speaking, tolerably square in their shoulders, strong in their arms, and swift in their feet; that they seem born for hardship, to enable them to endure which nature has kindly endowed them with an unusual stock of patience, and has, moreover, gifted them with light hearts and keen appetites. But, however prodigal she may have been to them in these respects, I am sorry to say, the spalpeens have been little indebted to human ingenuity for any superabundant supplies of hats or coats, shoes or stockings; and, truly speaking, there are other appendages which might be mentioned as being awfully scarce among them. Such, however, are the spalpeens; and as they were fifty years ago, so they continue to the present day; at least so many as are entitled to the appellation; their present numbers being happily much diminished —at least in the county of *Clare*, from whence a comparatively small number of *her* sons are now driven to England, or the richly cultivated plains of Leinster, to seek support. But this is digression: I must come to my tale.

There was once, then, and not so very long ago either, an honest, sober, and clever spalpeen, that lived near the small village of Kilfenora, in the northwest part of Clare. His name was Connor O'Mara. He was married to a nice, decent, industrious young woman, and had a couple of fine strapping lads, and two little girls. Work was very scarce at the time I was speaking of; and, hearing that high wages were offering in the province of Leinster, Connor took an affectionate leave of Nelly and the children, and made the best of his way to Kilkenny, and hired himself to a "sthrong farmer" living between that city and Carlow, who bore a great character in those parts for being very good to his men. The farmer, whose

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name was Fitzpatrick, occupied a beautiful and fertile tract of land; and, besides attending to his crops, dealt largely in sheep, and pigs, and cattle of all sorts. He had, moreover, a bustling active wife, a fine family of children about him, and a snug comfortable house and concern.

The farmer took a liking to Connor, so did the mistress and her children, as well they might; for Connor at that time of day was as active and clever a fellow as you would see in a long day's journey, and very industrious and honest. So, after trying his hand at this thing and that for a few weeks, "Connor," says the farmer, "I like your *goings on* very well; you appear to be a handy knowledgeable man, and I should wish to keep you for awhile. Have you any objection to hire yourself for twelve months? I'll give you twelve guineas for that time, and make you a present of a new suit of clothes into the bargain; and you shall have a warm bed to lie on, and be made comfortable, like one of my own family."

To this handsome proposal Connor willingly agreed; and, during the whole period never for a single day neglected the farmer's business; whether to lead and hearten up the "boys" in digging potatoes,—at which the men of Clare are particularly expert—or in reaping, ploughing, or harrowing—or keeping the sheep in a clean healthy state—or tending a sick cow, or driving pigs or cattle to fair or market, nothing could exceed Connor's care, success, or diligence. It was as if everything he should come "across" would thrive after him.

Well, you may be sure the time passed pleasantly enough; and, before the twelve months were out, the farmer found himself much better off than he had ever been before; so much so, that, being well assured he should lose his right hand if Connor left him, he determined at almost any cost to keep him. So, when the day of reckoning came, the farmer told him he could not on any account part with him; and, as he had found him a great treasure both at home and abroad, he had determined to double his wages, and give him another suit of clothes, *if he would stop with him another year.* "You will then," continued Fitzpatrick, "have thirty-six guineas in your pocket, with which you can go back comfortably to Clare, and be a snug man yourself; buy a few pigs and some stock, and provide much better than you could now do for your wife and family."

The proposal was altogether so tempting and flattering to the poor fellow's feelings, that he willingly agreed; believing also that Nelly would highly commend him could she be present, and that she would be able to struggle on, with the assistance of the eldest son, Jemmy, whom he left a stout boy of fifteen; and, the arrangement once made, matters went on throughout the second year even much better than the first. All, indeed, prospered: Fitzpatrick's farm improved in every way; he was more and more lucky with his stock; and his fireside was a real comfort to him,—for Connor was a lively fellow, and used to keep them all in good humour. It was remarked, also, that the mistress's temper had greatly improved. Moreover, the children were mighty fond of him, and in the long winter's evenings would crowd about him to listen to his stories; indeed, he had a good stock of them, for the people of Clare are abundantly supplied with amusing narratives, and tell them very cleverly.

At last, however, the day drew near when the second year was to end. The whole household grew very melancholy at the thoughts

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of parting with Connor; and indeed Connor himself did not much like the thoughts of quitting, though he felt that it was his bounden duty to return and take care of his own family. Many were the cogitations of Fitzpatrick and his wife; many the comparisons drawn between their present state, and what they were before Connor came to them; and the end of it all was, a determination that Connor should not leave them for at least another year, if they could possibly prevent it. So, when Connor's time was up, the farmer once more brought forward all his former arguments; and, by way of making them as tempting as possible, told him if he would consent to stay only *one year more*, he would give him forty-eight guineas; which, in addition to his first and second year's wages, and another suit of clothes, would make him master of eighty guineas to take back with him to his wife and family; and enable him not only to buy stock, but purchase a little land, and become happy and independent.

Now, although Connor had many misgivings, as I have said, he could not withstand this tempting proposal. He consented; though, as he then and afterwards observed, he hoped God would forgive him for thus keeping so long and far away from those who might, for anything he knew to the contrary, be then begging potatoes from the neighbours. However, he *did* stop.

Time flew quickly on; everything proceeded smoothly and fortunately. Fitzpatrick added to his house, built a new barn, took more land, and increased his stock; he was becoming a rich man; and therefore, seeing and feeling how much he was indebted to Connor, very naturally determined to keep him another year, if possible. He therefore repeated all his former arguments, not forgetting the new suit of clothes, and concluded the whole by proposing to pay him, in addition to the eighty guineas already earned, the sum of one hundred pounds, which, as he rightly observed, would enable him to carry back with him the very large sum of one hundred and eighty-four pounds!

Great indeed was Connor's struggle, and never was a poor spalpeen more sorely tempted. But nature had by this time asserted her rightful claim, and fairly got the better of money; and so, with a heart full of love for his employer, he told Fitzpatrick it was all in vain to say more upon the subject, for that his mind was made up, and go home he would to his wife and children.

Neither could Fitzpatrick blame him; on the contrary, both he and his wife could not help remarking that he was right; and, seeing his affection for his family, declared they would not willingly keep him if they could; and with that, they prepared to part the following day.

On rising in the morning it was pretty evident that few of this warm-hearted household had been much benefited by sleep; most of them declared they had not had a wink; and, indeed, while Connor was tumbling and tossing about in his settle bed, he could not but observe that the farmer's wife had not retired at all, but had been occupied the chief part of the night in baking bread. After a breakfast, which was passed in silence, all rose to separate; upon which the worthy farmer took Connor into his bedroom, and having seated himself in his arm-chair, thus addressed him.

"Connor, you have served me well and faithfully, and as I have never been served before, for the space of three years. During this time I have not missed a single halfpenny in our reckonings, nor

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have I once seen the sign of liquor upon you. The little trifles you have had of me upon account of your coming wages, for the price of the tobacco, or such like matters, I will not deduct, but will reckon all with you. I here, therefore, acknowledge your claim upon me for eighty guineas; and, indeed, by the same token, well do I know that many was the sixpence you spent for the children; who, poor things! will greatly miss so kind a friend as you have been to them. Troth, Connor!" exclaimed the farmer with emotion, "I hear them sobbing now; they are crying their hearts out for you," and while the honest man uttered these words he turned his head aside, and wiped a tear from his own eye with the back of his hand; but recovering himself immediately, and forcing a smile upon his face, he continued, "Connor, there is no use speaking too much upon this subject. You should know our hearts by this time, and you do know them well; and I need not tell you that hearts and eyes have their own ways of talking, and, by the same token, any one may perceive that yours are as busy as the rest, though not a word has passed over your lips. We have all of us to thank you for services and friendship; but none so much as myself."

Here the tears, which had been gathering in Connor's eyes, fell and fairly ran down his cheeks,—just as those little watercourses which children are so fond of stopping up, break their bounds when their mimic dams have been overpowered.

"Now then," said Fitzpatrick, "my dear boy, enough of this; and we will go into the business at once. You have confidence in me, Connor?"

"I have, sir,—every confidence."

"Will you then be advised by me before you go?"

"'Faith, I will; I 'll not go *agen* you in anything!"

"Well, then; if I engage to put the full value of all the money I owe you into your pocket by THREE PIECES OF ADVICE,—and when you get home you will be ready to acknowledge that so sure and certain was the counsel you have not been a loser, but a very great gainer by it,—will you consent to take THEM instead of the money?"

This was a puzzling question, and seemed to alter the appearance of matters very seriously. Connor had often heard people praised for the great value of the *advice* they gave; he had been told of very large lumping sums put into lawyers' hands for only *one* piece of advice; and he had heard also that neither kings nor queens, nor lords lieutenant, could get on with their business a single day without people at their elbows to give them *advice*, and that they paid them well for their trouble; and gave them gold chains to wear round their necks, and new garters for their stockings, and ribands and stars on their coats, and I don't know what besides. He had often thought Fitzpatrick equal to one of these gentlemen. He had, moreover, a boundless confidence in the farmer's honesty, and an equal reverence for his wisdom; still he was confounded; and, after pausing a while, exclaimed,

"Why, master, I 'm fairly bothered," and then attempting to burst into an awkward sort of laugh, added, "Oh, I see now how it all is! It 's joking with me you are! but you 're welcome to that same, anyhow. And, faix! after all, maybe it 's better to be joking than crying,"

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and here Connor's face exhibited all the marks of that extreme state of doubtful excitement and wonder, which so often characterize his countrymen when placed in a *depth* which their naturally sharp wits cannot exactly fathom.

But the farmer was immovable. He pressed his arguments with a solemn countenance, and soon convinced poor Connor that he was never more serious.

"You are leaving me," he said, "after three years' service, and are justly entitled to the money. How could I look at you, and defraud you of its value?"

"But, master, dear," retorted Connor, "how will I be able to look at my wife and children; and they perhaps, nigh hand starvation itself; and axing me all in one cry, like a pack of hounds, that would spake the very words themselves, 'Where is the money you said you would earn for us in Leinster?'"

To which Fitzpatrick quickly replied,

"Connor, I know your thoughts, and I 'll tell you once and for all, that if you will consent to take my THREE PIECES OF ADVICE, you will never look behind you so long as you live; but that in course of time you and your family will be as thriving as I am. I tell you also, that by so doing you will reach home a wealthier man than if I had counted the guineas into your hand, and you had put them all in your old leather purse, which certainly cannot have much in it now over a few shillings. But I now declare, that if I count any money into your hands the charm will be broken, and my advice not be worth a groat. You must take the ADVICE, or you may repent it to the end of your days!"

Still did Connor hesitate, and boggle and shuffle with his feet, and twirl his fingers, and look up to the rafters, and down upon the floor, as if expecting that some good little fairy, or more powerful spirit, would either descend or ascend to his relief. He had actually crossed himself three times, and begun a prayer; when, happily, Fitzpatrick, who was determined to gain his point, hit upon a line of argument which concluded the business.

"Connor," said he, "I have been looking at you, and know all that passes within you; more than that, I cannot exactly find fault with you, because you have not yet heard the advice I mean to give you, nor the argument which will follow it; but I will give you the argument first; that if you don't think proper to take the ADVICE (looking earnestly at him) it will, I believe, *be so much the worse for you;* and now I will only add, that when you get home, if you and your wife and family are not perfectly satisfied that you have acted right, then come back, and serve me another year, and I will give you a hundred pounds over what is now your due."

Whether the farmer had fairly "bothered" Connor, or the poor fellow found it quite in vain to contend against such odds any longer; or that he had an undefined hope and impression that it would be better to submit, and go home with Fitzpatrick's advice in his head, rather than eighty guineas in his purse; or that a strange kind of fear had sprung up in his breast, whispering the merits of *expediency*, and that it might be most advisable to avoid *something worse*, no one can now tell; for Connor himself used afterwards to say, that he had never in all his born days been in such a strange

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kind of a bewilderment. "Indeed," he would add in a low voice, "what I thought of the business was this, that maybe the d—l might have crept inside Fitzpatrick's waistcoat, and that I'd best get clear of the house, at any rate!"

So, when the farmer had done speaking, Connor submitted at once, and declared that his mind was made up, and that he would "take the ADVICE in the name of God! and that he was ready to leave the money behind him, and *rise clane out of the business.*"

With that the farmer's eyes glistened with joy; and, taking Connor by the hand, he told him to sit down upon a chair in the middle of the room, turn his face to the east, and hearken attentively to what he should hear.

"And now, mind," added the farmer, "if you don't follow my words exactly, or if you disobey the least particle of my advice, mind, I think you'll suffer for your disobedience; but, on the contrary, if you strictly adhere to what I am going to tell you, you will not only be a thriving man, but one of the happiest among all your neighbours. Are you ready?"

"I am," said Connor; "begin."

"Not till you've kissed this mass-book," said the farmer.

"Reach it me here, and I'll kiss it," said Connor. "Now are you satisfied, master?"

"I am," said the farmer; "but you must not call me master any more, for you will soon be your own master, and have men to dig your potatoes for you, as you and others have dug mine. And now sit quite steady, Connor, and shut your eyes, that you may not lose a syllable."

So Connor sat still, and shut his eyes, while the farmer began.

"Now, then, I will proceed upon the business at once. You have fairly surrendered all claim for the wages which were your rightful due; and, instead of the money, you are content to receive as full payment and satisfaction, THREE PIECES OF ADVICE. Is it so?"

"It is," said Conner; adding, however, to himself, "*I wish I was well on my road.*"

"The three pieces of advice that I have now, therefore, to give you, are these. Mind and remember!"

"Never fear," said Connor; "I'll not lose a word."

"FIRST.—*As you travel homewards, never step out of the common road, nor attempt to make any short cuts, or cross any fields by way of lessening your distance.*

"Do you hear?" said the farmer.

"I do," said Connor; "I have it every word; and, (added he to himself,) bad luck to me if ever I heard such a piece of nonsense!"

"Are you ready again?" said the farmer.

"I am," said Connor. "Go on."

"SECONDLY.—*Whenever you have occasion to stop at any sheebeen or farm-house you do not know—particularly at night—look well about you; and if you should happen to see that the owner of the house is an old man, and the mistress young and handsome, away with you as soon as you can! But do not lie down, or sleep a wink in that house.*

"Have you got this by heart?" said the farmer.

"I have it clane off," said Connor; adding to himself, "Bad luck to me; but I'm done, anyhow!"

"Are you ready again?" cried the farmer.

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"I am," cried Connor. "Go on, in the name of God!"

"IN THE THIRD AND LAST PLACE.—*Never do anything in a hurry at night, that you might not be sorry for the following morning.*

"Have you got this?" said the farmer.

"I have," said Connor; adding, however, to himself, "I wish I could get a customer for my *bargains*, and I'd sell them cheap."

However, there was no drawing back *now*. The *book* had been kissed—not upon the thumb, but the black leather itself. The contract had been made and ratified; and Connor rose up, and prepared to go, yet certainly with feelings greatly altered both towards the farmer, and even his wife and children.

Upon rejoining them, perhaps these feelings were augmented in bitterness by seeing that they had no longer any sorrow in their faces; but that they were slily winking at each other; as much as to say, "How well we have humbugged that Clare spalpeen!"

"Well, master and mistress, and Miss Eliza dear, and Matty, and Master James, and Neddy, and the rest of yees, good-b'ye to yees all," said Connor, "and may the Lord prosper ye! I wish ye all well;" and, turning to the farmer, he added, in a low tone, "If *you* have deceived a poor man, that did his best for you day and night for three years, may the heavenly Father forgive *you!*" and with that Connor sprung to the door, rather anxious to escape, as it might appear, while escape was in his power: but, just as he had got over the threshold, the farmer, who was a strong-built active man, leaped after him, as a cat would after a mouse; and, seizing the poor fellow by the collar of his coat, pulled him back into the middle of the kitchen.

There was a general laugh, while Connor, much terrified, called out, "O murder! murder! what more do you want of me at all? O master dear! haven't I given in to all your ways entirely? Haven't I agreed to all your proposals, and done your bidding as you desired? Let me go now—let me go, in the name of God!" *

With that the farmer, and the mistress, and all the children went on laughing till the tears ran down their cheeks, while Connor stood more bewildered than ever, in the midst of them.

"And, do you think," exclaimed the farmer, when he could catch his breath; "do you think the mistress and I would let you go without a bit of bread to eat upon your journey? The *sup* you may get anywhere, even at a spring of clear water when no milk is to be had; but the *bite* is not always ready, and might fail you. The mistress could not sleep last night; so she got up, and told me she would make two of the best loaves she ever baked in her life. Look at them; here they are—a big one, and a little one. The big one is for you to carry under your arm, and will last you for food during the journey, if you can get no better; and the little one you are to carry in your coat-pocket, and give to your wife when you get home, with the mistress's love. She will do well to take a pattern from it, because we believe the Clare people cannot make the likes of it. Stay, man alive! let me slide the little loaf into your pocket. There, now! it is all right, and a good fit. Give it a stitch, Norry," said he to his wife. "Connor might tumble down, and then the loaf would be

* It is with reluctance I have introduced these words, as it may appear improper and irreverent to do so; but, on the other hand, I can only assure my readers that it is an expression constantly in the mouths of the people.

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spoiled in the dirt." So it was stitched in. "Now, then, just take the big loaf in your fist, and don't be afraid of it, for a better one was never baked but once."

This was a friendly act; and such an unexpected kindness at parting much relieved the poor fellow's heart; so, turning round, he bade them all farewell with more feeling and cordiality than he had done before; and, attended by the blessings and good wishes of the whole family, he set out with lighter spirits upon his journey.

The various adventures which befel Connor on the road we shall take an early opportunity of presenting to our readers.

NATIONAL SONGS. No. I.

BY MRS. GORE.

Lo! the dread cannon's opening bray—
Lo! the startled archers yield!—
The Black Prince wins his spurs to-day,
But King Edward wins the field.
'Twas at CRESSY, boys! Did ye never hear
That name of old renown?
'Tis one of the jewels bright and clear,
That gem our English crown!
Then on!—for home and freedom, on!
On for the leopards three!
Each man of us is Old England's son,
And our cry is "LIBERTY!"

Lo! horse to horse, and lance to lance,
The serry'd ranks appear,
To fight the proudest hosts of France
With Harry Lancaster.
'Twas at AGINCOURT! Did ye never hear
That name of old renown?
'Tis one of the jewels bright and clear
That gem our British crown!
Then on!—for home, &c.

The Bourbon proud with his yelping pack
Swept the earth from north to south,
Till old Marlborough came and drove them back,
With their boastings in their mouth.
'Twas at BLENHEIM, boys! Did ye never hear
That name of old renown?
'Tis one of the jewels, bright and clear,
That gem our English crown!
Then on!—for home, &c.

Proud, proud the day, when the Victory bore
On the fleets of France and Spain;
Yet our laurels droop'd, for a hero's gore
Ting'd them with withering stain.
'Twas at TRAFALGAR! Did ye never hear
That name of bright renown?
'Tis one of the jewels, bright and clear,
That gem our British crown!
Then on!—for home, &c.

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With wavering fate, now won, now lost,
Our fight of fights sped on;
But 'twas ours at last, for our gallant host
Was led by Wellington!
'Twas at Waterloo! Did ye never hear
That name of fresh renown?
'Tis one of the jewels, bright and clear,
That gem our British crown!
Then on!—for home, &c.

RAMBLES AMONG THE RIVERS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THE THAMES AND HIS TRIBUTARIES.

The Thames at Hampton Court.—The Rape of the Lock.—Magnificence of Wolsey.—The loves of Lord Surrey and the fair Geraldine.—Royal Inhabitants of Hampton Court.—A Cook's Philosophy.—The Picture Gallery.—The Maze.

The lover of poetry, as he sails from Kingston to Hampton Court, will not fail to remember, that upon these waters Pope has laid the scene of his beautiful "Rape of the Lock." It was here,

"While melting music stole along the sky,"

that Mrs. Arabella Fermor, the Belinda of the song, was rowed in her gilded barge, the loveliest of the lovely, with her fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around her, and the "adventurous Baron" Lord Petre, already planning the larceny which gave such offence to the fair one and her family, but which, adorned by the luxuriant fancy of the poet, was the means of giving such delight to all the world besides. Since that time, the Thames at Hampton has been a haunted spot, sacred to the sylphs and all the bright militia of the sky. For their invention Pope is entitled to greater credit than he has ever yet received; for, notwithstanding his own assertion, and the acquiescence of Johnson and other critics, who did not know German, he borrowed nothing but their names from the Rosicrucians,—a fact of which any one will be convinced who will take the trouble to read the "*Chiave del Gabinetto del Cabaliere Borri*," or the philosophical romance, "The Count de Gabalis," by the Abbé de Villars.

The scenery upon both shores of the Thames is here truly beautiful. Cardinal Wolsey saw and became enamoured of it, when it had nothing but its own natural charms to recommend it, and resolved to fix his permanent abode among scenes so lovely. While yet the manor of Hampton belonged to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, Wolsey, whose attendance upon the King at Hanworth drew him frequently to the neighbourhood, and who must have constantly passed it on his way to Esher, a place which belonged to his bishoprick of Winchester, took a liking to the spot, and chose it as the future site of the finest palace that had ever yet been erected in England. He took a lease of the manor, which extended at that time from Ditton to Walton, on the Surrey shore, and included

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Hampton, part of Hanworth, Teddington, and Hounslow Heath, in Middlesex, from the Prior of St. John, and begun his magnificent building in the year 1515. He had been upwards of ten years employed upon it, when the vastness of the design began to excite the admiration and envy of all who beheld it. His enemies took occasion of the remarks that were universally made to stir up the jealousy of the King against his minister; and Henry asked him why he had built a palace so far surpassing any of those belonging to his sovereign. The Cardinal, prompt at an expedient, but ever princely, replied, that he was merely trying to construct a residence worthy to be given to a King of England. The wrath of the tyrant was appeased, and in exchange for the magnificent gift he gave Wolsey permission to reside in the royal manor and palace of Richmond. Wolsey, however, continued to reside occasionally in that part of the palace of Hampton Court which was already built; for Henry knew too well the fine taste of the Cardinal in architecture to permit any meaner hand to complete what he had begun. Although he thus lived in the palace as a mere tenant, he was in most respects as much its master as if it still remained his own. It was here he gave his magnificent festivals, and particularly that great one to the French ambassadors, of which so minute an account has been handed down to us by Cavendish, a gentleman of his household, and his biographer. The festival was given in the year 1528, after the conclusion of a solemn peace between England, France, and the Emperor of Germany. The ambassadors were successively entertained at Greenwich, London, Richmond, Hampton, and Windsor. The King entertained them at Greenwich,—the Lord Mayor in London,—the King again at his park in Richmond, and Wolsey at Hampton Court. The reception they met from Wolsey was by far the most magnificent. The account handed down to us by the minute and accurate historian, gives us a grand idea of the power and splendour of that proud churchman. The rich hangings of arras, the massive silver and gold plate, the regiments of tall yeomen in gay liveries that waited upon the guests,—the glare of the torches, the costliness and excellence of the wines, the savour of the meats, and the superabundance of everything, are all set forth very eloquently by honest old Stowe, who seems to have imagined that no feast ever given in the world before could have equalled the Cardinal's. After describing all these things in a style and language of most agreeable roughness and simplicity, he continues, "the trumpets were blowen to warn to supper; the officers discreetly conducted these noblemen from their chambers into the chamber where they should sup, and caused them there to sit downe; and that done, their service came uppe in such abundance, both costly and full of subtleties, and with such a pleasant noise of instruments of music, that the Frenchmen (as it seemed) were rapte into a heavenly paradise. The Cardinall was not yet come, but they were all merrie and pleasant. Before the second course, the Cardinall came in booted and spurred, all sodainly amongst them, and bade them 'Proface!' (much good may it do you!) at whose coming there was a great joye, with rising everie man from his place. The Cardinall caused them to sit still and keep their roomes; and, being in his apparell as he rode, called for a chaire and sat in the midst of the high table. Anone came up the second course, with so many dishes, subtleties, and devices, above a hundred

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in number, which were of so goodly proportion and costlie, that I think the Frenchmen never saw the like. The wonder was no less than it was worthie indeed. There were castles, with images the same as in Paul's church, for the quantity as well counterfeited as the painter should have painted it on a cloth or wall. There were beasts, birds, and personages, most lively made and counterfeited, some fighting with swords, some with guns and cross-bowes, some vaulting and leaping, some dancing with ladies, some on horses in complete harnesse, jousting with long and sharp speares, with many more devices. Among all other was a chess-board made of spiced plate, with men thereof the same; and for the good proportion, and because the Frenchmen be verie expert in that play, my Lord Cardinall gave the same to a gentleman of France, commanding there should be made a goodlie case for the preservation thereof in all haste, that he might convey the same into his countrey. Then took my lord a bowl of gold filled with ippocrass, and putting off his cappe, said, 'I drink to the King my sovereign lord, and next unto the King your master,' and therewith drank a good draught. And when he had done, he desired the grand master to pledge him, cup and all, the which was well worth five hundred marks, and so caused all the lords to pledge these two royal princes. Then went the cups so merriely about, that many of the Frenchmen were fain to be led to their beds."

In less than two short years afterwards, what a change came over the fortunes of the minister! To quote again the words of the same historian, Wolsey, being in disgrace, left London, and having no house of his own to go to, "rode straight to Esher, which is a house belonging to the bishoprick of Winchester, not far from Hampton Court, where my lord and his family continued for the space of three or four weekes without either beds, sheetes, table-clothes, or dishes to eate their meate in, or wherewith to buye anie. Howbeit there was good provision of victual, and of beer and wine; but my lord was compelled of necessitie to borrowe of Master Arundel, and of the Bishop of Carlisle, plate and dishes both to drinke and eate his meate in."

It was then when, to use his own words to his attached servants who thronged around him, "he had nothing left him but the bare clothes on his back," that he first began to be really convinced that

> "He had touch'd the highest point of all his greatness,
> And from the full meridian of his glory
> Was hastening to his setting, and to fall
> Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
> No man to see him more!"

Wolsey was again taken into favour, and again disgraced, and died before the palace was completed. Henry continued the work with great vigour, and was always much attached to the place. He took a sort of dislike to it after the death of his favourite wife, the Lady Jane Seymour, who expired within its walls two days after giving birth to King Edward the Sixth. With more grief than might have been expected from so mere an animal, he could not bear to look at the palace for several weeks, and retired to mourn his loss in private, clinging pertinaciously to the garments of sable, and refusing to be comforted. But the fit soon wore off; he found himself another wife, in the person of Anne of Cleves, "a great Flanders

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mare," as he called her; a compliment which she might have returned with as much elegance, and with more justice, by calling him a "great English hog." He never tired of her, for the good reason that he always hated her. She was allowed to reside at Hampton Court, until all the preparations were made for her divorce, when the King, according to Stowe, wishing to get rid of her, "caused her to remove to Richmond, persuading her it should be more for her health and pleasure, by reason of the clear and open air there."

His next Queen, Catherine Howard, was for awhile judged worthy to appear at his festivals in Hampton Court; but, being anything but a discreet woman, and her husband growing tired of her, she was divorced by the most summary of all divorces,—the executioner's knife. The new Queen, Catherine Parr, was married in a very short time afterwards, with great pomp and rejoicings at Hampton Court. The ceremony was performed in July, 1543; and from that period to the death of Henry, the palace was a constant scene of gaiety.

It was in one of these festivals that the poetic Earl of Surrey first became, or thought himself, enamoured of the fair Geraldine, whose name is almost as famous in connection with his, as that of Laura with the amorous Petrarch's. In his description and praise of his love he says,

"Foster'd she was with milk of Irish breast;
Her sire an earl—her dame of princes' blood.
From tender years in Britain doth she rest
With kynge's child, where tasteth costly food,
Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyne,
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight:
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine."

The story of the great love entertained by this agreeable poet and accomplished gentleman for the beautiful Geraldine has been much commented on, and forms a romantic episode in his unfortunate life. It would be much more romantic if it were true as tradition has handed it down to us. He is said to have written her name and some amorous verses upon a window at Hampton Court,—to have excited thereby the jealousy of the King,—and finally to have been brought to the scaffold from that, among many other causes. The name of the lady whom he has celebrated was for a long time unknown, until Horace Walpole proved that she was the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of the Earl of Kildare, and one of the maids of honour of the Princess Mary. When Surrey first saw her, he was a married man, living affectionately with his wife, and the fair Geraldine was a mere child of thirteen years of age. Surrey himself was in his twenty-fourth year. There is no doubt that he was struck with her beauty, and that he has celebrated her in the tenderest amorous poetry. Whether he loved her is quite another question. It should be remembered that Surrey's great master in the art of poetry was Petrarch, whom he devoutly and enthusiastically studied; and that effectually to imitate him, it was necessary that he should have a lady-love, upon whose imaginary coldness or slights he might pour out the whole flow of his amorous versification.

There is not the slightest evidence to show that his attachment, if the name can be bestowed upon a mere conceit, ever went beyond

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this, or was anything more than admiration, sedulously encouraged for the sake of rhyming. Cowley, who was never in love but once, and then had not resolution enough to tell his passion, thought himself bound, as a true poet, to pay some homage at the shrine, and published "The Mistress," a collection of amorous poems, addressed to an imaginary beauty. Something of the same kind was the much-talked-of love of Surrey for the young Geraldine. She was married in her fifteenth year to Sir Anthony Brown, but Surrey continued to rhyme, without offending either his own wife, or the lady's husband,—a circumstance which serves to show that the persons most concerned were fully aware of the real state of the case. The assertion that Henry VIII. took any jealousy or dislike to Surrey on account of it is quite unfounded. The noble poet first saw the Lady Geraldine in 1541. In the following year, so high was he in his sovereign's favour, that he was made a Knight of the Garter. On the invasion of France in 1544 by Henry, the vanguard of the army was commanded by the Duke of Norfolk, Surrey's father, while Surrey himself was appointed to the honourable post of Marshal of England.

During the progress of the war he was made commander of Guisnes, and afterwards of Boulogne; in which latter post, in consequence of a panic terror among his men, he was defeated by the French. It was this circumstance, and not his pretended love for Geraldine, that first lessoned the good opinion which his sovereign entertained of him. The real cause of his condemnation and death has not been very clearly ascertained; but it is quite absurd to suppose that Henry's jealousy of him in the matter of Geraldine had anything whatever to do with it.

Edward VI. often resided at Hampton Court. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood were much attached to him, being proud that their village was the birth-place of the King. When there was a rumour that the Protector, Somerset, entertained a design to seize his person, they armed, unsolicited, for his defence; a proof of their devotion, which Edward strove to repay by relieving them from the inconvenience and annoyance of the royal chase, which inclosed a vast extent of country, and which had been formed in the latter years of his father's life, when he was old and fat, and unable to ride far in search of his sport. Mary and her husband, Philip, passed their honeymoon at Hampton Court, and afterwards gave a grand entertainment to the Princess Elizabeth, the presumptive heiress to the crown. Elizabeth, on her accession, also resided occasionally at Hampton Court; and there is a tradition that Shakspeare made his very first appearance on any stage before her, in a little apartment of the palace set apart for theatrical representations.

In the reign of James, Hampton Court was the place of meeting of the celebrated conference on faith and discipline, between the divines of the Church of England and the Puritans, and in which the sign of the cross in baptism, the ring in marriage, the use of the surplice, and the bowing at the name of Jesus, were severally attacked by the one, and defended by the other party. James presided, to his own great delight, over their deliberations, and gave so much satisfaction to the Church of England, that he was declared by the Archbishop of Canterbury to be a man who delivered his judgments by the special assistance of the Spirit of God.

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During the prevalence of a severe plague in London, Charles I. and his family took refuge in this palace, where it was thought the air was more wholesome than in any other part of England. Fifteen years afterwards he was driven here by a pest of a different description, the riotous apprentices of the capital. In the year 1647, this place became, for a third time, his temporary prison for a few months, prior to his unfortunate escape to the Isle of Wight; an event which associates this building with the most remarkable incident in British history.

After the execution of the King, Cromwell occasionally resided here. The Long Parliament had issued their orders for the sale of the house and grounds; but the order was stayed, and it was voted as a residence for the Lord Protector. Here, in 1657, his daughter, Mary, was married to the Lord Falconbridge; and here, also, in the year succeeding, his favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, expired, to the great grief of her sire.

At the Restoration, Hampton Court was given, as a reward, to the great instrument of that event, Monk, Duke of Albemarle. He wisely accepted a sum of money instead of a palace, which he had not revenues sufficient to inhabit in becoming state, and the place once more reverted to the Crown. Charles II., and his brother, both occasionally visited Hampton, and resided in it for months at a time; but it was not until the reign of William and Mary that the palace again acquired the importance which it had in some measure lost since the days of the eighth Henry.

William III. and his illustrious consort were alike partial to this residence; and under their superintendence various alterations were made from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. Three of the old courts built by Wolsey, were pulled down, the present state-rooms and staircases were erected, and the pleasure-gardens laid out in the Dutch style, with the long canal, to put his Majesty in mind of his native country. The canal is forty feet broad, and more than half a mile in length; and, were it not quite so straight as the Dutch taste imperatively commands, would be a very pleasing object in view from the gardens. In this favourite residence, William, as is well known, met his death. He was riding from Kensington to Hampton Court; and when he had arrived in his own grounds, his horse stumbled, and the King was thrown to the ground with such violence as to fracture his collar-bone. Being of a weakened constitution, he died from the effects of the accident fifteen days afterwards. The spot in the gardens is still shown where his horse stumbled.

Queen Anne spent much of her time in this palace, where, according to Pope, she sometimes took counsel, and sometimes tea. Pope himself was a frequent visiter to the gardens, where he used to amuse himself in walking about for hours at a time, sometimes alone, and sometimes in company with an agreeable maid of honour, Miss Lepel, afterwards Lady Hervey.

George I. gave several grand entertainments here, and had plays performed for the amusement of his visiters. George II. had similar tastes; and, in the year 1718, caused Wolsey's grand hall to be fitted up as a theatre, for the performance of Shakspeare's plays. Among others, it is recorded that "Henry VIII." showing the fall of Wolsey, was enacted by the express command of his Majesty. During the life-time of this monarch he allowed his son, the Prince of Wales, and

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the father of George III. to reside occasionally at Hampton Court. George III. was more partial to Windsor; and, though he visited Hampton, never slept in it. It has never since been honoured by the residence of the Kings of England. William IV., when Duke of Clarence, was appointed ranger of Bushy Park adjoining, in 1797, and steward of the honour; and the former office is still held by his widow, the Dowager Queen Adelaide, who has a pretty residence in the Park.

Thanks to the liberality and kind feeling of the Government, the palace, with its pictorial treasures, is open five days in the week, for the inspection of the public. Three pleasant hours were those which we passed in the state apartments, looking first at the portrait of one departed King or hero, and then at another; or viewing the resemblances of the fair and the witty, who captivated the heart, or pleased the vanity of the susceptible Charles, or at the more unfortunate Jane Shore, who enslaved the affections of a truer lover, King Edward IV.

At last we came away without seeing the one-fiftieth part of what was to be seen. One hour, at least, of that time we spent in the gallery built by Sir Christopher Wren, for the reception of the seven cartoons of Raphael; and, had not hunger and thirst, and all the necessities of the world and the flesh, interfered with us, and with our faculty of admiration, we might have remained there to this day.

As we walked leisurely through the various apartments, we noticed that of the royal beds,—which are still preserved there in the same state as when their occupants were alive,—those of William III. Queen Anne, and George II., attracted much more attention from many people then the pictures. One couple especially we noticed, apparently servant-girls, who stopped before each bed for several minutes. They took no notice whatever of the pictures; and we were curious to hear what remarks they made. We kept as close to them as possible, for that purpose; and, when they stopped opposite the state-bed of Queen Anne, we listened to their conversation, and heard a piece of very common, but very true and valuable philosophy, which we certainly did not expect.

"Oh! a very fine bed, to be sure!" said one; "and must have cost a thousand guineas, all complete."

"I shouldn't wonder," replied the other; "but, Lord! what does it matter? A hundred years hence, and you and I will sleep in as good a bed as Queen Anne. Queens and poor cooks all sleep in the grave at last."

If there is one thing more than another which we hate as impertinent and ungentlemanly, it is to turn round after passing a woman, and look her in the face; but we could not repress our curiosity to have a glance at the face of this one. We expected to find some pensive pretty countenance, cheeks pale with thought, and a bright intelligent eye; but we were disappointed. The speaker was a vulgar little woman, with a snub-nose almost hidden between a pair of such fat red cheeks as we have seldom seen, and her little grey eyes looked dull and sleepy. "'Tis a pity we looked," was our first thought; but we discouraged it with the reflection that beauty and philosophy were not necessarily companions, and that this ugly cook-maid was, perhaps, as kind as she was sensible.

Having lingered so long in the interior, we took a stroll into the

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gardens, that we might glance at all the curiosities of the place. Passing the tennis-court, the finest in England, we entered by a small gate into a place called the "Wilderness," laid out originally under the direction of King William III. to hide the somewhat unseemly and irregular brick walls at this side of the palace. This part of the gardens is arranged into the most natural wildness; and, during a hot summer's day is a delightful retreat, cool as water, and all alive with the music of a thousand birds.

While here, we could not, of course, refrain from visiting the famous *Maze*, also formed by King William III. We tried our skill to discover the secret of the labyrinth, and saw many boys and girls, and not a few children of larger growth, and of both sexes, busily engaged in the same attempt, shouting and laughing each at the failure of the other, and panting with the unusual exertion. We were not more successful than the rest, until we took the little guide-book usually sold in the palace, out of our pocket, when after some little difficulty, we unravelled the mystery by the aid of the map and a pencil. It is full of "passages which lead to nothing," and a pleasant spot, we should, think for frolicsome lovers, either just before, or in the first fortnight of the honeymoon. For our part we saw no fun in it, more especially as we were growing hungry, and had visions of roast-fowl and flasks of claret dancing before our eyes. We therefore took a hasty farewell of the Maze and the Palace, and proceeded to the Toy Inn, where our dinner awaited us.

LONDON BY MOONLIGHT.

THE midnight hour has pass'd away, and yet
The Queen of Night still holds her starry court;
The tangled clouds sail swiftly by,—and now
She bathes the city in a flood of light.
Far other, than the proud and garish day,
Like Charity, her mild and gentle beams
Soften, or hide, each rude and broken line;
Prisons and palaces! And stately domes,
And hovels mean!
The dreaming poet loves
To muse 'mid shady groves, and by the side
Of clear and murmuring streams; but, surely here
May Contemplation find enough to dwell
On man,—God's latest, and most wondrous work.
And thou, proud river! I can scarcely heed
That on thy shores, where thou dost wander 'mid
The green and smiling field,—the shepherd lays
His crook, and slumbers in the noon-day heat:
For, on the stream which flows, like molten lead
Beneath the moonbeams, I behold a grove
Of masts against the starry sky. The wealth,
The argosies of princely merchants here,
That to the ear of fancy whisper tales
Of far-off climes, and England's power and pride.
Yon stately vessel only waits the dawn
To raise aloft her snowy sails, that then
Shall bear her, "like a thing of life" away,
Though now she rests like a fond child upon
A doting mother's breast. And all is still,
Save the soft ripple of the rising tide.
Thou gorgeous city of our pride and love!

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But yonder abbey wakens other thoughts,—
The hearts of kings and statesmen, warriors, bards,
Lie there entomb'd—the mighty of the earth,
The dust for rolling centuries revered,
And they the honour'd of a recent age:
He of the rude, untaught, unletter'd mind,
Innately great, beside the darling child
Of arts advanced, and years more wonderful!
In this alike the lesson which they teach,
That Death shall level all. And yet, methinks,
It is a soul-inspiring thought to lure
The adventurous spirit on to noble deeds,
The thought, that all which ever did belong
To earth, perchance shall rest beside the good
And great; while faithful records shall enshrine
The subtler part within the grateful hearts
Of future unborn ages.

Turn we now
To yon large gloomy pile—the abode of guilt
And wretchedness. Yet Virtue stays to weep;
For she is all too wise and pure to fear
That tears, e'en for the guilty, e'er can stain
One dazzling fold in which herself is wrapt.
Oh! Virtue stern and cold were liker far
A statue, than the warm and breathing form
Which mortals long to clasp. Alas! she knows
The tempter's power, which comes in equal strength,
Though vary'd guise, unto the silken couch
And pallet rude,—and, though she dares not touch
The scale of Justice, turns aside to weep.

Mark you the faint and glimmering light which falls
From yonder casement dim;—is it the watch
Untiring love still keeps beside the bed
Of death or sickness?—or doth there the young
Aspiring student seek to hive the store,
The golden priceless store, from wisdom's page?—
Or doth an aching heart forbid the eye
To close? Imagination quickly weaves
A thousand unsubstantial webs,—and now
The sleeping city, in its hush'd repose,
Looks like the phantom of its waking self!

There is a burst of revelry that breaks
Upon the solemn stillness of the hour;
But near the boisterous crew which homeward wends
Gaunt Famine stalks, and holds the shrivell'd hand.
Ah, yes! they turn, the homeless wretch relieve.—
I cannot hear her low and broken words;
But they, the young and gay, are silent now,—
The chord of sympathy, by pity waked,
Has dull'd their selfish mirth!

But morning breaks
In all its glory. See! the silver moon
Has doff'd her shining crown, and all the stars,
That made the sky a jewell'd mirror, melt
In the pale azure of the early dawn.
Man wakes again to joy, and peace, and hope,
Day-dreams, and bright reality,—to toil,
Or ease and luxury—alas! as well
To pain and sin, to care and suffering!

CAMILLA TOULMIN.

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CHARACTER AND CONDUCT OF LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.

BY GEORGE HOGARTH.

"THE Life and Times of Louis the Sixteenth" is a work which yet remains to be written. The biography of the unhappy monarch, in whose person was accomplished the destruction of a dynasty which had existed for a thousand years, and the private history of his reign, are full of interest in themselves, and afford many a key to the momentous public events which have changed the destinies of the world. The materials for such a work, as widely scattered as they are abundant, furnish the means, in competent hands, of one of the most valuable contributions which could be made to modern literature.

We have lately observed a curious addition to these materials consisting of a private diary kept by Louis for many years, lately discovered in an obscure old book-shop in Paris. An account of this discovery is given in a French publication ;* and, considering the respectability of the medium through which this information is given to the world, we see no reason to doubt its authenticity.

M. Alby gives the following account of this discovery:—After a graphic description of the innumerable shops and stalls for old books in several quarters of Paris, particularly along the Quais, and in the oldest parts of the *Cité*, the multitudes of which are surprising to strangers, and furnish such inexhaustible food to book-collectors, he says,

"At the corner of the Rue du Marché-aux-Fleurs and the Rue Gervais-Laurent, one of these old book-shops attracts the eyes of the book-hunter. About five years ago a friend of mine, strolling one day along the Quai aux Fleurs, happened to go into this shop. The shopkeeper the day before had bought several hundred weight of old paper at a private sale, and my friend set about exploring their contents. After a long search, which produced nothing of any consequence, he was about to give it up, when he came upon a number of paper books, the appearance and preservation of which excited his curiosity. He began to examine them, and was not a little surprised to find a regular journal, drawn up year by year, month by month, day by day, the contents of which, apparently, could relate only to Louis the Sixteenth. He bought the manuscripts; and when he went home, compared the hand-writing with autographs of this sovereign. His satisfaction may be imagined when he ascertained that these papers, of which chance had made him the possessor, were all written by the hand of Louis the Sixteenth, and that he had in his custody a most precious manuscript, the perusal of which must necessarily afford curious information respecting the habits, tastes, and dispositions of a prince whose tragical fate has not yet silenced his enemies, or expiated the faults laid to his charge,—faults which should be ascribed to a state of social organisation antiquated and worn out by his predecessors. The question occurred to my friend, how these memoirs had found their way into this old

* *La Presse*, one of the best of the Parisian daily journals; by one of its contributors, M. Ernest.

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book-shop; and his inquiries afforded an answer. When the populace, in 1792, broke open and ransacked the iron cabinets in which papers were kept in the palace of the Tuileries, several members of the Convention took possession of the papers which were carried off. These memoirs fell into the hands of a member of the Convention, who kept them concealed during his life. His family, ignorant of their value and importance, got rid of them at his death, as useless rubbish, no doubt, and they found their way into the hands of the old book-vender."

M. Alby goes on to say, that on hearing of this adventure, he entreated his friend to give him a perusal of these manuscripts; but his friend had already shown them to more *prudent* people, by whom he had permitted them to be torn up (*lacérés*). M. Alby, however, was able to make notes and extracts from them, which he has given to the world through the medium of the newspaper already mentioned. By presenting our readers a few of these passages, and exhibiting them in connection with the passing occurrences and circumstances in which Louis was placed at the moments when he wrote them, we may afford some curious glimpses of his character.

The diary began on the 1st of January, 1766 (when Louis was yet Dauphin), and was continued down to the 31st July, 1792,—only ten days before the fatal 10th of August, which consummated his fall.

In phrenological language, he seems to have possessed, in a very remarkable degree, the organ of *order*. He put down his petty receipts and disbursements with extreme minuteness, and the smallest mistake in his entries annoyed him excessively. Many instances are mentioned of his exactness in regard to accounts and figures. One day, in particular (we are told by Soulavie), an account was laid before him by one of the ministers, in which there appeared among the disbursements an item which had been inserted in the preceding year's account. "There's a double charge here," said the King; "bring me last year's account, and I will show it you there."

Louis thus begins his diary for the year 1779:—

"I have in my cash-box on 1st January—

	liv.	*s.*	*d.*
42 rouleaus of 1200 livres. . .	50,400	0	0
In my purse, ...	549	0	0
17 24-sous pieces, ...	20	8	0
46 12-sous pieces, ...	27	12	0
99 6-sous pieces, ...	29	14	0
88 2-sous pieces, ...	8	16	0
136 6-farthing pieces, . . .	10	4	0
	51,045	14	0"

The following are some of his disbursements:—

"July, 1772.—A watch-glass, 12 sous.

"August.—To Testard, for postage of a letter, 6 sous.

"September.—To L'Epinay, for a wash-hand basin, 6 sous.

"January, 1773.—For a quire of paper, 4 sous.

"February.—For cotton, 6 sous.

"May.—To L'Epinay for disbursement, 4 sous 3 deniers."

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Many of these entries are important in themselves, or interesting from their simplicity. For example :—

"27th December, 1776.—Gave the Queen 25,000 livres :"

And he adds in a note,—

"These 25,000 livres are the first payment of a sum of 300,000 livres which I have engaged to pay to Boehmer in six years, with interest, for the ear-rings bought by the Queen for 348,000 livres, and of which she has already paid 48,000 livres."

Boehmer was the court jeweller ; the same person who afterwards furnished the celebrated "diamond necklace," which gave rise to so much scandal, and for a time so deeply involved the Queen's character. Under the date of 18th February, 1777, there is a further entry on the same subject as the preceding :—

"Paid the Queen, on account of the 162,660 livres which she owes Boehmer for diamond bracelets, 24,000 livres."

There are various entries of gratuities given to courtiers and men of letters.

"15th January, 1775.—Paid M. de Sartine [the Chief of the Police] 12,000 livres for a part of the expenses incurred by Beaumarchais in stopping the circulation of an improper book.

"1st April, 1775.—Paid M. de Sartine for Beaumarchais, 18,000 livres."

The celebrated author of Figaro, by the way, notwithstanding the bitterness of his political satires, and the ultra-liberalism of his sentiments, was for many years a regular and well-paid *employé* of the court, during the reigns of both Louis the Fifteenth and Louis the Sixteenth.

Prince Esterhazy is put down annually for a sum of 15,000 livres, which the Queen was charged with paying him. He held some employment, we may presume, in the household of the Austrian princess ; but a salary of five or six hundred a year sounds odd to a member of a family whose revenues are equal to those of many a sovereign.

M. de Cubières, court-poet, had an allowance of 6000 livres a year ; and M. de Pezay, another court-poet, had 12,000 livres. These sums were paid through M. de Mauripas, the minister, or M. de Sartine.

Louis summed up his gains and losses at play, and entered them at the end of every month :—

"October, 1779.—Lost at play 59,394 livres.

"March, 1780.—My partners have lost at Marly, at lansquenet, 36,000 livres.

"February, 1781.—Lost at play 15 livres."

He was much given to the weakness—a common one in his day—of trying his fortune in the lottery. We find such entries as the following :—

"28th December, 1777.—To M. Necker for lottery-tickets, 6000 livres.

"2d January, 1783.—Gained in the lottery, 990 livres.

"10th (same month).—Gained in the lottery, 225 livres."

He was equally minute in recording the employment of his time as of his money. At the end of every year, he drew up a general summary of the manner in which his days had been spent. The following is his *recapitulation* for the year 1775 :—

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	Days when I was out.	
"Stag-hunting—		
St. Germain,	15	
Versailles,	17	
The "Grands Environs,"	9	
Alluerts and Besnet,	7	
Rambouillet,	14	
(I missed two hunts there.)		
St. Geneviève,	1	
Fontainbleau,	9	72
"Boar-hunting:—		
St. Germain,	4	
Alluerts,	1	
Compeigne,	2	
Fontainbleau,	7	14
"Roebuck-hunting,	27	
"Harriers:—		
Compeigne,	2	
Fontainbleau,	2	4
"Shooting,	58	
Carried forward	175	

	Days when I was out.	
Brought forward	175	
"Journeys without hunting:—		
Going to Compeigne,	1	
to Fismes,	1	
to Rheims,	1	
Returning from Compeigne,	1	
from Versailles,	1	
Going to and returning from Choisi,	2	
Going to Fontainbleau,	1	
Returning from Fontainbleau,	1	
To St. Denis, where dined,	2	
		11
"Reviews,	3	
Total,	189	
"Hunting-dinners,	8	
"Dinners and suppers at St. Hubert,	26."	

He was careful, too, to mark down every month the quantity of game he killed, and summed up the whole at the end of the year. It thus appears that, in the month of December, 1775, he killed 1564 head of game; and the total for the whole year amounted to 8424.

"The only passion ever shown by Louis the Sixteenth," says Soulavie, "was for hunting. He was so much occupied by it, that when I went up to his private apartments at Versailles, after the 10th of August, I saw upon the staircase six frames, in which there were statements of all his hunting-parties, both when Dauphin and when King. They contained the number, kind, and quality of the game he had killed every time he went out, with recapitulations for every month, every season, and every year of his reign."

It is obvious that these statements, which the King seems to have had so much pleasure in making up and displaying, must have been drawn from the entries in his diary.

The following is *the whole* of Louis's diary for the eventful month of July, 1789:—

"Wednesday, 1.—Nothing. Deputation of the States.

"Thursday, 2.—Got on horseback at the Porte du Main, for a stag-hunt at Port-Royal. One taken.

"Friday, 3.—Nothing.

"Saturday, 4.—Hunted the roebuck at Butart. One taken, and twenty-nine killed.

"Sunday, 5.—Vespers.

"Monday, 6.—Nothing.

"Tuesday, 7.—Stag-hunt at Port-Royal. Two taken.

"Wednesday, 8.—Nothing.

"Thursday, 9.—Nothing. Deputation of the States.

"Friday, 10.—Nothing. Answer to the Deputation of the States.

"Saturday, 11.—Nothing. Departure of M. Necker.

"Sunday, 12.—Vespers. Departure of Mess. Montmorenci, St. Priest, and La Luzerne.

"Monday, 13.—Nothing.

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"Tuesday, 14.—Nothing.

"Wednesday, 15.—At a meeting in the Hall of the States, and returned on foot.

"Thursday, 16.—Nothing.

"Friday, 17.—Went to Paris, to the Hôtel de Ville.

"Saturday, 18.—Nothing.

"Sunday, 19.—Vespers. Return of Messieurs Montmorenci and St. Priest.

"Monday, 20.—Airing on horseback, and shooting in the Little Park. Killed two.

"Tuesday, 21.—Nothing. Return of M. de Luzerne. Stag-hunt at Butart. Cardinal Montmorenci's audience.

"Wednesday, 22.—Nothing.

"Thursday, 23.—Nothing.

"Friday, 24.—Airing on horseback, and shooting at Butart. Killed thirteen.

"Saturday, 25.—Nothing.

"Sunday, 26.—Vespers.

"Monday, 27.—Nothing. Stag-hunt at Marly.

"Tuesday, 28.—Nothing. Prevented from going out by bad weather.

"Wednesday, 29.—Return of M. Necker.

"Thursday, 30.—Nothing.

"Friday, 31.—Kept within doors by rain."

It was in this month of July, 1789, in which we find such "an infinite deal of *nothing*," that the Revolution actually commenced. The terrible day of the *fourteenth*, when the Bastile was stormed by the populace, and the heads of its governor and some of its defenders, paraded on pikes through the streets of Paris, is merely noticed by the word "*Rien:*" and, in the momentous and agitating scenes which occupied the following days, Louis quietly records his stag-hunts and shooting-matches at Butart and the Little Park, and the quantity of game he killed! Was this the depth of insensibility, or the height of philosophy?

The following is the diary for the whole of another memorable month—June, 1791:—

"Wednesday, 1.—Nothing.

"Thursday, 2.—Vespers.

"Friday, 3.—Nothing.

"Saturday, 4.—Nothing.

"Sunday, 5.—Vespers.

"Monday, 6.—Nothing.

"Tuesday, 7.—Airing on horseback, at half-past seven, by Grenelle, Sevres, and St. Cloud.

"Wednesday, 8.—Nothing.

"Thursday, 9.—Nothing.

"Friday, 10.—Nothing.

"Saturday, 11.—Airing on horseback at nine o'clock, by Mesnil-montant and Noisy-le-sec. There were no early vespers for want of orders.

"Sunday, 12.—There have not been the regular ceremonies. High-mass and vespers. Grand couvert.

"Monday, 13.—Vespers.

"Tuesday, 14.—Vespers.

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"Wednesday, 15.—Airing on horseback, at half-past nine, all round the new enclosure.

"Thursday, 16.—Nothing.

"Friday, 17.—Nothing.

"Saturday, 18.—On horseback at half-past nine, to the Bois de Boulogne.

"Sunday, 19.—Vespers.

"Monday, 20.—Nothing.

"Tuesday, 21.—Left Paris at midnight. Arrived and arrested at Varennes-en-Argonne, at eleven o'clock at night.

"Wednesday, 22.—Left Varennes at five or six in the morning. Breakfasted at St. Menehould. Arrived at ten in the evening at Chalons. Supped and slept.

"Thursday, 23.—At half-past eleven mass interrupted, to urge our setting off. Breakfasted at Chalons. Dined at Epernay. Met the Commissioners of the Assembly. Arrived at eleven o'clock at Dormans. Supped there. Slept three hours in an arm-chair.

"Friday, 24.—Left Dormans at half-past seven. Dined at Ferté-sous-Jouarre. Arrived at ten o'clock at Meaux. Supped and slept at the bishop's residence.

"Saturday, 25.—Left Meaux at half-past six. Arrived at Paris, at eight, without stopping.

"Sunday, 26.—Nothing at all. Mass in the gallery. Conference with the Commissioners of the Assembly.

"Monday, 27.—Idem.

"Tuesday, 28.—Idem. Took whey.

"Wednesday, 29.—Idem.

"Thursday, 30.—Idem."

The whole of the following month, (July, 1791,) is comprised in a bracket, opposite the middle of which is written, "*Nothing the whole month. Mass in the gallery.*" Some of the days, however, have special notes. The following are remarkable:—

"Thursday, 14.—Was to have taken medicine.

"Sunday, 17.—Affair of the Champ de Mars.

"Thursday, 21.—Medicine at six; and the end of my whey."

There is something exceedingly striking in these trifling and insignificant entries, relating, apparently, to the most ordinary course of everyday life, when contrasted with the agitating and momentous occurrences which took place during the days and nights of the period which they embrace. The earlier part of this month of June, 1791, was occupied, on the part of the royal family, with anxious discussions with some of their most attached adherents as to an escape from the dangers which now surrounded them, and in secret preparations for their memorable attempt to fly from France. On the 20th, (a day which the King commemorates by the word "*rien*,") these preparations were completed, through the energy and activity of the Queen (Louis himself being as passive as usual), and their flight, which the King expresses by the words, "left Paris," began at midnight. But, how did they leave it?

"On the 20th of June," says Thiers, "about midnight, the King, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, Madame de Tournel, the governess of the children of France, disguised themselves, and one by one left the palace. Madame de Tournel, with the children, hastened to the Petit Carrousel, and got into a carriage driven by M. de Fersen,

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a young foreign nobleman, disguised as a coachman. The King immediately joined them. But the Queen, who had gone out accompanied by a garde-du-corps, gave them all the utmost alarm. Neither she nor her guide knew the way: they lost it, and did not get to the Petit Carrousel till an hour afterwards. On arriving there she met the carriage of M. de Lafayette, whose servants carried torches. She concealed herself under the gateway of the Louvre; and, escaping this danger, reached the carriage where she was so anxiously waited for. Thus reunited, the family set out. After a long drive, and a second loss of their way, they arrived at the Porte St. Martin, and got into a berline with six horses, which was waiting to receive them. Madame de Tournel, under the assumed name of Madame Kroff, was to pass for a mother travelling with her children; the King was to personate her valet-de-chambre, and three gardes-du-corps, in disguise, were to precede the carriage as couriers, or follow it as servants. At length they got clear of Paris, accompanied by the prayers of M. de Fersen, who returned to Paris, in order to take the road to Brussels."

The circumstances attending the arrest of the royal family at Varennes are too well known to require repetition. The King, it would appear, brought this misfortune upon himself by constantly putting his head out of the carriage-window. In consequence of this imprudence, he was recognised at Chalons; but the person who made the discovery, and who was at first disposed to reveal it, was persuaded by the mayor, a zealous royalist, to say nothing. When the travellers got to St. Menehould, the King, still with his head out at the window, was recognized by young Drouet, the postmaster's son, who immediately set off full full speed to Varennes, the next stage, where he arrived before the King, and took measures to stop his further progress. In this extremity the Queen took the lead, and displayed so much energy in insisting on being allowed to proceed, that she seems at one time to have almost succeeded. The King at first wished to preserve his incognito, and a warm altercation took place; one of the municipal officers maintaining that he knew him to be the King. "Since you recognise him for your King, then," said the Queen, "address him with the respect which you owe him!"

"On Wednesday, the 22d," says the King in his diary, "left Varennes at five or six in the morning." And he proceeds, on that and the three following days, to chronicle his journey back to Paris, as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world, instead of being full of deep and even tragical interest.

About six in the morning, M. Romeuf, an aide-de-camp of Lafayette, who had been sent after the fugitives, bearing a decree of the National Assembly for their arrest, arrived at Varennes, and found the carriage and six in readiness, and the horses' heads turned towards Paris. Romeuf, with an air of grief, handed the decree to the King. The whole family joined in exclaiming against Lafayette: Romeuf said that his general and himself had only done their duty in pursuing them, but had hoped they should not have come up with them. The Queen seized the decree, and threw it on her children's bed, and then snatched it up, and threw it away, saying it would sully them. "Madam," said Romeuf, who was devoted to her, "would you choose that any other than I should witness this violence?" The Queen instantly recovered herself, and resumed her wonted dignity.

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Some details of the journey of the captive monarch and his family back to Paris, are given by Madame Campan, who had them from the mouth of the Queen herself. They left Varennes amid the shouts and yells of an outrageous multitude, who during the night had assembled from all quarters. One of the most strange phenomena, we may remark, in the French Revolution, was, the sudden and general exhibition of ferocity throughout the population of that great country. It was not merely in Paris and other great towns, where the people were most immediately accessible to the influence of political agitation, that this dreadful spirit displayed itself. It was everywhere—in the most remote and secluded rural districts; and, even the hitherto light-hearted, good-humoured, inoffensive peasantry seemed, by some devilish spell, transformed into swarms of blood-thirsty cannibals. To what shall we ascribe such a change in the aspect of the national character?—was this ferocity generated, or was it a dormant quality merely awakened and developed by the circumstances of the time? We fear that the latter supposition is the true one, and that Voltaire's description of a Frenchman as being a compound of the monkey and the tiger, was founded on a penetrating observation of the character of his countrymen. This lamentable change, too, took place long before the quarrel between the sovereign and the representatives of the people had reached a desperate height; before the destruction of the monarchy was avowedly the object of any political party, and when the only question was the extent of the limitations to be imposed on the constitutional power of the Crown. The bloody and atrocious scenes which took place at Versailles in October, 1789, and diffused their baleful influence with the rapidity of a pestilence all over the kingdom, had no justification on the ground of the violence of public convulsion: nor can it be believed for a moment, (and, indeed, there is ample experience to the contrary,) that such a degree of political agitation as then existed in France, would have driven an English multitude, even of the poorest and most ignorant classes, to the perpetration of such cold-blooded horrors as those which, on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of October, 1789, disgraced the name af France. "The English populace," says Sir Walter Scott, "will huzza, swear, threaten, break windows, and throw stones at the life-guards engaged in dispersing them; but, if a soldier should fall from his horse, the rabble, after enjoying a laugh at his expense, would lend a hand to lift him to his saddle again. A French mob would tear him limb from limb, and parade the fragments in triumph upon their pikes."

No sooner had the cavalcade got out of Varennes, than the Chevalier de Dampierre, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, and one of the King's faithful adherents, was seized by the surrounding multitude, and savagely murdered close beside the carriage, and before the eyes of its unfortunate occupants. A few leagues further on, a poor village curate had the rashness to approach the carriage, for the purpose of speaking to the King. The mob, who still surrounded the carriage, flew upon him, threw him down, and trampled upon him; and, had it not been for the interposition of Barnare, the commissioner of the National Assembly, who was in the carriage with the royal family, and whose indignant exclamations arrested the fury of the multitude, the clergyman would have been instantly torn to pieces.

Barnare, and Petion the notorious Mayor of Paris, had been sent

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by the National Assembly to meet the fugitives, and bring them back to Paris. They took their places in the carriage, along with the King and his family. Barnare sat on one side, between the King and Queen; Petion on the other, between Madame Elizabeth and the young princess. The Dauphin rested alternately on the knees of his parents and his aunt. Barnare, a member of the moderate party, and a man of worth and talent, was polite and gentlemanlike in his behaviour, while Petion conducted himself with true republican rudeness. "He ate and drank," says Madame Campan, "in the most slovenly manner, tossing his chicken-bones out of the windows, at the risk of throwing them in the King's face; and, raising his glass, without saying a word, when Madame Elizabeth helped him to wine, by way of showing that he had enough. This offensive conduct was adopted on purpose, because Petion was a man of education. The King entered into conversation with Petion on the situation of France, and the motives of his own conduct, which were founded on the necessity of giving the executive power a degree of strength necessary for the support of the constitution itself, because France could not be a republic. "*Not yet*, indeed," said Petion, "because the French are not quite ripe for it." This audacious and brutal answer put an end to the conversation, and the King remained silent all the way to Paris. Petion, while talking, was holding the little Dauphin on his knees, and amusing himself with twisting the child's fair curls round his fingers. In the heat of his discourse he pulled the poor boy's hair so hard as to make him cry out. "Give me my son," said the Queen; "he is used to care and attention which indispose him for these familiarities."

Thiers, and some other authorities say, that the journey from Varennes to Paris took eight days; and this, at first, threw suspicion on the genuineness of the King's diary, according to which he left Varennes on the morning of Wednesday, the 22d, and arrived at Paris on the morning of Saturday, the 25th; three days in all. But this is correct, according to Thiers himself, who afterwards says, "The effect of the journey to Varennes was to destroy all respect for the King, to accustom the public to the idea of doing without him, and to produce the desire for a republic. On the very morning of his arrival (Saturday, the 25th of June), the Assembly had provided for everything by a decree, whereby Louis XVI. was suspended from his functions, and a guard placed over his person, and those of the Queen and the Dauphin.—Sentinels," adds this historian, "watched continually at their door, and never lost sight of them. One day the King, wishing to ascertain whether he was actually a prisoner, appeared at the door; the sentinel opposed his passage. "Do you know me?" said the King.—"Yes, sire," answered the soldier. The King was allowed merely to walk in the Tuileries in the morning, before the garden was open to the public.

The following month—July, 1791,—is comprehensively disposed of in the diary by the words, "Nothing the whole month. Mass in the gallery." This month, however, was a momentous one for the King. The republican spirit now displayed itself, and the cry of "No King!" became for the first time, general in the capital. On the 16th of July, the commissioners appointed by the Assembly to inquire into the affair of Varennes, presented their report, exculpating the King, and declaring the inviolability of his person. This

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report produced a violent commotion among the Jacobin party, headed by Robespierre, Petion, and others; and a petition against it was exhibited upon an altar in the Champ de Mars, to be signed by all who chose it. A great tumult ensued: Lafayette arrived, at the head of a body of military, who fired upon the people, and dispersed them with great slaughter, though not till they had torn to pieces two or three soldiers. This sanguinary scene, arising out of a question involving the King's personal safety, is the "affair of the Champ de Mars," noted in the diary on the 17th of July, and is one of the occurrences comprised under the general entry of "Nothing the whole month. Mass in the gallery!"

There are only two occasions on which the King mentions his wife and children, (we do not speak of the entries of money paid the Queen's jeweller,) and quits his habitual conciseness to indulge in ampler details. There are accounts of the Queen's accouchements, more resembling the official reports of a court chamberlain than the narrative of an anxious husband and father. They are in precisely the same style; and, it is sufficient, therefore, to give that of the birth of the Dauphin;—not that poor boy whose fate it makes one's heart bleed to think of, but the King's eldest-born, a child of extraordinary promise, who had the happiness to die in infancy.

"Accouchement of the Queen, 22d October, 1781.

"The Queen passed the night of the 21st—22d October, very well. She felt some slight pains when she awoke, which did not prevent her from taking the bath. I gave no orders for the shooting-party, which I was to have at Saclé, till noon. Between twelve and half-past twelve her pains increased; and, at a quarter-past one she was delivered very favourably of a boy. During the labour, the only persons in the chamber were Madame de Lamballe, Monsieur the Count de Artois, my aunts, Madame de Chimay, Madame de Mailly, Madame d'Ossun, Madame de Tavannes, and Madame de Guéménée, who went alternately into the adjoining room, which had been left empty. In the great closet there were my household and the Queen's; and the persons having the *grandes entrées*, and the *sous-gouvernantes*, who entered towards the end, kept themselves at the bottom of the room, without intercepting the air.

"Of all the princes to whom Madame de Lamballe had given notice, the Duke d'Orleans only arrived before the accouchement. He remained in the chamber, or in that adjoining. The Prince of Condé, M. de Penthievre, the Duc de Chartres, the Princess of Condé, and Mademoiselle de Condé arrived after the Queen was delivered, the Duke de Bourbon in the evening, and the Prince de Conti next day. The Queen saw all these princes next day, one after the other. After the accouchement was over, my son was carried into the great closet, where I saw him dressed, and delivered him into the hands of Mad. de Guéménée, his governess. I announced to the Queen that it was a boy, and he was put upon her bed, and, after she had seen him for a little while, everybody retired. I signed letters for the Emperor, the King of Spain, and the Prince of Piedmont, and gave orders for the despatch of the others which I had already signed. At three o'clock I was at chapel, where my son was baptized by Cardinal de Rohan, and held at the font by the Emperor and the Princess of Piedmont, represented by Monsieur and my sister Elizabeth. He was named Louis Joseph Xavier

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François. My brothers, my sisters, my aunts, the Duke d'Orleans, the Duke de Chartres, the Prince de Condé, and M. de Penthievre signed the act of baptism. After the ceremony, I heard the *Te Deum* performed with music, the princesses not having had time to dress in the evening.

"While I was looking at the fireworks on the parade, the Chief President of the Chamber of Accounts came to pay me his compliments. The others, who were not at Paris, came the day following. Next day, at my levée, the ambassadors came to pay their respects, with the nuncio at their head. At six I received the salutations of a hundred and twenty-five ladies; my brothers, sisters, aunts, and the princesses were in the apartment.

"On the 29th, the Chapter of Notre Dame came to compliment me; as did the judges, the company of arqubusiers, and the *Dames de la Halle.** For nine days all the trades and professions came into the marble court with violins, and everything they could imagine to testify their joy. I had about twelve thousand livres distributed among them. After my son's baptism, M. de Vergennes, grand treasurer of the order of the Holy Spirit, brought him the blue riband, and M. de Segur the cross of St. Louis. The Queen saw her ladies on the 29th, the princes and princesses on the 30th, my household on the 3d, and the rest in succession. On Sunday, the 4th of November, there was a *Te Deum* at the parish church of Versailles, and an illumination throughout the city."

There is a good deal more to the same purpose, and the whole is as cold, stiff, and formal as a bulletin drawn up by the court newsman. Such, however, is the only way in which the monarch ever mentions his wife or his children. He never makes the slightest allusion to any of those little family incidents which, it might be supposed, would occupy the mind of a husband and a parent, and would naturally have a prominent place in a private record of domestic occurrences. The total silence of his diary on such subjects is a proof of the extreme coldness of Louis's nature, and accords with the strange and unaccountable indifference with which he treated the beautiful princess, to whom he was married in the very flower of his age. Her charms, her graces, her talents, her accomplishments, made no impression on her youthful husband. He remained for years a stranger to her society and to her bed; and it was more to his taste to spend his days in hunting and lock-making, than to share in her elegant and intellectual pastimes. Gradually, however, she acquired the influence of a strong mind over a weak one; his indolence, vacillation, and timidity found resources in her courage, energy and decision; and his original indifference, and even aversion, was at length succeeded by unbounded deference and submission, and by a degree of passive acquiescence in the dictates of her proud and impetuous spirit, which probably hastened the ruin of both.

But "sweet are the uses of adversity;" and the effect of calamity has never been more apparent in exalting and purifying the character, than in the instances of Louis the Sixteenth and his Queen. Their latter days have thrown a radiance over their memory. Had the

* The market-women of Paris, who by ancient custom were admitted to take a prominent part in public rejoicings.

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reign of Louis been tranquil, and had he ended his days in peace, what would have been his character with posterity? That of the most imbecile monarch that ever sat on the throne of France,—of a man without passions, affections, or capacity,—sunk in sloth, and making the most frivolous amusements the occupation of his life. The Queen, too, how would she have been described? As vain, haughty, and imperious,—the votary alternately of pleasure and of ambition, and dividing her life between dissipation and intrigue. Their faults were nourished, and their virtues blighted, by the atmosphere of the most corrupted court in Europe. The great and good qualities, of which they themselves were probably unconscious, and of which the world would never have been aware,—which in the season of prosperity were dormant and almost extinct, were roused into action by the rude hand of misfortune; and it was when this illustrious pair were "fallen from their high estate" that they presented one of the noblest as well as most affecting spectacles that ever has engaged the admiration and sympathy of the world.

BARON VON DULLBRAINZ.

This illustrious foreigner having arrived unexpectedly in London, and almost without letters of introduction, his reception amongst us must, unconditionally, be ascribed to the spontaneous and generous feelings with which John Bull extends his welcome, his hospitality, and his high consideration to strangers, from whatever country they come, who do him the honour of a visit. Yet it was fortunate for Von Dullbrainz that, in his passage from Ostend by the General Steam Navigation's splendid steamer, the Conglomeration, he scraped an acquaintance with Sir Timothy and Lady Showbody, whose *mania* for exhibiting lions is so well known to the society of the metropolis. Having succeeded in alleviating the workings of her ladyship's nausea by diverting her attention to the pumping of the pistons; and also, the sickness of Sir Timothy, by expounding to him the grand principles of analogies upon which this effect was produced, Von Dullbrainz was, accordingly, at once pronounced to be Sir Oracle, and no bark on the sea was permitted to interrupt his dictatorship. Immediately on arriving in town the Showbodys opened their mansion to a distinguished and scientific company, to whom Von Dullbrainz was presented, as he had previously represented himself, as one of the loftiest philosophers and highest ornaments of the literature of Europe. Indeed, his universal genius was speedily made apparent and acknowledged by all the leading individuals who had the felicity and honour of any conversation with him; and, in the course of the morrow every club rung with his praises, and, throughout the week his assistance was respectfully solicited to every meeting for the promotion of science or literature in the capital. He was fated to be fêted in the most extraordinary manner, and with all the affability peculiar to exalted faculties and profound acquirements, he took his place *instanter*, and plunged, *in medias res*. His brilliant career it is out of our humble power to follow; but an account of a few of his glorious displays may be serviceable not only as proof of his supereminent qualifications, but of the extreme readiness with which the

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people of Great Britain confess the superiority of foreigners, whilst native talents are left to be their own reward. In China, and other semi-barbarous lands, it may be the fashion to treat visiters with contumely and repulsion; but, in a beautifully civilized community like ours, nothing can proclaim the magnanimity of the nation so loudly as the decided preference given to Italians, French, Germans, Poles, Swiss, Hungarians, Netherlanders, Greeks, Yankees, and other extraneous personages.

At the first ensuing assembly of the Royal Society, the most noble the Marquess of Easthampton in the chair, Von Dullbrainz was seated on the right of the president; and appeared to pay very particular attention to the rattling of the ballot-box, which agreeably interrupted the reading of a paper in a way which could not be heard, by Doctor Toget. The essay, which was upon the use of gums in trees, having been properly mumbled, and the results of the elections declared, Mr. Talbot Foxhound offered some observations on the improvements in photogenic drawing, and Von Dullbrainz was respectfully requested by the noble president to favour the society with his opinions upon this novel subject!

Von Dullbrainz dissertates upon Photogenism or Daguerrotyperry.

"I am sorry," observed he, rising gracefully, and speaking in that placid tone of contradiction which is so gentlemanly and pleasing,—

"I am sorry," observed he, "dat de president of de grandest society of Grand Bretan should be so ignorāmus as to call dis a novel subject. It is older dan de vorld, and as old as de sun himself; vich you vill all see if you vill read Genēsis! (*Murmurs of applause.*) Den you shall trace de sdream of history of de earliest nation dat live in de old vorld, and de vorld new; not *new* because him not so old as toder, but *new* because we not knew him so sooner. (*Applause.*) In de first,—*mais à propos*, can any members here read de langue Persian? (*Cries of "No!"*) Den I can, and I vill tell you all. In de langue Persian, if vill read him vid me, you shall onderstand dat dere vas a peoples, call Gwybbers, who shall practise de art of sun-painting from de beginning of de earth. (*Applause.*) And so, by de fine principes of de system of analogues you shall find, dat in de oder continent, called by misdake *new*, dere vas de peoples, called Mechigans, who also paint de sun painting from de begin of de earth. But dey not alone paint de lanskip, de inorganic matter, de tings material, dey paint de living portrais,—and you shall read and onderstand de langues Persian and Mechigan vid me, dat dey call dese portrais de sons of de sun; and all de royal familles so paint his children. (*"Hear! hear!" from Mr. Children. Great applause.*) At dis time of de night I shall not say no more about de sunshine; but vill conclude by say dat I am convince of vat I hear ven I say I am com to de Royale Societé, and ask mine Ost vere I lodge, vat mean de lettres F. R. S.? He tell me dey mean Fellow Remarkable Stupide; and, I tink, Sir President, as you not knew about de Persian and de Mechigan, you are most fit to be at dere head!" (*Bowing very low to the noble Marquess, amid shouts of laughter and bursts of applause.*)

The chairman having returned his grateful thanks for the compliment, took Von Dullbrainz home with him in his carriage to an evening conversazione, where he was introduced to a number of the great and popular characters who are met with in, and adorn the upper circles

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with their Corinthian capitals. Out of these acquaintanceships Von Dullbrainz widely increased the number of friends who solicited the honour of his company upon all lionizing occasions; the next exhibition we have to notice was at a dinner given by the Duke of Tumble-up, President R. I. The party was small, but select; and every syllable uttered by Von Dullbrainz was swallowed with an avidity and gusto almost equal to that with which he swallowed the good things set before him. On the removal of the cloth the conversation naturally turned on balls, the only forced meat that had been seen belonging to that nomenclature, and Von Dullbrainz, as usual, took the lead, and occupied the whole field of discussion in his own proper person.

Von Dullbrainz dissertates upon Balls.

"Balls, it shall please your Grace, are beyond more importance in England dan in no oder country Européan. Bot, de English philosophie hab neber yet discober it. Dey are, vat I shall modest say as foreigner (!) dey are stupide ignorants, and mitout no *news*. But, ven I com to England, *I* discober all. I see de ball ebery ting for de religious, de politics, de wars, de trades, de rangs, de sports, and de pastimes. You speak de vords of de common adage mitout tinking vat it mean. You say, "*keep up de ball;*" and not perceive vat recondite sensefulness is under dat advice. It mean, I vill show you for first time,—go on, prosper, succeed. Keep up de ball!

"Balls, it shall please your Grace, (do, pray, attend *à moi!*)—balls are spheres or spherical bodies of differ material. Dey are symbolls—symbollik in language. Dey stand for every ting, any ting.

"In sport you shall have hands-ball and foots-ball, and hurley, and fives, and tens,* and billiards, and milliards, for vat I gan tell. You shall hab a game of Scotland vich you call *goff*, or, go-off ball. You shall have quadrille, valse, cotillon, contre dance, gallop, all vich you shall call ball; and de little vones de ballet. So for your pastimes, den for your religion. You hab de Stone hinge on Salisberry plane, which is for vorship of Bal. You hab ball a-top of Saint Paul,—I tink his right name Saint Ball. You hab Ball's Pond,—vich is secret mystery. You hab by traditions de season and de sacrifice, call Baltime. You hab no oder religion bot ball. Den for de wars, I need not point de balls for preserve balance of power, how good dey are! Den for de politic; you shall see all depend on de ball which shall be pot in de ballot-box. Den you shall hab universal sufferings, and no parliaments bot ver short, and many oder excellent ting; you shall hab no corn for de law, and no law for de corn; you shall hab de people's chatter, no vork, no noting at all but go play at ball. You shall hab, as de oder proverb say, de ball at your foots; and no sceptre tyrannique, wid de ball, over your heads. Den your rangs, vich are all made by the ball, shall be tomble down. Dere is the Marquess made by two balls, he shall tomble. De Earl made by fives balls, he shall tomble. De Vis-compte made by sevens balls, he shall tomble. De Baron made by four balls, he shall tomble; and all de balls shall be put into de ballot-box for peoples to play wid, and sheat von anoder.

* Quære, tennis.—Printer's Devil.

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"I hab splain, also, how de ball symbolls your trade. De pawnbroker, who is between de marquess and de baron, and is made by tree balls; dat is trade ver high in dis countree. Den you send your ship to the Ball-tick for commerce and credit; because your original peoples come from dat quarter. You see, it shall please your grace, I make out de proposition dat balls form and rule your religions, your wars, your rangs, your politic, your trade, and your sport and pastimes. Nobody English neber discober dis before me. I no boast; but I vill tell how your grace's rang hab no balls. I vill tell——."

"His grace has fallen fast asleep, as is his custom in the afternoon," observed Mr. Seemore; "will you help yourself to some of these strawberries, and leave off till he awakes."

Von Dullbrainz was indignant. It was a pity he did not wait till the Duke revived; for, though he had been dreaming the whole period of Von Dullbrainz's dissertation, he declared, when he woke up, that he was the most learned, most intelligent, and most wonderful man he had ever met with.

We next encountered Von Dullbrainz at the Geological Society, where it is not so easy to put down talking, and engross the arena. He, nevertheless, contrived to be oracular.

In the Geological Society there is a certain impatience of speechification when too long continued; and Professor Sledgeweak murmured at Von Dullbrainz, whom he designated a palæotherium; which Greek compound for old beast, it must be confessed, the learned Von Dullbrainz did not understand; but Dr. Doeland laughed.

Von Dullbrainz did not resume his discourse, but proceeded to the Astronomical Society, where Sir John Hershell received him with due honours, as the Continental Comet, who had come to throw a light upon every branch of science, letters, and philosophy.

In this manner the mighty Von Dullbrainz went from meeting to meeting, elucidating every inquiry, and with his most original ideas changing the entire face of science and scientific belief. Extraordinary as were the results, it is with sorrow that our report can only follow him briefly on other points, however important.

AT THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

Von Dullbrains dissertates upon Machinery.

"You hab (said he) a cleber mechanicien call Babbleage, who has construct a machine to calculate logartims, and reach de highest branch of mattymatics. You shall pehold dat dis is bot small merit; and dat, in fact, de machine is himself more cleber dan Mr. Babbleage. It is easy ting to make machine more cleber dan de maker. For example, I make a vheel; dat vheel is more cleber dan me, for, he can roll a hunder mile, and I gannot roll one! I make a cask,—dat cask is more cleber as me, for he can hold tub of wine, and I gannot hold fives bottell! In every ting you make it is de same,—dat ting is more intelligent, more cleber, more powerful, more ability, more talent, more genus, dan de maker. I intend to let you see de improvements I shall make in Babbleage machine, to which I shall corporate Mr. Veetstone's speaking machine, and de two combine

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shall not only calculate far better dan Mr. Babbleage, but speak more plainer and better English as me. You shall see."

AT THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Von Dullbrainz dissertates upon sundries.

"He is goot to make de tables of every kind; and you shall not have gone enough. Vat shall it signify how many peoples in dis place, or in dat place live in cellars or garrets, or how mosh gin dey drink, and how mosh beer; how many nasty children dey hab, or how few; vether dey cut de droat, or only pike de pocket? It is all ver vell. Bot I shall make my statistic far beyond. Dere is my tables of classes, professions, and businesses, and my show how mosh dey differ in de lies, de fibs, de misrepresents, and de mistyfiecasions. Par exemple, dere is.

	Lies.	Fibs.	Misrepresents.	Mistyfiecasions.
In 1000 parsons per diem [On Sundays rader more]	3,065	4,128	764	98
In 1000 Lawyers . .	179,186	114,120	111,871	20,019
In 1000 Physicians . .	1,102	6,410	77	9,984
In 1000 M. P.'s . . [18½ per cent. to be added during Election time]	84,118	9,087	10,210	15,000
In 1000 Tailors . . .	18,050	18,058	18,054	201
In 1000 Schoolmasters .	9,025	12,921	9,122	1,807
In 1000 Traders . . . [Grocers, Ginspinners, Haberdashers, Drapers, Costermongers, Brokers, Hosiers, Jewellers, Mercers, &c. &c. &c. so near an average, dat it is not vorth vile to mark de differ]	13,171	75,684	49,333	19,944
In 1000 Publishers . .	5,132	6,214	1,705	1,839
In 1000 Authors . . .	5,116	6,107	2,011	1,904
In 1000 Beggars . . .	22,006	12,183	71,000	17,177

"Dis shall be specimens of de statisque reduce to de finer data, in vich de economi of lying is expound. Den you shall know pretty vell vat you shall believe in perjury, and oder good affirmations. Ven I shall come to my oder tables to exhibe de vealth of England, I shall make him a peer dat de turnspike rods, if continue in von line, vould go round de vorld, and turn back again; dat de canals vould go so long vay to Van Diamond's Land, vere de new company is selling savage bargains; and dat, not to mention tea-spoons, table-spoons, silver forks, plates, sugar-tongs, pots, salt and muster spoons, labels, toothpegs, sugar-basins, and many oder leetel artics in de precious metals,—and all dese are de constitutes of national vealth,—dere is fifty-seven mile six forlong and a yard of gold and silver vatches in Great Bretan, all vich is vealth. Dus dere are 15,500,000 peoples. Of dese, 600,000, class I, hab gold vatch. Class II, von peoples in tree hab gold vatch=450,000 more. Class III, von peoples in den hab gold vatch=218,000. In class IV, von peoples in fifty=82,600. In lower classes, von peoples in 250=25,500 gold vatches. I calculate same manner in silver vatch, and I find dat all

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de gold and silver vatch in Great Bretan, if layed side by side, to touch von anoder, voold reash joost fifty-seven miles six furlong and von yard. Vat you vant with new rurale police, ven you hab got such valuable old vatch?" (*Great applause.*)

Every where, indeed, our foreign philosopher dictated to the admiring public in the most dictatorial style, and was courted, panegyrized, patronized, and lionized accordingly. The frequent announcement, too, that his purpose in visiting our poor island was to do it the favour of writing his observations upon its manners, customs, societies, and eminent individuals, speedily produced the usual effect. It became a matter of deep concern to the high political parties who divide the realm into their separate estates, to endeavour to win the good word of the transcendent foreign traveller and author, Von Dullbrainz, and he was feasted by ministers, and leaders of opposition.

But *tempus fugit*. Von Dullbrainz began to think it was as well to cut his stick, whilst everything was so pleasant. He gracefully declined invitations to spend the autumn at about fifteen palaces, fifty castles, and five hundred halls. The honours overwhelmed him with gratitude; but a man with his prodigious responsibilities must yield to the force of circumstances, and return to his duties. He could not, however, resist the solicitations of the British Association to meet that erratic body at Birmingham, and thither went the observed of all observers, the resplendent Von Dullbrainz. There we saw him in his glory last Friday, at the grand dinner given by the Mayor and Town Council, in conjunction with Mr. Vernon Harcourt and the Association, to show the world at large how the English nation had learnt to estimate the splendours of foreign genius. The Mayor having proposed the health of their most insufferably illustrious visiter, with nine times three, the thunders of applause outlasted the common period of a thunder-storm. Von Dullbrainz rose to return thanks, and the thunders were reverberated.

"I am obliged to go, to leaf you, magnifique and charming English peoples," he said. "I am obliged to go, before you shall hear of me no more. A prophet is never prize in his own countree. I vas call quack and imposture in my land, and by my envying contemporains. It vas reserve for de English peoples, sagacitous and penetrative, to discober de genus I vas all quite along sensible I possess. You know notting of de sciences, de literature, or de arts; but you are amable peoples, and ven cleber foreigner of genus come to you, you savey to appreciate him. I hab live vid your princes, presidents, professors, and oder great fools, and von and all hab treat me as dey ought de greatest man of de world. In mine own countree ebery body laugh at me, and say, bah! silly fellow! Bot England, and, bove all, de Mare and Munzepal of Brummagem, Mr. C. Harkout, and de British Ass—"

Here an alarm of Chartists stopped the orator. The windows were broken, the brick-bats flew like leather-winged mice, and the riot-act was read to broken heads and deaf ears. Von Dullbrainz had no taste for liberty. He hurried from Birmingham, he left London, he quitted England, and fled to Skimmerdam, where he says he is writing his travels.

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CAPTAIN JACK.*

In the year 1823 I was employed as overseer on a sugar plantation on the east coast of the river Demerary, in South America. Early in that year an insurrection broke out amongst the negroes, and the white servants on the estates were assembled at Stabroek, the capital of the colony, embodied into a corps of riflemen, and brigaded in different parts of the country with the regular troops.

It so happened that I was stationed with a party of the ——th regiment, commanded by Colonel ——, close to the property on which I had for several years resided. I was thereby enabled to be of considerable use to the military authorities on several occasions, from my intimate knowledge of the localities of the neighbourhood, and of the character of the people by whom we were surrounded.

The communication between the plantations on the coast and the town of Stabroek, is kept up by means of small schooners, which carry weekly thither the produce ready for shipping on board the merchantmen in the river, and return laden with coals, provisions, and other necessary supplies. These droghers, as they are called, are manned and commanded by negroes: to be a boat-captain is a situation of great trust and emolument, which is always filled by the best man on each estate. These boat-captains contrive to pick up a good deal of money by carrying letters and passengers, the profits arising from which is their perquisite.

Whenever I had occasion to go to town, I generally gave the preference to a schooner belonging to Plantation Eugenia; she was the fastest boat on the coast, and her commander, Captain Jack, was a smart, active, well-behaved fellow, whose popularity with white and black stood him in good stead; for whenever it was known that the Eugenia schooner was to sail the other droghers had but a small chance of passengers.

On one unlucky evening, soon after the insurrection broke out, Captain Jack returned from Stabroek, with his boat full of strange negroes, who were cordially welcomed in the negro-yard of the Eugenia. That very night the dwelling house of Mr. Forester, the proprietor of the estate, was attacked, and burnt to the ground, and he himself only escaped at the time, to die shortly afterwards of a fever brought on by the hardships he had been forced to undergo in concealing himself from his quick-sighted enemies. For two days he lay without food or shelter in the cane-pieces, exposed to the scorching sun and heavy dews of a tropical climate, and at night waded along the sea-shore, up to his neck in mud and water, until he reached the house of a friend near town, where he expired in a few days. Colonel —— wished to send notice of this outrage to the officer commanding at Stabroek; and, as Captain Jack's character was above suspicion, he selected him to convey the express to town, and sent a serjeant on horseback to direct him to prepare to weigh immediately.

The man rode to the Eugenia, and went on board the schooner, which was lying high and dry on the sand. There was nobody in charge of her; her sails and rigging were cut to pieces, her rudder burnt, her anchor and chain gone. Captain Jack was no where to be found. The serjeant returned to Mahaica post, and made his report. Colonel —— sent for me. He told me that he was aware I was well acquainted with Jack; and that he was informed a sort of

* From the Note Book of a Colonist.

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friendship existed between us,—if, indeed, in those days, a friendship could be said to exist between a negro and a white man; that I knew his haunts and connections; and that, if anybody could find him, I could. He said that he was now convinced that Jack was implicated in the crime committed on Plantation Eugenia, and that he would give me fifty joes to secure him, dead or alive, before night.

At this period the very existence of the colony was in a most critical position; the numerical odds against the whites was as a hundred to one; the negroes equalled us in courage, and surpassed us in animal strength and endurance; on the other hand we were better armed, and possessed that confidence in each other, so essential in the hour of danger. We had also in the colony the regiment which Colonel ——— commanded, and a small detachment of artillery.

From circumstances which had occurred during my residence on the east coast, I had acquired such a regard for my friend Jack, that I declare I would sooner have been instrumental in arresting any white man in the colony, with the conviction which I had in this case, that his death would be the inevitable consequence of his apprehension. Still this was no time for a man to swerve from his duty, however painful it might be; horrible atrocities had been committed by the insurgent negroes, and signal must be the punishment inflicted on the perpetrators, whenever they could be discovered. I therefore shouldered my rifle, and sallied forth, determined to do my best to apprehend Jack; not without a hope, however, that his well-known sagacity and activity might render my exertions fruitless.

I had hardly walked half a mile when, at an angle of the road, I came full on the very man of whom I had been sent in quest. I at once sprang forward, and seized him by the throat. His astonishment at this unfriendly greeting from me was so great, that he made no resistance whatever. My uniform showed that I was on duty, and his conscience probably apprized him of the cause of this hostile proceeding on my part.

"Colonel ——— has sent for you, Jack," said I. "I trust you will be able to account for the state in which your boat was found, when he wished you to take his despatches to town."

Jack made no reply, but shook his head mournfully. I motioned to him to walk on before me towards the military post. He did so. Presently he stopped, and turned round. Seeing that I unslung and cocked my rifle, he said,

"Massa Edward, suppose Jack run away, you no shoot him?"

"That I most certainly will, Jack. I have been ordered to convey you dead or alive to Mahaica, and dead or alive you shall go thither. I am sorry for you from the bottom of my heart, for I am sure you have been unwillingly compelled to join in the destruction of Mr. Forester's property."

We soon reached the post, where I delivered over my prisoner to the guard. He was instantly taken before Colonel ——— and several other officers, and I lingered in the guard-room, ostensibly for the purdose of reposing myself, but really to see how my poor friend Jack would fare. After some time had elapsed, I grew tired of waiting, and shouldering my rifle, was walking out of the gate, when Colonel ——— advanced to the front of the gallery before the officers' apartments, and exclaimed in an angry tone,

"Where the hell are you going to, sir? How dare you leave your prisoner without orders?"

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"I thought, colonel, that my duty had been ended when I delivered my prisoner to the guard."

"Did you, by G—d, sir, remain where you are, and I'll soon convince you of the contrary."

He then returned into the house for a moment, and reappeared, followed by the other officers, and by Jack, who walked slowly down the steps towards me, while the colonel and his friends remained leaning over the front of the gallery.

"Now, Sergeant," continued Colonel ——, "place your prisoner on his knees, with his face towards you."

Jack knelt down—not a muscle of his countenance quivered—he was entirely naked, and was a remarkably muscular and well-made man. He looked like a fine bronze statue. Both he and I knew perfectly well that his life was forfeited, and that he was about to die; but neither of us was prepared for what followed.

"Fall back ten paces," roared Colonel ——.

I obeyed.

"*Now shoot your prisoner through the heart.*"

I was horror-stricken. Well aware that poor Jack's hours were numbered, I had never contemplated the possibility of being compelled myself to become his executioner in cold blood. I knew, moreover, that Colonel —— had no right to make me carry the sentence of the drumhead court-martial into effect. I was a civilian, a volunteer, and a non-commissioned officer; and, from the various services which my local knowledge had enabled me to render him, I had no reason to expect such brutal treatment at his hands.

As soon as I could recover from my astonishment and horror, I advanced towards the gallery in order to remonstrate with the colonel. He turned away from me, and called to the officer of the guard to send two men forward. The men stepped out, and at his command cocked their pieces and levelled them at me. Colonel —— then said to them,

"I am going to give my orders to that damned mutineer. If he does not obey them instantly, shoot him. Now, Sergeant, make ready —present—fire!"

Jack sprang to his feet, and fell dead on his face. My bullet had pierced his brain.

Colonel —— tossed the purse containing the reward offered for Jack's apprehension on the ground, close by his dead body, and walked coolly into the house, observing, that until the Volunteers and Bucks formed some idea of military discipline from experience, they would give more trouble than assistance to the regulars.

He lived to see the day when he gladly would have exchanged his whole regiment for a score of our good rifles; yet he lived not long, —for three days after the tragedy which I have here related, he attempted, against the advice of the colonists, to pursue a body of negroes into the bush, with the whole force at Mahaica, unaccompanied either by volunteers or Indians. His men, encumbered by their heavy clothing and accoutrements, exhausted by the heat, and bewildered by the tremendous torrents of rain which flooded the savannahs, fell an easy prey to their naked enemies. Not more than a dozen escaped to tell the tale of their defeat. Colonel K—— received a musket shot which broke his thigh. He fell alive into the hands of his enemies. They had been Captain Jack's comrades and friends, and horribly they avenged his death.

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BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

OCTOBER, 1839.

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BENTLEY'S NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE coarse remarks of an American periodical respecting certain articles which have appeared in our pages are so utterly beneath contempt, that, were our circulation confined to this country alone, we should not have thought it necessary to notice them. The charge against us, that of *pirating* from their publication, is *false*,—and the Editor must know it to be so. An arrangement for the simultaneous publication here and in America of the articles in question, was a proposition made, and earnestly pressed, by themselves, through the highly respectable medium of Messrs. Putnam and Wiley, and has never yet been withdrawn.

We are happy to announce that our next Miscellany will contain a contribution from Mr. Peake, entitled "The Toledo Rapier."

Our readers will also be gratified to learn that we have received further contributions from the clever author of "The Spalpeen."

"The Veterans of Chelsea College" will appear again in our next.

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Jack Sheppard tricking Thurtell the Hangman

New York J. Mason, Oct 1, 1839

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New York. J. Mason, Oct. 1, 1839

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JACK SHEPPARD.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD," AND "CRICHTON."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

EPOCH THE THIRD.—1724.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SUPPER AT MR. KNEEBONE'S.

PERSUADED that Jack Sheppard would keep his appointment with Mr. Kneebone, and feeling certain of capturing him if he did so, Shotbolt, on quitting Newgate, hurried to the New Prison to prepare for the enterprise. After debating with himself for some time whether he should employ an assistant, or make the attempt alone, his love of gain overcame his fears, and he decided upon the latter plan. Accordingly, having armed himself with various weapons, including a stout oaken staff then ordinarily borne by the watch, and put a coil of rope and a gag in his pocket, to be ready in case of need, he set out, about ten o'clock, on the expedition.

Before proceeding to Wych Street, he called at the Lodge to see how matters were going on, and found Mrs. Spurling and Austin at their evening meal, with Caliban in attendance.

"Well, Mr. Shotbolt," cried the turnkey, "I've good news for you. Mr. Wild has doubled his offer, and the governor has likewise proclaimed a reward of one hundred guineas for Jack's apprehension."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Shotbolt.

"Read that," rejoined Austin, pointing to the placard. "I ought to tell you that Mr. Wild's reward is conditional upon Jack's being taken before to-morrow morning. So I fear there's little chance of any one getting it."

"You think so, eh?" chuckled Shotbolt, who was eagerly perusing the reward, and congratulating himself upon his caution; "you think so—ha! ha! Well, don't go to bed, that's all."

"What for?" demanded the turnkey.

"Because the prisoner's arrival might disturb you—ha! ha!"

"I'll lay you twenty guineas you don't take him to-night," rejoined Austin.

"Done!" cried Shotbolt. "Mrs. Spurling, you're a witness to the bet. Twenty guineas, mind. I shan't let you off a farthing. Egad! I shall make a good thing of it."

"Never count your chickens till they're hatched," observed Mrs. Spurling, dryly.

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"*My* chickens are hatched, or, at least, nearly so," replied Shotbolt, with increased merriment. "Get ready your heaviest irons, Austin. I'll send you word when I catch him."

"You'd better send *him*," jeered the turnkey.

"So I will," rejoined Shotbolt; "so I will. If I don't, you shall clap me in the Condemned Hold in his stead. Good-bye, for the present—ha! ha!" And, laughing loudly at his own facetiousness, he quitted the Lodge.

"I'll lay my life he's gone on a fox-and-goose-chase to Mr. Kneebone's," remarked Austin, rising to fasten the door.

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Mrs. Spurling, as if struck by a sudden idea. And, while the turnkey was busy with the keys, she whispered to the black, "Follow him, Caliban. Take care he don't see you,—and bring me word where he goes, and what he does."

"Iss, missis," grinned the black.

"Be so good as to let Caliban out, Mr. Austin," continued the tapstress; "he's only going on an errand."

Austin readily complied with her request. As he returned to the table, he put his finger to his nose; and, though he said nothing, he thought he had a much better chance of winning his wager.

Unconscious that his movements were watched, Shotbolt, meanwhile, hastened towards Wych Street. On the way, he hired a chair with a couple of stout porters, and ordered them to follow him. Arrived within a short distance of his destination, he came to a halt, and pointing out a dark court nearly opposite the woollen-draper's abode, told the chairmen to wait there till they were summoned.

"I'm a peace-officer," he added, "about to arrest a notorious criminal. He'll be brought out at this door, and may probably make some resistance. But you must get him into the chair as fast as you can, and hurry off to Newgate."

"And what'll we get for the job, yer hon'r?" asked the foremost chairman, who, like most of his tribe at the time, was an Irishman.

"Five guineas. Here's a couple in hand."

"Faix, then, we'll do it in style," cried the fellow. "Once in this chair, yer hon'r, and I'll warrant he'll not get out so aisily as Jack Sheppard did from the New Pris'n."

"Hold your tongue, sirrah," rejoined Shotbolt, not over-pleased by the remark, "and mind what I tell you. Ah! what's that?" he exclaimed, as some one brushed hastily past him. "If I hadn't just left him, I could have sworn it was Mrs. Spurling's sooty imp, Caliban."

Having seen the chairmen concealed in the entry, Shotbolt proceeded to Mr. Kneebone's habitation, the shutters of which were closed, and knocked at the door. The summons was instantly answered by a shop-boy.

"Is your master at home?" inquired the gaoler.

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"He is," replied a portly personage, arrayed in a gorgeous yellow brocade dressing-gown, lined with cherry-coloured satin, and having a crimson velvet cap, surmounted by a gold tassel, on his head. "My name is Kneebone," added the portly personage, stepping forward. "What do you want with me?"

"A word in private," replied the other.

"Stand aside, Tom," commanded Kneebone. "Now, sir," he added, glancing suspiciously at the applicant, "your business?"

"My business is to acquaint you that Jack Sheppard has escaped, Mr. Kneebone," returned Shotbolt.

"The deuce he has! Why, it's only a few hours since I beheld him chained down with half a hundred weight of iron, in the strongest ward at Newgate. It's almost incredible. Are you sure you're not misinformed, sir?"

"I was in the Lodge at the time," replied the gaoler.

"Then, of course, you must know. Well, it's scarcely credible. When I gave him an invitation to supper, I little thought he'd accept it. But, egad! I believe he *will*."

"I'm convinced of it," replied Shotbolt; "and it was on that very account I came here." And he proceeded to unfold his scheme to the woollen-draper.

"Well, sir," said Kneebone, when the other concluded, "I shall certainly not oppose his capture, but, at the same time, I'll lend you no assistance. If he keeps *his* word, I'll keep *mine*. You must wait till supper's over."

"As you please, sir—provided you don't let him off"

"That I'll engage not to do. I've another reason for supposing he'll pay me a visit. I refused to sign a petition in his behalf to the recorder; not from any ill-will to him, but because it was prepared by a person whom I particularly dislike—Captain Darrell."

"A very sufficient reason," answered the gaoler.

"Tom," continued Kneebone, calling to the shop-boy, "don't go home. I may want you. Light the lantern. And, if you hear any odd noise in the parlour, don't mind it."

"Not in the least, sir," replied Tom, in a drowsy tone, and with a look seeming to imply that he was too much accustomed to odd noises at night to heed them.

"Now, step this way, Mr. What's-your-name?"

"Shotbolt, sir," replied the gaoler.

"Very well, Mr. Slipshod; follow me." And he led the way to an inner room, in the middle of which stood a table, covered with a large white cloth.

"Jack Sheppard knows this house, I believe, sir," observed Shotbolt.

"Every inch of it," replied the woollen-draper. "He *ought* to do, seeing that he served his apprenticeship in it to Mr. Wood, by whom

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it was formerly occupied. His name is carved upon a beam upst airs."

"Indeed!" said Shotbolt. "Where can I hide myself?" he added, glancing round the room in search of a closet.

"Under the table. The cloth nearly touches the floor. Give me your staff. It'll be in your way."

"Suppose he brings Blueskin, or some other ruffian with him?" hesitated the gaoler.

"Suppose he does. In that case I'll help you. We shall be equally matched. You're not afraid, Mr. Shoplatch."

"Not in the least," replied Shotbolt, creeping beneath the table; "there's my staff. Am I quite hidden?"

"Not quite;—keep your feet in. Mind you don't stir till supper's over. I'll stamp twice when we've done."

"I forgot to mention there's a trifling reward for his capture," cried Shotbolt, popping his head from under the cloth. "If we take him, I don't mind giving you a share—say a fourth—provided you lend a helping hand."

"Curse your reward!" exclaimed Kneebone, angrily. "Do you take me for a thief-catcher, like Jonathan Wild, that you dare to affront me by such a proposal?"

"No offence, sir," rejoined the gaoler, humbly. "I didn't imagine for a moment that you'd accept it, but I thought it right to make you the offer."

"Be silent, and conceal yourself. I'm about to ring for supper."

The woollen-draper's application to the bell was answered by a very pretty young woman, with dark Jewish features, roguish black eyes, sleek glossy hair, a trim waist, and a remarkably neat figure: the very model, in short, of a bachelor's housekeeper.

"Rachel," said Mr. Kneebone, addressing his comely attendant; "put a few more plates on the table, and bring up whatever there is in the larder. I expect company."

"Company!" echoed Rachel; "at this time of night?"

"Company, child," repeated Kneebone. "I shall want a bottle or two of sack, and a flask of usquebaugh."

"Anything else, sir?"

"No:—stay! you'd better not bring up any silver forks or spoons."

"Why, surely you don't think your guests would steal them," observed Rachel, archly.

"They shan't have the opportunity," replied Kneebone. And, by way of checking his housekeeper's familiarity, he pointed significantly to the table.

"Who's there?" cried Rachel. "I'll see." And before she could be prevented, she lifted up the cloth, and disclosed Shotbolt. "Oh, Gemini!" she exclaimed. "A man!"

"At your service, my dear," replied the gaoler.

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"Now your curiosity's satisfied, child," continued Kneebone, "perhaps you'll attend to my orders."

Not a little perplexed by the mysterious object she had seen, Rachel left the room, and, shortly afterwards returned with the materials of a tolerably good supper;—to wit, a couple of cold fowls, a tongue, the best part of a sirloin of beef, a jar of pickles, and two small dishes of pastry. To these she added the wine and spirits directed, and when all was arranged, looked inquisitively at her master.

"I expect a very extraordinary person to supper, Rachel," he remarked.

"The gentleman under the table," she answered. "He *does* seem a very extraordinary person."

"No; another still more extraordinary."

"Indeed!—who is it?"

"Jack Sheppard."

"What! the famous housebreaker. I thought he was in Newgate."

"He's let out for a few hours," laughed Kneebone; "but he's going back again after supper."

"Oh dear! how I should like to see him. I'm told he's so handsome."

"I'm sorry I can't indulge you," replied her master, a little piqued. "I shall want nothing more. You had better go to bed."

"It's no use going to bed," answered Rachel. "I shan't sleep a wink while Jack Sheppard's in the house."

"Keep in your own room, at all events," rejoined Kneebone.

"Very well," said Rachel, with a toss of her pretty head, "very well. I'll have a peep at him, if I die for it," she muttered, as she went out.

Mr. Kneebone then sat down to await the arrival of his expected guest. Half an hour passed, but Jack did not make his appearance. The woollen-draper looked at his watch. It was eleven o'clock. Another long interval elapsed. The watch was again consulted. It was now a quarter past twelve. Mr. Kneebone, who began to feel sleepy, wound it up, and snuffed the candles.

"I suspect our friend has thought better of it, and won't come," he remarked.

"Have a little patience, sir," rejoined the gaoler.

"How are you off there, Shoplatch?" inquired Kneebone. "Rather cramped, eh?"

"Rather so, sir," replied the other, altering his position. "I shall be able to stretch my limbs presently—ha! ha!"

"Hush!" cried Kneebone, "I hear a noise without. He's coming."

The caution was scarcely uttered, when the door opened, and Jack Sheppard presented himself. He was wrapped in a laced roquelaure, which he threw off on his entrance into the room. It has been

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already intimated that Jack had an excessive passion for finery; and it might have been added, that the chief part of his ill-gotten gains was devoted to the embellishment of his person. On the present occasion, he appeared to have bestowed more than ordinary attention on his toilette. His apparel was sumptuous in the extreme, and such as was only worn by persons of the highest distinction. It consisted of a full-dress coat of brown flowered velvet, laced with silver; a waistcoat of white satin, likewise richly embroidered; shoes with red heels, and large diamond buckles; pearl-coloured silk stockings with gold clocks; a muslin cravat, or steenkirk, as it was termed, edged with the fine point lace; ruffles of the same materials, and so ample as almost to hide the tips of his fingers; and a silver-hilted sword. This costume, though somewhat extravagant, displayed his slight, but perfectly-proportioned figure to the greatest advantage. The only departure which he made from the fashion of the period, was in respect to the peruke—an article he could never be induced to wear. In lieu of it, he still adhered to the sleek black crop, which, throughout life, formed a distinguishing feature in his appearance. Ever since the discovery of his relationship to the Trenchard family, a marked change had taken place in Jack's demeanour and looks, which were so much refined and improved that he could scarcely be recognised as the same person. Having only seen him in the gloom of a dungeon, and loaded with fetters, Kneebone had not noticed this alteration; but he was now greatly struck by it. Advancing towards him, he made him a formal salutation, which was coldly returned.

"I am expected, I find," observed Jack, glancing at the well-covered board.

"You are," replied Kneebone. "When I heard of your escape, I felt sure I should see you."

"You judged rightly," rejoined Jack; "I never yet broke an engagement with friend or foe—and never will."

"A bold resolution," said the woollen-draper. "You must have made some exertion to keep your present appointment. Few men could have done as much."

"Perhaps not," replied Jack, carelessly. "I would have done more, if necessary."

"Well, take a chair," rejoined Kneebone. "I've waited supper, you perceive."

"First, let me introduce my friends," returned Jack, stepping to the door.

"Friends!" echoed Kneebone, with a look of dismay. "My invitation did not extend to them."

Further remonstrance, however, was cut short by the sudden entrance of Mrs. Maggot and Edgeworth Bess. Behind them stalked Blueskin, enveloped in a rough great-coat, called—appropriately

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enough in this instance,—a wrap-rascal. Folding his arms, he placed his back against the door, and burst into a loud laugh. The ladies were, as usual, very gaily dressed; and as usual, also, had resorted to art to heighten their attractions:—

> From patches, justly placed, they borrow'd graces,
> And with vermilion lacquer'd o'er their faces.

Edgeworth Bess wore a scarlet tabby negligée—a sort of undress, or sack, then much in vogue—which suited her to admiration, and upon her head had what was called a fly-cap, with richly-laced lappets. Mrs. Maggot was equipped in a light blue riding-habit, trimmed with silver, a hunting-cap and a flaxen peruke, and, instead of a whip, carried a stout cudgel.

For a moment, Kneebone had hesitated about giving the signal to Shotbolt, but, thinking a more favourable opportunity might occur, he determined not to hazard matters by undue precipitation. Placing chairs, therefore, he invited the ladies to be seated, and, paying a similar attention to Jack, began to help to the various dishes, and otherwise fulfil the duties of a host. While this was going on, Blueskin, seeing no notice whatever taken of him, coughed loudly and repeatedly. But finding his hints totally disregarded, he at length swaggered up to the table, and thrust in a chair.

"Excuse me," he said, plunging his fork into a fowl, and transferring it to his plate. "This tongue looks remarkably nice," he added, slicing off an immense wedge, "excuse me—ho! ho!"

"You make yourself at home, I perceive," observed Kneebone, with a look of ineffable disgust.

"I generally do," replied Blueskin, pouring out a bumper of sack. "Your health, Kneebone."

"Allow me to offer you a glass of usquebaugh, my dear," said Kneebone, turning from him, and regarding Edgeworth Bess with a stare so impertinent, that even that not over-delicate young lady summoned up a blush.

"With pleasure, sir," replied Edgeworth Bess. "Dear me!" she added, as she pledged the amorous woollen-draper, "what a beautiful ring that is."

"Do you think so?" replied Kneebone, taking it off, and placing it on her finger, which he took the opportunity of kissing at the same time; "wear it for my sake."

"Oh, dear!" simpered Edgeworth Bess, endeavouring to hide her confusion by looking steadfastly at her plate.

"You don't eat," continued Kneebone, addressing Jack, who had remained for some time thoughtful and pre-occupied, with his head upon his hand.

"The captain has seldom much appetite," replied Blueskin, who, having disposed of the fowl, was commencing a vigorous attack upon the sirloin. "I eat for both."

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"So it seems," observed the woollen-draper, "and for every one else, too."

"I say, Kneebone," rejoined Blueskin, as he washed down an immense mouthful with another bumper, "do you recollect how nearly Mr. Wild and I were nabbing you in this very room, some nine years ago?"

"I do," replied Kneebone; "and now," he added, aside, "the case is altered. I'm nearly nabbing *you*."

"A good deal has occurred since then, eh, captain?" said Blueskin, nudging Jack.

"Much that I would willingly forget. Nothing that I desire to remember," replied Sheppard, sternly. "On that night—in this room—in your presence, Blueskin—in yours, Mr. Kneebone, Mrs. Wood struck me a blow which made me a robber."

"She has paid dearly for it," muttered Blueskin.

"She has," rejoined Sheppard. "But I wish her hand had been as deadly as yours. On that night—that fatal night—Winifred crushed all the hopes that were rising in my heart. On that night, I surrendered myself to Jonathan Wild, and became—what I am."

"On that night, you first met me, love," said Edgeworth Bess, endeavouring to take his hand, which he coldly withdrew.

"And me," added Mrs. Maggot, tenderly.

"Would I had never seen either of you!" cried Jack, rising and pacing the apartment with a hurried step.

"Well, I'm sure Winifred could never have loved you as well as I do," said Mrs. Maggot.

"*You!*" cried Jack, scornfully. "Do you compare *your* love—a love which all may purchase—with *hers?* No one has ever loved me."

"Except me, dear," insinuated Edgeworth Bess. "I've been always true to you."

"Peace!" retorted Jack, with increased bitterness. "I'm your dupe no longer."

"What the devil's in the wind now, captain?" cried Blueskin, in astonishment.

"I'll tell you," replied Jack, with forced calmness. "Within the last few minutes, all my guilty life has passed before me. Nine years ago, I was honest—was happy. Nine years ago, I worked in this very house—had a kind, indulgent master, whom I robbed—twice robbed, at your instigation, villain; a mistress, whom you have murdered; a companion, whose friendship I have for ever forfeited; a mother, whose heart I have well-nigh broken. In this room was my ruin begun: in this room it should be ended."

"Come, come, don't take on thus, captain," cried Blueskin, rising and walking towards him. "If any one's to blame, it's me. I'm ready to bear it all."

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"Can you make me honest?" cried Jack. "Can you make me other than a condemned felon? Can you make me not Jack Sheppard?"

"No," replied Blueskin; "and I wouldn't if I could."

"Curse you!" cried Jack, furiously,—"curse you!—curse you!"

"Swear away, captain," rejoined Blueskin, coolly. "It'll ease your mind."

"Do you mock me?" cried Jack, levelling a pistol at him.

"Not I," replied Blueskin. "Take my life, if you're so disposed. You're welcome to it. And let's see if either of these women, who prate of their love for you, will do as much."

"This is folly," cried Jack, controlling himself by a powerful effort.

"The worst of folly," replied Blueskin, returning to the table, and taking up a glass; "and, to put an end to it, I shall drink the health of Jack Sheppard, the housebreaker, and success to him in all his enterprises. And now, let's see who'll refuse the pledge."

"*I* will," replied Sheppard, dashing the glass from his hand. "Sit down, fool!"

"Jack," said Kneebone, who had been considerably interested by the foregoing scene, "are these regrets for your past life sincere?"

"Suppose them so," rejoined Jack, "what then?"

"Nothing—nothing," stammered Kneebone, his prudence getting the better of his sympathy. "I'm glad to hear it, that's all," he added, taking out his snuff-box, his never-failing resource in such emergencies. It won't do to betray the officer," he muttered.

"Oh lud! what an exquisite box!" cried Edgeworth Bess. "Is it gold?"

"Pure gold," replied Kneebone. "It was given me by poor dear Mrs. Wood, whose loss I shall ever deplore."

"Pray, let me have a pinch?" said Edgeworth Bess, with a captivating glance. "I am so excessively fond of snuff."

The woollen-draper replied by gallantly handing her the box, which was instantly snatched from her by Blueskin, who, after helping himself to as much of its contents as he could conveniently squeeze between his thumb and finger, put it very coolly into his pocket.

The action did not pass unnoticed by Sheppard.

"Restore it," he cried, in an authoritative voice.

"O'ons! captain," cried Blueskin, as he grumblingly obeyed the command; "if you've left off business yourself, you needn't interfere with other people."

"I should like a little of that plum-tart," said Mrs. Maggot; "but I don't see a spoon."

"I'll ring for one," replied Kneebone, rising accordingly; "but I fear my servants are gone to bed."

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Blueskin, meanwhile, having drained and replenished his glass, commenced chanting a snatch of a ballad:—

Once on a time, as I've heard tell,
In Wych Street Owen Wood did dwell;
A carpenter he was by trade,
And money, I believe, he made.
With his foodle doo!

This carpenter he had a wife,
The plague and torment of his life,
Who, though she did her husband scold,
Loved well a woollen-draper bold.
With her foodle doo!

"I've a toast to propose," cried Sheppard, filling a bumper. "You won't refuse it, Mr. Kneebone?"

"He'd better not," muttered Blueskin.

"What is it?" demanded the woollen-draper, as he returned to the table, and took up a glass.

"The speedy union of Thames Darrell with Winifred Wood," replied Jack.

Kneebone's cheeks glowed with rage, and he set down the wine untasted, while Blueskin resumed his song.

Now Owen Wood had one fair child,
Unlike her mother, meek and mild;
Her love the draper strove to gain,
But she repaid him with disdain.
With his foodle doo!

"Peace!" cried Jack.

But Blueskin was not to be silenced. He continued his ditty, in spite of the angry glances of his leader.

In vain he fondly urged his suit,
And, all in vain, the question put;
She answered,—"Mr. William Kneebone,
Of me, sir, you shall never be bone."
With your foodle doo!

"Thames Darrell has my heart alone,
A noble youth, e'en *you* must own;
And, if from him my love could stir,
Jack Sheppard I should much prefer!"
With his foodle doo!

"Do you refuse my toast?" cried Jack, impatiently.

"I do," replied Kneebone.

"Drink this, then," roared Blueskin. And pouring the contents of a small powder-flask into a bumper of brandy, he tendered him the mixture.

At this juncture, the door was opened by Rachel.

"What did you ring for, sir?" she asked, eyeing the group with astonishment.

"Your master wants a few table-spoons, child," said Mrs. Maggot.

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"Leave the room," interposed Kneebone, angrily.

"No, I shan't," replied Rachel, saucily. "I came to see Jack Sheppard, and I won't go till you point him out to me. You told me he was going back to Newgate after supper, so I mayn't have another opportunity."

"Oh! he told you that, did he?" said Blueskin, marching up to her, and chucking her under the chin. "I'll show you Captain Sheppard, my dear. There he stands. I'm his Lieutenant,—Lieutenant Blueskin. We're two good-looking fellows, aint we?"

"Very good-looking," replied Rachel. "But, where's the strange gentleman I saw under the table?"

"Under the table!" echoed Blueskin, winking at Jack. "When did you see him, my love?"

"A short time ago," replied the housekeeper, unsuspiciously.

"The plot's out!" cried Jack. And without another word, he seized the table with both hands, and upset it; scattering plates, dishes, bottles, jugs, and glasses far and wide. The crash was tremendous. The lights rolled over, and were extinguished; and if Rachel had not carried a candle, the room would have been plunged in total darkness. Amid the confusion, Shotbolt sprang to his feet, and levelling a pistol at Jack's head, commanded him to surrender; but, before any reply could be made, the gaoler's arm was struck up by Blueskin, who, throwing himself upon him, dragged him to the ground. In the struggle the pistol went off, but without damage to either party. The conflict was of short duration; for Shotbolt was no match for his athletic antagonist. He was speedily disarmed; and the rope and gag being found upon him, were exultingly turned against him by his conqueror, who, after pinioning his arms tightly behind his back, forced open his mouth with the iron, and effectually prevented the utterance of any further outcries. While the strife was raging, Edgeworth Bess walked up to Rachel, and advised her, if she valued her life, not to scream or stir from the spot; a caution which the housekeeper, whose curiosity far outweighed her fears, received in very good part.

In the interim, Jack advanced to the woollen-draper, and regarding him sternly, thus addressed him:

"You have violated the laws of hospitality, Mr. Kneebone. I came hither as your guest. You have betrayed me."

"What faith is to be kept with a felon?" replied the woollen-draper, disdainfully.

"He who breaks faith with his benefactor may well justify himself thus," answered Jack. "I have not trusted you. Others who have done, have found you false."

"I don't understand you," replied Kneebone, in some confusion.

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"You soon shall," rejoined Sheppard. "Where are the packets committed to your charge by Sir Rowland Trenchard?"

"The packets!" exclaimed Kneebone, in alarm.

"It is useless to deny it," replied Jack. "You were watched to-night by Blueskin. You met Sir Rowland at the house of a Romish priest, Father Spencer. Two packets were committed to your charge, which you undertook to deliver,—one to another priest, Sir Rowland's chaplain, at Manchester,—the other to Mr. Wood. Produce them!"

"Never!" replied Kneebone.

"Then, by heaven, you are a dead man!" replied Jack, cocking a pistol, and pointing it deliberately at his head. "I give you one minute for reflection. After that time, nothing shall save you."

There was a brief, breathless pause. Even Blueskin looked on with anxiety.

"It is past," said Jack, placing his finger on the trigger.

"Hold!" cried Kneebone, flinging down the packets; "they are nothing to me."

"But they are everything to me," cried Jack, stooping to pick them up. "These packets will establish Thames Darrell's birth, win him his inheritance, and procure him the hand of Winifred Wood."

"Don't be too sure of that," rejoined Kneebone, snatching up the staff, and aiming a blow at his head, which was fortunately warded off by Mrs. Maggot, who promptly interposed her cudgel.

"Defend yourself!" cried Jack, drawing his sword.

"Leave his punishment to me, Jack," said Mrs. Maggot. "I've the Bridewell account to settle."

"Be it so," replied Jack, putting up his blade. "I've a good deal to do. Show him no quarter, Poll. He deserves none."

"And shall find none," replied the Amazon. "Now, Mr. Kneebone," she added, drawing up her magnificent figure to its full height, and making the heavy cudgel whistle through the air, "look to yourself."

"Stand off, Poll," rejoined the woollen-draper, "I don't want to hurt you. It shall never be said that I raised my arm willingly against a woman."

"I'll forgive you all the harm you do me," rejoined the Amazon. "What! you still hesitate! Will that rouse you, coward?" And she gave him a smart rap on the head.

"Coward!" cried Kneebone. "Neither man nor woman shall apply that term to me. If you forget your sex, jade, I must forget mine."

With this, he attacked her vigorously in his turn.

It was a curious sight to see how this extraordinary woman, who, it has been said, was not less remarkable for the extreme delicacy of her features and the faultless symmetry of her figure, than for her won-

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derful strength and agility, conducted herself in the present encounter; with what dexterity she parried every blow aimed against her by her adversary, whose head and face, already marked by various ruddy streams, showed how successfully her own hits had been made;—how she drew him hither and thither, now leading him on, now driving him suddenly back; harassing and exhausting him in every possible way, and making it apparent that she could at any moment put an end to the fight, and only delayed the finishing stroke to make his punishment the more severe.

Jack, meanwhile, with Blueskin's assistance, had set the table once more upon its legs, and placing writing materials, which he took from a shelf, upon it, made Shotbolt, who was still gagged, but whose arms were for the moment unbound, sit down before them.

"Write as I dictate," he cried, placing a pen in the gaoler's hand and a pistol to his ear.

Shotbolt nodded in token of acquiescence, and emitted an odd guttural sound.

"Write as follows," continued Jack. 'I have succeeded in capturing Jack Sheppard. The reward is mine. Get all ready for his reception. In a few minutes after the delivery of this note he will be in Newgate.' Sign it," he added, as, after some further threats, the letter was indited according to his dictation, "and direct it to Mr. Austin. That's well. And, now, to find a messenger."

"Mr. Kneebone's man is in the shop," said Rachel; "he'll take it."

"Can I trust him?" mused Jack. "Yes; he'll suspect nothing. Give him this letter, child, and bid him take it to the Lodge at Newgate without loss of time. Blueskin will go with you,—for fear of a mistake."

"You might trust me," said Rachel, in an offended tone; "but never mind."

And she left the room with Blueskin, who very politely offered her his arm.

Meanwhile, the combat between Kneebone and Mrs. Maggot had been brought to a termination. When the woollen-draper was nearly worn out, the Amazon watched her opportunity, and hitting him on the arm, disabled it.

"That's for Mrs. Wood," she cried, as the staff fell from his grasp.

"I'm at your mercy, Poll," rejoined Kneebone, abjectly.

"That's for Winifred," vociferated the Amazon, bringing the cudgel heavily upon his shoulder.

"Damnation!" cried Kneebone.

"That's for myself," rejoined Mrs. Maggot, dealing him a blow, which stretched him senseless on the floor.

"Bravo, Poll!" cried Jack, who having again pinioned Shotbolt,

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was now tracing a few hasty lines on a sheet of paper. "You've given him a broken head, I perceive."

"He'll scarcely need a plaister," replied Mrs. Maggot, laughing. "Here, Bess, give me the cord, and I'll tie him to this chest of drawers. I don't think he'll come to himself too soon. But it's best to be on the safe side."

"Decidedly so," replied Edgeworth Bess; "and I'll take this opportunity, while Jack's back is turned,—for he's grown so strangely particular,—of easing him of his snuff-box. Perhaps," she added, in a whisper, as she appropriated the before-named article, "he has a pocket book."

"Hush!" replied Mrs. Maggot; "Jack will hear you. We'll come back for that by and by, and the dressing-gown."

At this moment, Rachel and Blueskin returned. Their momentary absence seemed to have worked wonders; for now the most perfect understanding appeared to subsist between them.

"Have you sent off the note?" inquired Jack.

"We have, captain," replied Blueskin. "I say *we*, because Miss Rachel and I have struck up a match. Shall I bring off anything?" he added, looking eagerly round.

"No," replied Jack, peremptorily.

Having now sealed his letter, Sheppard took a handkerchief, and tying it over Shotbolt's face, so as completely to conceal the features, clapped his hat upon his head, and pushed it over his brows. He, next, seized the unlucky gaoler, and forced him along, while Blueskin expedited his movements by administering a few kicks behind.

When they got to the door, Jack opened it, and, mimicking the voice of the gaoler, shouted, "Now, my lads, all's ready."

"Here we are," cried the chairmen, hurrying out of the court with their swinging vehicle, "where is he?"

"Here," replied Sheppard, dragging out Shotbolt by the collar, while Blueskin pushed him behind, and Mrs. Maggot held up a lantern, which she found in the shop. "In with him!"

"Ay—ay, yer hon'r," cried the foremost chairman, lending a helping hand. "Get in wid ye, ye villin!"

And, despite his resistance, Shotbolt was thrust into the chair, which was instantly fastened upon him.

"There, he's as safe as Jack Sheppard in the Condemned Hould," laughed the man.

"Off with you to Newgate!" cried Jack, "and don't let him out till you get inside the Lodge. There's a letter for the head turnkey, Mr. Ireton. D'ye hear."

"Yes, yer hon'r," replied the chairman, taking the note.

"What are you waiting for?" asked Jack, impatiently.

"The gen'l'man as hired us," replied the chairman.

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"Oh! he'll be after you directly. "He's settling an account in the house. Lose no time. The letter will explain all."

The chair was then rapidly put in motion, and speedily disappeared.

"What's to be done next?" cried Blueskin, returning to Rachel, who was standing with Edgeworth Bess near the door.

"I shall go back and finish my supper," said Mrs. Maggot.

"And so shall I," replied Edgeworth Bess.

"Stop a minute," cried Jack, detaining his mistresses. "Here we part,—perhaps for ever. I've already told you I'm about to take a long journey, and it's more than probable I shall never return."

"Don't say so," cried Mrs. Maggot. "I should be perfectly miserable if I thought you in earnest."

"The very idea is dreadful," whimpered Edgeworth Bess.

"Farewell!" cried Jack, embracing them. "Take this key to Baptist Kettleby. On seeing it, he'll deliver you a box, which it will unlock, and in which you'll find a matter of fifty guineas and a few trinkets. Divide the money between you, and wear the ornaments for my sake. But, if you've a spark of love for me, don't meddle with anything in that house."

"Not for worlds," exclaimed both ladies together.

"Farewell!" cried Jack, breaking from them, and rushing down the street.

"What shall we do, Poll?" hesitated Edgeworth Bess.

"Go in, to be sure, simpleton," replied Mrs. Maggot, "and bring off all we can. I know where everything valuable is kept. Since Jack has left us, what does it matter whether he's pleased or not?"

At this moment a whistle was heard.

"Coming!" cried Blueskin, who was still lingering with Rachel. "The captain's in such a desperate hurry, that there's no time for love-making. Adieu! my charmer. You'll find those young ladies extremely agreeable acquaintances. Adieu!"

And, snatching a hasty kiss, he darted after Jack.

The chair, meanwhile, with its unhappy load, was transported at a brisk pace to Newgate. Arrived there, the porters thundered at the massive door of the Lodge, which was instantly opened—Shotbolt's note having been received just before. All the turnkeys were assembled. Ireton and Langley had returned from a second unsuccessful search; Marvel had come thither to bid good-night to Mrs. Spurling; Austin had never quitted his post. The tapstress was full of curiosity; but she appeared more easy than the others. Behind her stood Caliban, chuckling to himself, and grinning from ear to ear.

"Well, who'd have thought of Shotbolt beating us all in this way!" said Ireton. "I'm sorry for old Newgate that another gaol should have it. It's infernally provoking."

"Infernally provoking!" echoed Langley.

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"Nobody has so much cause for complaint as me," growled Austin, "I've lost my wager."

"Twenty pounds," rejoined Mrs. Spurling. "I witnessed the bet."

"Here he is!" cried Ireton, as the knocking was heard without. "Get ready the irons, Caliban."

"Wait a bit, massa," replied the grinning negro,—"lilly bit,—see all right fust."

By this time the chair had been brought into the Lodge.

"You've got him?" demanded Ireton.

"Safe inside," replied the chairman, wiping the heat from his brow; "we've run all the way."

"Where's Mr. Shotbolt?" asked Austin.

"The gen'l'man 'll be here directly. He was detained. T'other gen'l'man said the letter 'ud explain all."

"Detained!" echoed Marvel. "That's odd. But let's see the prisoner."

The chair was then opened.

"Shotbolt! by ———" cried Austin, as the captive was dragged forth. "I've won after all."

Exclamations of wonder burst from all. Mrs. Spurling bit her lips to conceal her mirth. Caliban absolutely crowed with delight.

"Hear the letter," said Ireton, breaking the seal. "'*This is the way in which I will serve all who attempt to apprehend me.*' It is signed JACK SHEPPARD.

"And so Jack Sheppard has sent back Shotbolt in this pickle," said Langley.

"So it appears," replied Marvel. "Untie his arms, and take off that handkerchief. The poor fellow's half smothered."

"I guess what share you've had in this," whispered Austin to Mrs. Spurling.

"Never mind," replied the tapstress. "You've won your wager."

Half an hour after this occurrence, when it had been sufficiently laughed at and discussed; when the wager had been settled, and the chairman dismissed with the remaining three guineas, which Shotbolt was compelled to pay; Ireton arose, and signified his intention of stepping across the street to inform Mr. Wild of the circumstance.

"As it's getting late, and the porter may be gone to bed," he observed; "I'll take the pass-key, and let myself in. Mr. Wild is sure to be up. He never retires to rest till daybreak—if at all. Come with me, Langley, and bring the lantern."

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VINCENT EDEN;

OR, THE OXONIAN.

BY QUIP.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TRINITY SCHOLARSHIP.—TIDINGS OF THE EX-PRESIDENT OF THE BROTHERS' CLUB.

THE mind of the Reverend Burnaby Birch was by no means of an imaginative order; but, even had it partaken in the highest degree of that least earthly and most delicious of our faculties, the utmost stretch and expansion thereof would never for one moment, antecedently speaking, have suggested to that worthy the possibility of such an accumulation of insults as the few first days of the present term had inflicted upon him. Neither was the mind of that aggrieved gentleman an analytical, or an inventive mind; so that, upon the receipt of the indignity last recorded in these our pages, he was at first considerably at a loss to know how to trace home the mischief to its actual perpetrators. But, inasmuch as the Reverend Burnaby had a great idea of his own official dignity, and a proportionate sense of any attempt to lower it, he was fully determined to sift the matter to the bottom; and, accordingly, finding himself deficient in internal resources, he had recourse, like a prudent statesman, to the foreign aid of his temporary ally, the Marshal; by whose natural tact and long experience, the whole affair was speedily traced home to the "Brothers' Club;" and each individual of that singular society, including the guests of the preceding day, he forthwith confined to his respective college for the following three weeks, with a severe imposition by way of relieving the monotonous seclusion of such a situation.

As for the unfortunate Walrus, who had unquestionably been the greatest sufferer by the transaction, he received at the same time, and from the same quarter, a confidential communication, to the effect that the next time he permitted his "human face divine" to be made such an example of, he would forthwith be requested to remove the "Temple of Fashion," together with the she-Walrus and her cubs, Jemes, and each and all other of the appurtenances thereof, on a migratory expedition to some colony for the reception of retired and discommoned tradesmen.

From the sweeping sentence of temporary captivity thus proctorially pronounced against the offending "Brothers," and their guests, our hero, however innocent of the crime which had led to it, found himself by no means exempted. It is probably owing to this circumstance that the manuscript diary, in which my friend Eden carefully registered the various feelings and incidents of his college life, and which

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he has since made over to me for the purpose of giving these memoirs to the world, contains little else beyond trifling anecdotes relative to the internal state of the college, its chapel, and its lectures, during that period of his career.

There is one of these anecdotes so strikingly illustrative of the ingenuity of our friend Mr. Richardson Lane's character, that, for the benefit of future Freshmen, I feel tempted to transcribe it. It is this. Whenever,—which, being interpreted must be understood to mean five days out of every six,—that gentleman found himself at a loss for the exact meaning of any phrase in the course of lecture, his invariable practice was to manufacture an impromptu single rap with his knuckles underneath the table. The tutor instantly rushed to the door to say he was too busy to see any one,—and by the time he returned, the meaning of the ambiguous word had been elicited from some better-informed neighbour,—not unfrequently our hero *himself*.

And now, gentle reader,—for as such I feel myself bound by all the rules of modern authorship to address you, although, for aught I know to the contrary, you may be the veriest literary Turk or Tatar that ever clapped the drag-chain of criticism round the neck of an unfortunate scribbler,—and now, gentle reader, did you ever happen to pass through Oxford during the week immediately preceding Trinity Monday? did you ever chance on any of these days to wend your way into Trinity College, and cast your eyes through the large arched windows of the Hall upon the motley group of candidates for scholarship therein assembled? If so, the probability is that you beheld a remarkably edifying sight,—boys from various schools without tails, —men from various colleges (metaphorically) without heads,—tough papers presented to them in the morning,—tender sandwiches and port wine at noon,—all, in short, combining to make a very interesting spectacle to the looker-on, but a rather nervous reality to the more immediate actors in the ceremony.

And if, moreover, gentle reader, in addition to these multifarious hypotheses which I have already advanced, it so happened that the date of such visit to the Hall of Trinity was the same as that which I have selected for my story,—among the various faces which the request for an extensive poem upon an undiscovered people, or two foolscap sheets of an essay upon an untranslatable thesis, or a paper of historical dates, in any one of which you feel an awful conviction that you can't be less than five hundred years wrong, had gifted for the occasion with a supernatural elongation,—among these numerous faces, I say, you might have discerned the particular one belonging to the hero of our tale.

"Well, Mr. Eden," said the college porter to him one day, as he was sauntering up and down between the hours of examination,— "well, I do hope you'll get our scholarship, sir. I think you will,—I hope you will,—I'm sure you will."

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"Oh, thank you!" said Eden; "it's all very well; but I'm afraid there are rather too many candidates for that; and ——"

"That ain't nothing at all, Mr. Eden, that ain't," said the porter. "Why, sir, when I stood for the portership, there were five-and-twenty stood against me. I was the youngest man of the lot. Everybody said Wiggins of Broad-street would get it. He didn't. I did. So you see numbers ain't nothing to do with it, sir."

The day for the *vivâ voce* part of the examination arrived. One by one, the candidates were summoned out of the Hall, and into the presence of an awful conclave, consisting of the President and Fellows of the college. At last Eden heard *his* name called; and feeling considerably more nervous than he had ever felt in his life before, he summoned up resolution, and started to face what he then considered his tormentors. At the door, which was ajar, he paused for fresh breath and courage. They were talking inside.

"The ignorance of those public-school boys in Divinity is shameful," he distinctly heard the Dean say.

The Bursar acquiesced.

"This boy Farley states in his papers," resumed the Dean, "that Predestination is the thief of Time. What can he mean?"

"Mistakes it for Procrastination," said the Vice-President, "I suppose. Nearly as good as what the Northamptonshire sportsmen said of the Predestinarians,—that they always headed the Fox."

"Meaning Pedestrians, eh?" said the President. "Not bad at all."

A general laugh followed. Eden felt, at least, that he had not been guilty of any such gross errors as this, and presented himself without more delay,—construed one passage from Claudian, and another from some Greek author—name unknown—was bowed out,—spent the intervening day in an agony of hopes and fears,—wrote home to say he had no chance whatever,—and on the Monday morning, to his utter astonishment, was summoned into the Chapel to be elected a scholar of Trinity College.

"And now, Mr. Eden," said the Dean to him as soon as the ceremony of installation was over,—"and now that you are a Trinity Scholar, I have to beg that the next time you think proper to get up any pugilistic exhibitions with your friend Mr. Richardson Lane, that you will confine yourself and your cestuses, or boxing-gloves—or whatever you call them—to your own room; and not make such a public display as I saw you doing the other day. Would you believe it, Mr. Vice-President?—there they were—just before the garden gates—with a crowd of low illiterate people staring outside—working away all the time like two windmills with bloody noses—bloody noses, sir, as true as I'm a living Dean. Never was such a thing—in these times too—incendiarism—and riots—and what not going on; one would have thought the force of example alone—why, that very nose of yours was enough to breed a Town and Gown row, Mr. Eden."

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The Dean paused for want of breath,—the Vice-President, who was a good-natured man, and a bit of a wit, agreed that such public exhibitions *will*-itated against all college discipline; and, after a few expressions of retrospective contrition and prospective amendment, the new scholar was left at liberty to make an epistolary report of this little epoch in his college career and prospects, to the about-to-be-delighted and parental inhabitants of Riversleigh.

Not long after our hero's installation as a Trinity Scholar,

"A light broke in upon the gloom"

of the imprisoned "Brothers," in the shape of a letter from their deposed president. Its address was to Richardson Lane, Esq.; its contents were as follows:—

"Henley.

"My Dear Lane,

"I sit down, according to promise, to give a slight sketch of my proceedings since I left you.

"Of my journey to town, I confess that I have but a faint and indistinct recollection. I *think* that my head manifested an unusual desire to form an alternate acquaintance with the coachman's shoulder and its mother earth, during the night; and I can positively swear to informing that worthy that it was an exceedingly cold morning on being woke, which I was by a dustman (whose wheel we had just 'shaved,') calling out that our leaders had dropped their tails. The impromptu answer which I gave him I am afraid I have also forgotten; but you may judge of its force and pith by the dustman's rejoinder, which was expressive of a decided willingness to submit to the somewhat unnatural operation of 'being blowed if that ere cove musn't have taken lodgings with a cabman the last time he was in town, and kept him up at nights on purpose for to learn his language.' A quarter of an hour more saw me emerging from the vehicle of one of the identical class of men with whom the imaginative dustman had thus associated me, and making furious efforts to effect an entrance into my old quarters, the Colonnade Hotel, Charles Street, in the Haymarket; in which, in spite of the suggestion of a passing policeman, 'that the hotel had gone to bed, and hadn't got up again yet,' I at last succeeded; and, the bed-rooms being full, was ushered into a bath-room—peeled—fell asleep in the water—and dreamt I was turned into a bathing-machine, for two hours,—after which, the household being on the stir, I proceeded to the coffee-room, and ordered breakfast.

"I confess I like the Colonnade; it is such a central place for everything; and the waiters are so used to all my little innocent peculiarities; and then the air with which they bring me my ale for breakfast in a tea-pot, to save appearances, and 'hope the tea isn't too strong,' if they catch any inquisitive pair of coffee-room eyes looking

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at all suspiciously at the colour of the beverage; all this, I say, makes me prefer the Colonnade to any other hotel whatsoever and wheresoever in London.

"One thing, however, rather puzzled me; and that was, what I was to do in town now I was there; and this being a question, the answer to which was—like my breakfast—not quite ready—I began to cast my eyes listlessly over the columns—first of the Arcade, and then of the morning paper, which the waiter had just brought in. There was nothing in either to interest one.

"Suddenly an idea came into my head, suggested, no doubt, by the aforesaid imaginative dustman's speech to me, which for originality I do think you will allow to be unparalleled. It had often struck me that a cabman must see a great deal of life in all its various lights and shades. I determined to become one. I hired No. 2225, coat, pipe, hay-bands, and—no, not breeches—inclusive, for thirty shillings; and, having taken the preliminary step of nailing the blinds up to the windows, took my station on the following Saturday in the Haymarket.

"My first fare was an actor who had been "jumping Jim Crow" before a crowded audience at the Haymarket, and had to repeat the part the instant he had finished there, at the Surrey. In I put him, and away I dashed; the immovable blinds preventing his seeing where I was going, till I pulled him out full-dressed in the Regent's Park, and drove off, leaving him a prey to bitter reflections, and a cool starlight night. The next morning I had the satisfaction of reading in the same paper, that a person, supposed to be the notorious Spring-heeled Jack, had been fired at without effect in the Regent's Park, and that the manager of the Surrey Theatre had escaped with difficulty from the fury of a disappointed pit and gallery, who rose in arms against him.

"My next employer was a most respectable old lady, just come up (with two—grand-daughters I suppose they were,) to town, of which she evidently knew nothing. She wanted to be driven to a quiet family hotel. I drove her to the Penitentiary; thundered at the door; pulled her out, girls, boxes, and all, and drove off.

"My third and last fare was a Quaker; of whom, as it was just midnight, I made short work, by driving him *literally* into next week, and depositing him, in spite of sundry *affirmations*, about three miles from town on the Barnet road; he wanting to go towards Vauxhall. Of course I took no fees; indeed I had no time, through the hurry of driving off.

"I returned the cab to its owner; and two mornings afterwards saw a reward offered (by the actor) for the apprehension of the delinquent. Luckily he had forgotten to take my number; however, I thought I *might* be recognised, and accordingly I determined to put myself on the coach, and stay at Henley till the boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge, which is at the end of term, and at which I shall of course see you.

"Henley is a delightful place. The mayor is a brick; so are the corporation. They have lots of ready money; and there is a billiard-room in the house—the White Hart. Mustn't it be pleasant? And now, with kindest regards to the Brothers, Eden, &c.

"Believe me, &c.

"JOHN RAFFLETON.

"P.S.—There are rooms ordered here against the boat-race for

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the Crown Prince of Ootaloota, now on a visit to England. He goes on the same night to receive an honorary Doctor of Civil Laws' Degree at the Oxford Commemoration. Mind you come to the boat-race."

CHAPTER IX.

A TRIP TO HENLEY.

On the morning of the day immediately preceding that appointed for the celebration of the Annual Festival of the Commemoration at Oxford, the small and usually quiet town of Henley-upon-Thames exhibited an extraordinary appearance of bustle and preparation. It was the day on which the long-expected boat-race between the rival universities was at length to be decided; and the holiday looks and holiday costumes of the inhabitants, seemed alike to have been donned for the purpose of ushering in the approaching struggle with due and fitting honours.

From an early hour in the morning, everything had been activity and excitement. There are some spots upon the broad map of England, towns and cities grey and grizzled with years; the wild moor rife with the traditionary tale of blood; the cold, dull, gaunt manufactory alone rising amid the red fires of its artisans—spots where the light word and the lively jest seem intruders, and the voice or vision of merriment a half unholy sight or sound. Such, for instance, is the character which the outbreak of revelry seems to assume in Oxford. The frowning piles of masonry, and the frivolities of which they are so often the silent solemn witnesses, to the thinking mind must seem a strange anomaly, and the old city herself, when labouring under a Radical meeting of her extra-collegiate inhabitants, or stirred to her very entrails of St. Giles's and St. Clement's by a Town and Gown riot, always appears as much out of keeping with the rest of the picture, as what I perfectly remember to have seen in a country inn—the Prodigal Son in top-boots, or a Bishop behind the scenes of the opera.

But Henley, with its broad river and rich green fields, of all places that I know, seems the very spot for an outbreak of innocent excitement—a May-day dance—a midsummer cricket-match—a scene like that through which the course of my story and my "grey goose quill" are now about to bear me. And how gay it looked on that bright morning! Its mirth was that of a schoolboy let loose from school; so full of life it seemed, so youthful, so eager for the coming sport. Gay groups of feminine and rosy faces studded every window, like apricots clustering on the tree; ribands streamed from every head like pennants from a flag-ship fitted up for a regatta; and every eye was intently strained to catch the first glance of the various vehicles as they dashed in from Oxford and the more immediate neighbourhood. On they came—gig, tandem, barouche, and drag—with here and there a galloping horsemen, scorning fatigue, and shouting for accommodation to the highest pitch of his excited lungs, and ever and anon wheeling sharp round in search of some more capacious hostelry, and cutting through sundry Gordian knots of corpulent and calculating tradesmen, who filled every turn of every street alike with their persons and their discussions as to the probable event of the race.

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"La, ma, there they come again!" screamed the eldest of an extensive family of female green-grocers, in a high state of mental excitement, and looking extremely likely to project herself from the window into the vehicle which contained the objects of her admiration.

"What's the matter, my dear?" said her respectable parent, in vain endeavouring to soothe and restrain the author of the aforesaid filial ebullition.

"Here, ma!—here they are! Such nice fellows! I say, ma, why do they wear veils to their hats? La!—if there isn't one looking up and nodding!" It was our hero. A term in Oxford had improved him wonderfully.

"Come in this minute, child!" screamed the senior green-groceress. "Come in! they see you giggling."

"Well, what of it, ma? I say, ma, what of it if they do? I hope it'll do their eyesight good. Better see me than be blind. There—they've stopped at the White Hart. I say, ma, why do they wear green veils?"

"How should I know, child?" said that maternal individual. "By the by—there was an Oxford gentleman—don't you remember him, my dear?—lodging over the way last year at Mr. Pokeham's, a-studying there, and he wore a green shade to prevent the light hurting his eyes. Perhaps it has something to do with that."

"Ah!" responded her enlightened offspring, "I shouldn't wonder, ma."

"More sprigs of Hairy-stock-racy, Bill," roared ostler number one of the White Hart to a second gentleman in a similar line of life, both of whom instantly rushed up to take charge of the somewhat elderly and jaundiced-looking apparition which, in the shape of a yellow phaëton, had just pulled up at the door.

"I say, Tom," said Bill, as he playfully rubbed his hands down the ribs of one of the newly arrived quadrupeds, "if this here mare was a fat one yesterday, she must have had terrible dreams last night."

Meanwhile, a she-vision, all ringlets, ribands, and apron,—at the White Hart all the waiters, thank Goodness! are ladies,—had appeared at the door to receive the fresh arrival. Out jumped our hero, —out jumped, in a coat the very mystic point of intersection between the costume of a bear and a coachman, with hair long enough to curl, and scored and scalloped with pockets in every possible direction, like a crimped cod-fish exposed for sale, Mr. Richardson Lane, who had officiated as Jehu, and who still looked as if some crack coach had been deprived of its intended driver, when he took it into his head to go to college,—and followed by a third gentleman, whom we have already introduced to the reader, by the name of Duffil, they took their way into the inn.

"Any gentleman of the name of Raffleton here?" was Mr. Lane's first question to the syren of the ringlets and ribands.

"O yes, sir,—here some time, sir. Know he expects some gentlemen, sir. In the billiard-room now, sir, with the Mayor, he is. This way, sir."

And, followed by the trio of Oxonians, the damsel led the way up stairs, and along a narrow passage, at the end of which was a door. This was the billiard-room.

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"Score the Mayor and Corporation a cannon," were the first sounds which met their ears in a well-known voice, as the door flew open, and discovered to their gaze, cue in hand, and cigar in mouth, the deposed President of the Brothers' Club, chalking, screwing, and pocketing (in a double sense), after a most extraordinary fashion, and surrounded by six or seven gentlemen, whom Raffleton instantly introduced to the Oxonians by the imposing and comprehensive designation of the "Mayor and Corporation of Henley."

"Come along, soldier," was Raffleton's next address to the red ball, which instantly, as if gratified with the military compliment, and to the utter astonishment of sundry of the bystanders, who had just bet large odds against an apparently impossible stroke, rushed about four times round about what Raffleton called the Board of Green Cloth, cannoned by the way, and terminated its career by dropping gently into the very pocket which he had named, thereby concluding the game in favour of the striker, and producing a very considerable change in the magisterial visages of the Mayor and Corporation.

"Thirteen and seven make a sovereign, Mr. Mayor,—twelve shillings from Mr. Partridge, and five from the gentleman with the hookah," said Raffleton, very composedly putting on his coat. "Remember—dinner at six—and now for the boat-race."

"You seem popular here," said Mr. Richardson Lane, on reaching what Raffleton had appropriated to himself as a sitting-room.

"Popular!" said Raffleton; "my dear fellow, I'm hand and glove with everybody. I'm vice-president of one cricket-club, honorary member of another,—a Freemason,—and an Odd Fellow—"

"Rather," said Eden.

"And, above all, bosom friend and confidential adviser of his Royal Highness, the Crown Prince of Ootaloota," continued his friend. "Eden, old fellow, by the by, I haven't congratulated you on your scholarship—eh?"

Here a surprising and continued course of knocking was heard from overhead, as of a person jumping into a dozen pair of boots one after another, all which were too tight for him.

"That's his Royal Highness," said Raffleton. "Singular man, the Crown Prince."

"Is that the man the newspapers have been so full of lately?" asked Eden.

"The very man," said Raffleton. "Geography is not exactly my forte,—neither do I happen to know precisely where Ootaloota is. All I know is, that he's come to England determined to see everything—that his most royal skin is of that peculiar colour which the Oxford statute-book calls 'subfusk;'—that to me he is uncommonly civil—although his secretary says in private life he's a domestic devil—that he came down here on purpose for the boat-race—that he goes to-night to be made a D.C.L. at Oxford to-morrow—and—just guess who he's going to stay with during Commemoration?"

All expressed their inability to form any idea on the subject.

"That monster in a human form, the Reverend Burnaby Birch," continued Raffleton. "It seems that B. B. has a brother, who went out to India as missionary, and was treated with great civility by my curious-coloured and illustrious friend; in return for which, the Proctor Birch is going to litter down his Highness in college, and propose him for a D.C.L."

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Here the knocking or jumping up stairs became terrific.

"He's dancing now," said Raffleton. "The fact is, he's devoted to everything English. His secretary tells me he practises quadrilles in his bedroom every morning."

"And who's the secretary?" asked Mr. Duffil, laughing.

"A poor devil of an Englishman," said Raffleton. "He treats him dreadfully, I believe; always afraid he shouldn't have enough to do for his money."

Here, as if in corroboration of the assertion, a foreign voice was heard to ask some one overhead if he had done all his work.

"Yes, your Highness," was the meek answer.

"Den go write out de newspaper till I call you, sare," was the playful rejoinder.*

"Is that the prince?" asked Eden.

"That's his Highness," said Raffleton. "Pleasant fellow, isn't he? And now for the boat-race."

It is not my intention to describe—what was so much better described at the time by the newspapers—the race itself. The wild rush of cheering partizans along the banks, which re-echoed their shouts; the boat's crew of townsmen, who had been appointed to keep all other boats out of the way, and who were always in it themselves; the Oxonians who pushed the Cantabs into the river, and the Cantabs who retaliated upon the Oxonians, all by accident, of course; the toes that were trodden on, and the pardons that were *not* begged; the maddening shout of victory which rose when the Oxford boat rowed in triumphant; and the flag which Mr. Ravelall, the mercer, had cautiously affirmed to be a fishing-rod till the race was over, and which he proudly displayed at its close;—all this, together, with the intense anxiety instigated by the apothecary of Henley, and instantly manifested by half the inhabitants in succession, to feel the arms and legs of the winning candidates, are beside my present purpose.

Shortly after the conclusion of the race, when the various parties were collecting at their respective inns for the purpose of dinner, Messrs. Raffleton, Eden, Duffil, and Lane might have been seen anxiously bending over a bed in the White Hart, which contained the languid frame of the Crown Prince of Ootaloota. Beside him, in consultation with the secretary and two servants, was the aforesaid apothecary of the place. The semi-oriental costume, the white turban, the frock-coat with a perfect plague of frogs upon its breast, the white trowsers, saturated with wet, were strewed round the apartment, and the secretary from time to time administered hot brandy and water to his master. His Royal Highness, in his zeal to see everything, had been most remorselessly upset by the crowd, trodden under foot till he was a mass of contusions, and finally rolled into the water by the rush of the advancing mass.

"His cold is very severe," said the apothecary. "Impossible to move him to-night."

"But the commemoration, sir," suggested the secretary. "His carriage will be ready in five minutes."

"Impossible," said the apothecary. "His bruises are already dangerous: his cold may become so. Impossible."

Meanwhile his sable Highness, in a voice rendered peculiarly unin-

* Fact.

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telligible by a mixture of cold, cough, and constitutional inaptitude for the English language, kept alternately swearing at some person or persons unknown for pushing him into the river, and at the unfortunate secretary, whom he had himself expressly forbid to stir out of the house, for not being there to pull him out. This done, he commenced a series of inarticulate requests for a rice-pudding, his hookah-pipe, a jug of sangaree,—in short, a variety of everything which was either most difficult to be got at, or most likely to bring on high fever.

"Gracious me!" said Raffleton; "I hear the Mayor and Corporation below. We must go down to dinner."

And we must go to our publisher's. The further events of that evening we are compelled, from want of space, to reserve for another chapter.

MATHEWS, KEMBLE, AND MUSTAPHA THE CAT.

As everything relating to the late Charles Mathews is an object of public interest, we are happy to have it in our power to present our readers with a portrait in character of that unrivalled comedian, and with a scene in private life between him and his friend, Kemble.

"Mr. Mathews and Mr. Kemble had been dining together at Mr. Charles Kemble's house. Mr. John Kemble had taken much wine, and when the party broke up, Mr. Mathews determined to accompany the tragedian to his own door. Giving him his arm, therefore, they proceeded slowly to Mr. Kemble's house in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The tragedian was full of talk, and '*very happy*,' as it is *called*; and although the hour was late, his pressing invitation to his friend to enter the house with him induced my husband to obey. It was evident that the man who opened the door was the only person who remained up in the establishment. Mr. Kemble went into his library, accompanied by Mr. Mathews, and desired the attendant to bring a tray; at the same time, with great formality, introducing him to the notice of his guest as the 'gentleman who did him the honour to take care of his wine,' &c. It was in vain that Mr. Mathews protested against further hospitality. Mr. Kemble was too much excited to have his spirit easily laid; and, surrounded as he was with books, he began a disquisition upon their authors, above all his '*belov-ed Shakspeare*:' on whom he discoursed most eloquently, after taking a volume from the shelf, and devoutly kissing the binding. At length the tray was brought in with wine, wine and water, &c., and with it entered an enormous cat decorated with a red collar and a bell. The appearance of his favourite cat called forth its master's most affectionate notice, and many relations of its extraordinary powers of understanding, its devoted attachment to its master's person, &c. were detailed to Mr. Mathews. *Mustapha*, Mr. Kemble declared, had much of human feeling of the best kind in his composition; he described how he watched his return home, mourned his absence, &c. and

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G.F. Lewis, pinx.t

Orick, sc.

MR MATHEWS.

As Caleb Pipkin, in the "May Queen"

New York, J. Mason, Oct. 1, 1839.

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grew maudlin in its praise. The animal seemed happy in its master's presence; and looked up in his face as it composedly lay down before him. Mr. Mathews mewed: Mr. Kemble, turning round at this sound, which he believed to proceed from the cat, observed, 'There, my dear Mathews, do you hear that? Now that creature knows all I say of him, and is replying to it.' This amused my husband, and he repeated the experiment in all the varieties of feline intonation, mewing, purring, &c. Mr. Kemble, at last, said to him in his slow and measured tones; 'Now you don't know what he means by *that*, but I *do*. Mus.!—Mus.!' (on every reiteration of this affectionate diminutive, raising his voice to its most tragic expression of tenderness)—'umph! My dear sir, that creature *knows* that it is beyond my usual time of sitting up, and he's uneasy! Mus.! Mus.!' —but Mus. was sleepy and inattentive, and his master resumed his criticisms upon the different readings of Shakspeare, talked also of *Lope de Vega*, and was again interrupted by a *mew*, as he believed, from the dissatisfied Mus. 'What,' asked his fond master, looking down upon him, 'what is it you desire, my good friend?' (Mus., alias Mathews, mewed once more, in a more supplicating and more touching tone.) 'Well, well! I understand you: you want to go to bed. Well, I suppose I must indulge you.' Here Mr. Kemble deliberately arose, put down his book upon the table, with its face open at the page to which he had referred, took a measured pinch of snuff, and tottered to the door, which he with difficulty opened. He then awaited Mustapha's exit; but Mustapha having no *voice* in the affair, preferred remaining where he was; and his master kindly reproached him with being a '*little capricious* in first asking to go, and then preferring to stay.' With a smile and look at my husband of the gentlest indulgence towards his favourite's humour, he tottered back again to his chair, resumed his declamatory observations upon the relative powers of dramatic writers, and their essential requisites, till the troublesome Mustapha again renewed his mewing solicitations. Mr. Kemble once more stopped, and looking again at the imaginary cause of his interruption, with philosophic patience, asked,—'Well, Mus. what would you have?' Then after another pause, turning to his guest, said: "Now, my dear Mathews, you are fond of animals, and ought to know this one; he's a perfect character for you to study. Now, sir, *that cat* knows that I shall be ill to-morrow, and he's uneasy at my sitting up.' Then benevolently looking at the cat, added,—'Umph!—my dear Mus. I must beg your indulgence, my good friend; I really can-*not* go to bed yet.' Mus whined his reply, and his master declared that the cat asked to be allowed to go away. On the door being a second time opened, after similar exertion on Mr. Kemble's part to effect this courtesy, and several grave chirpings in order to entice Mus. from the fireplace, the animal at length left the room. Mr. Kemble then returned, as before, to his seat, drank another glass of wine and water, and, just as he was comfortably re-established, the incorrigible Mus. was heard in the passage again, in loud lament, and importunate demand for re-admittance. 'Umph!' said Mr. Kemble, with another pinch of snuff,—'now *that* animal, sir, is not happy, after all, away from me. (Mus. was louder than ever at this moment.) 'Why what ails the creature? Surely, there is more in this than we dream of, Mathews. You, who have studied such

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beings, ought to be able to explain.' Poor Mus. made another pathetic appeal for re-admission, and his master's heart was not made of flint. Mr. Kemble apologized to his guest for these repeated interruptions, and managed once more to make his way to the door. After opening it, and waiting a minute for the re-entrance of his favourite, but not seeing it, he smiled at my husband with the same indulgent expression as before, and remarked, 'Now, would you believe it, Mathews, that *extraordinary* animal was affronted at not being let in again on his first appeal?—and now it is his humour not to come at all! *Mus.!—Mustapha!—Mus.!*' But as no Mus. appeared, the door was closed with the same deliberation, and Mr. Kemble once more contrived to regain his chair, and recommenced his comments, quite unobservant of the almost hysterical fit of laughter to which my husband was by this time reduced, at the imposition he had so successfully, though in the first place so unintentionally, practised upon the credulity of his grave and unsuspecting friend. But it did not end here; for Mr. Mathews reiterated his imitations, and Mr. Kemble again remarked upon his favourite's peculiarities of temper, &c. —again went to the door, —again returned, till even Mr. 'Midnight' (as some friends of ours christened Mr. Mathews, from his love of late hours) felt it time to retire, and leave Mr. Kemble, which he did as he saw him fall asleep in the act of representing his idea of the scene of the sick king in Henry IV.,—with his pocket-handkerchief spread over his head as a substitute for the characteristic drapery of the dying monarch."*

* From the forthcoming Conclusion to the "Memoirs of Charles Mathews," by Mrs. Mathews.

THE FIRST FAREWELL!

Oh! do recall that bitter word,
It surely but in jest was spoken;
I deem'd not that my thoughtless heart
Could be by one short whisper broken!
Farewell!— it is a sound that chills,
Though often I have said it over;
But then it was to careless *friends*,
'Tis now the first time to—a Lover!

"Good night!"—"good-b'ye!"—"soon come again,"
Or some kind blessing when we parted,
Were all the words we used to say—
These never left us broken-hearted!
Alas! in this, our first farewell,
There's something tells me all is over—
Oh! would it were a maiden's lot
To never find or lose a Lover!

J. Wade.

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CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A CENOTAPH.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

Poor Tray de mon Ami!

Dog-bury, and Vergers.

Oh! where shall I bury my poor dog Tray,
Now his fleeting breath has pass'd away?
Seventeen years, I can venture to say,
Have I seen him gambol, and frolic, and play,
Evermore happy, and frisky, and gay,
As though every one of his months was May,
And the whole of his life one long holiday—
Now he's a lifeless lump of clay,
Oh! where shall I bury my faithful Tray?

I am almost tempted to think it hard
That it may not be there, in yon sunny churchyard,
Where the green willows wave
O'er the peaceful grave,
Which holds all that once was honest and brave,
Kind, and courteous, and faithful, and true;
Qualities, Tray, that were found in you.
But it may not be—yon sacred ground,
By holiest feelings fenced around,
May ne'er within its hallow'd bound
Receive the dust of a soul-less hound.

I would not place him in yonder fane,
Where the mid-day sun through the storied pane
Throws on the pavement a crimson stain;
Where the banners of chivalry heavily swing
O'er the pinnacled tomb of the Warrior King,
With helmet and shield, and all that sort of thing.
No!—come what may,
My gentle Tray
Shan't be an intruder on bluff Harry Tudor,
Or panoplied monarchs yet earlier and ruder,
Whom you see on their backs,
In stone or in wax,
Though the sacristans now are "forbidden to ax"
For what Mister Hume calls "a scandalous tax;"
While the Chartists insist they've a right to go snacks.
No!—Tray's humble tomb would look but shabby
'Mid the sculptured shrines of that gorgeous Abbey.
Besides, in the place,
They say there's not space
To bury what wet-nurses call "a Babby."
Even "Rare Ben Jonson," that famous wight,
I am told, is interr'd there bolt upright,

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In just such a posture, beneath his bust,
As Tray used to sit in to beg for a crust.
The epitaph, too,
Would scarcely do;
For what could it say, but "Here lies Tray,
A very good sort of a dog in his day?"
And satirical folks might be apt to imagine it
Meant as a quiz on the House of Plantagenet.

No! no!—The Abbey may do very well
For a feudal "Nob" or poetical "Swell,"
"Crusaders," or "Poets," or "Knights of St. John,"
Or Knights of St. John's Wood, who last month went on
To the **Castle of Goode Lord Eglintonne.**
Count Fiddle-fumkin, and Lord Fiddle-faddle,
"Sir Craven," "Sir Gael," and "Sir Campbell of Saddell,"
(Who, as Mr. Hook said, when he heard of the feat,
"Was somehow knock'd out of his family-seat;")
The Esquires of the body
To my Lord Tom-noddy;
"Sir Fairlie," "Sir Lamb,"
And the "Knight of the Ram,"
The "Knight of the Rose," and the "Knight of the Dragon,"
Who, save at the flagon,
And prog in the waggon,
The Newspapers tell us did little "to brag on;"
And more, though the Muse knows but little concerning 'em,
"Sir Hopkins," "Sir Popkins," "Sir Gage," and "Sir Jerningham."
All *Preux Chevaliers*, in friendly rivalry
Who should best bring back the glory of Chi-valry.—
(Pray be so good, for the sake of my song,
To pronounce here the ante-penultimate long;
Or some hyper-critic will certainly cry,
"Tom has fobb'd Bentley off with a 'rhyme to the eye.'"
And I own it is clear
A fastidious ear
Will be, more or less, always annoy'd with you when you insert any rhyme that's not perfectly genuine.
As to pleasing the 'eye,"
'Tisn't worth while to try,
Since Moore and Tom Campbell themselves admit "spinach"
Is perfectly antiphonetic to "Greenwich.")

But stay!—I say!—
Let me pause while I may—
This digression is leading me sadly astray
From my object—A grave for my poor dog Tray!

I would not place him beneath thy walls,
And proud, o'ershadowing dome, St. Paul's!
Though I've always consider'd Sir Christopher Wren,
As an architect, one of the greatest of men;

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And,—talking of Epitaphs,—much I admire his
" *Circumspice, si Monumentum requiris ;*"
Which an erudite Verger translated to me,
" If you ask for his Monument, Sir-come-spy-see !"
No !—I should not know where
To place him there;
I would not have him by surly Johnson be :—
Or that queer-looking horse that is rolling on Ponsonby;
Or those ugly minxes
The sister Sphynxes,
Mixed creatures, half lady, half lioness, *ergo*,
Denon says, the emblems of *Leo* and *Virgo ;*
On one of the backs of which singular jumble,
Sir Ralph Abercrombie is going to tumble,
With a thump which alone were enough to despatch him,
If that Scotchman in front shouldn't happen to catch him.

No ! I'd not have him there, nor nearer the door,
Where the Man and the Angel have got Sir John Moore,
And are quietly letting him down through the floor,
Near Gillespie, the one who escaped, at Vellore,
Alone from the row ;—
Neither he, nor Lord Howe
Would like to be plagued with a little Bow-wow.
No, Tray, we must yield,
And go farther a-field ;
To lay you by Nelson were downright effront'ry;
We'll be off from the city, and look at the country.

It shall not be there,
In that sepulchred square,
Where folks are interr'd for the sake of the air,
(Though, pay but the dues, they could hardly refuse
To Tray what they grant to Thuggs and Hindoos,
Turks, Infidels, Heretics, Jumpers, and Jews,)
Where the tombstones are placed
In the very best taste,
At the feet and the head
Of the elegant Dead,
And no one's received who's not " buried in lead :"
For, there lie the bones of Deputy Jones,
Whom the widow's tears and the orphan's groans
Affected as much as they do the stones
His executors laid on the Deputy's bones ;
Little rest, poor knave !
Would he have in his grave ;
Since Spirits, 'tis plain,
Are sent back again,
To roam round their bodies,—the bad ones in pain,—
Dragging after them sometimes a heavy jack-chain ;
Whenever they met, alarmed by its groans, his
Ghost all night long would be barking at Jones's.

Nor shall he be laid
By that cross Old Maid,

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Miss Penelope Bird, of whom it is said
All the dogs in the Parish were always afraid.
He must not be placed
By one so strait-laced
In her temper, her taste, and her morals and waist,
For, 'tis said, when she went up to Heaven, and St. Peter,
Who happened to meet her,
Came forward to greet her,
She pursed up with scorn every vinegar feature,
And bade him "Get out for a horrid Male Creature!"
So, the Saint, after looking as if he could eat her,
Not knowing, perhaps, very well how to treat her,
And not being willing, or able, to beat her,
Sent her back to her grave till her temper grew sweeter,
With an epithet—which I decline to repeat here.
No, if Tray were interr'd
By Penelope Bird,
No dog would be e'er so be-"whelp"ed and be-"curr"ed.
All the night long her cantankerous Sprite
Would be running about in the pale moon-light,
Chasing him round, and attempting to lick
The ghost of poor Tray with the ghost of a stick.

Stay!—let me see!—
Ay—here it shall be
At the root of this gnarled and time-worn tree,
Where Tray and I
Would often lie,
And watch the light clouds as they floated by
In the broad expanse of the clear blue sky,
When the sun was bidding the world good-b'ye.
And the plaintive Nightingale, warbling nigh,
Pour'd forth her mournful melody;
While the tender Wood-pigeon's cooing cry
Has made me say to myself, with a sigh,
"How nice you would eat with a steak in a pie!"

Ay, here it shall be!—far, far from the view
Of the noisy world and its maddening crew.
Simple and few,
Tender and true
The lines o'er his grave.—They have some of them, too,
The advantage of being remarkably new.

Epitaph.

Affliction sore
Long time he bore,
Physicians were in vain!—
Grown blind, alas! he'd
Some Prussic Acid,
And that put him out of his pain!

T. I.

Tappington-Court, Sept. 14.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN MOHOCKS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

AUTHOR OF "THE THAMES AND ITS TRIBUTARIES."

Of late years, the Mohocks have reappeared in this realm in as great strength and numbers as when they frightened all peaceable people in the days of Addison. A very ancient and intractable race of men they are, and break out at irregular intervals, under the guidance of experienced chiefs, to ravage and destroy. We propose to inform the reader what a Mohock really is, and to show the antiquity of the genus, tracing it from the earliest periods of recorded history to the present day. The name by which they are at present known is of comparatively recent origin, having been bestowed upon a tribe of them in the year 1712, from the supposed resemblance which they bore in point of ferocity to some chief of the Mohawk Indians, who then happened to be on a visit to the queenly majesty of England. The customs of this race of pests have changed very much in the course of time, varying with the characteristics of successive ages; but there are some of their rules and observances which have experienced no alteration, and which serve by their uniformity to enable us to link into one great family the different tribes that have appeared among the natives. By these observances, we discover the Mohock wherever he appears.

The Mohocks have generally been men of good family, but of little wit,—men of great exuberance of animal spirits, but totally devoid of true honour, or the principles of gentlemen. From an imagined superiority over the multitude, they delight in running riot and playing tricks among them,—assaulting the established guardians of the peace,—making poor men dead drunk for sport,—defacing public buildings and monuments,—breaking windows,—arousing sober people from their beds at midnight by the most horrible noises,—driving horses among a crowd of defenceless foot-passengers,—extinguishing the lights set up at night for the general convenience,—and many other pranks of a similar character, to the great scandal and discomfort of the community.

The earliest mention we find of these worthies is in Roman history. Virgil informs us that they were termed the *Luperci*, and their festival the *Lupercalia*. In the amusing history of the Flagellants, by the Abbé Boileau, brother of the poet, there is an account of the Luperci, which will show that, although differing in many respects from the Modern Mohocks, they were essentially the same race, and that their dissimilarity is to be accounted for by the progress of civilisation since their time, which has not allowed even them to remain in a state of barbarism. "They were," says the Abbé, quoting the commentary of Servius upon the passage of Virgil relating to them, "a set of men who on particular occasions used to strip themselves naked, and in this condition run in broad daylight through the streets of Rome carrying straps of leather, with which they took delight to strike all the women that came in their way. In process of time, the women, instead of being shocked at such proceedings, began to like them, and placed themselves purposely in

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their way, not only to see them, but to be struck by them. Afterwards the custom grew so popular, that superstition fastened upon it, and the women believed that a blow from the strap of a Lupercus would procure them the blessing of a numerous and healthy offspring." It appears to have been fine sport for the aristocratic young bloods of Rome to run about in this manner, and many of them took great delight in thus distinguishing themselves. Prudentius, in his "Roman Martyr," reproached the young men for disgracing themselves by such frolics. He remarked that, instead of being a proof, as they imagined, of high blood and spirit, it was a proof of meanness, and a custom both vile and ignoble. "What is the meaning," said he, "of such shameless proceedings? By thus running naked about the streets, you show that you are in heart persons of low condition. Is it not putting yourselves on a level with the meanest of slaves to expose yourselves in this manner, and strike the young women?" But so fashionable were the *Lupercalia* and the *Luperci*, that from two gangs of them, known by the names of the Quintilian and the Fabian bands, they increased to a third, which was named the Julian, after no less a personage than Julius Cæsar. Among the youths of fashion who distinguished themselves in this way, was Marc Antony, to whom it was afterwards made great reproach, when he began to figure in the political world. The English translator of the Abbé Boileau states that the practice was continued so late as the year 496, at which time persons of many noble families not only continued to run among the Luperci, but the ladies also began to strip their shoulders and run among them. The practice was soon afterwards prohibited; but not without great opposition from these aristocratic roysterers, who had no notion that their amusements should be interfered with.

But the race of the Mohocks was not extinguished, although no formal notice of them is taken by the historians of the Greek empire, or of the other states which were advancing in the career of civilisation. For the last three or four hundred years it is easier to trace them, and especially in France and England, or rather the capitals of those countries, where they have always thriven.

In the days of feudalism there is abundant evidence to show that the Mohocks were not idle. At the courts of the kings of France, the Mohocks, known under their name of the "Ribaux" were so powerful, that it was found necessary to appoint a public officer to look after them, and levy a considerable revenue, by way of fine, for their improprieties. This officer was called the "King of the Ribalds," and had the power of amercing in such penalty as he deemed fitting any obstreperous youths, who amused themselves by insulting or beating honest folk, knocking down watchmen, and all other such feats as have characterized the Mohocks of all ages.* In the reign of Louis the Eleventh, the Mohocks flourished under the several names of the "*Joncheurs*," "*The lost children*," "*The Clique patins*, or *Clack-skates*," and the "*Jolly archers*." They made great disturbances in the good city of Paris, headed by the idle and dissolute students of the University, and by one especially named François Villon, the famous poet. Villon was a most adventurous Mohock,

* The curious reader may find many peculiarities of the functions of this officer in the quaint romance of M. Pierre Lacroix, otherwise called the Bibliophile Jacob, entitled the "Roi des Ribaux."

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and in the exuberance of his jollity played many tricks upon the citizens. Accompanied by half a dozen of his fellows, he used to go into the bakers' shops and turn all their loaves into the gutter; steal baskets of fish from the market-women, and cry that commodity through the streets, laughing and shouting, at hours when all good people were in bed; and defraud tradesmen of tripe and sausages, by a method which our respect for modesty will not allow us to describe. But the strong arm of the law reached him at last. For some act, more like a highway robbery than a frolic, he was apprehended, tried, and condemned to be hanged, along with five of his companions. Against this sentence he lodged an appeal; and while in prison awaiting his fate, he wrote that famous epigram upon himself, which breathes the Mohock spirit in every line:—

"Je suis François (dont ce me poise)
Né de Paris, emprès Ponthoise,
Or d'une corde d'une toise,
Sçaura mon col que mon cul poise."

Villon had powerful friends at court, who had been sharers in his nocturnal rambles, though not in his misfortunes, and these made such representations to Louis the Eleventh, that that monarch was induced to pardon him, upon condition, however, of his banishing himself from Paris. He retired to Melun, being then in his thirtieth year, where he died shortly afterwards of premature old age,—not an uncommon fate of gentlemen of the Mohock tribe.

In a work not very attractive in point of style, but valuable for the many curious facts which it contains, entitled "The General History of Thieves, Swindlers, Rogues, and Cut-purses," published anonymously at Rouen, in the year 1636, there are some incidental remarks, which show that at that time the Mohocks mustered in great force within the realm of France. They were known by the names of the "Rougets" and the "Grisons," and, according to our author, first began to make a noise in the world about the year 1621. They were composed principally of wild young men of good family, who had been designed by their parents for the noble profession of arms, but who being impatient of control, and filled with hot blood, took more pleasure in scouring Paris and its environs to disturb and pillage the peaceable inhabitants, than in learning their duty. The original "Rougets" and "Grisons" soon found their numbers augmented by the idle and dissolute youth of Paris, until in the course of time half the thieves and swindlers of the capital, in the hope of plunder, enrolled themselves under the banners of aristocratic leaders, who merely took to this life by way of amusement. The manner in which they infested the streets of Paris will be seen from the following anecdote:—On a very cold evening in December, about eight o'clock, when the snow was falling in thick flakes, and the streets were enveloped in darkness, an advocate of Rouen, mounted upon a good horse, and wrapped in a comfortable cloak, was proceeding leisurely along the Pont Neuf, when he was perceived by a large gang of Mohocks, who immediately determined to make both sport and profit of him. Just as he got to the middle of the bridge, he found himself surrounded by six men, three of them being "Rougets," dressed all in red, and three of them "Grisons," wearing nothing but grey, even to the nodding plumes in

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their caps. They commanded him instantly to dismount, upon pain of being thrown over the bridge into the Seine, while the leader of the band held a pistol to his breast. The unlucky advocate obeyed immediately,—he could not well do less, when such arguments were employed,—and was commanded to deliver up his purse. He did so with the best grace he was master of, and begged permission to remount his steed. One of the "Grisons" then came up to him limping; and, taking off his cap in the politest manner, entreated that the advocate would lend him his horse. "In fact," said he, "I must have the animal; for I am so lame that I cannot walk, especially on such a dreadful night as this; and I am sure a gentleman of your kindness of heart and liberality would not drive me to so pitiful an extremity." The advocate stared, but said nothing, and the "Grison" very nimbly mounted the horse and rode off, amid the laughter of his companions. The latter then very cordially wished their victim a good night, and disappeared. The advocate, with a sigh, walked on towards the "Cheval de Bronze," wrapping his cloak around him, for it was so cold. On his arrival at this point, he was met by three men, who very politely asked him whither he was going. He informed them that he had just been robbed by a set of cruel and uncourteous scoundrels, and was going home. "Pray, by what right do you presume to call anybody uncourteous," said one of the men, "when you yourself have just passed the bronze horse, and never thought of pulling off your hat? Learn better manners in future." Upon this the three fellows closed upon the advocate, one of them holding him round the body, while the others took off his hat, and a valuable diamond ring from his finger. They then wished him a pleasant walk, and took their departure. He had not yet escaped from his persecutors. On his arrival at the corner of the next street, he was met by a troop of men, whom by their dress he recognised to be "Rougets" and "Grisons." They were leading through the snow a young man, with nothing on him but his shirt, and who was shivering and moaning in the most piteous manner. "Kind sir," said one of the Rougets, saluting the advocate very politely, "here is a poor fellow who has not a stitch of clothes to his back, and the night, as you cannot fail to perceive, is desperately cold and disagreeable. I am sure that, under such circumstances, you will do us the favour to give him up your cloak." The advocate looked around, and seeing an alley close at hand, endeavoured to gain it and make his escape; but he was stopped immediately. The Rougets surrounded him, and soon stripped him of his cloak; they next took off his doublet, and then his boots, leaving him nothing on but his nether garments and his shirt. "Go about your business, you uncharitable wretch!" exclaimed the Rouget. "It would have served you right if we had stripped you to the skin." In this plight the advocate reached his hotel. He gave notice next morning to the police of the outrage he had suffered; but the delinquents were never discovered.

It is time, however, to advert to the practices of the Mohocks in England. The earliest mentioned were young Normans, in the reigns of William Rufus and Henry the First, who, out of frolicsomeness and love of mischief, and to show their superiority to the

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conquered Saxons, used to enter houses of entertainment, and spill all the wine and ale of the host, piercing holes in his barrels, or in his own body, if he presumed to grumble. They also delighted in going in troops into the corn-fields to untie the ripe sheaves, and scatter them about, and throw the owner into the nearest horsepond if he complained of their sport. Henry the First, being a mild and equitable monarch, was scandalized at the excess to which these aristocratic outrages were carried, and imprisoned the ringleaders till they were restored to a more peaceable frame of mind, when he let them free upon payment of the damage they had done, and the addition of a heavy penalty to the coffers of the state. These freaks, as is generally the case, were imitated by men of inferior rank, who, if they cannot be like the great in any thing else, strive to resemble them in their vice and folly. The demoralization among the young men, sons of sober and wealthy citizens of London, was so great in the year 1159, that it was unsafe for mortals made of common clay, to pass the streets by day, or sleep in their beds at night. The chief of the Mohocks at that time was named John Senex, whose father was one of the wealthiest merchants of London. At the head of a dozen companions, who regarded him as their model in everything, he played all manner of disgraceful pranks, until these becoming of too tame a nature for a man so fond of excitement, he tried his hand at outrages, which in the present day would go by the names of murder and highway robbery, but which were then simply called riots. He was, however, caught one night in the house of a burgess, into which he had broken apparently for the double purpose of stealing the good man's money and his wife; and making a desperate attempt to escape, only succeeded by leaving his hand behind him. The burgess cut it off at one blow of his broadsword, just as John Senex had reached the outer door, and he preserved it carefully, to bring it forward in evidence against him. The state of the city was rendered so insecure by such proceedings as these, that the authorities determined to make an example of Mr. Senex. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. He offered the sum of 500*l.*—at least as much as 4000*l.* of our present money—to be allowed to escape; but justice was inexorable, his bribe was refused, and he was hanged at Tyburn.

Henry the Fifth, as everybody knows, was an illustrious Mohock in his time—perhaps, with the exception of Marc Antony, the most illustrious member that ever joined that body. His expedition to Gad's Hill is an achievement which alone would entitle him to be enrolled in the fraternity. It is true that a recent work* would lead us to believe that the Prince has been greatly maligned; but, without entering at all into that discussion, we will rest upon the fact that the Mohocks must have been known in that day, or the popular belief never could have arisen that such was the character of "Hal." Besides, is it not stated in the old chronicles, that one of the Mohocks having been arrested for his misdeeds, and brought to justice before Sir William Gascoigne, the Prince interfered to prevent his being taken to prison, and insulted the judge upon the judgment-seat; for which offence, he

* Memoirs of the Life and Character of Henry the Fifth, as Prince of Wales and King of England. By J. Endell Tyler, B.D.

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himself, heir to the kingdom though he was, was very properly committed for contempt of court?

In the reign of Charles the Second the Mohocks were very powerful. If they did not meet direct encouragement from the King himself, they had such toleration and indirect countenance, that it is not at all surprising they increased and prospered. The honour of their chieftainship, if such it be, belongs undoubtedly to John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. If we may believe Dr. Burnet, this famous Mohock once confessed to him that he was for five years together continually drunk, or so much inflamed by frequent inebriety, as in no interval to be master of himself. His companions of the Mohock tribe encouraged him in all manner of excesses: "which," says Dr. Johnson, "it is not for his credit that we should remember, and which are not now distinctly known." He used to disguise himself in mean attire, and seek for adventures, and once erected a stage on Tower Hill, where he harangued the populace in the character of a mountebank. Like Villon, also a poet, and a rake, he died of premature decrepitude at the age of little more than thirty. The Earl of Dorset was another Mohock, who flourished at this period. Wood, and, after him Dr. Johnson, informs us, that one day, being in company with Sir Charles Sedley and Sir Thomas Ogle, they all got drunk at the Cock, in Bow-Street, Covent-Garden; and, going into the balcony, exposed themselves in very indecent postures to the populace. At last, as they grew warmer, Sir Charles Sedley stood forth naked, and harangued the populace in such profane language that the public indignation was awakened. The crowd attempted to force the door; and being repulsed, drove in the performers with stones, and broke the windows of the house. For this misdemeanour they were indicted, and Sedley was fined five hundred pounds. What was the sentence of Ogle and the Earl of Dorset is not known.

We now arrive at the period when the name of the Mohocks was first given to them. The derivation of the word has been already stated. Their nocturnal disturbances had continued for a long time before Addison inserted in the Spectator the paper by Sir Richard Steele, exposing their practices, and the extent to which they were carried. That a club of Mohocks existed, with a chief or emperor, is probably a poetical figment, for which allowances must be made; but, as regards the rest, the account in the Spectator is little, if at all, exaggerated. "The avowed design of the Mohocks," says Sir Richard, "is mischief. An outrageous ambition of doing all the hurt possible to their fellow-creatures is the cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members. In order to exert this principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch—that is, beyond the possibility of attending to any notions of reason or humanity; they then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrol. Some are knocked down; some are stabbed; others cut and carbanadoed. To put the watch to a total rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive militia, is reckoned a *coup d'éclat*. The peculiar talents by which these misanthropes are distinguished from one another, consist in the various kinds of barbarities which they execute upon their prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in 'tipping the lion' upon them; which is performed by squeezing the nose flat upon the face, and

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boring the eyes with their fingers. Others are called the dancing-masters, and teach their scholars to cut capers by running swords through their legs. I have reason to believe," added the writer of the letter in the Spectator, "that many thoughtless youngsters, out of a false notion of bravery, and an immoderate fondness to be distinguished for fellows of fire, have been insensibly drawn into this fraternity." Swift relates, in his letters to Stella, that he was terribly afraid of being maimed for life, or killed by the Mohocks, and considerable alarm was felt all over London; for, at that time, the city was very badly lighted, and the watch were of little or no use in preserving the peace. In No. 347 of the Spectator, written by Mr. Eustace Budgell, there is a further notice of the Mohocks, in the shape of a humorous letter from their supposed emperor, Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar, and dated from the Devil Tavern. From this we gather that, besides the "tippers of the lion," the "tumblers," and "the dancing-masters," there were other descriptions of Mohocks, who were known by the name of the "hunters," the "scourers," and the "sweaters." The practices of the latter are described by Steele under the signature of Jack Lightfoot. "The sweaters," says he, "may be reckoned a sort of dancing-masters. It is, it seems, the custom for half a dozen, or more, of these evil-disposed savages, as soon as they have inclosed the person upon whom they design the favour of a sweat, to whip out their swords, and holding them parallel to the horizon, they describe a sort of magic circle round about him with the points. As soon as this piece of conjuration is performed, and the patient without doubt already beginning to wax warm, to forward the operation, that member of the circle towards whom he is so rude as to turn his back first, runs his sword directly into that part of the patient whereon schoolboys are punished; and, as it is very natural to imagine this will soon make him tack about to some other point, every gentleman does himself the same justice as often as he receives the affront. After this jig is gone two or three times round, and the patient is thought to have sweat sufficiently, he is very handsomely rubbed down by some attendants, who carry with them instruments for that purpose, and so discharged. Going the other night along Fleet street, and having, out of curiosity, just entered into discourse with a wandering female, who was travelling the same way, a couple of fellows advanced towards us, drew their swords, and cried out to each other, 'A sweat! a sweat!' Whereupon, suspecting their intent, I also drew my sword, and demanded a parley; but, finding none would be granted me, and perceiving others behind them filing off with great diligence to take me in flank, I began to sweat for fear of being forced to it; but, very luckily betaking myself to a pair of heels, which I had good reason to believe would do me justice, I got possession of a snug corner in a neighbouring alley, which post I maintained for half an hour with great firmness and resolution. By prudence and good management I at last made a handsome and orderly retreat, having suffered in this action no other damage than the loss of my baggage."

From the tone and style of these letters in the "Spectator," many persons in distant parts of the country imagined that the whole story was an invention; but, when they came to London, they soon found there was too much truth in it. Gay, in his "*Trivia*," thus mentions

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the "scourers," and the "nickers," gentlemen whose delight it was to break windows with half-pence:—

> "Now is the time that rakes their revels keep,
> Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
> His scattered pence the flying *nicker* flings,
> And with the copper shower the casement rings.
> Who has not heard the scourer's midnight fame?
> Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?

For about a century London continued to be troubled with the Mohocks, but the alarm about them gradually subsided, as they carried on their operations with much less ferocity after their exposure in the Spectator. It is not by any means to be supposed that they were quiet during so long a period; and if, without further observation, we pass over a century of their history, it is not for want of materials, but because the detail, differing so slightly from what has been already stated, would afford but little interest. It was not until about the year 1821 or 1822, that a new impetus was given to the fraternity. At that time the well-known farce of "Tom and Jerry" became the vogue in London; and, in imitation of the freaks of its personages, hundreds of young men enrolled themselves under the banners of the Mohocks, and sallied forth at midnight in quest of adventures. The prime achievement of that day was "boxing the Charlies,"—by which name we are to understand the watchmen,—and it was accounted the very *acmé* of spirit, the height of gallantry and bravery among some young men, to carry off a watchman, and deposit him, box and all, in a neighbouring horse-pond. Street conflicts were of nightly occurrence, and the Toms and Jerrys of that day became a greater nuisance to quiet people than the sweaters and tumblers of the days of Addison. The establishment, however, of a new body of police, composed of strong healthy young men, instead of the wheezy, sleepy, and decrepit old watch, was the means of putting a stop to the evil.

Your Mohock, who, notwithstanding his bluster, is, after all, an arrant coward, hesitated a little before attacking these vigorous levies that Mr. Peel brought forward to keep him quiet; and, before they had been two years established, "boxing the Charlies" had become an obsolete and almost forgotten sport, and the Mohocks confined themselves to knocking at people's doors at midnight and running away, or cutting off bell-handles to preserve as trophies of their valour. Of late years, however, headed by two aristocratic leaders, they have reappeared in all their pristine splendour. Around them have rallied honourables and right-honourables, barons, baronets, and knights, with no inconsiderable number of shopmen and apprentices, who make it their glory to resemble in their defects, those above them in station. They principally confine their operations to one quarter of the town, occasionally sallying forth to the villages in the neighbourhood of London upon expeditions of mischief.

Of their sports in their own houses,—such as bringing their horses into their drawing-rooms, and leaping over the chairs and tables,—we forbear to make more particular mention, but of their public amusements the following are the most notable:—They are exceedingly fond of injuring public monuments; of running off with sign-posts from inns and turnpikes; stealing knockers, bell-handles,

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and pewter-pots; driving their carriages on the foot-pavement. It is also a favourite achievement with them to hire a carriage, if it so happen they have not one of their own, and drive through the streets of the metropolis at such speed that it is dangerous to attempt to stop them, throwing soda-water bottles against the windows of shopkeepers as they pass, or sometimes firing pellets through them with air-guns. A detachment of them, composed of silly youths, who have been spoiled for want of the horsewhip, and who are known by the names of the dousers and blinkers, take the gas-lights under their especial care, and sometimes succeed in throwing a whole parish into darkness, and putting the gas-companies to an expense of a hundred pounds for broken glass. This is a feat which the lowest order of Mohocks can accomplish; it may be indulged in by a man who has not a penny to call his own; but the really aristocratic Mohocks have more expensive amusements. They delight to go into low public-houses, with cudgels in their fists, with which they break all the bottles and glasses, to the great delight of mine host, who knows he can make them pay double or treble the damage. They also take pleasure in having rum and gin served up in buckets to prostitutes and cab-drivers; and one Mohock was known to sit astride on a barrel,—naked as Bacchus, and in the position he generally occupies on public-house signs, and in this trim serve out full goblets to about a score of delighted street-walkers and scamps of every degree, hob-nobbing with each until he became as drunk as the drunkest, when he rolled off his barrel, and was carried home to her lodgings by a sympathizing fair one.

But we have done. By such freaks as the latter the Mohocks do themselves more injury than they do others; and rid society of their presence by a process which is agreeable to themselves, and cannot be unpleasing to their heirs. They generally die off between the ages of thirty and forty, worn out, when other people are in their prime. If we could but persuade them of this, there might be some hope that the tribe of the Mohocks, like the tribes of the Mohicans, the Pawnees, and the Delawares, would gradually disappear in the light of civilisation; but we fear that their thoughts do not extend into the future; that present enjoyment is all their care; that they are of the number of those of whom Shakspeare sings in "The Rape of Lucrece,"

> "Who buy a minute's mirth to wail a week,
> Who sell eternity to get a toy,
> And for one grape would all the vine destroy."

There is but one course, perhaps, which can bring them to reason. The true Mohock has an inordinate idea of his own gentility, and his superiority to the vulgar; and, while he can commit any offence, from slaying a man with excess of drink, to running away with a door-knocker, and meet with no worse punishment than a fine, it will be exceedingly difficult to keep him within bounds. But, show him that while his actions are such as have been described, no fine however great can buy him off, until he has passed a few weeks at the tread-mill, and all the glory of his vocation will disappear. Ladies who now smile on the man of spirit, who has bullied a magistrate, and paid five pounds, will turn coldly from him who has had his hair cropped, and worn the livery of the house of correction. "A fine, harum-scarum fellow,"—"a youth of mettle,"—"a delightful, high-spirited

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young man," will be terms no more applied to such as he, but he will be designated even by the fair, who now affect to admire him, as nothing better than a blackguard after all.

THE GRAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROSEGARTEN.

Fearful is the Grave:
  Cold winds round it knelling,
  Misty showers swelling,
  Grief and Terror make their dwelling
In the silent Grave.

Lonely is the Grave:
  Soft doth that stillness call,
  Cooler the shadows fall,
  Deepest Peace is whispering all
In the quiet Grave.

Dismal is the Grave:
  Irksome is that narrow wall!
  Its breadth, and length, and depth, and height,
  Just seven paces bound them all.
Dismal is the Grave.

Lovely is the Grave,
  A sweet defence its narrowness;
  From the ever-wearying press,
  From the juggling pageant proud,
  From the fools in motley crowd,
  Shields us well that narrow shroud.—
Lovely is the Grave.

Dismal is the Grave,—
  Its darkness blacker than the night,
  Through which no sunbeam glances bright,
  Not a star may ever gleam,
  Or the softer moonlight stream;
Dark and dreadful is the Grave.

Lovely is the Grave,
  Its shadow flinging
  O'er the weak wanderer, and refreshment bringing;
  While its cool breast
  Lulls the hot weary pilgrim to his rest:
Lovely is the Grave.

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Fearful is the Grave;
  Rain is rushing, thunder growling,
  Driving hail, and winds are howling,
Round the storm-lash'd Grave.

Lovely is the Grave:
  O'er the turf'd hillock spring winds blowing,
  Sweet at its foot the violets growing,
  And on it blooms Forget-me-not;
There falls the moon's pale beam,
Hesper's cold rays, and morning's rosy gleam,
While Echo's half-heard note
And plaintive wailings float
  Around the grass-grown spot—
Lovely is the Grave.

Lonely is the Grave—
  There all living sounds are mute,
  There is heard no wanderer's foot,
  Joyous greetings never come
  To visit that eternal gloom—
Oh! how lonely is the Grave!

Ay! is the Grave so lonely?
True Joy's wild revel only,
And Folly's laughing glance,
And Riot's noisy dance,
  They visit not the Grave;
But the life-wearied sage, and Sorrow's child,
The Son of Song, will wander mild
Beside the quiet grassy heap,
And muse upon its secrets deep—
  Not lonely is the Grave.

Senseless is the Grave—
  Deaf and speechless, numb'd and cold,
  Clothed alone in darksome mould,
  Hope's glance of light,
  And Fancy's visions bright,
  And Love's delight,
Lost are they all within the senseless Grave.
Fearful, fearful is the Grave!

Lovely is the Grave—
  All the discord, all the strife,
  All the ceaseless feuds of life,
Sleep in the quiet Grave.
  Hush'd is the battle's roar,
  The fire's rage is o'er,
  The wild volcano smokes no more—
Deep peace is promised in the lasting Grave.
Lovely, lovely is the Grave!

E.

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A LEGEND OF PUCKASTER,

ISLE OF WIGHT.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER, ESQ.

JOHN KANN was a labouring man, living in the parish of Whitewell; and, in the good old times, when fairies danced, was said to have been particularly favoured by them. This was a matter of considerable importance at the time, for he lived in a neighbourhood where they were most numerous and active.*

Mr. Puck himself, as it was very well known at the time, used frequently to hold his court, and lead his midnight revels on a spot by the sea-side not above a mile from his house. It was a wild uncultivated place, covered with rocks, and bogs, and holes, and briers. It was generally known when he was at home by a small light being seen dancing about at midnight over the rough ground. This the neighbours used to call "Friar Rush's lantern," or "Puck's little star:" the latter name, however, was the most common.

Amidst all this wilderness of rocks, bogs, and briers, there was, however, one place where the turf was extremely smooth and level; and persons passing that way by daylight used to observe those circular marks in the grass, which are everywhere known by the name of fairy rings.

One day a neighbour of John Kann's said to him, "John, I am going to build myself a house. Come, and I will show you where. It is the prettiest, loveliest spot that ever was seen!"

Where do you think he took him to? To the very place where the grass was so smooth and soft, and where the fairy rings were always seen.

"Gracious me!" said John Kann. "You are not going to build here! Are you not afraid of Puck's little Star? By St. Radegund† you are making a fool of me!"

"I'm not making a fool of you at all," said he; "but, the fact is, now that I am going to be married, I must get a house of my own to live in; besides this would be a nice healthy place for the children when they come."

* Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, tells us that "terrestrial devils are those *lares, genii, fauns, satyrs*, wood-nymphs, foliots, fairies, Robin Goodfellows, trulli, &c.) which, as they are most conversant with men, so they do them much harm. These are they that dance on heaths and greens, as Lavater thinks with Trithemius, and as Olaus Magnus adds, leave that green circle which we commonly find in plain fields. They are sometimes seen by old women and children. Hieron. Pauli, in his description of the city of Bercino, in Spain, relates how they have been familiarly seen near that town, about fountains and hills. "Sometimes," saith Trithemius, "they lead simple people into the recesses of the mountains, and show them wonderful sights, &c." Giraldus Cambrensis gives instance of a monk of Wales that was so deluded. Paracelsus reckons up many places in Germany where they do usually walk about in little coats, some two feet long.—See *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 15th ed. p. 124.

† St. Radegund appears to have been the patroness saint of Whitewell. There was anciently a chapel dedicated to her there.

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"But ain't you afraid of Puck?"

"Not at all," he answered. "Puck never hurts an honest industrious fellow like me. We have always been very good friends, and I have no doubt but that we shall continue so."

"And whom do you suppose the land belongs to?" asked John Kann.

"Why, it's just waste land, and is of no use to anybody; and the manor belongs to the Lisle family. They would never grudge a poor man's building a cottage there."

"That spot," said John Kann, "no more belongs to the Lisles than it belongs to me. It belongs to Mr. Puck; and you think it would be a nice place for your children, do you? Do you know what happens to children that are born on fairy ground?"

"No."

"Why then, I will just tell you. The fairies give them gin to prevent them growing any bigger, and then carry them off, and put an old wizen fairy in their place. I have known the thing happen often and often before. That child of Sukey Grundle's, you know, that was always crying and squealing, that was never her child at all, but just an old fairy. Her own little darling is no doubt at this moment doing the dirty work for some of the queer creatures in fairy-land, scrubbing, and dusting, and slaving, and feeding their pigs, and, no doubt, getting a whop on the head every now and then with a broomstick; and, I will tell you what; it's of no use your settling here, just for the purpose of providing for your family by getting your children apprenticed out to the fairies. It's no saving at all, for they always leave one of their own sort, that eats twice as much, and is, besides, very mischievous, in its place. You had better not interfere with Puck's little star."

Well, John Kann's neighbour took his advice; and, moreover, asked John to his wedding-feast, which took place a day or two afterwards. John passed a very merry evening; and it was late and very dark before he started to return home. There were no roads in this part of the island in those days; so finding one's way home at night was not always an easy matter. Luckily, however, for John, a friend of his, who lived near, had started just before with a lantern, and John followed the light, which was some way on before him, singing to himself as he went along.

Up-hill and down-hill, over rough and smooth, John Kann followed the light: but, somehow or other, he did not recognise any part of the road as he went along. "Maybe the ale was strong, and I am a little fuddled like, though I do not feel so," thought he to himself. "Maybe, all this time I have been following a wrong person with a lantern." However, it was of no use stopping then, as he did not at all know where he was; so he followed on, and on, and on. The ground grew rougher, sometimes up-hill, sometimes down-hill amongst brambles, and rocks, and holes, but there was a firm good path under his feet all the while. When, all of a sudden, a new idea flashed across his mind. "Maybe it's Puck's little star that I have been walking after all this while. What fun!" thought he to himself.

At length the light seemed to stand still, and John Kann walked up to it. However, as he came nearer, the light seemed to grow paler and smaller; and, when he got close to it, it was no bigger or brighter

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than a glow-worm's tail, so he was left all in the dark ; but just then the moon glided out from behind a cloud, and showed him that he was on the very spot where the grass was smooth, and the fairy rings were, and where his neighbour wanted to have built his house.

As he stood still he thought he heard the sound of music, and a multitude of tiny voices singing together in chorus. He held his breath, and listened. He could clearly distinguish the following words,

"John Kann—John Kann
Is a very nice man:
He's a very nice man,
John Kann."

He looked about for some time to see whence the voices came. At length he saw down on the ground just before him a great number of very small little people dancing hand in hand round a ring, with red and purple caps upon their heads, and little petticoats and cloaks, that looked as if they were made of gossamer. They all looked so faint in the moonlight that he thought at first it had only been the moon shining upon the green stalks of grass as they waved in the wind. How lucky it was that he had heard them singing, or he might have walked on, and trod upon half a dozen of them.

While he stood there, looking at the dance, there came up to him one that looked like a very wee child of about five years of age, but his face seemed full of fun and mischief. As he came up to John all the fairies left off dancing, and stood hand in hand in a half-circle round, bowing and courtesying to him, saying,

"Mr. Puck—Mr. Puck,
Give John good luck.
He's come to see
The revelry
On the fairy lea,
And to dance on his toe,
As round we go,
As round we go.'

"I don't see how I can manage to dance with you," said John, "without treading upon a good many of you, and crushing you to pieces ; for you see I am at least twice as big as all of you put together."

Here little Master Puck put in his word.

"John Kann—John Kann,
You great big man,
Though broad and tall,
We'll make you small,
If you'll dance with me
On the fairy lea.
There's dust on the fern—
The lady's fern,
That waves o'er the burn.
Brown stripes are seen
On its leaves of green.
Go. Fetch."

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Upon which six little fairies flew away; they had all a sort of butterfly wings growing out from behind their shoulders, which John Kann had not observed before. After a short time they returned, each bringing in his hand a small acorn-cup full of a brown powder, looking very like snuff. Mr. Puck took a pinch of it; and walking up to John Kann, said,

"Now—now
I'll show you how
We make the tall
Grow small.
Sit down
Upon the groun'
John Kann,
You tall man."

John Kann nodded assent, and squatted himself upon the turf without more ado. Puck immediately climbed up on his knee, and then reaching up as high as he could, he caught hold of the lowest button of John's waistcoat, and then scrambled up a little higher. At length he got one of his feet firmly planted upon the edge of his waistcoat-pocket, and resting the other upon one of his buttons, he said,

"Stoop, Mr. Kann,
You tall man."

John bowed his head as he was directed, and Puck immediately crammed some of the dust up his nostrils. John Kann gave a loud sneeze, so violent, indeed, that it shook his hat clean off his head, to John's great dismay, for he thought he must have crushed to death at least a dozen of his little friends. However, they all got out of the way quicker than thought; and standing in a wide circle round him, they set up a loud shout the moment they heard him sneeze, and kept on cheering for some time. But, what was the most wonderful part of the whole, it seemed to him that the moment he sneezed he grew considerably smaller, shorter, and thinner; yet, as his clothes fitted him just as close, they must have grown smaller at the same time.

Mr. Puck administered another pinch of the powder. John Kann sneezed again, and instantly became a size smaller. The fairies set up another shout, hurraing like wild things. Another pinch—another hurrah,—John had got again a size smaller. This was repeated until John Kann had become a little thing like his neighbours; upon which he said to his friend Puck,

"Please, Mr. Puck, don't make me any smaller, or I shall grow into nothing at all, or I might run a dangerous risk of being eaten up by accident by a field-mouse."

To which Mr. Puck answered,

"That will do
For you—for you.
Now we'll dance,
And hop and prance
With John Kann,
The little man."

They immediately prepared for a dance round the ring, and a tiny

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than a glow-worm's tail, so he was left all in the dark; but just then the moon glided out from behind a cloud, and showed him that he was on the very spot where the grass was smooth, and the fairy rings were, and where his neighbour wanted to have built his house.

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There's dust on the fern—
The fade's fern,
the burn.

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Upon which six little fairies flew away; these had all a pair of butterfly wings growing out from behind their shoulders, which John had not observed before. After a short time they returned, each bringing in his hand a small acorn-cup ful of a brown powder, smelling very like snuff. Mr. Puck took a pinch of it: and making a face, John Kann, said,

"Now—now
I'll show you how
We make the tal
Grow small.
Sit down
Upon the ground
John Kann.
You tal man."

John Kann nodded assent, and sitting himself down, he did without more ado. Puck immediately climbed up to his face, and then reaching up as high as he could, he thrust a pinch of the button of John's waistcoat, and then scrambled in, pinch after pinch. At length he got one of his feet into the waistcoat-pocket, and resting the other upon the edge of the pocket, he said,

"Now Mr. Kann,
You're small."

John bowed his head as he was desired, and Puck immediately crammed some of the dust up his nose. This caused a violent sneeze, so violent, indeed, that it blew Puck out of the pocket, to John's great dismay, for he thought he had blown the little fellow at least a dozen miles off. But Puck soon returned, and in the way quicker than thought. As soon as the fairies saw him, they set up a joyful shout, and ran towards him, and kept on cheering for some little time. This was the most wonderful part of the whole: whenever a fairy ran between John's legs and sneezed he grew considerably smaller, and by this means his clothes fitted him just as they had done before. And at the same time

Mr. Puck administered another pinch of the powder, which [illegible] sneezed again, and instantly became a little smaller. The fairies set up another shout, hurraing like wild things. Another pinch, another hurrah.—John had got again a little smaller. The fairies kept on until John Kann had become a little thing for the neighbourhood, upon which he said to his friend Puck,

"Please, Mr. Puck, don't make me any smaller, or I shall grow into nothing at all, or I might run a [illegible] by accident by a field-mouse."

To which Mr. Puck answered,

"[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

They [illegible]

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piper seated himself cross-legged upon the top of a mushroom, and began playing a lively tune. Here there appeared to be a great scramble who should dance next to John Kann, and take his hand. But Mr. Puck soon bustled up, and set matters to rights, and they began their dance. It was curious they did not the first time form a complete circle, but the string of fairy-dancers only reached half round. They footed so many steps one way, and then so many steps the other, and then cut a sort of caper before, and then another caper behind. This they repeated a great many times, singing something in chorus which John Kann did not understand. But, the reason that they did not dance the whole circle appears to me to be more curious than anything else. It was John Kann's hat,—for, the hat having been jogged off before the brown powder had taken effect upon John, it had never been reduced in size at all, like the rest of John's clothes. The next dance, however, they changed the place, and danced the whole circle.

"I dare say, sir, that this is just the reason that one sees the fairy rings on the down not always completely round. A snail has been crawling about, or there has been something else that the fairies do not like to cross."

They had not danced long in the new circle before a little fairy came fluttering into the centre of the ring, pushing the dancers to the right and left, looking himself quite violet-colour in the face, probably from fear. He shouted as loud as he could, "A rat! a rat! a rat!" Mr. Puck then shouted,

"To arms, fairies! to arms!
No war's alarms
Shall make us fear."

The dancers left their ring, and ran about in all directions in search of arms. Some provided themselves with spears formed of the reed stems of the grass, carefully breaking off the ear that the shaft might be more pointed; some seized the dry prickles of gorse, which they held in their hands like daggers; others provided themselves with the crooked thorns of the brier.

Scouts were sent out in all directions, and small parties of the most active fairies were ordered to advance, and form pickets in different directions. Then followed a few minutes of awful suspense. John Kann was terribly frightened, and he wished with all his heart, that he had never come near the fairy-ground, or become acquainted with Mr. Puck. He at first thought of hiding himself under his own hat. But, to his utter dismay, there was not room enough to creep under, and he found that he was not near strong enough to lift up the brim. At length he found a stalk of ragwort, and he contrived to climb up nearly as high as the yellow flower on the top. But this was by no means a place of safety. What, thought he, could be more likely than that the rat should smell him out, and just bite off his leg, to see how he tasted: or the rat might pull him down; and begin nibbling at his head, till he had ate him all up, like a radish.

To be eaten up by a lion or a tiger was, to be sure, a dreadful thing; but then there was something grand in the idea. It would be put in all the newspapers; and, no doubt, an account of it would be engraved upon his tomb; and so his name be handed down to

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posterity. But, to think of having been sniffed with brown powder, till one was only a few inches high, and then to be nibbled up by a rat, like a piece of toasted cheese. It was horrible! horrible! If the rat really did come that way, he considered his death as certain. No rat of any sense or taste would think of eating one of those flimsy gossamer fairies, when he could find a real bit of substantial flesh and blood. Besides, if he should prefer a fairy, they were so much more active, and would be sure to get out of the way. The fairies, too, knew all the footpaths, and nooks, and corners, amongst the blades of grass. And, as for what Mr. Puck called his arms, he never saw a more complete farce in his life. What would an old rat care for spears made of grass straw, or swords made of brier thorns. It was most ridiculous, and at the same time, most melancholy.

While John Kann was thus musing to himself, and lamenting his hard fate, he was suddenly roused by a great bustle among the fairies. The cause was evident—one of the advanced posts had been carried, and the picket had been driven in, and a number of fairies rushed back among the others, waving their arms above their heads, and shouting

"He comes—he comes!
Sound the alarm,
With whiskers grey,
As long as my arm."

"All's lost! all's lost!" thought John Kann; and he contrived to squeeze himself a little higher up into the yellow flower of the ragwort, upon which he was perched.

Quite different was the conduct of Mr. Puck. John Kann, however, merely attributed his courage to the fact of his feeling conscious that he was not wholesome food for a rat. Mr. Puck flourished his truncheon above his head, and shouted,

"Spears to the front,
Couch your spears,
Tickle his nose
When he appears:
And poke his eye
When he comes nigh;
He'll sneeze and wink,
And turn round, I think;
And, here's that
For the rat!"

Snapping his fingers as he repeated the last line.

"He's a fine little fellow," thought John Kann; "nevertheless, I heartily wish I was at home."

Presently the rat was seen approaching, bending the grass blades to the right and left, as his huge carcass passed between them. What an awful state of suspense John Kann was in! Life and death seemed to hang upon a thread.

The rat came along very leisurely, without seeming at all to be aware that he was invading an enemy's territory. Neither did he appear to notice the fairies who were drawn up in battle array before him. At length, when two of the sharp points of the grass stalks ran up his nostril, and one or two more went into his eye, he drew back a step or two, shook his head, and winked his eye. He then began to

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walk on again. The fairies were, if possible, this time still more courageous; and one of them, with his lance tipped with a gorse-prick, struck the rat full in the eye. The rat stepped back again, shook his head, and then, turning round, commenced his retreat. The light troops, armed with gorse-pricks and brier thorns, now charged valiantly, hanging upon his flanks and rear, sticking the weapons into him with all their might and main.

The retreating enemy was pinched and pricked until he squealed again. His retreat was not very rapid; for numbers of the fairy army endeavoured, with their utmost strength, to hold him back by the tail.

The retreat of the rat, sir, I hold to have been very bad generalship; for it is very well known, that whenever a person falls in with fairies, spirits, or goblins of any sort, whatever may be the danger of going on, there is always much greater danger in turning back.

The generalship of Mr. Puck, however, seems to me to have been capital; for, with a very weak force he defeated a powerful enemy, repulsing his attack twice, and then forcing him to retreat in a disgraceful manner.

When the enemy had been fairly driven out of the neighbourhood, the fairy militia threw away their arms, and, taking off their red caps, gave three little shrill cheers, as loud, however, as they could hollow. Their caps, you must know, were made of the flowers of the foxglove, which gave them a very knowing appearance. John Kann had had one put on him as soon as his head had grown small enough to fit it. When they had done cheering, one of them cried—

"The night is fair,
And the morning air
Is swinging the blue harebells;
And the moon's faint light
Of the waning night
To the eye of the fairy tells."

The remainder of the fairies in full chorus continued—

"A court—a court—
Our latest sport.
Sing, fairies, sing!
Blow, south wind, blow;
Grow, mushrooms, grow,
All in a ring!
And a mushroom broad
In the middle sward,
For Puck, the king.
And, in midst of all,
A round puff-ball,
For John's sitting."

Presently a warm air came up from the sea, and the circle round which they had been dancing, was dotted all along with little round white spots. These kept growing larger and larger. John Kann could plainly perceive that they were young mushrooms coming up. They grew, and they grew, and they grew. It was quite surprising to see how fast they rose out of the earth. Presently they began to

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spread out their table-shaped tops, and gradually displayed their slender stalks. While all this was going on round the ring, a large catsup mushroom and a puff-ball were gradually swelling themselves out side by side in the middle.

John Kann observed all this with astonishment, and his curiosity was still more excited at the puff-ball, which was diligently puffing itself out.

"What's the puff-ball for?" said John Kann. "Why mayn't I sit upon a mushroom, like the rest of you?"

To which question he received for answer—

"Your eye,
By and by,
Will tell you why."

Mr. Puck then hopped in merrily, and took his seat crosslegged upon the large catsup mushroom in the centre, and motioning John Kann to the puff-ball by his side, he said,

"Sit, John,
The puff upon."

Which John Kann immediately did, while all the rest of Mr. Puck's courtiers took their seats upon the smaller and slenderer mushrooms that grew round the ring. Where the tops of these mushrooms had spread out flat, they squatted themselves cross-legged upon them; but where they were sugar-loaf shaped, they sate themselves upon the point, with their legs dangling down to the edge.

Puck now endeavoured to put as much solemnity as he could into his merry face, and then thus began:

"Fays, as I call, appear, appear!
Where's Primrose?"—

"Here, Puck, here."

"Where have you and your party been,
You were not at our ring-dance seen?"—

"We have been wandering all the night,
Frisking in the pale moonlight,
Around the fire of the glowworm's tail,
And waging war on the horned snail.
We rode on the ripple of the stream,
And we soothed the lover in his dream;
We wove the vision so soft and bright,
That he clasp'd his pillow in delight.
We sought the couch of his lady love,
And hover'd in the air above.
You would have laughed, Sir Puck, to see
How we tickled her fantasy.
She oped her eyes with her sweetest grace,
As though she look'd in her lover's face;
Seem'd her inmost soul to lie
In the hidden depths of her deep dark eye.
I knelt me down on her arching brow,
And peep'd through her eye at her soul below;
And then a smile, and then a frown,
And then she turned her eyelids down;
Bosom and face blush'd crimson red,
And a long soft sigh from her bosom fled.
The miser dream'd of his stolen gold;
The shepherd thought of his fleecy fold:

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And thence we came our Puck to see
In his royal court on the fairy lea."—

"Where's Cobweb and his Fairies three?"—

"Here upon your right hand.
We have been footing it over the sea,
And footing it over the land.
We flutter'd down the vale,
And hover'd over the hill,
And our tiny wings did sail
Round every fairy rill.
We met with Goodman Place,
As he came half drunk from the fair,
We tickled his jolly red face
As we flew along through the air.
We met in the shade of the hill
With a honey-bee alone,
Just where the fairy rill
Is a moising* down the stone,
Where the lady's fern is green,
And the cowslips blooming fair,
Where the kingcup gold is seen,
And the violet scents the air.
He had stolen the sweets from the bower
That alone for us fairies grew,
And from many a quivering flower
Had shaken the morning dew.
He was far from the poison-stings,
And aid from his pirate crew,
So we held him fast by his wings,
And brought him here to you."

Here there was a kind of buzzing and struggling heard among the long grass just by, and Cobweb's three assistants were seen dragging in by main force an unfortunate honey-bee. John Kann jumped down from his puff-ball, and ran to see the fun. As he went up close to the bee, Cobweb hollowed out,

"Take care of his sting,
John Kann,
Or he'll hurt your wing,
My man."

"My wing!" said John Kann; "that's a good one!"

However, he just looked round for curiosity sake, to see what the fairy alluded to. Never was man before so astonished as John Kann was when he saw two beautiful little pale rose-coloured butterfly-wings attached to his back, just behind his shoulders. "It's very funny," said he to himself. "I suppose they must be hooked on outside. They can never be fixed on my back, and me with my coat on the while." However, upon putting his hand behind, he felt that there were two holes in his coat, just big enough to let the wings come through.

Could he move his wings? Flip flap, flip flap—they worked beautifully.

* Moising—from the verb to moise, or trickle down, whence we get the word moist, or moised. The other parts of the verb are, however, not yet obsolete in the Isle of Wight.

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Could he fly with them? He tried. Up he went into the air as light as a thistle-down.

Should he fly home at once? Dangerous—dangerous, thought he; there are such a terrible number of hawks about. So, after taking two or three spiral skimmings in the air, he alighted down again upon his own proper puff-ball.

He found the fairies busily employed preparing their supper from the honey and bee-bread that they had taken from their prisoner. They had scraped the bee-bread from the thighs of the bee, and were rolling them up into very small balls, somewhat smaller than the many-coloured sugarplums that pastrycooks sell under the name of fairies' eggs. This name, however, is derived from a vulgar error. Fairies never lay any eggs at all. But the very little round balls that are sometimes found where fairies have been dancing and enjoying themselves, and been suddenly disturbed, are their loaves of bread, and not their eggs.

Some others of Puck's attendants had emptied the bee's honey-bag into an acorn-cup, and were diluting it with dew-drops, which they brought, one drop at a time, rolling about upon the shining flower-leaf of the buttercup. The little fellow that was acting the part of punch-maker was steadily at work, stirring up the mess with the long stamen of a honeysuckle, till he considered it sufficiently diluted for the taste of fairies. Having completed it to his satisfaction, he took off his foxglove cap, and made a bow to Mr. Puck, and another to his guest, John Kann.

"Upon my word," said John Kann, "you really do not mean that we are all to sup out of that one acorn-cup, and have nothing more than those wee wee pills to eat? Why, small as I am, I could eat twice as much as all of it put together myself."

To which Mr. Puck replied,

"As we cannot get more victuals,
We must make the fairies little.
When we have become small,
The supper it will do for all.
Fairies all,
Grow small.
John Kann remains taller:
Dust him till he gets smaller."

Immediately the operation of throwing fine brown dust up Kann's nose was resumed, till he sneezed and sneezed, and grew smaller and smaller. At length, in consequence of his head diminishing in size, the foxglove cap that he wore slipped down over his face. A fairy by his side helped him to take it off, and to put on the flower of a blue harebell, which fitted his head to a T. Upon looking round, he perceived that all the fairies had changed their foxglove caps for bluebells, —their charms apparently having no power to reduce the size of real flowers, although they could vary their own statures at pleasure.

A very merry supper they had. Mr. Puck and his friends ate and drank, and danced and sung. It struck John Kann that many of them were getting a cup too much, and that Mr. Puck himself was beginning to be a little fuddled. However, before things went any farther, Mr. Puck nodded to a fairy that was standing close to him with the long

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flower of a honeysuckle in his hand; upon which the fairy put the honeysuckle flower to his mouth, as if it had been a horn, and began trumpeting away upon it. John Kann could not say that the sound was exactly like a trumpet; but certainly it was more like a trumpet than anything else that he knew of. The moment the merry company heard the trumpet, they left off feasting and singing, and became instantly silent, and grave, and sober.

Mr. Puck then turned to John Kann, and said,

"Mr. John Kann,
My little man,
Though fairies like honey,
Men like money.
Is it not so?
Is it not so?"

John Kann took off his harebell cap, and made a bow, and said, "Just so."

Puck continued,

"The yellow gold,
Fair to behold,
Heavy in hand,
Doth men command.
Should you like such?
Should you like such?"

John Kann here made another bow, and answered, "Very much. But the fact is," he continued, "my most worshipful little gentleman, if you were to give me all the gold in the world, I am not big enough or strong enough to carry more than one seven-shilling piece at the outside,—that is to say, unless it is your pleasure to make me tall again before you hand me over the money."

Mr. Puck got very fidgety at this ill-timed interruption, and kept waving his hand backwards and forwards in token of his royal impatience. When John Kann stopped, he continued,—

"There is a spot that you may see
When walking on the strand,
Half the day beneath the sea,
And half upon the land.
You shall know when the morning sun
Is shining fierce and bright,
Where the treasure must be won,
By the gold grains glistening bright.
The spot is marked by a stone
Pierced right through and through.
Talk not of this—go there alone,
Or bid the treasure adieu."

John Kann here stood up again, and made another bow. Upon which Mr. Puck said,

"Puff-ball, turn brown—
John Kann, sit down."

The puff-ball immediately began changing from its snow-white colour, as if it had been baking in an oven; and the outer skin became shrivelly all over; and when John Kann sat down again, it burst as if its covering had been no stronger than a cobweb, and im-

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mediately he was enveloped in a cloud of dust, which got into his eyes and made them smart so, that for a long time he was completely blinded. When, by dint of rubbing and rubbing his eyes, he began to see a little again, he was surprised to find all his fairy companions flown, and himself restored to his original size, sitting alone on the little level spot on the hill side, which has been described before. The sun was shining bright and clear.

"I will have a look for the gold, at any rate," thought he, "before I return home."

He descended the hill, and walked along the shore, as he had been directed. The tide was low, and the rays of the morning sun were reflected brightly on the wet sand. After a little search, he found a large flint stone with a hole in it, lying by itself upon the level smooth sand. The sand thereabouts certainly did appear to glisten rather more than elsewhere: he took up some in his hand, and found a number of little bright grains amongst it.

"This is gold, then," said he to himself, as he cut a caper in the air from very joy. "What a lucky fellow I am! or, as my friend Mr. Puck would say,

"'John Kann,
Lucky man!'

It strikes me that, if I had lived in fairy society a little longer, I should have learned to talk poetry myself. But how am I to become possessed of all this gold without anybody else finding it out?—for Mr. Puck said particularly, that if anybody else found it out, there would be no more gold for me."

After turning the matter over in his mind for some time, he thought that his best plan would be to make a show of turning fisherman and collector of shells. So he bought a few lobster-pots, and set them about among the rocks in the neighbourhood, and kept a collection of ornamental shells in his window for sale; which was indeed a very poor trade in those days, whatever it may be now.

But whenever he went down to the sea-side betook with him a small tub, in which he used to put sand and water, and then shake it about for some time, so that the grains of gold, being heavier than the sand, would collect together at the bottom. He used afterwards to cover the gold up with limpets and periwinkle-shells, and walk home.

Three or four times a year he used to take a trip to London to sell his gold dust, and return to the island as rich as a Jew. The neighbours wondered how he made his lobster and shell trade turn out so profitably. However, nobody guessed at the fact.

Well, John Kann got richer and richer. At length he bethought himself of taking a wife to share his wealth and happiness. A rich man, as it is well known, has never much difficulty in procuring a helpmate, and John was a handsome man besides; so Betty Spooner shortly became Betty Kann. Betty, like the rest of her sex, was constantly harassed by that restless and troublesome demon curiosity. While there remained anything that she was not made fully acquainted with, she was quiet neither day nor night. She listened at keyholes, peeped into letters, cross-questioned everybody; sometimes pretending to know everything about an affair, by way of a trap to catch the unwary; or inventing a lie, by way of bait to fish

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for the fact with. It is but justice to her memory to say, that she did not take all this trouble and tell so many falsehoods for any selfish or interested purpose. On the contrary, she appeared to be actuated purely by public-spirited and philanthropic motives. If there was any story or bit of scandal that she thought would tend to the amusement or instruction of the neighbourhood, she endeavoured to become possessed of the treasure solely that she might distribute it among the world at large. As for keeping a thing to herself, she never had been known to do so selfish a thing in her life.

All the neighbourhood felt convinced that Betty Spooner had been induced to marry John Kann chiefly for the purpose of discovering the secret how he contrived to get richer and richer, while every one round him remained poor. However, it is quite certain that she refused a much better match to marry John Kann. Her husband was for a long time proof against all cross-questioning, notwithstanding which she contrived, bit by bit, to poke the whole secret out. But with great discretion, instead of making it known to all the neighbourhood, she only told it to three or four of her chief friends and gossips, under a promise of the strictest secrecy.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, when John Kann went to work a day or two afterwards, he found a number of persons there, busily washing the sand. They did indeed find a very few grains of gold at first starting; but ever since that time neither John Kann nor anybody else has thought it worth his while to wash the sand in Puckaster Cove.

Never marry a gossiping wife.

THE WITHERED ROSE.

I WOULD not give this wither'd flower
For all the garlands you could twine;
It makes me think of many an hour
When love, and hope, and youth were mine!
Its blushes, like my cheeks, are dead;
But, oh! there lingers a perfume,
Like memory of pleasures fled,
That half revives its faded bloom!

This Rose was given me on the day
I first began to know love's power;
It was the fairest Rose of May—
Alas! it was an emblem flower!
So bright, so purely bright it seem'd,
I dreamt not that a canker lay
Within its breast:—had I but dream'd
Aright, I should not weep to-day!

I placed it in my bosom, near
The new-found heart exchanged for mine;
The flower methought shed one cold tear,
Which chill'd awhile its burning shrine!
Day after day I saw it sink,
As Love took wing for newer bowers:
Alas! that there should be such link!
'Twixt fickle hearts and fading flowers!

J. A. WADE.

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CHRONICLES OF THE PLACE VENDOME.

THE DEGRADING.

BY TOBY ALLSPY, JR.

EVEN the most enthusiastic panegyrist of the discipline and subordination of the British army must, if a man of Christian sympathies, connect such painful associations with the words "military punishment," that, if accidentally pronounced in his hearing, in the midst of a brilliant field-day, or royal review, the striking scene must forfeit half its charm in his eyes; the "ha! ha!" of the trumpet breathes discordantly in his ears; and the symmetrical lines of apparently mechanical figures present only a mass of deformity and confusion.

It is not so in France. There is nothing revolting to the finer feelings of humanity in the process by which the country clod is shaped into the trimly, agile, active soldier. In admiring the soldier-like array of a regiment on parade, or manœuvring in the field, we feel that we are looking upon *men*, and men upon whom the frailties of mortal nature will never draw down the chastisement of dogs.

Among the numerous spectacles that recreate the eye of the stranger in Paris, is one that fills the mind of every Englishman with painful reflections—*i. e.* military degradation.

"Come with me to the Place Vendôme," cried I the other day to a country cousin of mine, lately on a visit to the French metropolis, (a somewhat snivelling philanthropist, who arrived here, charged with a catalogue of eleven hundred questions upon the origin of truth, much after the fashion of the English philosopher, described in St. Pierre's "Indian Cottage.") "I have something interesting to show you."

"I thank you," he replied. "I have seen quite as much as I desire of the bronze column."

"You were blind else!" cried I, knowing that he had been passing and repassing it hourly for ten days previous.

"And, as to mounting to the top," he resumed, "I should as soon think of climbing the chimney of a steam-engine!"

"Or I either," was my reply; "more particularly since, during your sojourn here, you have forced me to survey the city from the pinnacle of the temple of Notre Dame, and the wing of the telegraph at Montmartre, in spite of my declarations of preferring any other mode of rising in the world."

"But you are dragging me all this time towards the Place Vendôme," quoth my cousin Peter, as we pushed onwards in a throng, from which cries of "*Allons! allons! on dégrade! on dégrade!*" arose in all directions.

"Because I want you to witness a curious exhibition."

"Ay—ay! In the department of natural history, or of the fine arts?"

"In the simple history of human nature," was my rejoinder; and methought I heard a contemptuous whistle issue from beneath my

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cousin Peter's amber spectacles. "I want you to see a military punishment."

"A military punishment! God's life, sir! for what do you take me? A man of *my* sensibility become an eye-witness of so disgusting an incident?" cried he, (with a countenance such as used to be worn by hundreds of auditors of Sir Francis Burdett's humanity harangues of former times, graphically describing, previous to a Westminster election, the horrors of flogging in the British army.)

"Your sensibility is in no manner of danger," said I, quietly resuming my hold of his arm, which the start of my cousin Peter had dislodged. "For the first time in your life you are about to see a soldier punished like a Christian, rather than like a brute."

At that moment we entered the Place Vendôme; that sober, solid, architectural monument, which, replete as it is with historical associations, has undergone no defeatures from the hand of time, or the hand of taste, from the epoch when the Scottish adventurer, Law, inhabited one of the most splendid hotels, obtained at the cost of hundreds of thousands of French victims, to the present hour, when Madame de F. inhabits precisely the same locality, obtained at the cost of *one!*—Though the bold and salient marks of granite, which still smile complacently, or frown majestically over the basement stories of its noble habitations, are the same which smiled or frowned upon the tripping marquesses or red-heeled abbés of the reign of Louis XV., the carts conveying the same to execution after the deposition of Louis XVI., the massacres of two revolutions, the military ovations of the empire, and the puppet-show processions arising from the restoration of the bi-furcal line of Bourbon, their comely faces remain unwrinkled by the lapse of the couple of centuries which have played such fantastic tricks with the numerous generations of human visages succeeding to their original contemporaries.

On the day in question an autumnal sun was shining out brilliantly on the public offices—the *Quartier Général*, the *Chancellerie*, and others, which occupy so large a portion of the old octagon, distinguished from the *hôtels garnis*, their neighbours, only by the discoloured tri-coloured flags pendent over their several *portes cochères*—and on the present occasion, by the fact that, while the windows of the latter were crowded, from *entresol* to *mansarde* with curious spectators of all nations, but especially with British, those of the governmental hotels were empty; the inhabitants, as of all public offices all over the world, being scrupulously engaged in the discharge of their public duties.

"A splendid trophy, certainly!" quoth my cousin Peter, glancing, as well as the intensity of sunlight would allow, from the base to the summit of the noble column, (which, though I have stared it daily out of countenance for the last six years, I never survey without admiration.) "Still I can't make up my mind to the statue of Napoleon. 'Tis vulgar, sir—immensely vulgar, and altogether unworthy the memory of the defunct Emperor of the most polite nation in Europe."

"No doubt you would have preferred a Winged Victory, or a Fame blowing her trumpet on a china orange, as on the roof of the office of the Morning Post!" cried I, with indignation. "Or Napoleon himself, perhaps, in his Dalmatic robe of state, looking like a

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play-actor, or in a Roman cuirass and helmet, like the effigy of General Hollis in the Abbey !"

"I don't say but I might," replied Peter, coolly.

"Instead of which, you behold one of the greatest men of the greatest era 'in his habit as he lived' to regenerate the fallen kingdom of France! But, stay! I may spare myself a world of rhetoric. Think you that yonder group of peasants, to whom the old timber-toed invalid who accompanies them—some veteran uncle or grandsire—is pointing out, with tears in his eyes, the figure of his old master—his *camarade*—his *petit caporal*—would have experienced the feelings sparkling now in their looks at sight of the familiar 'Nap,'—the *redingote grise*—if the column of the *grande armée* had been surmounted by a Winged Victory, resembling those of the gilt candelabra on an inn chimney-piece; or even a man in an imperial robe, looking like Talma in a tragedy? But hark!"

At that moment the gay strains of a military band were borne towards us; becoming gradually clearer and clearer, and more and more inspiriting, till we caught sight of a gallant company of infantry marching in double quick time into the square, saluting the *Quartier Général* as it passed with a salutation that seemed addressed rather to the great man looking complacently down upon them from the sunny summit of the column. Quick as thought, troop now succeeded troop; sappers and miners, hussars, lancers, cuirassiers, dragoons light and heavy—companies, in short, from every regiment, composing the garrison of Paris; each in its best array, pipe-clayed and burnished, bright and shining, to form a hollow, oblong square, lining the whole of the south eastern moiety of the Place Vendôme; at the head of which was stationed the fine brass band, whose exciting strains were to impart so stirring an effect to the solemnity of the day. In the centre of the square (the men having taken up their ground in time,) the officers began to form into groups; while *beyond* the line was a second *cordon* of stupid starers, chiefly of that Paria *caste*—the *gamins de Paris;* and beyond the *cordon* of vagabonds a collection of intermingled carriages, cabriolets, carts, drays, trucks, and water-tons—such as usually beset the outskirts of an English race-course or review.

The scene was a striking one. Both military and civilians grew eager for the appearance of the delinquents, to witness whose degradation from their position of soldiers of the French army they were assembled; and, though the loungers in the windows above, (from the fair young English children, clapping their little hands for glee, at the *mansarde* of the Hôtel de Londres, to the stout old Indian General, surveying the motley scene from his hospitable residence exactly opposite,) might admire the discipline of the troops, or point to the glittering arms, or white aprons, and tremendous beards of the pioneers, the crowd itself seemed strictly absorbed by the fate of the forthcoming prisoners.

At length there glided into the centre of the square, amid the groups of well-padded generals, with their snow-white mustachios, and well-bronzed colonels, with their iron-grey, two spruce figures—"gentlemen in black,"—with white cravats and varnished boots—the judge-advocate and his clerk, appointed to read to the prisoners their sentence; and soon afterwards a sudden rush of the mob, (more especially of its more ragged portion,) towards the *Quar-*

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tier Général, announced that the point of interest lay in that direction.

"Whither are those blackguards running?" quoth my cousin Peter, revolving on his heel towards the commandant's residence, as if his boot contained a pivot.

"To look at blackguards greater than themselves!" I replied. "Did you not see the prisoners arrive just now at head-quarters, in a *panier à salade?*"

"In a salad basket?" cried Peter, aghast, much in Mrs. Siddons's tone of surprise on learning that a mercantile gentleman of her acquaintance had died in his *bureau*. "How got they there, I marvel?"

"A *panier à salade*," said I, didactically, (with a view to his future "Notes of a Traveller,") "is the species of hermetically-sealed police van, in which criminals are conveyed in France to the place of execution, and refractory soldiers to the scene of degradation. Look! The fellows are coming forth from the *porte-cochère!* There are two of them, in the centre of the file of soldiers, with loaded muskets, to make way for which the mob falls back on either side, like the waves of the Red Sea for the passage of the Israelites. See how the *gamins*, in their ragged *blouses*, hurry to keep up with them, in hopes of catching a glimpse of their sinful or sorrowful countenances."

We are now in the thick of the throng, pushing and elbowing among the rest, with the due allowance of *sacré nom de Dieus* bestowed upon each fresh effort we made to advance towards the column; immediately fronting which were stationed the general and his état major, before whom the prisoners were to be marched for the hearing of their sentence. Hitherto I had wasted no attention on the individuals whose elbows punched my ribs, or whose oaths invaded my ears, conceiving them to belong to the vulgar herd of profane swearers and punchers. But when, on my cousin Peter's ejaculation of joy at catching sight of the prisoners, one deep sigh—a sigh almost amounting to a gasp—burst from the bosom of a pale, sickly young peasant girl, who was leaning on the arm of a decrepit woman by my side, I could not help feeling that they might be more than commonly interested in the fate of the delinquents, and I consequently moderated my observations. I even contrived to obtain for them, by pushing aside a great lubberly English schoolboy, who stood gnawing a hunch of *gâteau de Nanterre*, to my right, a peep into the square similar to the one enjoyed sideways by myself and Peter.

A roll of drums now startled us to look again towards the base of the column; in front of which, midway between the two lines of soldiers, stood two miserable-looking beings, clad in an ignominious prison-uniform, the one of grey, the other of black cloth, with caps to match, and wooden shoes; the long cloak-shaped capote hanging so as to conceal their handcuffed wrists, and creating a sort of shapeless helplessness, strangely contrasted with the smart and trim vivacity of their former comrades. Mounting guard behind them stood a file of armed light infantry men; on one side the general commandant, and facing them the spruce judge-advocate, holding an open paper in his hand.

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Placed at too great a distance to distinguish by whom the word of command was given, I saw the two prisoners suddenly drop on their knees to listen to the bitter sentence of the law. The sinner in grey, whose criminality appeared to be a shade less dark than that of the sinner in black, bent down *his* head as he knelt, and, as far as I could judge by his movements, tears were falling from his eyes; but the fellow in black, with unequalled audacity, laughed outright, and kept up a series of buffooneries, as if attempting to excite the risibility of the spectators.

"What are they doing?" whispered Peter, whose spectacles were at fault.

"Reciting to the prisoners the sentences of their courts-martial, as confirmed by the council of war, previous to undergoing a certain term of imprisonment. Already, as you perceive, the men have been stripped of their military uniforms. They are now about to be degraded in the sight of the garrison of Paris, and paraded along the line in their prison clothes, handcuffed, and dragging after them each a cannon-ball, fastened by a chain round their middle. Expelled the service, they must take leave, as it were, of their comrades, under these humiliating degradations."

"The impudent rascal in black seems as bold as brass," cried Peter. "See! he has risen from his knees, and they are blindfolding him, while the *boulet* is being fastened on! Parade him along the line? Why, the fellow won't stir an inch."

"Look again!" cried I. And Peter had the satisfaction of seeing him impelled onwards smartly by a soldier holding him by the arm on either side, and soon the clanking of his chain and the rumbling of the *boulet* against the stones, as it dragged after him, asserted that he was in rapid motion. At that moment not a syllable was breathed along the ranks. Attention was the word—and the word itself was audible from one end of the Place Vendôme to the other, distinct as the striking of a bell.

Once and again the black figure with blindfolded eyes shuffled along in its *sabots;* halting at length before the column, there to abide during the punishment of its companion. But the moment the poor lad in grey was harnessed with his *boulet*, a murmur of commiseration arose among the throng. He was so young!—his countenance was so downcast!—and, though the colour and fashioning of his prison-garment announced that his transgression was of a very different nature from that of his companion, entailing only three months' detention in a military prison, instead of the hulks awaiting the criminal in black, (who was under sentence for theft, with attempt to murder the corporal by whom he was taken into custody,) the crowd, and more especially the female part of it, seemed of opinion that he was too severely punished.

Proud even in his broken-heartedness, he evidently scorned to be dragged along like a malefactor; for, though still retaining his downcast countenance, so that his swollen eyelids were scarcely discernible, he walked firm and erect, and the *boulet* moved steadily at his heels, instead of being jerked from stone to stone, as by the movements of his refractory fellow-prisoner. Grey Mantle was back again at the column in half the time the felon had accomplished his ignominious task.

And now another prolonged roll of the drums announced that a por-

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tion of the solemnity of the day was at an end. The *boulets* were taken off; and while the two prisoners, closely flanked and strongly guarded, were posted immediately in front of the column, so as to form a prominent mark, the band struck up once more its inspiriting strains, and marched past them in quick time, followed in succession by the whole complement of troops assembled, successively broken up into companies. *That* was the most impressive moment. The two wretched-looking beings standing there in their infamy to listen to the cheering measures to which they had so often marched in the performance of their duty, and beholding their comrades in all the bright array of discipline proceed cheerily along, while they stood shivering in their sabots, not daring to cast a look in their faces—sunk as they were, had still to bear the heavier penalty of their faults!

"Just so can one conceive Lucifer, after his fall, contemplating the upward flight of legions of free and happy angels!" quoth Peter, who was beginning to snivel. "Alas! poor fellows!—brave soldiers, perhaps, as any here, yet about to be debarred the blessed light of heaven, and the free use of their limbs. This sunshine is the last that will warm them for months; and, instead of yonder gladsome music, the death-like silence of prison solitude is decreed them!"

Cousin Peter was prosing, or rather poeticising, on to his heart's content, when his thin small voice was overpowered by a general shouting from the populace in our vicinity for "*La Marchande! La Marchande!*" meaning one of those itinerant venders of filtered water, (calling itself iced water,) a dozen of which were scattered along the outskirts of the throng, with their gay fountains and plated goblets, as they invariably are in Paris, wherever two or three hundred are gathered together. "A cup of water" was loudly called for. Somebody had fainted.

I now remembered with compunction that, intent upon exhibiting to my cousin Peter the minutiæ of a ceremonial so interesting to every friend of humanity, I had forgotten to take care, or even heed, of the two poor women at one time stationed by my side; and, now that the crowd had changed its form to yield to the movements of the military, (who were wheeling off in companies, and taking up their position on the opposite side of the square, till the prisoners should have marched back again into the general's quarters, and they were at liberty to march themselves back to their own,) they were nowhere to be seen. My mind misgave me that it was for one of them water was called; but, as is usual in case of a swoon, the mob pressed round the fainting person to shut out the fresh air with such assiduous humanity, as to intercept all means of satisfying my curiosity.

"Look, look!" cried Peter, far more interested in the aspects of the military prisoners than in the sprinkling of a young lady's face with filtered water, "how daring the aspect of that hardened ruffian!—how humbled the looks of his companion! There is plenty of room. We can advance nearer to them now."

And the staid prim old bachelor actually trotted me off towards the column, in the wake of a tribe of *gamins* of the lowest description, who were cheering the impudent offender with cries—worthy of the intellects of their class—of "*Vive la Marseillaise!*"

As we drew towards the column, a ragged hat, half full of *gros sous*, and smelling of halfpence and humanity enough to poison a lord, was tendered to us for our subscription for the prisoners,—such being the

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charitable custom of the mob in favour of one of their order brought to condign punishment.

After we had taken out twopence and given them to the hat-bearer, we were suffered to proceed. But, on arriving within immediate view of the twain, there was something so revolting in the dare-devil look of the one, something so touching in the humbled despondency of the other, that I was fain to retreat. I could as soon have looked upon the mangled back of an English soldier writhing under the lash, as upon that meek offender.

"What was the younger soldier's fault?" said I, having contrived to make my way to the iron railing of the column, so as to accost that man of renown,—that Malvolio in a worsted epaulet,—Corporal Diakon, *alias* the "*Capitaine de la Colonne*,"—the non-commissioned officer invested by Government with the charge of the column.

"*Un délit plusque capital!*—a breach of military discipline," growled the stanch soldier, (with whom, *Deo volente*, I mean to make the British public better acquainted.)

"Desertion?" persisted I, remembering the penalty entailed in England by this heinous transgression.

But even Corporal Diakon's sonorous voice was at that moment rendered inaudible by a piercing shriek from some woman attempting to press her way through the crowd towards the prisoners, ere they were marched off to prison.

"Let me pass,—let me pass,—or I may never see his face again!" cried the poor old woman, my recent neighbour, apparently roused from her depression to attempt some desperate effort; and still drenched with the water which kind but officious Samaritans had showered on her young companion, as she lay insensible,—"Let me pass, if you have the hearts of Christians!"

The pitying throng ceded to her struggles, and made way for her to approach the prisoner. But, alas! the file of soldiers with their loaded muskets were stationed there expressly to prevent all intercourse between the criminals and the crowd.

"Only one word with Victor—*only* one!" gasped the agonised old creature, still pressing onwards.

"'Tisthe mother of the young girl who has fainted,—the *bonne amie*, no doubt, of one of the prisoners," murmured the *gamins* who stood near me.

"At least let me look upon his face!" faltered the woman, wringing her hands.

"*Arrière!*" was all the answer of the soldiers, stiff as ramrods, and strengthened in the stanchness of subordination by witnessing the solemnity of the morning.

"Victor, Victor!" screamed the despairing woman on finding herself thus repulsed; while murmurs of "shame! shame!" began to arise among the ragged regiment of *gamins*.

Just then I caught sight of the face of the two prisoners, whom the lower stature of the poor woman excluded from her view, and there was no difficulty in deciding to which of them her visit was addressed. Her voice, her piteous exclamations, had reached their ears; and the face of the grey man was instantly overspread by a vivid flush, which as quickly gave place to ashy paleness. From the moment his comrade had marched past, as if bidding him adieu for ever, he had fallen into a sort of sullen stupor; but *now* the big tears gathered anew under his eyelids.

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"Speak—speak, you who are near to him!" she cried, distractedly, addressing a few who, like myself, seemed to overtop the heads of the soldiers. "Tell him that his mother and sister have struggled up from Auvergne to see him. Tell him she is innocent—tell him Manon is innocent! Say, that while he was incurring this dreadful sentence, by absenting himself without leave from his regiment to seek after his sister at the Count's château, she was safe with father at Riom. She is ill—very ill! Bid him send her his forgiveness. Say that his old mother pledges her soul for the innocence of her poor calumniated girl! Oh, sirs! speak to Victor! See! they are marching off, and he has not heard me! He will never know the truth. They are bearing him to prison, and he will be tormented night and day by the thoughts of his sister's shame. Will no one follow him? Will no one speak to him? Will no one—*no one* pity me and help me?"

"*Pas ici, ma bonne!*—Come back to the young woman!" panted a breathless *gamin*, plucking her by the sleeve.

"Quick, quick!—the girl is dying!" shouted a second, dragging her along.

"Let the poor soul alone," interposed a third, in a lower voice; "I tell you it is too late. She is dead." And at that moment the gay military band, breathing the strain of the "Cachucha" with all its brass, wheeled lightsomely past.

"And you told me that my sensibility had nothing to fear in witnessing this accursed scene!" sighed, or rather sobbed, my cousin Peter, after we had assisted to guard the body of the soldier's sister from the trampling of the throng, until the arrival of the *Commissaire de police*, to draw out his *procès verbal*. "I vow I would not have to go through the spectacle of that old peasant woman's despair again to be made a fellow of the Royal Society!"

"You must not suppose such things of frequent occurrence here," said I, scarcely able to articulate.

"I wonder," said Peter, stopping short, "whether any one was considerate enough to inform the poor lad that his sister was lying dead in the Place, and his mother half distracted by her side?"

"Let us hope not!" I replied, with a heavy sigh. "The young fellow has had misery enough for to-day, in undergoing his sentence. I am even satisfied with my own portion, in having been a mere spectator of his Degrading."

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

FROM "DIE SCHÖNSTE ERSCHEINUNG OF SCHILLER.

Beauty thou never hast beheld, unless
Thou'st seen it touch'd by sorrow and distress:
This, this is beauty.

Nor ever hast thou joy beheld, I ween,
Except on beauty's radiant brow 'twas seen:
Joy dwells with beauty.

Thus grief by beauty's power is lovely made,
And joy is joyless without beauty's aid—
All hail to beauty!

W. M. D.

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THE HAREM UNVEILED.

ARCHIMEDES wanted but leverage in order to enable him to capsize this little globe of ours—a delightful result of philosophy, it cannot be denied, to send us trundling into infinite space! With what gusto the projectors and lady patronesses of science must have listened to the old fellow's lectures at the "Syracusan Mechanics' Institution." Talk of the losses of literature indeed; what are they all to the single absence of a syllabus of one course of his lectures? Not very much unlike this theory of his is the idea that our modern novelists, and writers of tales for annuals, and all that sort of thing, seem to entertain. Give them but the name of a country in Mexico, the Incas start life-like before their rapt vision: Africa suggests Jumbo-rumbo, squaws, (Skwinckanacoosta and such like): China, the dynasty of Tse-chin-fo, Confucius, and the Boures. Their genius is essentially suggestive Not the least amusing part of the pageant thus conjured up before our mind's eye, is the way that our John Bull habits, ideas, and trains of thought, are adapted to any latitude or longitude under heaven. Amongst the number of my *enfans perdus*, I find an Oriental fragment; Morier, Miss Pardoe, Pachas of Three Tails, and many tales, have won unto themselves fair repute by the same sort of thing; why, in the name of the Prophet, should I not puff the chibouque of complacency on the divan of popularity! Speak, O, less than dogs!—*Chok chay*, I have spoken. This fragment was sent, like my former, to Christopher North; may his mother's grave be defiled! he returnod it with a hint that I had better confine my attention to practical chemistry. Again and again I say, judge between Olinthus Jenkinson, and rusty crusty Christopher.

"THE HAREM UNVEILED. AN ORIENTAL FRAGMENT.

"The plashing waves of the sea of Marmora lazily sank and rose against the marble palaces of Stamboul; the dusky rocks of the Asian coast loomed hazy in the distance, unchangeable, immutable, the same now and for ever; the distant minarets of Scutari beamed fair and unearthly beneath the placid beams of the silvery moon, like a vision of the future Paradise which awaits each true believer the moment that the last trumpet shall have called him from his sleep to the bosoms of the embowered houris! Pera, too, the beautiful! Oh! how passing fair it showed beneath that calm blue azure sky. Beautiful—oh, how beautiful! The Turkish fishermen, attired in their picturesque *pe-kötes* were returning home in their light *caïques* laden with spoil. This dress is formed of rough blue cloth,—it covers the arms, and sits loosely round the body, reaching from the neck to the knee; it laps over, and is secured by large wooden buttons in front,—a shawl lightly fastened round the waist, with a *norwest-er*, or fisherman's turban, completed the costume. The cannon boomed along the Bosphorus, while their light barks skimmed lightly over the dark-blue waves, appearing from the reflection of their lights like so many fire-flies in the plains of Giz-tan.

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"One bark was distinguished above the others for speed. It bore two strangers; one of whom, enveloped in the folds of his cloak, seemed buried in abstraction; broken sentences at times escaped from his lips—'Emily—death—other climes—false one—my native land—farewell!—ha! ha!—proud one—early grave—perhaps a tear—own Augustus.' He might possibly be about three-and-twenty years of age; he was dark and pale—very pale, with a profusion of black curling hair. If anything could have been objected to the almost perfect chiselling of his features, and form of face, it would have been the lordly fault of a forehead somewhat too high, which was marked already with the tokens of premature thought. The other stranger was evidently his attendant. As the bark advanced, the Turk who was steering her chanted a lay, the chorus of which the four rowers took up.

"THE BOATMAN'S SONG.

'How gladsome we speed o'er the blue mountain wave,
Our dwelling to-day, and to-morrow our grave!
While the soft-breathing breeze whistles dirges afar,
O'er the dead who have died in the elements' jar.
Allah il Allah, give way!

'Circassia may boast of her beautiful dames,
The Greek of his dead with their long-sounding names;
But the sons of Scutari, as lightly they float,
Rejoice in their swords, and their swift-skimming boat.
Allah il Allah, give way!'

"The measured and melancholy song seemed deeply to affect the young stranger; he listened attentively, and, before the chant was ended, the hand that was resting on the carpet-bag, which lay at the bottom of the caïque, grasped it more firmly. He was himself again! Oh! sad it is to see the young spirit like an imprisoned eagle chafe against the bars of its prison cage, to see early hopes blighted, young affections withered, and a copious crop of regret, self-contempt, shame, and remorse, springing up,—like dank, noisome, ugly weeds,—in the breasts of the noble, the beautiful, the free. He took a *kitar* from the hands of his attendant, and his young spirit poured itself out in song.

"THE STRANGER'S SONG.

'I have come from the dark, cold, stormy west,
To soothe the pangs of my unrest,
Where the deep-speaking eyes of Beauty's daughters
Beam Mœnad-like over the deep blue waters:
I have come—I have come!

'To the glowing climes of the gorgeous East,
Where the maidens aye smile, and the youths ever feast,
Where the balm of the perfume-laden gales
Sweeps like a dream o'er the bellying sails.
I have come—I have come!

'My spirit's storm-like agony
Shall float 'mid all things that faint be,
In my father-land I no longer dwell—
Love, Fear, Hope, Sorrow, Ambition, farewell!
Farewell—farewell!'

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"The boat had now floated past the necropolis of Eyoub, and was passing amidst a crowd of vessels from every quarter under heaven; here were tall ships, laden with the skins of animals, and the highly prized *tallô* from Archangel; barks carrying maidens who had been torn from the bosom of their families, to become the prize of the highest bidder in the market of Stamboul. Oh, what a host of ideas they conjured up in the mind of the young Frank! He was scarcely prevented by his attendant from rushing to their rescue. As they passed on, they were received by a mariner, who was puffing his chibouque in the stern of one of the slave-ships, with the usual salutation of '*Pik alikum*,'—is your humour good? to which the answer was '*Guzel!*'—good. Here were vessels from his own land, with their formidable tiers of guns, and England's flag lazily floating, like a coloured meteor, in the spice-laden breeze. The stranger wrapped his boat-cloak around him, and remained abstracted till they reached the place of disembarkation. There were here about four hundred Turks sitting smoking their pipes, with small cups of coffee placed near them; not a word was interchanged; they inhaled in silence the aroma of their chibouques; occasional expressions, such as '*Allah, Allah! Allah akbar!*'—there is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet—escaped from their lips; but, as these religious convictions implied no heterodoxy on the part of the utterers, they were received without remark. When his attendant had removed his baggage, he stood for some little time in an abstracted mood, considering the strange scene which was spread out before him. From this he was aroused by the appearance of a Tâtar mounted on a coal-black Arabian steed, who advanced like the spirit of the storm careering on the simoom, into the middle of the throng. He pulled from beneath his vest a parchment, sealed with the imperial seal, and presented it to five persons in succession. The first individual ejaculated '*kismet*,'—the second '*Allah akbar*,'—the third '*felech*,'—the fourth '*bechesm*,'—the fifth '*hum-boog*.' In succession they knocked the ashes out of the small red bowls of their chibouques; in succession they kissed the imperial seal; in succession they untied their cravats; round the necks of the five, successively, did the Tâtar fasten the fatal bowstring; and then, drawing his light scimitar, in succession he divided the blackened heads of the five from their quivering corses; wiped his sword upon the robe of one of them; put the heads into his saddle-bags, and rode away.

"The young Englishman remained aghast, and inquired anxiously of the by-smokers what was the meaning of this outrage.—'*Aijaib!*'—wonderful! replied one.—'*He bilirim*,'—what can I say? responded a second. 'Mustapha is gone, Saïda too; their faces were blackened in the sight of His Highness. Kibaubs and pillaux they will eat no more. I have said it!' So saying, he resumed his occupation with the constitutional apathy of a Turk. The mangled corpses of the wretched men remained still on the ground; from them oozed out the trickling gore in thick gouts upon the discoloured strand, while they lay unnoticed and unwept till the senseless clay should be resolved into the elements of which it was compounded. Horror! horror!

"The young Frank with a sickening spirit left the gaily-vested throng, which showed like a petrified parterre in the trembling light of the pale full moon, and advanced into the heart of the city to seek

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accommodation for the night. It is not amidst the solitudes of Nature—solitudes miscalled, where the safsaf and the mimosa mirror their beauties in the polished gleam of the silver fount, whose breast is ruffled once and again by the light leap of the golden fish, rejoicing, like happy spirits, in their own beauty; where the wild bee makes its home; where the nightingale trills out her floods of deep and impassioned melody to her own dear bulbul; where all things rejoice in their own loveliness. It is not there, I say, that the heart longs for sympathy with an unquenchable yearning, although it may wish for an accordant ear to be attuned with it to the music of the scene; but it is in the marble palace, in the crowded streets, in the thronged market-place, that the solitary stranger feels that he is alone—quite alone!

"Groups of gay revellers passed him occasionally; occasionally he paused to behold the performance of the *almé*, or dancing-girls; but no one interchanged words with him: at length he addressed himself to a dervish, who was seated upon a heated stove, and was employing his leisure hours in divesting himself of his toe-nails, hoping thereby to arouse the charity of the faithful.

"'Holy father,' said he, 'I am a stranger just arrived in the city of Stamboul, and would fain find accommodation for the night.'

"'Mashallah!' said the dervish, 'in the name of the Prophet Hurroo! By the black stone at Mecca, young *shakal-siz*—young no-beard; *avrat der*—it is a woman!'

"'Nay, father,' said the Frank, who felt an involuntary respect for the religious observances of this strange being, 'I am a man even as thou art, and would beg the favour of thy direction in this strange city, to some place where I can obtain quarters to lodge myself and my attendant.'

"'*Ahi, pekahi*—very well; *bakalum*—we shall see; sit by me, young sir, and I will tell thee.' With these words he made room for him on the stove.

"'Father,' said the youth, 'evening is wearing on; I may no longer stay; but with the wan moon speed on my lonely, lonely way.'

"'Hist! *kutstick*—be gone! You are a giaour, an infidel; your words are naught, and your face is blackened in my sight. Leave Suleiman of the thousand corns to his fate.'

"He left accordingly the ascetic to his meditations, not a little wondering at his religious fanaticism, which exceeded all he had ever heard or read of. On turning round at a little distance, he beheld the sage, who had now accomplished his task, take a lighted coal from under him, and proceed to light his pipe. The night was wearing on, and feeling the necessity of finding some resting-place, he dismissed his attendant down one of the streets leading from the great square, whilst he proceeded himself down another, agreeing that they should meet there in an hour's time. He wended, accordingly, on his way down the deserted street in quest of adventure, determined to make as light as possible of the fate which he had brought upon himself. The first persons he met with were a band of gay gallants employed in wrenching the *belpûls*, or knockers, off the doors of the sober citizens. These worthies were evidently inebriated, and fresh from the opium-shop, where they had been quaffing something stronger than sherbet.

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" ' *Korkma*—fear not: *Goet.* Sadik, you are a *divanè*—an idiot. *Oghour oha*—Heaven speed you. Mashallah! in the name of the Prophet—may the *kavashlir*—the city police—the sons of burnt fathers, be roasted in Jehanum. I laugh at them; I spit upon their beards! *Alhemdullilah*—praise be to Allah!—here is another. Hist, *Allah Kerim*, I have it. But what is yonder figure? It is a woman veiled in her *yashmac!* Come on, sons of burnt mothers, come on!'

" The whole troop accordingly advanced towards the unfortunate female, who in vain attempted to escape.

" ' *Guzum!*—my eyes!' said one, 'is your humour good? Art thou not the daughter of a Peri, born of a sunbeam?'

" ' *Khosh geldin*—you are welcome,' said a second. ' *Janum*—my soul—dark-eyed art thou as the gazelle, graceful as the fawn!'

" ' *Gen ektiar der*—you are the lord,' said the woman; ' let me find favour before my lord. Hinder not my path, or else *badluk tomy toze*, I shall suffer the bastinado on my return to my lord's harem!'

" ' *Yavash yavash*—softly, softly.—What dirt is this that thou wouldest give me to eat? Am I a cow, and the mother of cows? This is much. Thou goest no further to-night; I have said it.'

" ' Ho!' said the woman, raising her voice, ' in the name of Allah, help! help!'

" ' *Ne var?*—what is this?'

" It was but the work of a moment with the young stranger to rush into the midst of them. He seized a scimitar from the side of one, and quick as thought three lay bleeding at his feet. The rest, after a feeble resistance, took to flight. The woman had sunk, almost lifeless with affright, to the ground. From her swoon she was recovered by the care of the young Frank.

" ' This is much. Let my lord fly, or he is lost.'

" ' Nay, maiden, I am not used to fly,' said he, as he lifted his eagle glance up to heaven. ' Moreover, had I the will, I know not where to go; for I am a stranger in Stamboul, and have scarce landed an hour upon the shore.'

" ' Mashallah! Come, then, quickly with me, or the *kavashlir* will be upon us, and you will be cut down without inquiry.'

" The stranger had beheld one summary instance of Turkish justice, which, despite his chivalric notions, gave him an uncomfortable feeling about the neck, and so followed her without further remark. He accordingly endeavoured to keep close after her, as she sped swiftly through dark streets and by-ways, catching occasional glimpses of the Bosphorus, as it lay peacefully between the myriad lamps of the blessed city, sleeping as an infant watched by the doating eyes of its fond parent. She paused at last beneath the stately portal of a magnificent mansion, motioning him to follow.

" ' *Tchabouk, tchabouk!*—quick, quick! Follow me.'

" He entered accordingly, and found himself in almost total darkness, which was only partly dispelled by the uncertain light of a flickering lamp,—an emblem of a true believer struggling with affliction.

" ' *Khosh geldin!*—you are welcome!' said she. ' We are now safe from without; but greater perils wait us from within, unless my lord will be guided by his servant.'

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"Ay, maiden, even as you will; but let me gaze, if but for a moment, upon the beauteous face of her whom I have saved.'

"Disappointment awaits you, stranger. I am but a slave. The blood of my fathers flows richly in my veins. I was born beneath the meridian sun.' So saying, she raised her yashmac, and disclosed to him the features of a negress.

"'Hum!' said he, somewhat coldly.

"'Nay, *kipyar tempar*—be not angry; you shall have no cause to regret your exertions in my behalf. In this palace is immured, like an imprisoned singing bird, like a rose of Shadustan plucked from its native stalk, the beauteous wife of an aga. My lord shall behold her, and to behold her is to love; but you must divest yourself of these garments, and put on the dress which the maidens of the harem are ever wont to wear, lest you should feed the fishes of the Bosphorus.'

"'Ha! Love, saidst thou? No—this withered heart can never love again; but to the fishes of the Bosphorus I would not, willingly, at least, become a prey. But I like not this change of dress. I am a man, as my fathers were, and would not put on a woman's weeds. Moreover, when didst thou ever look upon a maiden with hair upon her cheeks and lips? Answer me this.'

"'Nay, *gurum*—my eyes—what are these?—They are *bosh*—nothing—the growth, let me see, of three weeks at farthest.'

"'Woman, my arm shall protect my life as it best may; but my whiskers are irrevocable.'

"'*Janum*—my soul—behold thy features in this *anah*—this mirror. See if ever fairer maid than thou wilt appear has listened to her praises beneath the umbrageous myrtle and the delicate safsaf. Nay, I promise thee thou shalt soon become the queen of the harem.'

"'Ah! you flatter me, woman,' said the dark-eyed youth, taking a glance at his features in the small mirror. "Well, well, for once be it as you will.'

"The crafty negress quickly took advantage of his consent, and before long his cheeks were as smooth as the polished ivory of Zemzem.

"'Now, quickly bind this *calemkier*—this painted handkerchief—round thy brow *Ajaib!*—wonderful!—The sun and moon have left the sky, and now peer forth from under that *calemkier*. *Bismillah!* bulbul of the world! let me tinge that stately brow with the aromatic henna. Allah is great. These trousers—nay, my lord—*Shekiur Allah!*—Heaven be praised!—they are on. A slight rent—*Y'Allah!*—we are undone!—*paiva der*—they are animals. The petticoat will conceal the mischief. *Bakalum*—we shall see. *Belli, belli!*—yes, yes! Now this jacket, its hue was caught from the azure sky—the *cymar* seems but dusky upon the bosom of my lord, although white as the snow of Mistop. *Oghour oha!*—Heaven speed you! These slippers, and it is done. What a houri is this!' Lovely indeed did the feigned maiden appear, graceful as the willow, gentle as the moon of the evening sky. 'Not even the eyes of the guardian of the harem, the son of Sheitan,—may his grave be defiled!—could pierce that disguise. I will say that thou art a *massauldjhee*—a story-teller from the islands. *Bashustan*—on my head be it. But does my lord know of any tale such as may suit a lady's ear?'

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"'Ay, woman; in my youth I have read a work called the Arabian Nights, a book which contains many a tale of Haroun Alreschid and his Wezeer.'

"'*Alla buyek der*—Allah is great,' said the attendant; 'it is well. We will call thee *Shimsa*—Gillyflower. Let us lose no time. Follow me, and take this zebek in thy hand.'

"She opened a small door, and, bidding him follow in her footsteps, passed swiftly through a long corridor, and tapped against the door of an apartment.

"'*Kaumin*—enter,' said a gruff voice. 'Who is this at this hour? I will blacken her mother's face.'

"'*Salam aleikum*—God save you!—my mother's face was black as the ebony of Tehran, even as mine is.'

"'*Ouf, ouf*—peace, peace! *haremzadeh*—ill-born. What dost thou want?—the bastinado?—and who is this?'

"'It is a mussauldjhee from the isles, whom our mistress, *Popeti*, sent me for. *Bah*—see—I have brought her.'

"'Curses on you! do you dare to pour out words before me? Is not my foot upon your head? But now pass on'

"Taking him at his word, they left the apartment by another door; and traversing a small passage, the slave lifted a dark curtain, and they entered."

Now, good people, in the present traverse between Olinthus Jenkinson and Christopher North, you shall tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Were not his words the words of Sheitan, and his thoughts the thoughts of the evil One? Speak.

"Under which, King Bezonian, speak, or die!"

THE DEAD BIRD.

Oh! do not bid me check my tears,
They are the first I 've shed.
Before this hour my happy years
Have never mourn'd the dead!
My father—mother—sisters—friends
Are all around me yet.
I prize the mercy Heaven sends—
But still I can't forget
My poor dead bird!

He was so tame, so fond, so true,
And loved my voice so well,
That at my slightest word he flew
His little joy to tell.
I know there are some dearer ties,
That may be broken yet;
But, vain as are my tears and sighs,
I feel I can't forget
My poor dead bird!

J. A. Wade.

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THE SPALPEEN.

BY P. M'TEAGUE, ESQ.

CHAPTER II.

Spalpeen proceeds on his way home—Entertained on the borders of Kilkenny by Larry Corbett, the herdsman.—Hospitality of the Irish.

THE day was beautiful, though the season was pretty far advanced, for it was late in autumn. One more parting look at the farmer's house, one more caress of the farmer's dogs as he bid them "go back!" —another sigh, to think that three years' faithful services should have been thus requited,—and in a state of doubt and sorrowful perplexity, but vain regret, Connor darted into the road by which he had arrived, and commenced his journey homeward with but a few shillings more in his pocket than he had brought.

"Am I always to be out of luck?" cried he. "How am I to face the wife and children with the trifle I have about me?" and pulling out his hoard, he found that six shillings, two sixpences, and a few pennies and halfpennies, formed his entire stock. "Well," continued Connor to himself, "it's a blessed thing that I'm out of that house alive and well, at any rate. Who knows but worse might have been intended? And yet, for the matter of that, who ever saw James Fitzpatrick wrong anybody? Who ever heard him telling a lie, or playing false with a friend? I'm not up to this business at all at all,—it beats me out entirely. And sure I may go back again, if I like it—wasn't that the way of him? Faix! and I know right well what Nelly would say to *that*,—and even young Jemmy, if the boy has a grain of sense in his head. No—I shall be laughed at enough as it is, without trying my luck again in Leinster. The neighbours will think me a fool, or a rogue perhaps,—that I've buried my earnings. Well, I must just make the best of my bargain, now, at any rate."

With these, and many similar reflections, Connor pursued his journey, now and then retarding his steps, and then hurrying on, as his impatient starts and apostrophes overpowered his ideas.

He was now approaching the borders of Kilkenny, and being well acquainted with an honest herdsman, whose name was Larry Corbett, and who lived within a few perches of the high road, he stepped into his cabin just as the evening was closing in, and was kindly welcomed for the night. Lighting his pipe, and sitting down by the fire, his cares seemed alleviated, or to be gradually dissipating in smoke, like the fumes of his tobacco.

And here I may remark (or rather ratify the remarks of many others), that hospitality is seldom wanting in this land, so often traduced by its adversaries. The forlorn wanderer is rarely denied admittance to a cabin, however humble; while the friend is received with open arms, and with a welcome more than equal to the means frequently possessed by its poor inmates to fulfil. Paddy has a soul, a grace, an earnestness about him upon these occasions, which might do honour to a palace.

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CHAPTER III.

Travelling without money proved advisable.—Pedlars: a dangerous business.—Tipperary quickly traversed without broken bones (fortunate).—Sable glimpse of the county of Limerick. Night adventure. Return of Spalpeen. Striking argument against whiskers.

Our honest spalpeen having *exchanged the courtesies of his pipe* frequently with the herdsman, and given and received an overflowing budget of news, laid himself down to sleep, and with early dawn recommenced his journey. To those unacquainted with Ireland, it may appear singular with what expedition great distances are performed on foot by people of this description—nay, even by little boys, or "gossoons," who have been known to keep up a sort of trot thirty-five miles in the course of the day. One night more Connor would be obliged to seek a hospitable shelter and fireside; but the third would bring him to his own lowly cabin, once more to be reunited to his wife and children. Happy fellow! he had become more reconciled to his fate; his limbs were hardy and active, and onwards he bounded with hasty strides. No wonder, therefore, that ere he had gone many miles he should overtake two travelling pedlars, the weight of whose heavy packs prevented their walking so quickly as himself. Connor, however, was too social a being to pass them by; moreover, he soon found that they were merry fellows, well stocked with as large an assortment of news as wares; that they were young men from Dublin, making their first trial at this business, in which they had been very successful, having visited Carlow and Kilkenny, and were now preparing to dazzle the eyes of men and maidens in Tipperary. Their company, therefore, was highly agreeable; but when they spoke of their polished knives and scissors, bobbins, tape, and muslin, his heart was saddened as he thought of the small pittance he had left. As his boy Jemmy, however, was a tolerable penman, he selected a sharp sixpenny knife for his use, and a pair of scissors for Nelly, which he put carefully by.

The town of Thurles was then distant from them about ten miles, when, arriving at a particular turn of the road, one pedlar said to the other,

"Here we are, faith! at the very place described by the men at the inn where we slept. This must be the oak tree, and that the gate, and yonder the footpath."

"By dad! the very thing," replied the other. "They were mighty dacent boys entirely, to save us three miles of a short cut to the town."

Connor, who was as willing to save time and shoe-leather as any man, was on the point of following them over a stile, when suddenly thinking of the farmer's maxims, and pausing, he repeated to himself the first piece of advice.

"*As you travel homeward, never step out of the common road, nor attempt to make any short cuts, or cross any fields by way of lessening your distance.*"

He therefore excused himself to the two pedlars, and went on upon the beaten road.

Nothing remarkable happened until he had nearly reached the town, when, sitting upon a bank, wringing their hands in despair, who should he see but his two late fellow-travellers.

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"O my poor fellows, and what in the world is the matter?—and what has happened to you?" cried Connor.

At first they could hardly speak, but after a few minutes' pause, told their tale of distress. They informed Connor that the pathway they took led them into a small thick wood, and that they were attacked by six desperate men with heavy sticks in their hands, and their faces blackened with bog-dirt; and that besides having been robbed of both their packs, stripped of most of their clothes, and all their money, they had been cruelly abused and beaten. They added also, that they were quite sure, by their voices, that two at least of the number among these villains had been their companions at the inn where they had passed the previous night. Connor heard their tale with pity, and felt great regret that he had not given the pedlars an equal share of the farmer's first piece of advice. But then, again, he reflected that they would probably have only laughed at it, and mentally added—who knows but I'd have gone with them, after all, if I had not *kissed the book?* Such consolation as it was in his power to bestow was freely administered by poor Connor; and, low as his own stock of silver was, he not only gave them a shilling a-piece from his little pittance, but promised he would send them speedy assistance from the town. Nor did he fail to do so, or cease to thank God that he had followed the counsel of one who seemed much better aware than himself of what might happen to him; though, while congratulating himself in this way, his conscience smote him as he called to mind his secret thoughts when receiving Fitzpatrick's advice, and that he had gone so far as to whisper to himself upon that occasion that he was listening only to a piece of nonsense. Indeed, he was in two minds whether he should not return and ask the farmer's pardon on his knees, and also admit that he was already his debtor, seeing that if he had not been previously instructed by a much wiser head, he would at this very moment have found himself stripped of everything he possessed, and beaten, wounded, or perhaps killed into the bargain!

Having sent people from the town to the assistance of the unhappy pedlars, he hastened through it, and walking briskly forward, came at length to a clear spring by the road-side, where he sat down, and with a keen appetite attacked the good mistress's loaf, concluding with a draught of pure water. He then washed his face, hands, and feet, and praying for his late master, and thanking God for so great an escape, he pursued his journey rapidly till the close of day.

Connor had by this time crossed the county of Tipperary, and had just reached the borders of the county of Limerick, when the night became so dark that he could hardly find his way. He had hoped to have reached a cabin a little beyond O'Brien's bridge, in the county of Clare, the owner of which he knew; but he was tired enough with his march, and therefore the better pleased to discern a light in the window of a large farm-house, which he approached, and knocking first at the door, and then entering with the usual salutation of "God save all here!" was kindly received by a young girl, who told him he would be welcome.

Connor having walked forward into the large kitchen was much cheered by the sight of a blazing fire. He sat down upon a stool, and "reddening his pipe," began as usual, to smoke and chat with

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those about him. To this succeeded some hot potatoes, with a can of milk, brought by the servant girl; and when he had satisfied his appetite, he began to look about him, and soon saw that he was indeed in a most comfortable house, where everything denoted an abundance of wealth. Many hams and flitches of bacon were hanging up in goodly rows over his head; the dressers were loaded with bright pewter dishes of all sorts and sizes; there were two closets with glass doors, through which he saw a great deal of china and silver; and the lowing of cattle, bleating of sheep, and grunting of pigs (sounds so familiar to his ears), denoted as well-stocked a farm as Fitzpatrick's.

His eyes were next directed to the inmates of the house,—and the first person that attracted his attention was a fine handsome young woman, very gaily dressed. She was bustling about here and there, but he remarked that she would sometimes stop before the clock, as if wishing the time to move on a little faster. He then observed two very decent men, who appeared like middling farmers on their way to a fair; and, on addressing them, he found his conjectures right,—that they were bound to the fair of O'Brien's Bridge, and had stopped at the house a short time before he came. But to his farther questions, as to whom the house belonged, they were nearly as ignorant as himself, knowing only that the proprietor's name was Kennedy; for they had come from a greater distance than the spalpeen himself.

Connor had frequently noticed the figure of a remarkably fine old man, with white hair, who was seated in a comfortable arm-chair near the fire, and had more than once spoken words of kindness to them all. He appeared, however, much fatigued, and his boots, which were drying near him, showed that he had been lately on horseback. He had evidently had his dinner, and could hardly keep himself awake, but would every now and then give a yawn, rub his hands, and look towards the clock, as if impatient for bed-time, when the young handsome woman would come to him, and pat him on the cheek, and caress him.

The travellers could not tell Connor who this old gentleman was, but said they supposed it must be the young woman's father, and that they had no doubt she would be a rich prize for a bachelor. His curiosity, however, was not yet satisfied. He had still an unaccountable desire to know more about the place and its inmates; and, watching his opportunity when the servant girl was occupied near him, he asked her, and was immediately told that the old man was her master, and the young lady her mistress, and that they had been married a few months before, and were consequently man and wife.

No sooner had Connor heard this, but the second piece of advice given by Fitzpatrick came much more vividly to his remembrance than the first.

"*Whenever you have occasion to stop at any sheebeen or farm-house you do not know, particularly at night, look well about you; and if you should happen to see that the owner of the house is an old man, and the mistress young and handsome, away with you as soon as you can! But do not lie down, or sleep a wink in that house.*"

The words, "*away with you—do not lie down or sleep a wink in that house,*" seemed actually to ring in his ears. He had Fitzpa-

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trick's image before him, and the words, "*Have you got this by heart?*" were repeated, as by an echo, in his breast. He therefore watched his opportunity, and when the old gentleman's time for going to bed had arrived, and the mistress and servant were attending him up stairs, and the travellers, drawing closer to the fire, had turned their backs towards him, he rose, and quietly raising the latch of the yard-door, slipped out of the house without making any noise.

It was a cold stormy night; and, creeping forward with the greatest caution, he soon found that he was in the haggard, where there appeared to him to be a great number of stacks of corn and hay. Wishing for a little rest, and with the intention of regaining the highway very early in the morning, he settled himself as snugly as he could on one side of a haystack least exposed to the wind, and drawing as much hay about him as he could do without making a noise, he expected soon to be asleep. In this, however, he found himself mistaken; for what with thoughts of his wife and children, and Fitzpatrick's family, and the pieces of advice, and the pedlars and the robbers, and all that he had seen upon the road, to say nothing of the old man and his young handsome wife, not a good wink of sleep could he get. Now and then he would perhaps doze a little; but the slightest grunt of a pig, or movement of a cow, or horse in a stable, would cause a start, accompanied by an indescribable dread, so that he now lost all drowsiness. It did not escape his notice that there was not a single man, or boy, or dog, about the premises. This used not to be the way at Fitzpatrick's, he thought to himself. By and by he heard the kitchen clock strike eleven, when immediately after a curtain was drawn against a small window, where a light had been burning, the candle was put out, and everything seemed hushed and tranquil in sleep.

"And now," said Connor to himself, "don't you think but you're a great fool, to have thrust yourself out of a warm kitchen, and gone to bed to a great stack of hay, when you might have had a shakedown by a good kitchen fire?—and not to be able to sleep a wink, after all, barring a nod or two, and a doze now and again, and thinking of thieves, and robbers, and cut-throats, and—but what's that?"

Intently did Connor listen, for he surely heard the approach of a horse. The kitchen clock had long struck twelve—it might be now nearly one in the morning; but he could be no longer mistaken. The horse approached nearer and nearer,—he heard some one dismounting,—then the gate was opened, and a person advanced leading the horse. Connor held his breath, and lay quite still, while he could distinctly trace the outline of a figure, which seemed to be approaching the very spot where he was concealed; and, in fact, had the man advanced two steps further, he must have stumbled over the poor spalpeen.

Fortunate indeed was it for Connor that he had neither been perceived by the stranger, nor had been missed from the kitchen, where, most probably, it had been supposed that he had coiled himself up in some corner, and gone to sleep. The man, who appeared tall and powerful, pulled off his great coat, and laid it over the saddle of his horse. Connor was then horrified by hearing the ominous "click" of a pistol. A cold perspiration settled on his

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forehead; but he breathed more freely as the figure went stealthily to the little window, at which he gave a gentle tap, stood for a minute, and then came back to the horse. Happily this time he stood nearer to the house, and farther from Connor—that is, he left his horse between Connor and himself; and this most probably saved the life of the poor spalpeen, who had yet as good a view as a cloudy night would permit, from nearly under the belly of the horse.

Two minutes more had scarcely elapsed, when Connor could discern the form of a female issuing from the door, and approaching the stack. In another moment she and the man were embracing each other, and in a short time the following dialogue ensued.

"Then you've kept your word at last."

"How could I refuse you anything?"

"*Denis*, do you now mean to say you *will* do it?"

"I do. I have made up my mind—for I cannot live without you any longer. But may I depend upon *your* promise *afterwards?*"

"You may. I will marry you in three months, and put the property in your hands."

"What property, Mary? What will it be, do you think?"

"Oh, more than we shall ever want. The old man has five thousand in the bank, and a lease for ever of the farm, and has five hundred in his bureau. I saw him count the money out when he came from Limerick."

"But the will!—has he signed it?"

"He has—it was signed last week, and everything left to me. He has it in the bureau, under the bag of money."

"Then you think there would be no use waiting. A few months might finish him in a natural way."

"And is it again you're hanging back? Oh, very well—just as you please. You'd better go home, then, the way you came."

"Me go home, Mary!—*me* leave you, that I love to distraction!"

"I was only trying you, Denis. But remember his son may be back from the Indies sooner than we expect, and take everything. No one knows he's alive but you and me."

"Enough, jewel—I'm ready. Have you sent the men and dogs away?"

"They all went last night with some cattle. Have *you* the pistols?"

"Yes—loaded heavily."

"Follow me now gently. We must do it without noise, if possible—and the travellers in the kitchen must bear all. I have got the marks of their shoes made all round the bed."

More of this dreadful dialogue Connor could not hear; but he saw the guilty couple walk to the door, and, entering the house, shut it after them, and all was still.

A thousand ideas had crowded on the poor spalpeen's mind as he lay in a protracted agony of fear and suspense. Once or twice he had felt himself on the point of starting up and giving the alarm; but there were none to help him, and his life would surely be sacrificed—and then, thought he, "what would Nelly and the children do?" So he sat, or rather continued to lie still, (as well, perhaps, he might,) till the door shut, and then warily and gently stole from his ambush;

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not, however, till he had returned thanks to God for his escape, and again in his heart gratefully thought of the honest farmer and his counsels. True, his conscience smote him, as it often did afterwards, that he could hit upon no stratagem nor think of any means to avert so foul a murder; but he used to say, "that fellow Denis was such a fierce giant of a fellow, that I durst not face him with his cocked pistols!" Yet in this strange terror and confusion of ideas one thought *did* occur to him, which many a bolder or cleverer man might *not* have hit upon. With great presence of mind, he resolved, before he left the yard, to make some distinct marks by which, if necessary, the villain might be identified; for, though fully satisfied as to the woman, he felt that he could not swear to a feature of the man's face, neither to his voice, as everything he had heard passed in a whisper.

Quickly acting upon this idea, and feeling for the penknife which he had purchased from the unhappy pedlars for his boy Jemmy, he laid hold of the great-coat which had been thrown across the saddle of the horse; and turning up the collar, he cut from the inside of it a small round piece of cloth, which he carefully put into his pocket. "By *this*, perhaps," exclaimed Connor to himself, "this villanous business may be discovered. And yet this token may be lost or stolen. What more can I do?" And with that he pierced with the sharp point of the knife three little holes in the middle of the horse's rein, so small that they could never be noticed by any one else. "These," added Connor, "may help likewise." And having thus performed all that he could do, or at least think of, in the business, the spalpeen stole as quietly as he could out of the yard, and with some difficulty regained the high road.

As the day broke, Connor found himself once more, after an absence of three years, in the county of Clare. He had now a march of not more than twenty-eight miles to his village; and, as he passed cabin after cabin, he began to feel himself almost at home. The very air of his native hills invigorated his footsteps, and in idea he seemed almost upon the threshold of his own cabin.

There was an acquaintance of his who lived at Broadford, a picturesque and neat little village lying at the extremity of a wild mountain range, which extends from Killaloe to that neighbourhood; and here he stopped, as other travellers generally do, and was satisfied with an excellent breakfast. After all his fatigue and loss of rest, it is no wonder that he should yield to the solicitation of his friend, "just to take a stretch upon his bed." He did so, nor did he awake till the afternoon. Thus it was nearly nine at night ere he passed through the town of Corrofin, and past ten before he reached his own cabin.

Connor paused a while before the door, and then looked eagerly in through the little window. However humble, the place had a tidy look, such as his faithful Nelly had always preserved about it. He could see his bed by the light of a fire, which seemed to have been recently made up, and was burning brightly, as if to welcome and cheer his heart. He was also able to distinguish his homely chairs and dresser just as he had left them, but, as he fancied, in still better order.

Those who have been so long separated from objects most dear and tender to the soul of man may well imagine the feelings of *his*

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as he gently raised the latch, and entered within. All was still and tranquil; so, silently shutting the door, he approached the well-known bed, and stooped eagerly forward to look at his beloved Nelly.

But oh! horror of horrors!—

There indeed lay Nelly, healthy, fresh, and buxom as ever,—but by her side a fine young man, a stranger to his sight, was sleeping! His eyebrows and whiskers were black, and his cheeks were ruddy. Could such a sight meet his affrighted senses without inflaming his passion? Furious and distracted, Connor wrung his hands in agony, and reeling towards the fireplace, rested his head for a moment on his arms, and then seized an axe, which had been placed there as if to answer some fatal purpose, but doubtless after having been used for cutting up wood.

To seize the axe was the work of an instant, and in the next it was raised above his head, and about to descend upon his victim. Oh! how numerous and lamentable are such examples of blind and ungovernable rage! how many deaths have we to deplore, how many heart-breaking tragedies, how many years of unavailing sorrow and repentance to describe, as we retrace the mournful histories of those who, instigated by sudden anger, give way to its maddening influence, and in one unhappy moment do that which must embitter every succeeding day of their existence!

But I am happy to say it was not exactly so with our friend Connor. At that eventful moment his good fortune interposed; and providentially calling to mind the words which his better angel, the good farmer, had taken such extraordinary pains to rivet on his memory, he dropped his arm, and silently repeated the third and LAST piece of advice,—"*Never do anything in a hurry at night, that you might be sorry for the following morning.*"

"There is, unhappily," said he to himself, "but little doubt of my wife's guilt; for there she is sleeping with her paramour. And did not these two eyes of mine behold last night a guilty woman, who doubtless soon afterwards assisted in the murder of her husband? But I have been twice saved by following Fitzpatrick's counsel, and will not now disregard it, nor can I, by virtue of my oath. Moreover," added he, placing the axe near him, "I have this axe here still in readiness, which will prevent that young fellow from quitting my house in a hurry." And with that Connor sat himself down upon a chair near the fire, and looked wistfully towards it.

Whether any of these ejaculations had escaped him audibly or not, will probably remain undecided, Connor not having been able to recollect himself upon this point; but, from whatever cause it might have been, he soon heard a loud ejaculation of surprise, and a strong voice exclaiming,

"O mother, mother, wake up! wake up! There's *father* sitting by the fire!"

A cry of joy was then uttered by poor Nelly. Up she started all in a hurry and fluster (as we call it), and snatching some garment which she drew round her, jumped out of bed, and had her arms round Connor's neck, and began to hug and kiss him, as if the least she intended to do was to smother "the very life out of him en-

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tirely." But he, astonished,—nay, almost stupified,—still looked in doubt, till the strapping youth exclaimed,

"O father, and have you forgot your son Jemmy?"

And now the truth flashed upon Connor's mind; for, by a strange perversity of imagination, he had expected, though after an absence of three years, to find all his children the exact size, height, figure, and shape he left them, never thinking of that law of dame Nature, which, after duly providing for the increase of the human species, urges her to take special care not to keep her progeny all their lives in swaddling clothes. And, in sober truth, does not her ladyship's chief occupation seem to consist in ushering her sons and daughters in at one door, and dismissing them at another, as rapidly as possible?

Suffice it now to say, that every succeeding minute removed a load of uncertainty from Connor's breast, and, in accents sufficiently audible, he might have been heard invoking a thousand thanks and blessings on Fitzpatrick's head.

Nelly now began to dress herself in good earnest; Jemmy did the same. The inmates of a neighbouring bed awakened one after another, and again Connor was almost hugged, kissed, and squeezed to death. Indeed, it was well that he in his turn had not hugged and squeezed others to death likewise; but at this instant a happier circle never gathered round a cabin fire. All was joy and exultation, and it was the general decision that sleep should be banished, or at least that it would be impossible to settle again to rest till Connor had recounted all his adventures.

To the questions he had put to Nelly he had received tolerably satisfactory replies. It seems that a worthy and excellent family of wealth and importance lived within two miles of them, who had been most generous and kind to her and her children. With the occasional assistance which the poor woman had received from Mr. and Mrs. Corbett, and her own exertions, she had contrived, aided by Jemmy's industry, to struggle on better than could have been expected until lately, when several misfortunes had occurred, and among the rest, the death of a pig, and the destruction of their potato crop by an inundation. It was true, Nelly added, they had saved a good stock of turf, and drawn home some wood which Mr. Corbett had given them; but equally evident that, without potatoes, they must have been driven to seek a scanty support from the charity of their neighbours.

"But now," cried Nelly, "we're safe, thank God!"

"The Lord's will be done!" mournfully ejaculated Connor.

"We must always submit to *that*," said Nelly. "But sure you're not come back to us empty-handed, anyhow! Have you saved *nothing* in the three years, and yourself so stout and hearty?"

"Nothing, agra! nothing!—barring these three or four shillings, and the sixpennies and halfpence," which the poor man took from his pocket, and pressed into her hand with a look of despair.

The family sat mute and stupified. They had now scarcely a ray of hope; for the winter was fast closing in. Such as could save their potatoes had done so; while their own miserable one acre lay covered with water; nor was there a probability of any work to be earned by those ever most anxious for employment. The whole

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scene was touching, and would have formed a group which a painter might have taken a fearful interest in portraying.

Who that has become acquainted with the habits of this extraordinary people, their deep affections, their feelings ever fluctuating, but must have observed those sudden transitions, which, if they cause depression one moment, are accompanied by a buoyancy of thought, or succeeded by a lightness of spirit, and a patience in misfortune, that will seldom permit them to continue long in hopelessness? As the ocean birds—frequently lost sight of between the waves of the Atlantic, which spend their fury upon this coast,—are quickly observed again upon the very summit of succeeding billows, so do my poor countrymen brave the attacks of fortune. They are seldom exposed to a storm in which they do not fancy at least that they can discern the rainbow of HOPE, and, while possessed of life and health, seize the hand of comfort with avidity, and even in hunger can feast upon brighter visions for the future!

And so it was with the household now assembled. A cloud had passed over each face, but it was quickly dispelled by a general exclamation of pleasure, as Connor prepared to relate the history of his adventures.

During the whole of his recital the family sat, sometimes motionless in suspense, and at other times they would clasp their hands, or utter various expressions suited to the occasion. As, for instance, when Connor described the morning of his departure from Fitzpatrick's, young Jemmy rose, and swore he would "set out for Leinster the next morning, and kill the infernal scoundrel if he did not pay him every farthing of the money he had cheated his father of." To which Connor quietly replied, "Wait awhile, Jemmy."

Nelly was very curious in her questions about Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and paid great attention to the *baking scene*, asking many particulars as to that good woman's method of kneading her bread.

The adventure with the pedlars and escape from the robbers caused a great and general sensation: nor did Nelly omit to ask for her scissors, or Jemmy for his penknife,—articles which, from the splendour of their polish, excited universal delight and praise. But when Connor began to relate the awful occurrences of the preceding night, the young people pressed closer and closer together, and little Biddy hid her face in her mother's bosom. Jemmy turned pale and red by turns, and Nelly, catching fast hold of Connor's arm, became nearly breathless. But, probably, the greatest interest of all was excited when he related his feelings on coming home; his absolutely not knowing Jemmy for the big whiskers, and Jemmy's narrow escape from having head, whiskers, and all cut to pieces with the axe; and then, after a shudder, succeeded such a roar of laughter as was almost loud enough to waken up all the neighbours, and did actually and materially disturb the cocks and hens roosting over their heads.

CHAPTER IV.

Hints to Boz.—Kilkenny bread better than "hot muffins and crumpets," and the "Punctual Delivery Company" outdone.—Limerick Criminal Court.—Hunting extraordinary.—Execution.—"All's well that ends well."—Finis.

AT last Connor's history being ended, and the conclusion of his

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recital having fairly released the tongues of the party, they all launched out into a hundred different remarks; but, when the whole series of transactions were thus reviewed, there was not one of them that blamed Fitzpatrick.

"It was a hard case, to be sure, that father did not get his money; but, then, if he had not taken the three pieces of advice instead of it, what would the money have signified? Would not the robbers have got all? And then, how would he have escaped from being taken up as one of the suspected of a murder (which none of them doubted had taken place), but for the farmer. And would not Jemmy have been killed too? Well, well, well," they would say, "the Lord be praised! It is all for the best; and never fear but something will turn up."

At this period, too, Connor was reminded by his wife of the *small loaf* which the farmer's wife had baked for her, and which she was quite longing to taste. "Come, out with it, Connor; I'll help you, and cut the stitches with the new scissors. I wish to taste it, and look at it. Here, I'll help you; and, maybe there will be a bit for us all round; and by this (looking mournfully at her children) you'll be hungry enough, I'll engage."

As the loaf slowly emerged from Connor's pocket there was a pause of expectation; but, fairly placed on the table, every countenance brightened up. Connor undertook the division, flourishing his knife, and then looking round, as if to calculate the number of pieces into which the loaf should be divided. At the first plunge of the knife, its sturdy point demolished the frail sides of a small earthen pot concealed within the loaf: and, to the absolute bewonderment of the circle, out came a shower of eighty guineas upon the table.

If the celebrated Sir David Wilkie, or our friend Mr. Cruikshank, had been alive at the period I am speaking of,—or could any other artist of equal merit have seated himself on the side of Connor's bed, with a pencil in his hand,—how quickly might he have designed a companion to the picture of woe before described! The same mouths now wide open, the same eyes glistening with ecstacy, and directed to the treasures which had just escaped from good Mrs. Fitzpatrick's loaf. Truly this world of ours is full of ups and downs, and dame Fortune seems quite as busy in racking her inventive powers as dame Nature herself.

While Connor was scraping his hoard together, his eye caught the end of a small packet which appeared in the midst of the gold; and, upon opening it, a letter was found from the honest farmer of Kilkenny. It was read aloud by Jemmy, who had become a tolerable scholar at the parish school patronised by Mr. Corbett, and ran as follows:—

"DEAR CONNOR,

"I hope this letter *will stand the baking.* The mistress and I have a trick in our heads, which we intend to practice upon you to-morrow, and I hope I shall succeed with you; for there would be a great many chances against your taking your wages home in the regular way; and, as to the advice I shall give you, no fear of my ever robbing you of *that.*

"Friend Connor, you have now got a great deal more in your head than when you came three years ago to dig my potatoes; for

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you did not know at that time how much your head carried, any more than you will know what is inside the little loaf you will have in your pocket to-morrow (God willing): but it was not long before I found out that you were a knowledgeable man, and also a better thing still—that you were a strictly honest man. So, now, all I have to tell you is this,—make as good a use of your money as possible, and turn it over often at fairs and markets, with pigs, sheep and cattle; and so may the heavenly Father bless you and yours, and send you luck, is the wish of

"Your friend,

"James Fitzpatrick."

When Jemmy finished reading the farmer's letter, great and long were the praises bestowed upon that good man and his wife, and many the prayers that the blessing of God might rest upon them and their family for ever.

The money was then carefully counted out, and put into Nelly's hands, who, turning to the children, charged them all to secrecy, and that they should not be talking to their neighbours, or saying one word about the guineas, *or the murder*,—to all which Connor assented; for he added, though they were determined to be kind to those about them, "it was no use putting the country up to their present riches, as it would only be bringing crowds of people asking questions, and trying to borrow money for their various occasions;" and, as to the murder, he declared he would never speak of it till he saw Mr. Corbett, who he believed to be the only man that would give him proper advice about it. So, after a long deliberation, it was resolved that half the money they now possessed should be hid in a safe place; and that Connor, assisted by Jemmy, should begin to turn the other half over, by buying stock at the fairs and markets, and seeing where they might afterwards dispose of it to the best advantage.*

And now, having settled everything to general satisfaction, they all crept into their respective resting-places: and seldom had sleep visited so happy a family; for they were rich beyond the utmost bounds of their expectations, and airy visions of bliss contrived to flit across the hours of their repose.

The morning was advanced when they got up. The meal they assembled to partake of was scanty enough; but the general endearments which passed sweetened their homely fare, and health, and the exuberance of pleasure, crowned their board with countless luxuries.

It was mid-day when Nelly, who was ever industrious, whether at home or abroad, settled herself to spin; while the children, according to their age and strength, were directed to various employments. Would it were always so in an Irish cabin!

Connor declared his intention to go up to Mr. Corbett's, who was not only the nearest magistrate, but for that year high-sheriff of the county of Clare. He had a beautiful house about three miles off, and was universally beloved and respected. Jemmy accompanied his

* It may appear singular that Connor and his wife should have mutually permitted even their children to participate in such secrets as these. But I believe it will be admitted by those who have a much better knowledge of this country than I possess, that the virtue of secrecy, as practised in Ireland, but too often borders upon the vice of concealment.

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father, who was much better pleased with him and his whiskers than he had been the preceding night; for, in truth, Jemmy was a fine lad now, nearly eighteen years of age, and moreover, as straight and handsome "a boy," as could be seen in the neighbourhood; and, if it was thus he looked in a tattered waistcoat and without sleeves, it may be readily imagined what an improvement was soon afterwards effected when he appeared in a new frieze coat, and with a pair of stout brogues on his feet.

Unfortunately they were just a day too late for Mr. Corbett, who had taken his family to Dublin, and was not expected back for five or six weeks; during which time Connor, however, still determined to keep his own counsel, not knowing, as he used to say, "what might come of random talking." He therefore busily entered into his proposed employments, and soon appeared as the shrewd and experienced jobber, in which business, also, he was most ably assisted by his son. Nor was it long before a success was apparent which seldom fails to attend a sober, honest, and steady trader in any line.

The cabin was now amply supplied with potatoes; and a good milch cow afforded them plenty of milk; and, though the winter was a severe one, they had a real summer of contentment.

Six weeks had now nearly expired, when that excellent man and indefatigable magistrate, Mr. Corbett, returned with his family. He had come back from Dublin to attend the Ennis assizes as sheriff, and the business of the courts being finished, the judges had moved on to Limerick the day before.

Leaving Jemmy in the kitchen, Connor was readily ushered into Mr. Corbett's presence; who, being a very benevolent man, was much pleased to see him so sensibly improved in manners and appearance, and desired him to sit down and tell him all that had happened to him during his absence.

Connor could not begin his recital till he had poured out his acknowledgments for all "his honour's charity and kindness to his poor wife and children. Nelly would have been *lost entirely* but for his honour, and the children begging about the country." And so he would have gone on for half an hour if he had been permitted; but Mr. Corbett stopped him short, telling him he had a great deal of business to attend to, and desiring him immediately to enter upon the history of his absence. Connor therefore began; and, so successfully and clearly accomplished the narration, that Mr. Corbett often afterwards declared that no actor upon any stage had more completely riveted his attention. But, during the recital of the night scene in the farmhouse in the county of Limerick, Connor observed the good man to be particularly uneasy and impatient: for, more than once, he changed colour, looked at his watch; and then, hardly waiting for the conclusion, rang the bell violently, and got up and walked to the door. Then, turning to Connor, he said,

"Why did you not begin with this murder? What have you been about all this time? wretched man! Your fellow-travellers may at this moment be condemned to death. Their trial was to come on this very day."

"The Lord in heaven forbid!" ejaculated Connor.

At this moment the door was opened, when Mr. Corbett desired that his brown hunter should be immediately saddled, and brought

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round instantly—"*instantly!*" he repeated with fearful emphasis. Then addressing Connor, he asked him whether he had the *bit of cloth?*

"I have, your honour. Here it is, fastened with a pin to the inside of my waistcoat."

"Then, Connor, I tell you, that if the Almighty be pleased to favour a righteous cause—of which I never despair—you may yet be in time to save the lives of these innocent men; but, that if you delay AN INSTANT upon the road, they are inevitably lost. I have heard of the business, and no one doubts their guilt."

Mr. Corbett then wrote a short letter to the high-sheriff of Limerick, acquainting him that the bearer, Connor O'Meara, was well known to him, that he would vouch for his truth and honesty, and that he had a most important disclosure to make, which in all probability would save the lives of the two prisoners who were to stand their trial for the murder of Mr. Kennedy. He likewise told Connor that his horse would carry him to Limerick in three hours; that he must dismount at a livery-stable which he described, and then run as fast as he could to the court-house, and deliver his letter to the sheriff, who would be in court.

Connor, whose anxiety was quite equal to Mr. Corbett's, if not greater, darted out when he saw the hunter at the door, and was upon his back in a moment, and on his way. Jemmy looked after his father with astonishment; but that good man, Mr. Corbett, soon explained the pressing exigency of the case, and desired him to go home to his mother, and tell her he had no doubt her husband would be back the following evening.

Connor was an excellent horseman; the hunter admirably performed his part of the business; the city of Limerick was successfully gained; and, in less than three hours, the noble steed was seen crossing Thornwood Bridge in full gallop. A few minutes after, and Connor, covered with mud, was at the court-house, and crying out to the people to make way. "Make way—make way, poor sowls! I've a letter for the high-sheriff, and must give it into his own hands."

Way therefore was made, and in another instant the sheriff had received and read Mr. Corbett's letter.

The trial of the two farmers who had found shelter that eventful night at the house where the murder had been committed, had commenced some hours before. The prosecutrix was the young widow of the murdered man. She had given her evidence in a clear and very confident manner, and had withstood some severe cross-examinations by two eminent counsel, specially retained, and brought down by the prisoners at a considerable expense.

It appeared also, by the evidence of the young servant girl of the house, that she had been awakened that particular morning by loud screams issuing from the cow-house, where she found her mistress tied up to the posts. That, on cutting the cords, her mistress appeared frantic with despair, and asked her to stop the two men who had murdered her master. That she looked about, but they were gone; and that then her mistress told her to go to the nearest house, and give the alarm.

Several witnesses were examined from the neighbourhood, all o whom gave evidence that they had found the room where the mur-

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der had been committed in great disorder, and the chest of drawers and bureau broken open and rifled. That, having a description of the murderers from the prosecutrix, several young men had pursued and captured them, not far from O'Brien's bridge; and that, on bringing them to the house, the widow instantly identified them, and on the same day made her deposition before the coroner, upon whose warrant (he being perfectly satisfied of their guilt,) they were committed to prison in Limerick.

For the defence, the prisoners' counsel were instructed in the first place totally to deny their having been concerned in the murder. Evidence, the most unexceptionable, was produced of their respectability; and that it was not likely they should have stained their hands with blood, and not have participated in the plunder, which must have been considerable; and that, although money was found upon them, the evidence plainly showed that it was precisely the same amount they had taken with them from home, to attend the fair. The servant girl was also obliged, when again examined, to confess that another man had arrived at the house after them, and had quitted it in a mysterious way. *He* might have done the deed.

It was urged, however, by the prosecution, that nothing had shaken the direct evidence of the widow as to the identity of the two prisoners at the bar. She had sworn to them as the men who had tied her to the posts in the cow-house; and that, with respect to the money, there could hardly be a doubt of their having removed and secreted it somewhere in the neighbourhood; for, it had been too well known that the deceased had received a large sum in gold that day, and very likely these men had seen him receive it, and had followed him home. But, even admitting that the prosecutrix had been mistaken, how was it possible to overcome the remaining part of the evidence, particularly that given so clearly by the witnesses who had compared the footmarks left round the bed and near the bureau, and which so exactly and minutely agreed with the shoes the prisoners wore? and, as if this were not sufficiently conclusive, what would be said of the small articles found in their pockets, and which were known to have belonged to Mr. Kennedy, and *could* only have been found in his room? Besides, how could they have been in the house, and not cognizant of the murder?

This is, of course, a mere outline; much more must have passed, and probably of deeper interest. The evidence, however, being concluded, the judge, who bore a high reputation for legal acumen, as well as great humanity, had summed up, and declared to the jury that in the course of his long experience on the bench, he had never seen a case which had presented to his mind a train of clearer circumstantial evidence against the prisoners at the bar; but with a recommendation that his own impressions might not bias the minds of the jury, he enjoined their serious and impartial consideration of the evidence given on both sides; and concluded by saying that whatever might be his opinion, he should be much relieved by a solemn record of *theirs*.

The jury, after nearly an hour's consultation, had returned to their box, and were upon the point of delivering their verdict of GUILTY, and the judge, who in the countenance of the foreman too plainly read the doom of the prisoners, was sitting uneasily upon the bench, and almost mechanically feeling for that black emblem of death

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which, it is said, strikes more terror into the hearts of culprits than all the subsequent arrangements of offended justice, when at this most critical moment a confusion in court announced Connor's sudden arrival, and the sheriff having read Mr. Corbett's letter, rose from his seat, and laid it open before the judge.

His lordship was evidently much surprised, if not disconcerted, at an interruption at such a period; and, looking rather sternly at the sheriff, demanded to know whether the letter now placed before him had reference to the trial then on the point of conclusion?

"It has, my lord," replied the sheriff. "It was written three hours ago by the high-sheriff of the county of Clare, whom your lordship knows; a material witness has arrived this instant in court, who was on the spot the very evening of the murder, and who is most anxious to give his testimony in favour of the accused."

The judge immediately, turning to the jury, addressed them as follows:—

"Gentlemen of the jury,—A very extraordinary circumstance has occurred. It appears that a witness has just arrived in court, who is prepared to give some strong additional evidence in favour of the accused, the two unfortunate prisoners at the bar. I should consider myself unworthy the office I fill, were I to deny them the benefit of such assistance; and you, gentlemen, would, I am equally certain, regret a premature verdict as long as you lived. I desire, therefore, that you will again resume your seats, and, if necessary, hold yourselves prepared to reconsider your verdict."

Upon this the prisoner's counsel called Connor O'Meara to come up and be sworn. Connor sprang nimbly upon the table. His whole appearance prepossessed the court in his favour, and the state of his clothes convinced all present how much he had exerted himself to arrive in time for the trial. It was also remarked that Connor's unexpected presence soon caused much apparent uneasiness to the prosecutrix, who was seated in court, next to a tall powerful young man, with whom she had frequent consultations during the proceedings.

In turning an eager glance to look round him, Connor's eye rested upon this couple. He instantly recognised the widow, while she, evidently remembering him, turned her head another way. He was now sworn, and called upon for his evidence; when, to the astonishment of the court, he said in a firm voice,

"My Lord,—Before I begin to declare what I know in this affa ir, I pray your lordship will direct the doors to be strictly guarded, as, if I do not very much mistake, the two real murderers are now not far from me at large, and may attempt to make their escape."

Upon this the prosecutrix put a handkerchief up to her face, and the man near her was observed to button up his great coat, as if conscious that something was about to be discovered, which might render it very expedient for him to withdraw himself if possible. But Connor's precaution, and the orders of the judge, defeated even this desperate resource.

Connor then began, and went through his narrative in the same clear straightforward manner (so far at least as related to the occurrences of the night in question) as he had previously done to Mr. Corbett. There was no interruption by the counsel for the prosecution, which could or did in the least disturb him. On he went, bearing

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along with him in the minds of all present a full belief in his honesty and truth. He then concluded with these words,

"I can and do positively swear that that woman," pointing to the prosecutrix, "was the woman that came into the yard, and held the conversation with the man, because I noticed (dark as it was) that she had the same gown, with large spots upon it, which I had remarked upon her in the house, and also, that the whispers exactly resembled those that passed between her and the servant in the kitchen. And, as for the man now sitting next her, I judge him by his size to be the same as the person who got off from his horse when I was hid in the hay. He called her Mary, and she called him Denis; and, by the same token," added Connor, "I have here in my pocket a round piece of cloth, the very colour of his great coat; this piece of cloth I cut out from underneath the collar (as I believe) of that very coat, which (if I am right) was the coat he took off and threw over the saddle of his horse."

This extraordinary disclosure perfectly electrified the whole court. The judge seemed as if he drew his breath with difficulty, but he gave instant orders that the coat should be taken from the man. It was so; the inside of the collar was eagerly examined, and a hole discovered, into which Connor's piece of cloth exactly fitted.

"I have also another proof," added Connor; "provided that man's horse is in Limerick, and the bridle can be got and brought here, you will see in it three small holes made by my knife."

In a few minutes this was done; and by the time Connor had ended the entire of his evidence, the bridle was produced, and the three small holes he had pierced with his knife were distinctly visible.

It is impossible to describe the appearance of the poor prisoners at this moment. With clasped hands, and with their eyes looking up to heaven, they seemed to be pouring forth their gratitude to God for their great escape, while honest Connor, who had enlisted all hearts in his favour, began to be almost the idol of the court. In the mean time the infamous woman had fainted away, and her miserable paramour, (a man of dissolute habits in the neighbourhood, and known to be in great difficulties) appeared to be gradually shrinking to nothing.

When this powerfully direct and conclusive evidence was finished, the judge charged the jury a second time; upon which, without retiring from their box, they forthwith acquitted the prisoners at the bar, and expressed their extreme satisfaction at their deliverance; whereupon the excellent judge, after complimenting Connor upon his evidence, told the prisoners that they were not only free, but would leave the bar without a single stain upon their reputations.

A warrant was then made out against the widow and her base companion in guilt, and they were committed to gaol, indited and brought to trial the following morning, and found guilty by a fresh jury, and condemned on Connor's evidence.

Connor spent the evening of his arrival with his two fellow-travellers, who during a course of many subsequent years, embraced numerous opportunities of rendering him and his family good services; and immediately after the trial on the following day, he remounted Mr. Corbett's horse, bearing with him most complimen-

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tary letters from the judge, the high-sheriff, and the foreman of the jury. I must also add that that gentleman was so highly pleased at the providential issue of this event, and with Connor's good conduct, that he put him in possession of a snug farm, in which he prospered exceedingly, and which, indeed, is still occupied by his worthy descendants.

To conclude this eventful story: many months had not elapsed before Connor received an unexpected visit at his new house from a gentleman who announced himself as Captain Kennedy, the only son of the late unfortunate man for whose murder his wretched widow and her miserable accomplice had so justly suffered. Poor Mr. Kennedy's latter days were probably embittered by the conviction of his son's death,—his letters having been intercepted by the wicked woman whom in his weakness the old man had espoused.

Captain Kennedy, after passing many years in India, where he was highly esteemed and distinguished, returned with the filial determination of cheering the declining years of his father. What his sensations must have been on hearing the dreadful narrative just recited every feeling mind can readily imagine.

To Connor, however, he felt that his chief debt of gratitude was due; and, as the first proof of it, he brought with him a noble silver tankard, with a suitable inscription, still safely preserved, and upon which the family set a high value.

Nor did Captain Kennedy's friendship slumber here; finding that Connor's second son, who bore the same name, bid fair to be a very promising candidate for military fame, he, the following year, procured him a cadetship in India, where he realised every expectation which could have been formed of him by his family and friends.

As for Jemmy, his heart and soul were in the farm, which was a model for the surrounding district, and plentifully cropped and stocked, with the finest sheep and cattle that could be procured. He was soon well known at most of the great fairs and markets, for his journeys were successful, his judgment being sound, and people liking to deal with him. But there was no one ever happier to see this young man under his roof than our honest and upright friend, James Fitzpatrick, whose attachment to Jemmy's father never ceased.

And it also gives me the greatest pleasure to add that Miss Eliza Fitzpatrick, who had grown up to be not only a good, but beautiful girl, was not slow in distinguishing merits so generally appreciated; nor could Jemmy's heart find its due proportion of rest and ease till the families and their fortunes were happily and more closely united.

And now, good reader, may I ask you what you think of an Irish spalpeen?

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COLIN CLINK.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

Doctor Rowel argues very learnedly, in order to prove that not only his wife and himself, but the reader also, and all the world besides, may, for aught they know to the contrary, be stark mad.

As Dr. Rowel stepped briskly from the scene of his disaster on the way to his dining-room, he slackened his neckcloth considerably, and with his most critical finger felt very carefully on each side of his gullet, in order to ascertain whether those parts had sustained any material injury; and though he soon convinced himself that no organic disarrangement had resulted, he yet reflected, in the true spirit of an observant practitioner, that a fierce gripe by the throat is but an indifferent stomachic. Whatever other injury was or was not done, his appetite, at least, felt considerably reduced. Disasters, like this, however, being common to every individual who has the care of insane persons, he determined to pass it by unnoticed, and to shake the very recollection of it from off his own mind as soon as possible.

Shortly afterwards the doctor sat down to a well-furnished table, in the place usually appropriated to that second-rate character, the *vice*, and directly opposite his wife, who, in the absence of other company than themselves, invariably took the chair. As he helped himself to the breast of a young turkey, which a week previously had stalked and gobbled with pride about his own yard, he remarked,—for his mind reverted to the trick he had put upon Fanny with great complacency,—that never, during the whole course of his experience, had he so cleverly handled a difficult affair as he had that day. The lady to whom he addressed himself might have considered, in the way of the profession, that he alluded to some case of amputation at the hip-joint, or some other similar operation equally delicate, as she replied by begging him not to inform her of it that night, as she was already almost overcome with the nervous excitement consequent on the events of the afternoon.

"Indeed!" the doctor exclaimed, raising his eyes. "What has occurred? No patient dead, I hope?"

"Nothing of the kind," returned the lady; "only that James Woodruff has been talking again in such an extraordinary manner, that I feel quite faint even now with it. Do reach me that bottle, dear. Really, Rowel, I tell you again, that if he cannot be set at liberty very soon, I shall be compelled to keep out of the way alto-

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gether. I will confine myself to this end of the house, and never go within reach of him any more. What a horrible creature he is!"

"He has not injured you, has he?" the doctor again inquired, as he involuntarily run his fore-finger round the inner front of his neckerchief.

"Of course not—how could he? But then that long hair gives him such a frightful look, and at the same time, whenever he can catch a glimpse of me, he always begs and prays me to prevail on you to set him free. I am sure I wonder you keep him, even for my sake; and, besides that, the man seems sensible enough, and always has been, if I am to judge by his conversation."

"Ah!—what—again?" exclaimed her husband, interrupting her. "How many more times shall I have to repeat to you, that a madman, when under restraint, cannot, in some particular cases, be in the most remote degree depended upon, though his observations be apparently as intelligent and sane as yours or mine?"

"I remember you have said so," remarked Mrs. Rowel; "but it seems very singular."

"It may appear very singular in your opinion, my dear, because you are not expected to possess the same erudition and extensive knowledge that a professional man does in these things; though with deference, my dear, common experience and observation might by this time have convinced you that my theory is perfectly correct. With these unhappy people you should believe neither your eyes nor your ears; for if you do, it is a hundred to one but that some of them, at one time or another, will persuade you that they are perfectly sane and well, when, were they to be freed from restraint, they would tear you in pieces the very next instant."

Mrs. Rowel looked somewhat disconcerted, and at a loss to meet her husband in a region so scientific that neither seeing nor hearing were of any use; though secretly she could not but wonder, if neither eyes nor ears were to be trusted, by what superior faculty, what divining-rod of intellect, a patient's madness was to be ascertained. Her doubts were not wholly overturned by the ploughshare of the doctor's logic, and therefore she very naturally, though with considerable show of diffidence, stuck pertinaciously to her old opinion.

Her husband felt vexed—and especially as he wished to impose upon her understanding—that with all his powers of speech, and his assumption of profound knowledge, he could not now, any more than hitherto, succeed in converting her to the faith which he himself pretended so devoutly to hold, that lunatics sometimes could not be known by their conversation, and that the individual, James Woodruff, in particular, who was the subject of their conversation, was actually as mad as a March hare, notwithstanding the actions and appearances, undeviating and regular, which in his case so obstinately forced upon Mrs.

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Rowel the private conviction that he was quite as sound in intellect as any other subject within the King's dominions. Nevertheless, the doctor stifled the feelings of petulant resentment which were rising in his bosom, and satisfied himself simply by assuring his good, though somewhat perverse lady, that it was no very unusual thing for a certain description of lunatics to maintain their own sanity by arguments which, in any other case, would be considered very excellent; though, with experienced professional men, that very fact went farther in support of their derangement than almost any other that could be brought to bear.

"Whenever," continued the doctor, with some degree of warmth, "whenever I meet with a patient—never mind whether he is under medical treatment or not—a patient who endeavours by argument and proof to show me that he is *compos mentis*—who seeks for evidence, as it were, in his own mind to substantiate the sanity of that very mind—that is, a man who appeals for proof to the very thing to be itself proved—who tests the mind by the mind—when I meet with a patient of that description, it seems to imply a kind of doubt and distrust of his own intellect, and I set him down, in spite of what anybody can say to the contrary, as *non compos mentis*, and a proper subject on whom to issue a writ of *ideota inquirendo vel examinando*."

"I cannot argue with you like that, Frank," observed the doctor's wife; "but do you mean to say that a man cannot himself tell whether he is mad—and that nobody else, by what they see and hear, can tell either?"

"I do!" exclaimed Rowel. "I contend that numberless instances exist of latent mental derangement, which are totally unknown both to the insane themselves, and to those persons who are about them."

"Then how do *you* know it?" asked the lady.

"From the very nature of things, my dear," Mr. Rowel replied. "Time was when verdicts of *felo de se* were returned in cases of self-destruction; but now every twopenny shopkeeper is wise enough to know, that the very act of self murder itself is evidence of mental derangement."

"But what has this to do with the question?" demanded Mrs. Rowel.

"It has this to do with it," continued her husband, "that neither you, nor I, nor anybody else, however wise we may think ourselves, can know for a certainty, positively and conclusively, whether we are mad or not."

"Then do you mean to say that *I* am mad?"

"I mean to say this, my dear, that for aught you know to the contrary, you may be."

"Come, that is foolish, Frank. But you do not think so, do you?"

"Think!—I think nothing about it," replied Rowel: "only, as you

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seem to believe that such a lunatic as James Woodruff is very much in his senses, it might be supposed you had a bit of a slate loose yourself."

"Oh, I am sure I have not!" tartly resumed the lady. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for saying such a thing."

"No, no!—I do not say any such thing, by any means. The case of Woodruff is certainly, in one sense, the most singular I ever knew, and to me, in my situation, a peculiarly painful one; but what then?—what can I do?"

"Why, you know, my dear," replied Mrs. Rowel, in a deprecatory tone of voice, "that you *do* manage his property, after all. The man is right enough, as far as that goes."

"Right enough, truly—I *do*. But how do I? Is not the trouble as great as the profit? I keep it all together where it was for him,—prevent him from squandering it in his mad fits, as he was about to do at the time I caused him to be placed in confinement,—keep him out of harm's way,—clothe him,—feed him,—medicine,—attendance,—everything,—and not a single item put down against his estate for all this. What was I to do, do you suppose? Was it likely I should stand quietly by, and see all that he had himself, and all that my sister Frances left him, go to rack and ruin, waste and destruction, as if it were of no more value than an old song?"

"But what was it that he was doing?" asked Mrs. Rowel; "for I am sure I could never find out."

"He was doing nothing actually," said the doctor. "But what should you have thought of me, if I had kept my hands in my pockets until the mischief was past, before I attempted to interfere? It was what I foresaw he *intended* to do that caused me to step between. Was not he going to pull that good new house to pieces, for the sake of patching up the old one with its materials? The man must have been stark raving mad to have thought of such a thing, and everybody would have said so."

"*I* should not have said so," observed the lady; "though there is nothing wonderful about that, as you have told me that *I* may be mad too. But it was always my opinion that the old family house was worth ten of the other, if it had but the same fire-grates and chimney-pieces put in it."

"The fact is," replied he, "you were all mad together about that tumble-down crazy concern, merely because it *was* the old house; and I am very glad I put a stop to it when I did, and in the manner I did, though I think he knows better now, mad as he is at present. To tell you the truth, my dear," and the doctor lowered his voice to a more serious and impressive tone, "I do not think he cares much, or perhaps not anything at all about it. His liberty seems to be the principal thing with him. Do you know, he offered this evening to

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make the whole property over to me as a free gift, if I would let him out."

"Did he, indeed!" exclaimed the lady, as tears of pity swam in her eyes. "Poor fellow!—poor fellow!"

"Why, poor fellow? I didn't prompt him what to say. Besides, I would not take it. How dare I let him out? His gift would be good for nothing to me, being void at law. I cannot let him out. And even if I had ever dreamed of trying such a hazardous experiment, it would, under present circumstances, be impossible."

"But why *impossible*, Frank?" asked Mrs. Rowel.

Frank Rowel began to imagine, from the turn which his wife appeared inclined to take in this business, that the relation of his interview with Fanny, which had discovered to him so unexpectedly the person of James Woodruff's daughter, and his own niece, would not materially profit him in the eyes of that lady; and therefore, although he had at first intended to make it known to her, he for the present forbore, and contented himself by assuring her how exceedingly lucky it was that, for her own sake, she had some one about her whose knowledge was not so soon set aside, and whose feelings of compassion were not so easily excited as her own; or otherwise it would inevitably come about that the whole establishment of lunatics would some day or other, out of pure kindness, be let loose to run rampant over and affright the whole country-side.

"Then James is to remain there?" questioned the lady.

"I see no chance for him," was the reply; "everything is against him. He *must* be confined for life."

Mrs. Rowel sighed, looked at her husband, then at the decanter of sherry which stood on the table, then smiled significantly, and then added in a half-jesting tone, though with a very serious and fixed intention,

"I'll take a glass of wine with you, my dear."

And so she did, and several others after it.

In fact, though I abhor anything that might be supposed to touch on scandal, Mrs. Rowel liked sherry.

CHAPTER XVII.

James Woodruff soliloquizes in his cell.—An unlooked-for offer of liberty is made him, and on what conditions.

WHILE yet the last ominous and deceitful reply which Dr. Rowel had made to James Woodruff rung in his ear, as a sound incredible and impossible to have been heard, he threw himself on the loose straw which covered an iron bedstead that stood in a corner of his cell, and writhed in bodily and in mental agony, both from what he had just endured, and from the stinging reflections that, having once had his oppressor in his power, he should have so spared him, so confided in his promises, and been so treacherously deceived!

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The consciousness of his own magnanimity, and implicit faith in his brother-in-law's solemn word and oath, aggravated the bitterness of these reflections, until the despair within him became worse to endure than all the horrors without. All hope of freedom had now finally departed. He had made the last and greatest sacrifice in his power to obtain it, and it had only been cast back in his face as worthless, because it would be considered as the act of a madman. He had implored, promised, threatened,—nay, he had put his very life in peril,—and all for what? for nothing. What more remained to do? To wait the doubtful result of chance for an unforeseen and apparently impossible deliverance,—to waste away the last pulsations of a worse than worthless life in the protracted misery of that dungeon,—or to take heart in this extremity to do a deed that should at once shut the gates of hope and of fear in this world upon him for ever? Would it not be better to beat out his brains against the wall, and throw himself, uncalled, before his God, his wretchedness standing in extenuation of his crime, than thus to do and to suffer by hours, days, nights, and years, with no change that marked to-day from yesterday, or this year from the year that went before, nor any chance of change to distinguish the years to come from those that had already passed? In the same monotonous round of darkness passed in that cell, of pacing some few steps to his day-yard, of turnings and returnings within that limited space, and then of pacing back to pass hours of darkness in his cell again,—time seemed to stand still, or only to return at daylight, and work over again the same well-known revolution that it wrought when daylight last appeared.

Looking back beyond these dreary seventeen years, what had his mind to rest upon? Sorrow for his wife's premature death; solicitude, painful, and unfathomably deep, for the babe she had left to his sole care; his struggle onwards through a now-blighted world, solely on account of the little helpless thing that had no friend but him; and then the sudden, the unexpected, and horrible injustice of an avaricious brother-in-law, which had overwhelmed him as with an avalanche, deprived him of all he possessed, shut up himself in a place of horrors, and, worst of all, put away that child, motherless and fatherless, to endure perhaps all that the lowest poverty endures, or to sink under it when she could endure no longer.

Before him, even under the best circumstances, what had he to look for, even if he were free? The world had nothing in it for him but that wife's burying-place, a house where her dear living picture should be, and was not, and a hearth of desolation for himself. Why had he pleaded so earnestly for liberty?—the liberty that had nothing to offer him even when obtained? Those two gone, why should he alone wish to remain? A bed of earth was, after all, the best place for him.

And yet—for the rebound of the spirits is often in proportion to their fall—it was possible, were he free, that he might find his daughter

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again. The doctor might be compelled to tell him how she had been disposed of in the first instance, and he might be able to trace her out. Occurrences less probable had come to pass before, and why not in this case also? He might find her, and in her—though grown a woman, whom he should not perhaps know again—one who would yet be like her mother Frances over again, a pride and joy to his house, and a consolation in the last years of his existence. But the vision faded when again and again the withering and insurmountable question recurred to him,—how could he get free? In the most direct course, the events of that evening had cut off all hope; in any other there lay none. It was true that visiters sometimes came to inspect the house, and mark the treatment of the patients. To tell them his tale, and ask their aid, was useless. Such had been before, and he had told them; but nobody believed him; they only looked on with wonder or fear, and went away pitying the painful nature of his delusions. Could he escape? He had, years ago, planned every conceivable mode of escape,—he had tried them, and had failed. He must remain there—it was his doom: he must still hear, as he had heard until he cared little for it, the solemn deadness of the night disturbed with shrieks that no sane mortal could have uttered; the untimely dancings of witless men, without joy in them; the bursts of horrid laughter from woman's lips, without mirth; the singings of merry woods, with a direful vivacity that filled the veins with a creeping terror more fearful than that of curses; and sometimes plaintive notes from the love-lost, whose eyes were sleepless, which might have made the heart burst with pity! He must still live amidst all this, and still shrink (as he did sometimes) into the closest corner of his pallet, and bless himself in the iron security of his cell, (which by daylight he abhorred,) from very dread of those imaginary horrors which the wild people about the building conjured up in the depths of nature's sleeping-time.

As these thoughts thronged thickly on James Woodruff's mind, he extended himself on his back along the couch of straw, and put up his hands, which were commonly loosed when in his cell, in an attitude of prayer upon his breast. But the contemplated words were momentarily arrested by the light tread of feet along the passage outside. A ray of moonlight from the high-up little window streamed almost perpendicularly down, and fell partly on his bed and partly on the floor, making an oblong figure of white thereon, distinct and sharp-edged, as though light and darkness had been severed as with a knife. A strong reflection from this spot was thrown upon the door, by the aid of which he beheld through the grating that looked into the dark passage a white hand clutching the little bars, and higher up the dim shadow of a face, that looked like that of a spirit. Woodruff rose up, and sat upon the cold edge of his iron bed.

"James!" whispered a voice through the grating, which he instantly recognised as that of the doctor's wife, "are you awake?"

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"Would that I were not!" he replied; "for the oblivion of sleep is the only welcome thing to me here."

"My husband has written a paper for you—will you sign it?"

"To set me free?" demanded Woodruff, as he started eagerly up at the very thought, and seemed to show by his signs how gladly he caught at the remotest possibility of deliverance, and how fearful he felt lest it should escape him.

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the lady, hurriedly; "that is the object."

And on receiving, on the part of Woodruff, a passionate assurance of compliance with the proposal, she hastened back as though for the purpose of fetching the paper alluded to.

It is needful here to explain, that after we had parted with the doctor and his wife at the dinner-table, as related in the preceding chapter, the conversation relating to James Woodruff, a portion of which has been chronicled for the reader's edification, was renewed; and as the doctor discussed his wine and shrivelled walnuts, and increased proportionably both in boldness of thought and fertility of invention, he considered over and over again the proposal that his brother-in-law had made to him for the conditional surrender of all his property. The idea took hold of him very strongly, and struck the deeper root in his bosom the longer he considered it. Charnwood was a snug little estate, to be sure. It had been in the family some generations, and great would be his regret that it should pass away by marriage, as it must, in the event of Woodruff's retaining possession. It was true he had told Fanny's father that his proffered gift of it would, under present circumstances, be considered as the act of a madman, and therefore invalid and illegal. But could no mode be adopted to obviate this difficulty? The doctor thought, and thought again; and at last came to the conclusion that he would disregard the illegality of the transaction altogether, provided he could induce James to make a solemn written declaration, binding himself in a moral sense, if in no other, that, on obtaining his liberty he would not take any steps whatever to recover possession of the estate. A clever move, thought Rowel;—the man is conscientious fool enough to keep his word; and, as possession is nine parts of the law, I shall be safe.

Full of this scheme, he sounded the opinion of his wife on the subject; and, although she had at first expressed pity for the condition of her brother-in-law, yet, when it came to the serious question which involved the possession of such a pleasant little estate as Charnwood, Mrs. Rowel began to reflect that, after all, people must look a little to their own interests in this world, or else they may allow everybody to step over their heads. As to being so over particular about how you get it, so that you do but get it, people were always ready to look up to you; and, if the truth were known, she dare say that some others she could mention who did possess property had obtained it in not a

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better manner, if so good. She could not, therefore, see any very great harm—and especially as Woodruff had offered it himself—in taking the property on those conditions; although she should certainly have liked it all the better, had there been any choice, if the transaction could have been managed with a greater show of equity.

The doctor felt quite pleased with the business-like turn of mind which his lady had developed; and, as nothing less than drawing up a paper to the effect explained would satisfy him, he proceeded at once to its accomplishment.

When Mrs. Rowel returned to the room in which Woodruff was confined, with the paper in one hand which her husband had written, and a small lamp in the other, followed closely by the doctor with ink and pen, the alleged lunatic again rose from his bed, and eagerly demanded the instrument which was to seal his redemption. While the little lamp was held up to the grating in the door, Woodruff took the paper and read as follows:—

"Memorandum made this — day of ——, 18—.

"Whereas I, James Woodruff, widower, formerly of Charnwood, in he county of ——, being at the time in sound and composed mind, do hereby promise to make over to Frank Rowel, M.D., of Nabbfield, in the said county, brother of my late wife Frances, all and singular the lands, houses, barns, and all other property whatever, comprised in and on the estate known as the Charnwood farm, on the conditions now specified, viz.—that he, the said Frank Rowel, shall hold me free to come to, and go from, his establishment for the insane at Nabbfield in what manner and whenever I please, and shall also hold me wholly exempt from molestation from the date of this memorandum henceforward. Now this is to certify that I, the said James Woodruff, hereby solemnly and faithfully pledge myself, without equivocation or mental reservation of any kind, that, on the conditions named on the part of the aforesaid Frank Rowel being fulfilled, I will never in any manner, by word or by deed, either of myself or through the instrumentality of others, take any steps whatever to recover possession of the said property, or of any portion of it, either in my own name or in that of my daughter, Frances Woodruff, spinster."

The document dropped from his hands.

"Then she is living!" exclaimed the father: "my daughter is alive!"

Doctor Rowel changed countenance, as though suddenly made aware that he had committed a slight mistake; but he put the best face he could upon it, by reluctantly assuring his prisoner that she was alive and well.

"Thank Heaven for that!" cried Woodruff: "then take this bond away—I will not sign it! I would give away my own, were it a thousand times greater, for one more day of life at liberty, but I cannot rob her of her mother's dower. Let me rather rot here, and trust that a

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better fate than has befallen me may restore her to that which I can never enjoy. Away with it!—leave me!—And yet—"

Woodruff covered his eyes with his hand, and stood trembling in doubt and irresolution.

"And yet—and yet—tell me where my daughter is, and I *will* sign it. Liberate me *now*—upon this spot, and at this time, and I will sign it."

The doctor demurred.

"Then to-morrow!—as soon as possible—before another night?"

Still the doctor would not promise exactly when he would liberate him. At length certain conditional terms were agreed to, and James Woodruff signed away all his own property, and that which should have been Fanny's inheritance, together.

Dr. Rowel knew that the memorandum he held, morally binding upon Woodruff to leave him in undisputed possession of Charnwood, was useless, except between himself and that unfortunate man. He put it safely away in his escrutoire for that night, and on the morrow looked it carefully over again, and still felt distrustful and in doubt. As Woodruff had given the promise under compulsion, would he not consider it no crime to disregard it the instant he felt himself secure beyond the walls? At all events, he would keep on the safe side, and detain him for the present, or until he could obtain more full satisfaction.

With this reflection, he gave orders that Woodruff was that day only to be removed into his accustomed yard; and mounting his horse, rode off in the direction of the farm at Whinmoor, as he felt desirous of seeing Fanny again.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A colloquy between Mrs. Clink and Miss Sowersoft, in which the latter proves herself a most able tactitian, and gives a striking illustration of the difference between talking and doing.

Before Dr. Rowel had ridden two miles on his journey, another visiter had arrived at Miss Sowersoft's, in the person of Mrs. Clink. Astonished at the account she had received through Abel of the illness of her son, and vexed at the stay which Fanny made with the boy, she resolved to walk over and inquire into the affair in person.

Taking advantage of the first interview with her, the amiable Miss Maria had done to the utmost of her power to qualify the evil impressions which she feared some mischievous tale-tellers might have raised in her mind with respect to the treatment that Colin had received. Without having actually witnessed it, she said it was impossible that any mother could credit the trouble taken with him, in order to render him fit for his situation, and to instruct him in those experiences of society which would enable him to go out into the world without being misled by that great fallacy, so common amongst the youth of both sexes, that they are

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born for nothing but enjoyment, and that everybody they meet with are their friends. To root out this fatal error at the very commencement had been her principal endeavour; and though she, of course, expected nothing less than that the boy himself would look upon her somewhat harshly—for it was natural to juvenile minds to be easily offended,—yet she had persevered in her course conscientiously, and with the full assurance that, whatever the lad might think or say now, he would *thank* her in after years; and also, that either his own mother, or any other person of ripe experience, would see good reason to thank her also, for adopting a method of discipline so eminently calculated to impress upon his mind that truest of all truths, that the world was a hard place, and life a difficult journey to struggle through.

"The sooner young people are made acquainted with that fact," continued Miss Sowersoft, "the better it is for themselves."

"You are right there, Miss Sowersoft," replied Mrs. Clink; "for I am sure if we were but taught at first what the world *really is*, we should never go into it, as many of us do, only to be imposed upon, deceived, and ruined, through the false confidence in which we have been bred of everybody's good meaning, and uprightness, and integrity. It is precisely the line of conduct I have myself pursued in bringing Colin up from the cradle. I have impressed upon him above all things to tell the truth whenever it was necessary to speak, and to pay no regard whatever to consequences, be they good or evil."

"Yes, Mrs. Clink," replied Miss Sowersoft, slightly reddening, and peeping at the ends of her finger-nails, "yes,—that is very good to a certain extent; but then I think it might be carried too far. Children should be taught to discriminate a little between truth and downright impudence, as well as to keep their mouths shut about anything they may happen to overhear, whenever their masters or mistresses are talking in the confidentiality of privacy."

Mrs. Clink confessed herself ignorant of what Miss Sowersoft alluded to, but observed, that if she intended the remark to apply to Colin, she was confident he would never be guilty of so mean a thing as to listen to the private conversation of any two persons in the world.

"It is natural you should have a good opinion of him," replied Miss Maria; "but should you believe your eyes if you had caught him at it?—oracular demonstration, as my brother Ted very properly calls it?"

"I should believe my eyes, certainly," said Mrs. Clink.

"Then we did catch him at it, and Mr. Palethorpe was much excited, of course—for he is very passionate indeed when he is once got up—and he took him in his rage and dipped him in the horse-trough. Not that I justify his passion, or say that I admire his revenge—nothing of the sort; but I must say, that if there is one thing more mean and contemptible than another, or that deserves to be more severely

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punished in children, it is that of listening behind hedges and doors, to know the very thing that people wish to keep particularly secret."

Colin's mother was about to reply, had not the sudden entrance of Dr. Rowel prevented her, and left Miss Sowersoft's philippic against listeners and listening in all its force and weight upon her mind.

Anxious to see the boy, Mrs. Clink followed the doctor up stairs, and found Fanny sitting by his bed-side, with a cup of lukewarm tea in her hand, waiting until he should wake. Having examined his patient, the doctor addressed Fanny to the effect that he wished to have a few minutes' conversation with her down stairs. Miss Sowersoft, on being made aware of the doctor's wish, ushered him and Fanny into an inner parlour, assuring them that they would be perfectly retired there, as no one could approach the door without her own knowledge.

"There is something vastly curious in this," said Miss Maria to herself, as she carefully closed the door. "What can the doctor want with such an impudent minx?"

And so she remained, pursuing her dark cogitations through all the labyrinths of scandal, until Mrs. Clink had bidden our hero good-b'ye, and crept down stairs. On turning the corner of the wall, the first object she beheld was Miss Sowersoft, with her ear close to the key-hole of the inner parlour door—apparently so deeply intent on what was going forward within, as to have almost closed her senses to any thing without, for she did not perceive Mrs. Clink's approach until she stood within a yard or two of her.

"Ay, bless me!—are you here?" she exclaimed, as she drew herself up. "Why, you, see, ma'am, there is no rule without an exception; and, notwithstanding what I was saying when Dr. Rowel came in, yet, Mrs. Clink, it was impossible for me to be aware how soon it might be needful for me to break my own rule. You know that servant of yours is a very likely person, Mrs. Clink, for any gentleman to joke with; and, though I do not mean to insinuate any thing—I should be very sorry to do so, indeed; but still, doctor though he is—in fact, to tell you the truth"—and Miss Sowersoft drew her auditor to the farther side of the room, and spoke in a whisper—"it is highly fortunate I had the presence of mind to listen at the door; for I heard the doctor very emphatically impress on your servant the necessity of not letting even *you* yourself know any thing about it, under any circumstances; and at the same time he promised her something—presents, for aught we know—and said he would do something for her. Now, Mrs. Clink, what could he mean by that?—I have my suspicions; and if I were in your *place*, I should *insist, positively insist*, on knowing all about it, or she should not live another day in my house."

Mrs. Clink stood amazed and confounded. She would have pledged her word that, if needful, Fanny would have resisted any offered in-

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suit to the death; but she knew not what to think after what she had just heard.

"I will insist on knowing it!" she exclaimed. "The girl is young and simple, and may be easily imposed upon by —"

"Hush! hush!" interposed Miss Sowersoft, "they are coming out!"

As they came out, Miss Maria looked thunder at Fanny, and bade the doctor good morning with a peculiar stiltiness of expression, which implied, in her own opinion, a great deal more than anybody else could possibly have made of it.

"Have her down stairs directly!" continued the lady of the establishment, (for Fanny had gone up stairs,) as soon as Mr. Rowel had passed out of hearing. "A nasty huzzy!—If she did not answer me every thing straight forwards, *I* should know what to think of it, and what to do as well, that I should! But *you* can do as you like, Mrs. Clink."

Colin's mother called Fanny down stairs again, and took her, followed by Miss Maria, into the same room in which she had so recently held her colloquy with her uncle the doctor.

CHAPTER XIX.

Displays Miss Sowersoft's character in a degree of perfection unparalleled on any previous exhibition.—Fanny's obstinacy incites Mrs. Clink to turn her adrift upon the world.

HAVING entered the room, Miss Sowersoft first peeped out to see that no listeners were in the neighbourhood, and then cautiously closed the door—all the blood in her veins mustering up in red rebellion against poor Fanny, as she stared at that young woman through two dilated eyes, with something of the expression of a hand-grenade with a newly-lit fusee.

"Take a chair, Mrs. Clink," said Miss Maria, in a tone which denoted more than her ordinary attention to etiquette, as she still kept her eyes on Fanny, in order to make her feel her own insignificance the more keenly by the contrast; "do be seated;" and she drew up another chair for herself, while Fanny was left standing, as best became a servant—and a culprit. "Now, I am quite ready to begin. Have it out of her at once—I would not stand on ceremony with anybody like her!"

"What is it, Fanny," asked Mrs. Clink, "that the doctor has been talking to you about?"

"I cannot answer that," replied Fanny: "I have promised to tell nobody, and I must keep my word."

"There!—that's sufficient!" cried Miss Maria, "that is plenty! You see what it is. She has *promised*, and will not explain it. I

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knew before, as well as if I had heard, how it would all be. She has compromised herself, just as such a young face-proud huzzy was sure to do. It is a wonder to me, Mrs. Clink, how you have contrived to keep her respectable so long."

"I did not intend to talk to *you*, Miss Sowersoft," replied Fanny; "but I will tell you that I have always been too respectable for what you seem to think."

"Answer me, Fanny," interposed Mrs. Clink. "I am sure you will answer me."

"I cannot, ma'am," said Fanny.

"You positively will not, do you mean to say?"

"Indeed I cannot, because I have promised I would not; but it is nothing of the least harm."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Miss Sowersoft, "not the least harm!—to be sure not!—oh, no! She is very innocent, no doubt."

"If I discharge you from your service unless you do tell me, what then?" asked her mistress.

"I cannot help it if you do," said Fanny, as she burst into tears at the bare mention of quitting that place which had been as a home to her nearly all her life.

"Then I positively insist either that you do tell me all about it, or stay with me no longer than until you can suit yourself elsewhere. I do not wish to part with you,—far from it. You have been with me almost all your life, and I should not like to see the day when you turned your back upon my door for the last time; but I cannot have this silence and secrecy about such an affair as the present. I have known enough, and more than enough, of the ruin and misery that may ensue, to allow of it in any young woman under my care. I cannot have it, Fanny, and will not have it; so you must make your choice."

Fanny cried bitterly, and with some difficulty made herself understood amidst so many sobs and sighs, as she protested that she dared not tell more than she had told; that, on her solemn word, it was not about anything that could in the least injure her.

"Well, I must say I give her credit for what she says," remarked Mrs. Clink, in an under tone, to Miss Maria.

"Give her a birch rod!" exclaimed the latter lady. "I wonder how you can allow yourself to be so easily imposed upon! It is all her artfulness, and nothing else. She is as cunning as Satan, and as deep as the day is long, she is! Ask her what made the doctor say he would do something for her,—let her unriddle that, if she can."

Mrs. Clink accordingly continued the examination much in the manner already described, and with about the same success. Fanny resisted all inquiry as strenuously as at first, until at length Mrs. Clink gave her a formal warning to seek out for another situation, and to leave her present place as soon as she had found one. Fanny replied,

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that she would go begging rather than betray the trust reposed in her, as she believed that Providence would never let her starve for having done what was right.

"What a wicked wretch she is!" Miss Sowersoft exclaimed, when she heard poor Fanny's expression of trust in a more just power than that which now condemned her; "I am sure her horrible wickedness turns me white to hear it."

This female tribunal having dissolved itself, much as some other popular tribunals do, simply because nothing further remained to engage its attention, Miss Fanny was dismissed up stairs again, and the other two ladies remained below to discuss in private the question of Colin's removal home, until such time as his recovery might admit of his return to the labours of the farm.

It will be quite sufficient to state, as the result of their deliberations, and in conclusion of this last chapter of our first book, that within eight-and-forty hours afterwards our hero, being somewhat recovered, was laid on a bed placed in a cart, and carried home; that Fanny attended him there during some brief space of time afterwards, until she procured another situation, and left Mrs. Clink's service at once and for ever; and that these changes, together with some others of very superior importance, which I shall proceed immediately to relate, brought about such a "new combination of parties" amongst the personages, great and small, who have figured in our pages, as cannot fail, when explained, to throw great light upon the yet dark and abstruse points of this veritable history.

THOSE DUSTMEN'S BELLS.

Air—*The Bells of St. Petersburg.*

Those dustmen's bells, those dustmen's bells,
No more their pealing music swells;
The Peelers now pass all their time
In striving to prevent such chime.

How oft, as I have lain in bed,
Those morning bells have split my head;
How oft I've wish'd the wretch were hung
Who spake with such a brazen tongue!

Joy, joy!—the New Police Act's past,
So no more dust-bells will be cast;
No more shall dustmen cry "Dust O!"
So high the bell—the cry so low.

But when the present Lord Mayor's gone,
Oh, will those dust-bells then ring on?
No; every Beak the law compels
To confiscate those dustmen's bells.

J. S.

24th Sept., 1839.

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BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

NOVEMBER, 1839.

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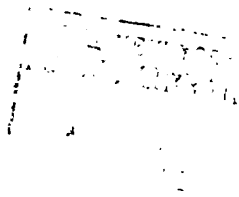

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Austin, the Turnkey. Big the Prize Fighter. Gay, the Poet.

Sir James Thornhill. JACK SHEPPARD. Hogarth.

The Retreat

New York J. Mason, Nov. 1.1839.

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JACK SHEPPARD.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD," AND "CRICHTON."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

EPOCH THE THIRD.—1724.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW JACK SHEPPARD WAS AGAIN CAPTURED.

JACK SHEPPARD, after whistling to Blueskin, hurried down a short thoroughfare leading from Wych Street to the back of Saint Clement's Church, where he found Thames Darrell, who advanced to meet him.

"I was just going," said Thames. "When I parted from you at Mr. Kneebone's door, you begged me to await your return here, assuring me you would not detain me five minutes. Instead of which, more than half an hour has elapsed."

"You won't complain of the delay when I tell you what I've done," answered Jack. "I've obtained two packets, containing letters from Sir Rowland Trenchard, which I've no doubt will establish your title to the estates. Take them, and may they prove as serviceable to you as I desire."

"Jack," replied Thames, greatly moved, "I wish I could devise any means of brightening your own dark prospects."

"That's impossible," replied Jack. "I am utterly lost."

"Not utterly," rejoined the other.

"Utterly," reiterated Jack, gloomily,—"as regards all I hold dear. Listen to me, Thames. I'm about to leave this country for ever. Having ascertained that a vessel sails for France from the river at daybreak to-morrow morning, I have secured a passage in her, and have already had the few effects I possess conveyed on board. Blueskin goes with me. The faithful fellow will never leave me."

"Never, while I've breath in my body, captain," rejoined Blueskin, who had joined them. "England or France, London or Paris, it's all one to me, so I've you to command me."

"Stand out of earshot," rejoined his leader. "I'll call you when you're wanted."

And Blueskin withdrew.

"I cannot but approve the course you are about to take, Jack," said Thames, "though on some accounts I regret it. In after years you can return to your own country—to your friends."

"Never," replied Sheppard bitterly. "My friends need not fear my

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return. They shall hear of me no more. Under another name—not my own hateful one—I will strive to distinguish myself in some foreign service, and win myself a reputation, or perish honourably. But I will never—never return."

"I will not attempt to combat your resolution, Jack," returned Thames, after a pause. "But I dread the effect your departure may have upon your poor mother. Her life hangs upon a thread, and this may snap it."

"I wish you hadn't mentioned her," said Jack, in a broken voice, while his whole frame shook with emotion. "What I do is for the best, and I can only hope she may have strength to bear the separation. You must say farewell to her, for I cannot. I don't ask you to supply my place—for that is, perhaps, impossible. But, be like a son to her."

"Do not doubt me," replied Thames, warmly pressing his hand.

"And now, I've one further request," faltered Jack; "though I scarcely know how to make it. It is to set me right with Winifred. Do not let her think worse of me than I deserve—or even so ill. Tell her, that more than once, when about to commit some desperate offence, I have been restrained by her gentle image. If hopeless love for her made me a robber, it has also saved me many a crime. Will you tell her that?"

"I will," replied Thames, earnestly.

"Enough," said Jack, recovering his composure. "And now, to your own concerns. Blueskin, who has been on the watch all night, has dogged Sir Rowland Trenchard to Jonathan Wild's house; and, from the mysterious manner in which he was admitted by the thief-taker's confidential servant, Abraham Mendez, and not by the regular porter, there is little doubt but they are alone, and probably making some arrangements prior to our uncle's departure from England."

"Is he leaving England?" demanded Thames, in astonishment.

"He sails to-morrow morning in the very vessel by which I start," replied Jack. "Now, if, as I suspect—from the documents just placed in your possession—Sir Rowland meditates doing you justice after his departure, it is possible his intentions may be frustrated by the machinations of Wild, whose interest is obviously to prevent such an occurrence, unless we can surprise them together, and, by proving to Sir Rowland that we possess the power of compelling a restitution of your rights, force the other treacherous villain into compliance. Jonathan, in all probability, knows nothing of these packets; and their production may serve to intimidate him. Will you venture?"

"It is a hazardous experiment," said Thames, after a moment's reflection; "but I will make it. You must not, however, accompany me, Jack. The risk I run is nothing to yours."

"I care for no risk, provided I can serve you," rejoined Sheppard. "Besides, you'll not be able to get in without me. It

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won't do to knock at the door; and Jonathan Wild's house is not quite so easy of entrance as Mr. Wood's."

"I understand," replied Thames; "be it as you will."

"Then, we'll lose no more time," returned Jack. "Come along, Blueskin."

Starting at a rapid pace in the direction of the Old Bailey, and crossing Fleet Bridge, "for oyster tubs renowned," the trio skirted the right bank of the muddy stream until they reached Fleet Lane, up which they hurried. Turning off again on the left, down Seacoal Lane, they arrived at the mouth of a dark, narrow alley, into which they plunged; and, at the farther extremity found a small yard, overlooked by the blank walls of a large gloomy habitation. A door in this house opened upon the yard. Jack tried it, and found it locked.

"If I had my old tools with me, we'd soon master this obstacle," he muttered. "We shall be obliged to force it."

"Try the cellar, captain," said Blueskin, stamping upon a large board in the ground. "Here's the door. This is the way the old thief brings in all his heavy plunder, which he stows in out-of-the-way holes in his infernal dwelling. I've seen him often do it."

While making these remarks, Blueskin contrived, by means of a chisel which he chanced to have about him, to lift up the board, and, introducing his fingers beneath it, with Jack's assistance speedily opened it altogether, disclosing a dark hole, into which he leapt.

"Follow me, Thames," cried Jack, dropping into the chasm.

They were now in a sort of cellar, at one end of which was a door. It was fastened inside. But, taking the chisel from Blueskin, Jack quickly forced back the bolt.

As they entered the room beyond a fierce growl was heard.

"Let me go first," said Blueskin; "the dogs know me. Soho! boys." And, walking up to the animals, which were chained to the wall, they instantly recognized him, and suffered the others to pass without barking.

Groping their way through one or two dark and mouldy-smelling vaults, the party ascended a flight of steps, which brought them to the hall. As Jack conjectured, no one was there; and, though a lamp was burning on a stand, they decided upon proceeding without it. They then swiftly mounted the stairs, and stopped before the audience-chamber. Applying his ear to the keyhole, Jack listened, but could detect no sound. He next cautiously tried the door, but found it fastened inside.

"I fear we're too late," he whispered to Thames. "But, we'll soon see. Give me the chisel, Blueskin." And, dexterously applying the implement, he forced open the lock.

They then entered the room, which was perfectly dark.

"This is strange," said Jack, under his breath. "Sir Rowland

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must be gone. And yet, I don't know. The key's in the lock, on the inner side. Be on your guard."

"I am so," replied Thames, who had followed him closely.

"Shall I fetch the light, captain?" whispered Blueskin.

"Yes," replied Jack. "I don't know how it is," he whispered to Thames, as they were left alone, "but I've a strange foreboding of ill. My heart fails me. I almost wish we hadn't come."

As he said this, he moved forward a few paces, when, finding his feet glued to the ground by some adhesive substance, he stooped to feel what it was, but instantly withdrew his hand, with an exclamation of horror.

"God in heaven!" he cried, "the floor is covered with blood. Some foul murder has been committed! The light!—the light!"

Astounded at his cries, Thames sprang towards him. At this moment, Blueskin appeared with the lamp, and revealed a horrible spectacle,—the floor deluged with blood,—various articles of furniture upset,—papers scattered about,—the murdered man's cloak, trampled upon and smeared with gore,—his hat, crushed and similarly stained,—his sword,—the ensanguined cloth,—with several other ghastly evidences of the slaughterous deed. Further on, there were impressions of bloody footsteps along the floor.

"Sir Rowland is murdered!" cried Jack, as soon as he could find a tongue.

"It is plain he has been destroyed by his perfidious accomplice," rejoined Thames. "Oh God! how fearfully my father is avenged!"

"True," replied Jack, sternly; "but we have our uncle to avenge. What's this?" he added, stooping to pick up a piece of paper lying at his feet—it was Jonathan's memorandum. "This is the explanation of the bloody deed."

"Here's a pocket-book full of notes, and a heavy bag of gold," said Blueskin, examining the articles on the floor.

"The sum which incited the villain to the murder," replied Jack. "But he can't be far off. He must be gone to dispose of the body. We shall have him on his return."

"I'll see where these footsteps lead to," said Blueskin, holding the light to the floor. "Here are more papers, captain."

"Give them to me," replied Jack. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "a letter, beginning 'dearest Aliva,' — that's your mother's name, Thames."

"Let me see it," cried Thames, snatching it from him. "It *is* addressed to my mother," he added, as his eye glanced rapidly over it, "and by my father. At length, I shall ascertain my name. Bring the light this way—quick! I cannot decipher the signature."

Jack was about to comply with the request, when an unlooked-for interruption occurred. Having traced the footsteps to the wall, and

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perceiving no outlet, Blueskin elevated the lamp, and discovered marks of bloody fingers on the boards.

"He must have gone this way," muttered Blueskin. "I've often heard of a secret door in this room, though I never saw it. It must be somewhere hereabouts. Ah!" he exclaimed, as his eye fell upon a small knob in the wall, "there's the spring!"

He touched it, and the door flew open.

The next moment he was felled to the ground by Jonathan Wild, who sprang into the room, followed by Abraham, bearing the link. A single glance served to show the thieftaker how matters stood. From the slight sounds that had reached him in his place of confinement, he was aware that some persons had found their way to the scene of slaughter, and in a state of the most intense anxiety awaited the result of their investigation, prepared for the worst. Hearing the spring touched, he dashed through on the instant, and struck down the person who presented himself, with his bludgeon. On beholding the intruders, his fears changed to exultation, and he uttered a roar of satisfaction as he glared at them, which could only be likened to the cry of some savage denizen of the plains.

On his appearance, Jack levelled a pistol at his head. But his hand was withheld by Thames.

"Don't fire," cried the latter. "It is important not to slay him. He shall expiate his offences on the gibbet. You are my prisoner, murderer."

"*Your* prisoner!" echoed Jonathan, derisively. "You mistake,—you are mine. And so is your companion,—the convict, Sheppard."

"Waste not another word with him, Thames," cried Jack. "Upon him!"

"Yield, villain, or die!" shouted Thames, drawing his sword, and springing towards him.

"There's my answer!" rejoined Wild, hurling the bludgeon at him, with such fatal effect, that, striking him on the head, it brought him instantly to the ground.

"Ah! traitor!" cried Jack, pulling the trigger of his pistol.

Anticipating this, Wild avoided the shot by suddenly ducking his head. He had a narrow escape, however; for, passing within an inch of him, the bullet buried itself deeply in the wall.

Before he could fire a second shot, Jack had to defend himself from the thieftaker, who, with his drawn hanger, furiously assaulted him. Eluding the blow, Jack plucked his sword from the scabbard, and a desperate conflict began.

"Pick up that blade, Nab," vociferated Wild, finding himself hotly pressed, "and stab him. I won't give him a chance."

"Cowardly villain!" cried Jack, as the Jew, obeying the orders of his principal, snatched up the weapon of the murdered man, and assailed him. "But I'll yet disappoint you."

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And springing backwards, he darted suddenly through the door.

"After him," cried Wild; "he mustn't escape. Dead or alive, I'll have him. Bring the link."

And, followed by Abraham, he rushed out of the room.

Just as Jack got half way down the stairs, and Wild and the Jew reached the upper landing, the street-door was opened by Langley and Ireton, the latter of whom carried a lantern.

"Stop him!" shouted Jonathan from the stair-head, "stop him! It's Jack Sheppard!"

"Give way," cried Jack, fiercely. "I'll cut down him who opposes me."

The head turnkey, in all probability, would have given way. But, being pushed forward by his subordinate officer, he was compelled to make a stand.

"You'd better surrender quietly, Jack," he cried; "you've no chance."

Instead of regarding him, Jack glanced over the iron bannisters, and measured the distance. But the fall was too great, and he abandoned the attempt.

"We have him!" cried Jonathan, hurrying down the steps. "He can't escape."

As this was said, Jack turned with the swiftness of thought, and shortening his sword, prepared to plunge it into the thieftaker's heart. Before he could make the thrust, however, he was seized behind by Ireton, who flung himself upon him.

"Caught!" shouted the head-turnkey. "I give you joy of the capture, Mr. Wild," he added, as Jonathan came up, and assisted him to secure and disarm the prisoner. "I was coming to give you intelligence of a comical trick played by this rascal, when I find him here—the last place, I own, where I should have expected to find him."

"You've arrived in the very nick of time," rejoined Jonathan; "and I'll take care your services are not overlooked."

"Mr. Ireton," cried Jack, in accents of the most urgent entreaty, "before you take me hence, I implore you—if you would further the ends of justice—search this house. One of the most barbarous murders ever committed has just been perpetrated by the monster Wild. You will find proofs of the bloody deed in his room. But go thither at once, I beseech you, before he has time to remove them."

"Mr. Ireton is welcome to search every room in my house if he pleases," said Jonathan, in a tone of bravado. "As soon as we've conveyed you to Newgate, I'll accompany him.

"Mr. Ireton will do no such thing," replied the head-turnkey. "Bless your soul! d'ye think I'm to be gammoned by such nonsense. Not I. I'm not quite such a green-horn as Shotbolt, Jack, whatever you may think."

"For mercy's sake go up stairs," implored Sheppard. "I have

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not told you half. There's a man dying—Captain Darrell. Take me with you. Place a pistol at my ear, and shoot me, if I've told you false."

"And what good would that do?" replied Ireton, sarcastically. "To shoot you would be to lose the reward. You act your part capitally, but it won't do."

"Won't you go?" cried Jack, passionately. "Mr. Langley, I appeal to you. Murder, I say, has been done. Another murder will be committed if you don't prevent it. The blood will rest on your head. Do you hear me, sir? Won't you stir?"

"Not a step," replied Langley, gruffly.

"Off with him to Newgate!" cried Jonathan. "Ireton, as you captured him, the reward is yours. But I request that a third may be given to Langley."

"It shall be, sir," replied Ireton, bowing. "Now come along, Jack."

"Miscreants!" cried Sheppard, almost driven frantic by the violence of his emotions; "you 're all in league with him."

"Away with him!" cried Jonathan. "I'll see him fettered myself. Remain at the door, Nab," he added, loitering for a moment behind the others, "and let no one in, or out."

Jack, meanwhile, was carried to Newgate. Austin could scarcely credit his senses when he beheld him. Shotbolt, who had in some degree recovered from the effects of his previous mortification, was thrown into an ecstasy of delight, and could not sufficiently exult over the prisoner. Mrs. Spurling had retired for the night. Jack appealed to the new auditors, and again detailed his story, but with no better success than heretofore. His statement was treated with derision. Having seen him heavily ironed, and placed in the Condemned Hold, Jonathan recrossed the street.

He found Abraham on guard as he had left him.

"Has any one been here?" he asked.

"No von," replied the Jew.

"That's well," replied Wild, entering the house, and fastening the door. "And now to dispose of our dead. Why, Nab, you shake as if you'd got an ague?" he added, turning to the Jew, whose teeth chattered audibly.

"I haven't quite recovered the fright I got in the Vell-Hole," replied Abraham.

On returning to the audience-chamber, Jonathan found the inanimate body of Thames Darrell lying where he had left it; but, on examining it, he remarked that the pockets were turned inside out, and had evidently been rifled. Startled by this circumstance, he looked around, and perceived that the trap door,—which has been mentioned as communicating with a secret staircase,—was open. He, next, discovered that Blueskin was gone; and, pursuing his scrutiny, found

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that he had carried off all the bank-notes, gold, and letters,—including what Jonathan himself was not aware of,—the two packets which he had abstracted from the person of Thames. Uttering a terrible imprecation, Jonathan snatched up the link, and hastily descended the stairs, leaving the Jew behind him. After a careful search below, he could detect no trace of Blueskin. But, finding the cellar door open, concluded he had got out that way.

Returning to the audience-chamber in a by-no-means enviable state of mind, he commanded the Jew to throw the body of Thames into the Well Hole.

"You musht do dat shob yourshelf, Mishter Vild," rejoined Abraham, shaking his head. "No pripe shall indushe me to enter dat horrid plashe again."

"Fool!" cried Wild, taking up the body, "what are you afraid of? After all," he added, pausing, "he may be of more use to me alive than dead."

Adhering to this change of plan, he ordered Abraham to follow him, and, descending the secret stairs once more, carried the wounded man into the lower part of the premises; unlocking several doors, he came to a dark vault, that would have rivalled the gloomiest cell in Newgate, into which he thrust Thames, and fastened the door.

"Go to the pump, Nab," he said, when this was done, "and get a pail of water. We must wash out those stains upstairs, and burn the cloth. Blood, they say, won't come out. But I never found any truth in the saying. When I've had an hour's rest I'll be after Blueskin."

CHAPTER XV.

HOW BLUESKIN UNDERWENT THE PEINE FORTE ET DURE.

As soon as it became known, through the medium of the public prints on the following day, that Jack Sheppard had broken out of prison, and had been again captured during the night, fresh curiosity was excited, and larger crowds than ever flocked to Newgate, in the hope of obtaining admission to his cell; but by the governor's express commands, Wild having privately counselled the step, no one was allowed to see him. A question next arose whether the prisoner could be executed under the existing warrant,—some inclining to one opinion, some to another. To settle the point, the governor started to Windsor, delegating his trust in the interim to Wild, who took advantage of his brief rule to adopt the harshest measures towards the prisoner. He had him removed from the Condemned Hold, stripped of his fine apparel, clothed in the most sordid rags, loaded with additional fetters, and thrust into the Stone Hold, — already described as the most noisome cell in the whole prison. Here, without a glimpse of daylight; visited by no one except Austin at stated intervals, who neither answered a question nor addressed

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a word to him; fed upon the worst diet, literally mouldy bread and ditch-water; surrounded by stone walls; with a flagged floor for his pillow, and without so much as a blanket to protect him from the death-like cold that pierced his frame,—Jack's stout heart was subdued, and he fell into the deepest dejection, ardently longing for the time when even a violent death should terminate his sufferings. But it was not so ordered. Mr. Pitt returned with the intelligence that the warrant was delayed, and, on taking the opinion of two eminent lawyers of the day, Sir William Thomson and Mr. Serjeant Raby, it was decided that it must be proved in a regular and judicial manner that Sheppard was the identical person who had been convicted and had escaped, before a fresh order could be made for his execution; and that the matter must, therefore, stand over until the next sessions, to be held at the Old Bailey in October, when it could be brought before the court.

The unfortunate prisoner, meanwhile, who was not informed of the respite, languished in his horrible dungeon, and, at the expiration of three weeks, became so seriously indisposed that it was feared he could not long survive. He refused his food,—and even when better provisions were offered him, rejected them. As his death was by no means what Jonathan desired, he resolved to remove him to a more airy ward, and afford him such slight comforts as might tend to his restoration, or at least keep him alive until the period of execution. With this view, Jack was carried—for he was no longer able to move without assistance—to a ward called the Castle, situated over the gateway on the western side, in what was considered the strongest part of the gaol. It had stone walls of immense thickness, a small double-grated, unglazed window, a fireplace without a grate, and a barrack-bed divided into two compartments. It was about twelve feet high, nine wide, and fourteen long; and was defended by a door six inches thick. As Jack appeared to be sinking fast, his fetters were removed, his own clothes were returned to him, and he was allowed a mattress and a scanty supply of bed-linen. Mrs. Spurling attended him as nurse, and, under her care, he speedily revived. As soon as he became convalescent, and all fears of his premature dissolution were at an end, Wild recommenced his rigorous treatment. The bedding was removed; Mrs. Spurling was no longer allowed to visit him; he was again loaded with irons; fastened by an enormous horse-padlock to a staple in the floor; and only allowed to take repose in a chair. A single blanket constituted his sole covering at night. In spite of all this, he grew daily better and stronger, and his spirits revived. Hitherto, no visiters had been allowed to see him. As the time when his identity had to be proved approached, this rigour was, in a trifling degree, relaxed, and a few persons were occasionally admitted to the ward, but only in the presence of Austin. From none of these could Jack ascertain what had become of Thames, or learn any particulars concerning the family at Dollis Hill, or of his mother. Austin, who had been evidently schooled by Wild, main-

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tained a profound silence on this head. In this way more than a month passed over. October arrived; and in another week the court would be sitting at the Old Bailey.

One night, about this time, just as Austin was about to lock the great gate, Jonathan Wild and his two janizaries entered the Lodge with a prisoner bound hand and foot. It was Blueskin. On the cords being removed, he made a desperate spring at Wild, bore him to the ground, clutched at his throat, and would, infallibly, have strangled him, if the keepers had not all thrown themselves upon him, and by main force torn him off. His struggles were so violent, that, being a man of tremendous strength, it was some time before they could master him, and it required the combined efforts of all the four partners to put him into irons. It appeared from what he said that he had been captured when asleep,—that his liquor had been drugged,—otherwise, he would never have allowed himself to be taken alive. Wild, he asserted, had robbed him of a large sum of money, and till it was restored he would never plead.

"We'll see that," replied Jonathan. "Take him to the Bilbowes. Put him in the stocks, and there let him sleep off his drunken fit. Whether he pleads or not, he shall swing with his confederate, Jack Sheppard."

At this allusion to his leader, a shudder passed through Blueskin's athletic frame.

"Where is he?" he cried. "Let me see him. Let me have a word with him, and you may take all the money."

Jonathan made no answer, but motioned the partners to take him away.

As soon as Blueskin was removed, Wild intimated his intention of visiting the Castle. He was accompanied by Ireton and Austin. The massive door was unlocked, and they entered the cell. What was their surprise to find it vacant, and the prisoner gone! Jonathan could scarcely believe his eyes. He looked fiercely and inquiringly from one to the other of his companions: but, though both of them were excessively frightened, neither appeared guilty. Before a word could be said, however, a slight noise was heard in the chimney, and Jack with his irons on descended from it. Without betraying the slightest confusion, or making a single remark, he quietly resumed his seat.

"Amazement!" cried Wild. "How has he unfastened his padlock? Austin, it must be owing to your negligence."

"My negligence, Mr. Wild," said the turnkey, trembling in every joint. "I assure you, sir, when I left him an hour ago, it was locked. I tried it myself, sir. I'm as much astonished as you. But I can't account for it!"

"At all events, you shall answer for it," thundered Wild, with a bitter imprecation.

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"He's innocent," said Jack, rising. "I opened the padlock with this crooked nail, which I found in the floor. If you had arrived ten minutes later, or if there hadn't been an iron bar in the chimney, that hindered my progress, I should have been beyond your reach."

"You talk boldly," replied Wild. "Go to the Iron Hold, Austin, and tell two of the partners to bring another padlock of the largest size, and the heaviest handcuffs they can find. We'll try whether he'll get loose again."

Sheppard said nothing, but a disdainful smile curled his lips.

Austin departed, and presently afterwards returned with the two subordinate officers, each of whom wore a leathern apron round his waist, and carried a large hammer. As soon as the manacles were slipped over the prisoner's wrists, and the new padlock secured to the staple, they withdrew.

"Leave me alone with him a moment," said Jonathan. And the gaolers also retired.

"Jack," said Wild, with a glance of malignant triumph, "I will now tell you what I have done. All my plans have succeeded. Before a month has elapsed, your mother will be mine. The Trenchard estates will likewise be mine, for Sir Rowland is no more, and the youth, Thames, will never again see daylight. Blueskin, who had evaded me with the papers and the money, is a prisoner here, and will perish on the same gallows as yourself. My vengeance is completely gratified."

Without waiting for a reply, but darting a malevolent look at the prisoner, he quitted the cell, the door of which was instantly doubly-locked and bolted.

"I've not quite done yet," said Jonathan, as he joined the turnkeys. "I should like to see whether Blueskin is a little more composed. I've a question to ask him. Give me the keys and the light. I'll go alone."

So saying, he descended a short spiral staircase, and, entering a long stone gallery, from which several other passages branched, took one of them, and after various turnings—for he was familiar with all the intricacies of the prison—arrived at the cell of which he was in search. Selecting a key from the heavy bunch committed to him by Austin, he threw open the door, and beheld Blueskin seated at the back of the small chamber, handcuffed, and with his feet confined in a heavy pair of stocks. He was asleep when Jonathan entered, and growled at being disturbed. But, as soon as he perceived who it was, he roused himself, and glared fiercely at the intruder from under his bent brows.

"What do you want?" he asked, in a gruff voice.

"I want to know what you've done with the rest of the notes—with the gold—and the papers you took away from my room?" rejoined Wild.

"Then you'll never know more than this," retorted Blueskin, with a grin of satisfaction;—"they're in a place of safety, where *you'll*

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never find 'em, but where somebody else *will*, and that before long."

"Hear me, Blueskin," said Jonathan, restraining his choler. "If you'll tell me where to look for the things I've just mentioned, and I *do* find them, I'll set you free. And you shall have a share of the gold for yourself."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," rejoined the other. "Set Captain Sheppard free, and when I hear he's safe,—not before,—I'll put the money and papers into your possession, and some other matters, too, that you know nothing about."

"Impracticable dolt!" exclaimed Jonathan, furiously. "Do you think I'd part with the sweetest morsel of revenge on these terms? No! But I'll have the secret out of you by other means."

So saying, he violently shut and locked the door.

About ten days after this interview, Blueskin, having been indicted by Wild for several robberies, and true bills having been found against him, was placed at the bar of the Old Bailey to be arraigned; when he declared that he would not plead to the indictment, unless the sum of five hundred pounds, taken from him by Jonathan Wild, was first restored to him. This sum, claimed by Wild under the statute 4th and 5th of William and Mary, entitled "*An act for encouraging the apprehending of Highwaymen*," was granted to him by the court.

As Blueskin still continued obstinate, the judgment appointed to be executed upon such prisoners as stood mute, was then read. It was as follows, and, when uttered, produced a strong effect upon all who heard it, except the prisoner, who in no respect altered his sullen and dogged demeanour.

"Prisoner at the bar," thus ran the sentence, "you shall be taken to the prison from whence you came, and put into a mean room, stopped from the light; and shall there be laid on the bare ground, without any litter, straw, or other covering, and without any garment. You shall lie upon your back; your head shall be covered; and your feet shall be bare. One of your arms shall be drawn to one side of the room, and the other arm to the other side; and your legs shall be served in the like manner. Then, there shall be laid upon your body as much iron or stone as you can bear, and more. And the first day, you shall have three morsels of barley bread, without any drink; and the second day, you shall be allowed to drink as much as you can, at three times, of the water that is next to the prison-door, except running-water, without any bread. And this shall be your diet till you die."

"Prisoner at the bar," continued the clerk of the court, "he against whom this judgment is given, forfeits his goods to the king."

An awful silence prevailed throughout the court. Every eye was directed towards the prisoner. But, as he made no answer, he was removed.

Before the full sentence was carried into execution he was taken

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into a small room adjoining the court. Here Marvel, the executioner, who was in attendance, was commanded by Wild to tie his thumbs together, which he did with whipcord so tightly that the string cut to the bone. But, as this produced no effect, and did not even elicit a groan, the prisoner was carried back to Newgate.

The Press Room, to which Blueskin was conveyed on his arrival at the gaol, was a small square chamber, walled and paved with stone. In each corner stood a stout square post reaching to the ceiling. To these a heavy wooden apparatus was attached, which could be raised or lowered at pleasure by pulleys. In the floor were set four ring-bolts, about nine feet apart. When the prisoner was brought into this room, he was again questioned; but, continuing contumacious, preparations were made for inflicting the torture. His great personal strength being so well known, it was deemed prudent by Marvel to have all the four partners, together with Caliban, in attendance. The prisoner, however, submitted more quietly than was anticipated. He allowed his irons and clothes to be taken off without resistance. But just as they were about to place him on the ground, he burst from their hold, and made a desperate spring at Jonathan, who was standing with his arms folded near the door watching the scene. The attempt was unsuccessful. He was instantly overpowered, and stretched upon the ground. The four men fell upon him, holding his arms and legs, while Caliban forced back his head. In this state, he contrived to get the poor black's hand into his mouth, and nearly bit off one of his fingers before the sufferer could be rescued. Meanwhile, the executioner had attached strong cords to his ankles and wrists, and fastened them tightly to the iron rings. This done, he unloosed the pulley, and the ponderous machine, which resembled a trough, slowly descended upon the prisoner's breast. Marvel, then, took two iron weights, each of a hundred pounds, and placed them in the press. As this seemed insufficient, after a lapse of five minutes, he added another hundred weight. The prisoner breathed with difficulty. Still, his robust frame enabled him to hold out. After he had endured this torture for an hour, at a sign from Wild another hundred weight was added. In a few minutes, an appalling change was perceptible. The veins in his throat and forehead swelled and blackened: his eyes protruded from their sockets, and stared wildly; a thick damp gathered on his brow; and blood gushed from his mouth, nostrils, and ears.

"Water!" he gasped.

The executioner shook his head.

"Do you submit?" interrogated Wild.

Blueskin answered by dashing his head violently against the flagged floor. His efforts at self-destruction were, however, prevented.

"Try fifty pounds more," said Jonathan.

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"Stop!" groaned Blueskin.

"Will you plead?" demanded Wild, harshly.

"I will," answered the prisoner.

"Release him," said Jonathan. "We have cured his obstinacy, you perceive," he added to Marvel.

"I *will* live," cried Blueskin, with a look of the deadliest hatred at Wild, "to be revenged on you."

And, as the weights were removed, he fainted.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW JACK SHEPPARD'S PORTRAIT WAS PAINTED.

EARLY in the morning of Thursday, the 15th of October, 1724, the door of the Castle was opened by Austin, who, with a look of unusual importance, announced to the prisoner that four gentlemen were shortly coming up with the governor to see him,—"four *such* gentlemen," he added, in a tone meant to impress his auditor with a due sense of the honour intended him, "as you don't meet every day."

"Is Mr. Wood among them?" asked Jack, eagerly.

"Mr. Wood!—no," replied the turnkey. "Do you think I'd take the trouble to announce *him?* These are persons of consequence, I tell you."

"Who are they?" inquired Sheppard.

"Why, first," rejoined Austin, "there's Sir James Thornhill, historical painter to his Majesty, and the greatest artist of the day. Those grand designs in the dome of St. Paul's are his work. So is the roof of the state-room at Hampton Court Palace, occupied by Queen Anne, and the Prince of Denmark. So is the chapel of All Souls at Oxford, and the great hall at Blenheim, and I don't know how many halls and chapels besides. He's now engaged on the hall at Greenwich Hospital."

"I've heard of him," replied Jack, impatiently. "Who are the others?"

"Let me see. There's a friend of Sir James's—a young man, an engraver of masquerade tickets and caricatures,—his name, I believe, is Hogarth. Then, there's Mr. Gay, the Poet, who wrote the "Captives," which was lately acted at Drury Lane, and was so much admired by the Princess of Wales. And, lastly, there's Mr. Figg, the noted prize-fighter, from the New Amphitheatre in Marylebone Fields."

"Figg's an old friend of mine," rejoined Jack, "he was my instructor in the small sword and back sword exercise. I'm glad he's come to see me."

"You don't inquire what brings Sir James Thornhill here?" said Austin.

"Curiosity, I suppose," returned Jack, carelessly.

"No such thing," rejoined the gaoler; "he's coming on business."

"On what business, in the name of wonder?" said Sheppard.

"To paint your portrait," answered the gaoler.

"My portrait!" echoed Jack.

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"By desire of his Majesty," said the gaoler, consequentially. "He has heard of your wonderful escapes, and wishes to see what you're like. There's a feather in your cap! No housebreaker was ever so highly honoured before."

"And have my escapes really made so much noise as to reach the ear of royalty?" mused Jack. "I have done nothing—nothing to what I *could* do—to what I *will* do!"

"You've done quite enough," rejoined Austin; "more than you'll ever do again."

"And then to be taken thus, in these disgraceful bonds!" continued Jack, "to be held up as a sight for ever!"

"Why, how else would you be taken?" exclaimed the gaoler, with a coarse laugh. "It's very well Mr. Wild allowed you to have your fine clothes again, or you might have been taken in a still more disgraceful garb. For my part, I think those shackles extremely becoming. But, here they are."

Voices being heard at the door, Austin flew to open it, and admitted Mr. Pitt, the governor, a tall pompous personage, who, in his turn, ushered in four other individuals. The first of these, whom he addressed as Mr. Gay, was a stout, good-looking, good-humoured man, about thirty-six, with a dark complexion, an oval face, fine black eyes, full of fire and sensibility, and twinkling with roguish humour—an expression fully borne out by the mouth, which had a very shrewd and sarcastic curl. The poet's appearance altogether was highly prepossessing. With a strong tendency to satire, but without a particle of malice or ill-nature in its display, Gay, by his strokes of pleasantry, whether in his writings or conversation, never lost a friend. On the contrary, he was a universal favourite, and numbered amongst his intimate acquaintances the choicest spirits of the time,—Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, and "all the better brothers." His demeanour was polished; his manners singularly affable and gentle; and he was remarkable for the generosity of his temper. In worldly matters Gay was not fortunate. Possessed, at one time, of a share in the South Sea stock, he conceived himself worth twenty thousand pounds. But, on the bursting of that bubble, his hopes vanished with it. Neither did his interest,—which was by no means inconsiderable,—nor his general popularity, procure him the preferment he desired. A constant attendant at court, he had the mortification to see every one promoted but himself, and thus bewails his ill-luck;

> Places, I found, were daily given away,
> And yet no friendly gazette mentioned Gay.

The prodigious success of the "Beggars' Opera," which was produced about four years after the date of this history, rewarded him for all his previous disappointments, though it did not fully justify the well-known epigram, alluding to himself and the manager, and "make Gay *rich*, and Rich gay." At the time of his present introduction, his play of "The Captives," had just been produced at Drury Lane, and he was meditating his "Fables," which were published two years afterwards.

Behind the poet came Sir James Thornhill. The eminent painter had handsome expressive features, an aquiline nose, and a good deal of dignity in his manner. His age was not far from fifty. He

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was accompanied by a young man of about seven-and-twenty, who carried his easel, set it in its place, laid the canvass upon it, opened the paint box, took out the brushes and palette, and, in short, paid him the most assiduous attention. This young man, whose features, though rather plain and coarse, bore the strongest impress of genius, and who had a dark grey, penetrating eye, so quick in its glances that it seemed to survey twenty objects at once, and yet only to fasten upon one, bore the honoured name of William Hogarth. Why he paid so much attention to Sir James Thornhill may be explained anon.

The rear of the party was brought up by a large powerfully-built man, with a bluff, honest, but rugged countenance, slashed with many a cut and scar, and stamped with that surly, sturdy, bull-dog-like look, which an Englishman always delights to contemplate, because he conceives it to be the characteristic of his countrymen. This formidable person, who was no other than the renowned Figg, the "Atlas of the sword," as he is termed by Captain Godfrey, had removed his hat and "skull covering," and was wiping the heat from his be-patched and close shaven-pate. His shirt also was unbuttoned, and disclosed a neck like that of an ox, and a chest which might have served as a model for a Hercules. He had a flattish, perhaps, it should be called, a *flattened* nose, and a brown, leathern-looking hide, that seemed as if it had not unfrequently undergone the process of tanning. Under his arm he carried a thick, knotted crab-stick. The above description of

> ——the great Figg, by the prize-fighting swains
> Solo monarch acknowledg'd of Mary'bone plains—

may sound somewhat tame by the side of the glowing account given of him by his gallant biographer, who asserts that "there was a majesty shone in his countenance, and blazed in his actions, beyond all I ever saw;" but it may possibly convey a more accurate notion of his personal appearance. James Figg was the most perfect master of self-defence of his day. Seconded by his strength and temper, his skill rendered him invincible, and he is reputed never to have lost a battle. His imperturbable demeanour in the fight has been well portrayed by Captain Godfrey, who here condescends *to* lay aside his stilts. "His right leg bold and firm, and his left, which could hardly ever be disturbed, gave him a surprising advantage, and struck his adversary with despair and panic. He had a peculiar way of stepping in, in a parry; knew his arm, and its just time of moving; put a firm faith in that, and never let his opponent escape. He was just as much a greater master than any other I ever saw, as he was a greater judge of time and measure." Figg's prowess in a combat with Sutton has been celebrated by Dr. Byrom,—a poet of whom his native town, Manchester, may be justly proud; and his features and figure have been preserved by the most illustrious of his companions on the present occasion,—Hogarth,—in the levee in the "Rake's Progress," and in "Southwark Fair."

On the appearance of his visitors, Sheppard arose,—his gyves clanking heavily as he made the movement,—and folding his arms, so far as his manacles would permit him, upon his breast, steadily returned the glances fixed upon him.

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"This is the noted housebreaker and prison-breaker, gentlemen," said Mr. Pitt, pointing to the prisoner.

"Odd's life!" cried Gay in astonishment; "is this slight-made stripling Jack Sheppard? Why, I expected to see a man six foot high at the least, and as broad across the shoulders as our friend Figg. This is a mere boy. Are you sure you haven't mistaken the ward, Mr. Pitt?"

"There is no mistake, sir," rejoined the prisoner, drawing himself up. "I am Jack Sheppard."

"Well, I never was more surprised in my life," said the poet—"never!"

"He's just the man *I* expected to see," observed Hogarth, who, having arranged everything to Thornhill's satisfaction, had turned to look at the prisoner, and was now, with his chin upon his wrist, and his elbow supported by the other hand, bending his keen grey eyes upon him, "just the man! Look at that light, lithe figure,—all muscle and activity, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon it. In my search after strange characters, Mr. Gay, I've been in many odd quarters of our city—have visited haunts frequented only by thieves—the Old Mint, the New Mint, the worst part of St. Giles's, and other places—but I've nowhere seen any one who came up so completely to my notion of a first-rate housebreaker as the individual before us. Wherever I saw him, I should pick him out as a man designed by nature to plan and accomplish the wonderful escapes he has effected."

As he spoke, a smile crossed Sheppard's countenance.

"He understands me, you perceive," said Hogarth.

"Well, I won't dispute your judgment in such matters, Mr. Hogarth," replied Gay. "But I appeal to you, Sir James, whether it isn't extraordinary that so very slight a person should be such a desperate robber as he is represented—so young, too, for such an *old* offender. Why, he can scarcely be twenty."

"I am one-and-twenty," observed Jack.

"One-and-twenty, ah!" repeated Gay. "Well, I'm not far from the mark."

"He is certainly extremely youthful-looking and very slightly made," said Thornhill, who had been attentively studying Sheppard's countenance. "But I agree with Hogarth, that he is precisely the person to do what he has done. Like a thorough-bred racer, he would sustain twice as much fatigue as a person of heavier mould. Can I be accommodated with a seat, Mr. Pitt?"

"Certainly, Sir James, certainly," replied the governor. "Get a chair, Austin."

While this order was obeyed, Figg, who had been standing near the door, made his way to the prisoner, and offered him his huge hand, which Jack warmly grasped.

"Well, Jack," said the prizefighter, in a rough, but friendly voice, and with a cut-and-thrust abrupt manner peculiar to himself; "how are you, lad, eh? Sorry to see you here. Wouldn't take my advice. Told you how it would be. One mistress enough to ruin a man—two, the devil. Laughed at me, then. Laugh on the wrong side of your mouth, now."

"You 're not come here to insult me, Mr. Figg?" said Jack peevishly.

"Insult you! not I;" returned Figg. "Heard of your escapes.—

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Every body talking of you.—Wished to see you.—Old pupil.—Capital swordsman.—Shortly to be executed.—Come to take leave.—Trifle useful?" he added, slipping a few gold pieces into Jack's hand.

"You are very kind," said Jack, returning the money; "but I don't require assistance."

"Too proud, eh?" rejoined the prize-fighter. "Won't be under an obligation."

"There you're wrong, Mr. Figg," replied Jack, smiling; "for before I'm taken to Tyburn I mean to borrow a shirt for the occasion from you."

"Have it, and welcome," rejoined Figg. "Always plenty to spare. Never bought a shirt in my life, Mr. Gay," he added, turning to the poet. "Sold a good many, though."

"How do you manage that, Mr. Figg?" asked Gay.

"Thus," replied the prize-fighter. "Proclaim a public fight. Challenge accepted. Fifty pupils. Day before, send round to each to borrow a shirt. Fifty sent home. All superfine Holland. Wear one on the stage on the following day. Cut to pieces—slashed—bloodied. Each of my scholars thinks it his own shirt. Offer to return it to each in private. All make the same answer—'d——n you, keep it.'"

"An ingenious device," laughed Gay.

Sir James Thornhill's preparations being completed, Mr. Pitt desired to know if he wanted anything further, and being answered in the negative, he excused himself on the plea that his attendance was required in the court at the Old Bailey, which was then sitting, and withdrew.

"Do me the favour to seat yourself, Jack?" said Sir James. "Gentlemen, a little further off, if you please."

Sheppard immediately complied with the painter's request; while Gay and Figg drew back on one side, and Hogarth on the other. The latter took from his pocket a small paper-case and pencil.

"I'll make a sketch, too," he said. "Jack Sheppard's face is well worth preserving."

After narrowly examining the countenance of the sitter, and motioning him with his pencil into a particular attitude, Sir James Thornhill commenced operations; and, while he rapidly transferred his lineaments to the canvass, engaged him in conversation, in the course of which he artfully contrived to draw him into a recital of his adventures. The *ruse* succeeded almost beyond his expectation. During the narration Jack's features lighted up, and an expression, which would have been in vain looked for in repose, was instantly caught and depicted by the skilful artist. All the party were greatly interested by Sheppard's history—especially Figg, who laughed loud and long at the escape from the Condemned Hold. When Jack came to speak of Jonathan Wild, his countenance fell.

"We must change the subject," remarked Thornhill, pausing in his task; "this will never do."

"Quite right, Sir James," said Austin. "We never suffer him to mention Mr. Wild's name. He never appears to so little advantage as when speaking of him."

"I don't wonder at it," rejoined Gay.

Here Hogarth received a private signal from Thornhill to attract Sheppard's attention.

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"And so you've given up all hope of escaping, eh, Jack?" remarked Hogarth.

"That's scarcely a fair question, Mr. Hogarth, before the gaoler," replied Jack. "But I tell you frankly, and Mr. Austin may repeat it if he pleases to his master, Jonathan Wild—I have *not*."

"Well said, Jack!" cried Figg. "Never give in."

"Well," observed Hogarth, "if, fettered as you are, you contrive to break out of this dungeon, you'll do what no man ever did before."

A peculiar smile illuminated Jack's features.

"There it is!" cried Sir James eagerly. "There's the exact expression I want. For the love of heaven, Jack, don't move!—Don't alter a muscle, if you can help it."

And, with a few magical touches, he stamped the fleeting expression on the canvass.

"I have it too!" exclaimed Hogarth, busily plying his pencil. "Gad! it's a devilish fine face when lit up."

"As like as life, sir," observed Austin, peeping over Thornhill's shoulder at the portrait. "As like as life."

"The very face," said Gay, advancing to look at it;—"with all the escapes written in it."

"You flatter me," smiled Sir James. "But, I own, I think it *is* like."

"What do you think of *my* sketch, Jack?" said Hogarth, handing him the drawing.

"It's like enough, I dare say," rejoined Sheppard. "But it wants something *here*." And he pointed significantly to the hand.

"I see," rejoined Hogarth, rapidly sketching a file, which he placed in the hands of the picture. "Will that do?" he added, returning it.

"It's better," observed Sheppard, meaningly. "But you've given me what I don't possess."

"Hum!" said Hogarth, looking fixedly at him. "I don't see how I can improve it."

"May I look at it, sir?" said Austin, stepping towards him.

"No," replied Hogarth, hastily effacing the sketch. "I'm never satisfied with a first attempt."

"Egad, Jack," said Gay, "you should write your adventures. They would be quite as entertaining as the histories of Guzman D'Alfarache, Lazarillo de Tormes, Estevanillo Gonzalez, Meriton Latroon, or any of my favourite rogues,—and far more instructive."

"You had better write them for me, Mr. Gay," rejoined Jack.

"If you'll write them, I'll illustrate them," observed Hogarth.

"An idea has just occurred to me," said Gay, "which Jack's narrative has suggested. I'll write an opera, the scene of which shall be laid altogether in Newgate, and the principal character a highwayman. I'll not forget your two mistresses, Jack."

"Nor Jonathan Wild, I hope," interposed Sheppard.

"Certainly not," replied Gay. "I'll gibbet the rascal. But I forget," he added, glancing at Austin; "it's high treason to speak disrespectfully of Mr. Wild in his own domain."

"I hear nothing, sir," laughed Austin.

"I was about to add," continued Gay, "that my opera shall have no music except the good old ballad tunes. And we'll see whether it won't put the Italian opera out of fashion, with Cutzoni, Senesino, and the 'divine' Farinelli at its head."

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"You'll do a national service, then," said Hogarth. "The sums lavished upon those people are perfectly disgraceful, and I should be enchanted to see them hooted from the stage. But I've an idea as well as you, grounded in some measure upon Sheppard's story. I'll take two apprentices, and depict their career. One, by perseverance and industry shall obtain fortune, credit, and the highest honours; while the other by an opposite course, and dissolute habits, shall eventually arrive at Tyburn."

"Your's will be nearer the truth, and have a deeper moral, Mr. Hogarth," remarked Jack, dejectedly. "But if my career were truly exhibited, it must be as one long struggle against destiny in the shape of—"

"Jonathan Wild," interposed Gay. "I knew it. By the by, Mr. Hogarth, didn't I see you last night at the ridotto with Lady Thornhill and her pretty daughter?"

"Me?—no, sir," stammered Hogarth, colouring. And he hazarded a wink at the poet over the paper on which he was sketching. Luckily, Sir James was so much engrossed by his own task, that both the remark and gesture escaped him.

"I suppose I was mistaken," returned Gay. "You've been quizzing my friend Kent, I perceive, in your Burlington Gate."

"A capital caricature that," remarked Thornhill, laughing. "What does Mr. Kent say to it?"

"He thinks so highly of it, that he says if he had a daughter he would give her to the artist," answered Gay, a little maliciously.

"Ah!" exclaimed Sir James.

"S'death!" cried Hogarth, aside to the poet. "You've ruined my hopes."

"Advanced them, rather," replied Gay, in the same tone. "Miss Thornhill's a charming girl. *I* think a wife a needless incumbrance, and mean to die a bachelor. But, if I were in your place, I know what I'd do."

"What—what would you do?" asked Hogarth, eagerly.

"Run away with her," replied Gay.

"Pish!" exclaimed Hogarth. But he afterwards acted upon the suggestion.

"Good b'ye, Jack," said Figg, putting on his hat. "Rather in the way. Send you the shirt. Here, turnkey. Couple of guineas to drink Captain Sheppard's speedy escape. Thank him, not me, man. Give this fellow the slip, if you can, Jack. If not, keep up your spirits. Die game."

"Never fear," replied Jack. "If I get free, I'll have a bout with you at all weapons. If not, I'll take a cheerful glass with you at the City of Oxford, on my way to Tyburn.

"Give you the best I have in either case," replied Figg. "Good-b'ye!" And with a cordial shake of the hand he took his departure.

Sir James Thornhill then rose.

"I won't trouble you further, Jack," he remarked. "I've done all I can to the portrait here. I must finish it at home."

"Permit me to see it, Sir James?" requested Jack. "Ah!" he exclaimed, as the painting was turned towards him. "What would my poor mother say to it?"

"I was sorry to see that about your mother, Jack," observed Hogarth.

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"What of her?" exclaimed Jack, starting up. "Is she dead?"

"No—no," answered Hogarth. "Don't alarm yourself. I saw it this morning in the Daily Journal—an advertisement, offering a reward——"

"A reward!" echoed Jack. "For what?"

"I had the paper with me. 'Sdeath! what can I have done with it? Oh! here it is," cried Hogarth, picking it from the ground. "I must have dropped it when I took out my portfolio. There's the paragraph. '*Mrs. Sheppard left Mr. Wood's house at Dollis Hill on Tuesday*'—that's two days ago,—'*hasn't been heard of since.*'"

"Let me see," cried Jack, snatching the paper, and eagerly perusing the advertisement. "Ah!" he exclaimed, in a tone of anguish. "She has fallen into the villain's hands."

"What villain?" cried Hogarth.

"Jonathan Wild, I'll be sworn," said Gay.

"Right!—right!" cried Jack, striking his fettered hands against his breast. "She is in his power, and I am here, chained hand and foot, unable to assist her."

"I could make a fine sketch of him now," whispered Hogarth to Gay.

"I told you how it was, Sir James," said Austin, addressing the knight, who was preparing for his departure, "he attributes every misfortune that befalls him to Mr. Wild."

"And with some justice," replied Thornhill, drily.

"Allow me to assist you, Sir James," said Hogarth.

"Many thanks, sir," replied Thornhill, with freezing politeness; "but I do not require assistance."

"I tell you what, Jack," said Gay, "I've several urgent engagements this morning; but I'll return to-morrow, and hear the rest of your story. And, if I can render you any service you may command me."

"To-morrow will be too late," said Sheppard, moodily.

The easel and palette having been packed up, and the canvass carefully removed by Austin, the party took leave of the prisoner, who was so much abstracted that he scarcely noticed their departure. Just as Hogarth got to the door, the turnkey stopped him.

"You have forgotten your knife, Mr. Hogarth," he observed significantly.

"So I have;" replied Hogarth, glancing at Sheppard.

"I can do without it," replied Jack.

The door was then locked, and he was left alone.

At three o'clock, on the same day, Austin brought up Jack's provisions, and, after carefully examining his fetters, and finding all secure, told him if he wanted anything further he must mention it, as he should not be able to return in the evening, his presence being required elsewhere. Jack replied in the negative, and it required all his mastery over himself to prevent the satisfaction which this announcement afforded him from being remarked by the gaoler.

With the usual precautions, Austin then departed.

"And now," cried Jack, leaping up, "for an achievement, compared with which all I have yet done shall be as nothing!"

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THE CHELSEA VETERANS.

DUMALTON'S STORY.

BY THE REV. G. R. GLEIG, AUTHOR OF "THE SUBALTERN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Showing how a man may become a soldier unawares, and how soldiers lived in London half a century ago.

My name is Samuel Dumalton. I am a native of Beverley, in Yorkshire; where I was born some time in the month of June, 1769,—a memorable year, which brought into the world not myself only, but the Duke of Wellington, and Napoleon Bonaparte besides. My parentage is scarcely more dignified than my present position in society might lead the world to anticipate. I am the son of a labourer,—an honest man,—who, though he worked hard, was contented with his lot; who, after having lived some years as groom in the family of Sir John Brereton, set up housekeeping for himself, and with the help of my mother, added me to the list of mankind. Both father and mother were very worthy persons. They punished me when I deserved it; gave me plenty of wholesome food to eat; put me to school when I was old enough to learn, and determined to make a tradesman of me. At the age of fourteen I was apprenticed to a whitesmith, and took to my situation very kindly.

I was bound for seven years; six of which I completed, with occasional differences between my master and myself, but, on the whole, satisfactorily to both parties. At the end of that period, however, my master died, and then arose the question, what was to be done with me?—for the widow seemed disinclined to go on with the business; and if she adhered to her determination, it was evident that I could benefit neither her nor myself. She proposed to hand me over to another whitesmith in the town. I objected to the arrangement altogether, and the matter ended in her offering to give up the indentures,—a proposal to which I readily agreed. I took my release, packed up my clothes in a handkerchief, bade father and mother farewell, and set out on foot one bright, frosty morning, towards the end of 1787, for York.

In 1787 work was much more abundant in every department than it is now; I found no difficulty, therefore, in recommending myself to an employer. I went into a coachmaker's yard, and for two months was as busy as need be; but there is a restlessness about youths of nineteen or twenty which often induces them to change for the mere sake of change, and still more frequently hinders them from knowing when they are well off. I grew tired of the coachmaker's yard, of the coachmaker himself, and, finally, of the city of York. My bundle was therefore tied up once more, my stick grasped in my hand, and away I went, with a light heart, and a purse not much heavier, to Manchester.

Though Manchester was not in 1788 the overgrown manufactory that it is now, amid its forty thousand inhabitants, it presented sufficient openings for a young man like me. I offered myself to a whitesmith the day after my arrival, and was received as a jour-

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neyman on my own terms. It is probable, too, that, but for an accident, I should have continued to prosecute my peaceful calling; in which case society would have lacked the information which these my memoirs are designed to communicate. But within a fortnight of my arrival a proposal was made to me, which, having a great respect for the sum of ten guineas, I did not conceive that I should be justified in rejecting. A young gentleman, the son of a clergyman, in a fit of ill humour, or caprice, enlisted in the first Dragoon Guards, which at that time occupied the barracks; and his friends having obtained permission to take him home again, by providing a substitute, my master, with whom the family dealt, opened the business to me.

"You are a strapping fellow, Sam," said he, "and a good scholar. There's no saying what you may not come to as a soldier; and the whitesmith's business is, you very well know, one of the poorest going. You may be with me, or anybody else, a dozen years at least, before you will have it in your power to boast that you are worth ten guineas."

"Ten guineas!" replied I. "Will they give ten guineas for a substitute?"

"To be sure they will, and a capital outfit into the bargain. Away with you to the barracks. No fear but you will be accepted, and then come back to me, and I will introduce you to the gentleman that's to fork out."

Away, accordingly, I went, with an imagination inflamed, not by visions of martial glory, but of ten golden guineas; and, marching boldly towards the barrack-gate, I propounded my business to the corporal of the guard. He desired me to go on to the orderly-room, and I would have done so without pausing, had not a spectacle greeted me as soon as I entered the square, which threw a considerable damp over my military ardour.

The regiment was assembled at a foot-parade, and corporal punishment was going forward. Now I don't mean to say, that in an army such as ours it is possible to do without corporal punishment; there are certain crimes which as they are disgraceful in themselves, ought to bring upon such as commit them a discreditable chastisement; while the situations which require that discipline should be administered promptly and with effect, cannot fail, particularly in war, of constant recurrence. For such occasions the power of the lash must always be reserved. But, the less frequently it is brought into operation the better, not only because the practice has a tendency to keep good men out of your ranks, but because, when repeated over and over again, it loses its effect. At all events, I am quite certain of this, that when I beheld a fellow-creature stripped and subjected to the operation of the cat, I never thought of inquiring into the nature of the offence which had brought the visitation upon him; but said to myself, "Am I going to do a wise thing, in connecting myself with a society of persons among whom such usages are tolerated?" I don't hesitate to say, that if the mere love of glory had brought me thus far, it would have utterly failed in carrying me further; but ten guineas had appeared to me in the light of a little fortune, and, after a brief controversy between opposite feelings, I made up my mind to possess them. Accordingly I averted my eyes from the parade, and closed my ears

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against the outcry of the culprit; and hastening towards the orderly-room, was desired to wait there till the colonel should be disengaged, and able to see me.

The colonel came as soon as the parade was over, and seemed to me to be in an exceedingly irritable humour. He asked me what I wanted, and I told him.

"You a substitute!" cried he; "it's devilish hard that I should be forced to give up a smart fellow, because, forsooth! he has taken the rue, and his friends desire to buy him off; but, I'll be d—d if he shall go for such a chap as you!"

I confess that this reception surprised me, for I stood five feet ten inches without my shoes; and as may be guessed from the build of the old trunk at this hour, I was, in other respects, as likely a young fellow as need be. But I did not say a word in reply. The fact, indeed, was, that I felt relieved, rather than otherwise, because the colonel's manner made me think more of the cat-and-nine-tails than of the ten guineas. So I made my bow and my scratch, and turned to go away.

"Stop a bit, young man," cried the colonel. "I won't take you as a substitute; the recruit they want to buy off is worth two of you; but I don't mind listing you on your own account. What do you say?—Are you willing?"

"What bounty will your honour give?" asked I.

"Oh! the King's bounty, of course," was the answer. "His Majesty gives two pounds a man, and that you shall have, after your kit, at least, has been supplied out of it."

"Thank you kindly, sir," said I: "I'd rather not:" and so away I went home again. But matters were not in precisely the same state there as when I went out in the morning. My master, never supposing that I would be rejected, had hired a new hand, and either because he was a better workman, or that the engagement could not be set aside, he told me plump that there was nothing for me to do. What children of circumstances we are! There was no great cause in anything that had happened why I should get out of humour; I had but to go elsewhere, and, without doubt, jobs enough were to be procured; but I would not. The fit was upon me, and, having once crossed a barrack threshold, I resolved to become a soldier. In this humour I went, the very next day, to a recruiting party for the Coldstream Guards, of which Ensign Howard, now Lord Effingham Howard, was in command; and offering myself to them, I was accepted immediately. I have always liked the service; I never, indeed, from the very outset, had cause to do otherwise, for Ensign Howard was exceedingly indulgent to his people; and, as he got recruits very fast, I felt myself as much at home among them, and, indeed, among the party in general, as I had done in the whitesmith's shop, or the coach-maker's yard. Still I had a natural desire to see the world, and to visit London in particular; so, finding that three of the young hands were to be forwarded on the morrow, I applied for leave to accompany them, which was granted. The evening of the same day, therefore, which saw me take the shilling, witnessed the ceremony of my attestation before the magistrate; and the following morning, with my bounty and marching money in my pocket, I set out, under the command of a non-commissioned officer, for the metropolis.

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England is a fair land to travel through; but, when you travel as I did, in the bloom of youth, on foot, and amidst a little knot of companions, whose tastes, be they what they may, agree with your own, a very pleasant and profitable thing it is to perform this journey. I do not recollect how many days were spent on the road, but this I remember, that they were all spent pleasantly, for we did not overwork ourselves, and we halted for the most part, at little village inns—of all the quarters into which a soldier passes, the most agreeable. To me, likewise, it was marvellous to behold with what kindness the hosts and hostesses all along the road treated us. My impression is, that such is hardly the case now. In 1788 soldiers were decided favourites with the people; whether because there was less of disaffection abroad, or that our pay being small, they considered themselves bound to act generously towards us, I cannot tell. At all events, I am bound to speak well of that portion of English society with which my first march from Manchester to London brought me acquainted; and the Londoners themselves, it is fair to add, acted on every occasion so as to hinder the favourable impression from becoming faint. We were in much greater danger of being drawn into scrapes by the liberality of persons who insisted on treating us to liquor, than by any such necessity as in later times has driven our successors to avenge a gross insult, or repel a positive wrong with the strong hand.

How different in all its external features was the London of 1788 from the London of 1839! How widely different the constitution and management of the forces which then and in times more recent composed its garrison. Of the foot guards, which then, as now, consisted of three regiments, with two battalions to each, I need say no more than that they were clothed, accoutred, and armed, pretty much as they had been since the days of the Duke of Cumberland. We wore long-tailed coats, which, slanting off like those of livery-servants in front, exposed to view a considerable portion of our lapelled, and capacious-pocketed white waistcoats. Our breeches of white cloth were made to fit so tight that how we contrived to get them on and off without tearing has been to me a source of frequent wonderment; while our long white gaiters, composed of glazed linen, reached just above the bend of the knee, and were tied round the upper part of the calf of the leg with bands of black leather. As to our hats, they resembled in form the head-dresses which are still worn in Chelsea Hospital; and to distinguish us, I presume, from regiments of the line, they were bound round the edges with silver lace. Our arms, again, were the musket and bayonet, not very different from those still in use; our accoutrements were of a class peculiar to times gone by. Instead of gathering up the load of ammunition so as to throw the strain as far as may be on the part of the body which is best able to endure it, the guardians of the soldiers' comforts then seemed to regard such considerations as unworthy of their notice. Our belts were long and loose; the pouch came down to the skirts of our coats, and the bayonet, suspended at the left side, swung like a sword as the man moved. Neither must I forget to describe both the hairy knapsacks into which our kits were stowed, and the strange machine, which was given to us as a convenient place of stowage for our field ammunition. The pouch contained in those days a wooden frame, which was bored, both above and below, for thirty cartridges, and you were expected in the heat of battle, as soon as the

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upper tier was exhausted, to turn the block round, and so reach the tier below. I need scarcely add, that the very first time we got under fire, the inconvenience of this arrangement made itself felt; and that the woods, as they were called, being taken out, the men carried their cartridges thenceforth loose in their pouches.

If such was the style in which the King's government equipped and clothed the King's foot-guards, what shall I say of the sort of exercise to which we were trained? In handling the musket there were not fewer than fifty-two movements, the whole of which went on so soon as a single word of command was spoken. "Poise arms!" was that word; on the utterance of which a fugleman began to caper, and the entire line, watching his movements, tossed and brandished their arms into all manner of grotesque figures. When we stood with arms shouldered, we were made to keep the butt of the firelock on the hip, and to stick out the elbow of the left arm, so that there should be between it and the side an interval of three inches. When we fixed bayonets it was by a motion similar to that which the swordsman makes when he draws—and then our shoulder—it took, if I recollect right, three hitches to get the implement into its place. And, finally, our manœuvres; they were complicated, unwieldy, performed always at slow time, and seemed to throw us into every imaginable shape, which could avail nothing in the hour of peril. One really cannot look back upon the military arrangements that prevailed at that time without a smile.

There were no light companies attached to the regiments of foot-guards then; though the first had in each of its battalions two companies of grenadiers. The companies, likewise, were much weaker than they afterwards became. They mustered respectively not more than six-and-forty, rank and file; and as nine companies made up a battalion, it will be seen that the battalions themselves were by no means too efficient; for the London duty, though not quite so hard as it is now, was in 1788 severe enough; and Kew, and even Windsor, came under the general head of outposts for the metropolis. Moreover, the force of cavalry kept in London was at once feeble in point of numbers, and, from its composition, very little effective. The horse-grenadiers and old life-guards were then in existence; and a strange anomaly —or rather a curious relic of barbarous times, they presented. These household troops, like the ancient garde-du-corps of France, were composed exclusively of gentlemen, who purchasing the nominations as men now purchase commissions, suffered little from the restraints of military discipline while they served, and retired after a given number of years on handsome annuities. They were not liable to be called beyond the precincts of the court, except in cases of great emergency. They did the duty of the palace, and mounted guard, it is true; but negligence on such occasions was punishable only by fine among themselves; and as to their horses and equipments—of these, they took no further charge than might be implied in the act of rating their grooms and body servants, should either horse or furniture seem to be out of order when the tour of duty came round. For they were allowed one groom for every ten horses, and one servant for every ten troopers, who, being paid and rationed at the public expense, were expected to perform all menial offices for the gentlemen of the body-guard, both in the stable and the harness-room.

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Of these soldiers of fortune, in a sense different from what is generally applied to the term, there were six troops, of which two were rated as horse-grenadiers, two as gentlemen of the life-guards. Of the rank which the individuals thus designated were presumed to hold, some idea may be formed when I state that the cymbal-beater belonging to the band of the first mentioned corps, was treated as his equal by a captain of infantry, with whom he fought a duel soon after my arrival in London, and by whom he was severely wounded. But, though it may sound mighty fine to talk of the King of England's body-guard as consisting of gentlemen, every person conversant, even slightly, with the nature of a soldier's duties, knows that, of all the regiments that ever took the field, a regiment of gentlemen must be the most inefficient. To such a height, indeed, had the inconveniences attending the system risen, that about the period to which this stage in my narrative refers, these privileged troops were disbanded, and the country obtained in their room those magnificent corps which did so much excellent service at Waterloo, and are ready to do as much excellent service again whenever their country may require it.

So much for the condition of our military establishments as these existed in London towards the close of the last century. A few words now in reference to the distribution and quarterings of the troops, and then I pass on to other and more interesting matters. When I reached the metropolis the old barracks in the Savoy had recently been burned down. We were, therefore, indifferently provided with lodgings,—that is to say, except in the Tower there were no barracks anywhere in or around London sufficiently capacious to contain in its integrity even one of our weak battalions. A few companies were, indeed, lodged beside the Bird-cage Walk; while the Knightsbridge barracks, at the head of what is now called Wilton Place, contained a few more; but the remainder got billets on the public-houses that lay most conveniently for them, or hired lodgings, if, as not unfrequently happened, the publican preferred commuting his liability for money; and a tolerably good room, such as a soldier, at least, is content to inhabit, might be had in those days for eighteenpence or two shillings a week. And, though the whole of our weekly pay amounted only to four shillings, few among us could not afford this outlay,—for guardsmen found no difficulty in town, in procuring, as often as military duties would allow, employment at different trades, the profits of which were to them of much more importance than all the allowances which they received from the Crown. Thus collecting our supplies from various quarters, we managed to carry on the war much to our own satisfaction; the more easily effected, as, go where we might, our countrymen were always disposed to treat us kindly. But it is time to get rid of these details; so here I turn a leaf in my narrative.

CHAPTER II.

Which speaks of processions, rumours of war, and wars.

I was just one month at drill, a pretty good proof that whatever my faults as a man or a soldier might be, inattention could not be numbered among them. I then went, as it is called, to my duty,—that is, I attended parades and field-days when they occurred, and took my turn of guards, pickets, fatigues, and so forth. Among other

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things that befel me at this time may be enumerated a detachment to Kew, where, in the summer of 1788, the King, as may be remembered, suffered his first attack of illness. We saw nothing of his Majesty, of course; nor were any of the secrets of the palace communicated to us; but we used to watch the countenances of those that went and came about him, trying, from the expressions which they bore, to draw some conclusions as to the state of the royal patient. This continued for about two months; during which our custom was, to quarter at Richmond, and send the guard from day to day, to Kew; but at the end of that period we were relieved and marched back, nothing loth, to London.

There occurred in the progress of the following year only two events which made a deep impression on my mind at the moment, and concerning which I may therefore be permitted to speak. One was, the great procession to St. Paul's, when the King, attended by his family and officers of state, went to return thanks for the removal of the malady under which he had laboured; the other the sort of rupture with Spain on the subject of Nootka Sound, which set us all on the alert for a brief space, and made us dream of war as impending. On the former of these occasions London appeared to go mad with joy. There was a ringing of bells and waving of flags from early dawn; and when the hour of Divine service drew nigh, the entire population of this mighty city seemed to be afoot. For ourselves, we mustered on the grand parade about eight in the morning, and, marching to Temple Bar, there spread ourselves so as to line the course of the procession from that point down to the gates of Carlton House. There another battalion took up the chain, while along the broad walk, and about the approaches to Buckingham House, the life-guards took their stations, in readiness to fall in so soon as the carriages should pass, and escort them to and from their place of distinction.

I don't know why there should be any ebbing or flowing in the tide of loyalty among the English people. I am sure that under the kingly government, as for many generations it has shown itself, they have enjoyed as much liberty and true happiness as can ever fall to the lot of masses of men; and I quite mistake the national character if they be not, at heart, sincerely attached to the throne,—yet I am very sure that the feeling of reverence and affection which they used to display towards George the Third was a different thing altogether from the loyalty which is now in fashion. You would have thought that day, had you looked upon the thousands of happy faces, and heard the people congratulating one another on the King's recovery, that some unlooked-for piece of good fortune had befallen the individuals or their families,—not that their sovereign had been restored to his place, as the head of the commonwealth. And when the good King appeared,—her Majesty and his children attending him,—men not only shouted with all the strength of their lungs, but many even with tears upon their cheeks. It was easy to see that there was no affectation of joy there; for not only was there no tumult, nor the slightest disposition manifested to create one, but the anxiety on all sides appeared to be, that all should be made equally happy by looking on the sovereign. A more gratifying spectacle never met the gaze of a patriot; a more pleasant duty never was performed by a soldier.

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Such was the manner in which the morning of the 23d of April was spent. We continued at our posts till Divine service ended, when the King returned as he went, amid the same demonstrations of attachment; and then the files closed, the battalion marched back to the palace, and was dismissed. But after dark we all assembled again; and while bonfires and an illumination put the city in an uproar, we formed a long line about St. James's palace, and fired a feu-de-joie. Finally, some hogsheads of porter being handed out to us, we drank the King's health amid vociferous cheering, and departed in the best possible humour, each man to his barrack-room or his billet.

The second occurrence of which I proposed to speak was the little spurt, or by whatever name it may be called, which threw Great Britain for a week or two into an attitude of hostility towards Spain. It is no business of mine to speculate on the wisdom or folly of the minister in threatening an appeal to the sword about a matter in itself so unimportant. I believe, indeed, that the country required a display of vigour at his hands; and I am quite sure that the idea of active service on the Continent was very popular with the army; but these are points with which a man in my humble position can have no concern. I only know that, when the order came to augment the first battalion from our regiment by a draft from the second, there was the utmost eagerness to be admitted into the favoured band which was to compose it. For myself, though I had just been promoted to the rank of corporal, I applied for and obtained permission to resign; because only as a private could I be permitted to share in the fun which all around me anticipated. There is always a good spirit in the British army when the prospect of fighting is opened out; but I really do not recollect an occasion on which it showed itself more clearly than during these two or three weeks of active preparation.

Proud men were we, the individuals selected for detachment, when we commenced our march from the parade in St. James's Park to the Tower, amid the cheers of our comrades. That nothing might be wanting to complete our triumph, we were conducted by the Duke of York's apartments, who, as colonel of the regiment, came out to look at us, and who, after commending our appearance, caused a pint of ale per man to be issued. This we drank, of course, and if many more did not follow, no blame is attachable to the citizens of London. Throughout the whole line of march the people cheered us, and not a public house came in our way but the landlord stood at the door, mug in hand, pressing us to drink. Ours was a perfect ovation all the way to the Tower.

It is well known that the quarrel with Spain came at this time to nothing. The satisfaction demanded by England was given; and the preparations for war, which have seemed always to delight the most peaceable, were laid aside as suddenly as they had been entered upon. We accordingly retired to our old battalions, and falling back into the routine of peaceable duty, mounted guards, went through evolutions, and showed ourselves on state occasions, as heretofore. Our movements, likewise, were all confined to the accomplishment of such changes of quarters as took us the circle of London in five years. From Knightsbridge we passed to Westminster, from Westminster to the Borough, from the Borough to the

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Tower, from the Tower to Portman-street, and last of all, from Portman-street back to Knightsbridge. Hence our acquaintance with the haunts of the metropolis became very perfect; and as to the rest of the world, it was as if it existed not. But things were not to continue thus for ever.

With the rise and progress of the French Revolution,—with the causes which produced, and the atrocities that marked it in all its stages, I have in this place no concern. My purpose is sufficiently served when I state, that war having been declared, a resolution was in 1793 entered into to support the continental sovereigns with a British army; and that, among other corps, the regiment of which I was a member received orders to prepare for immediate embarkation. This was somewhere about the middle of February; and on the 25th of the same month our battalion, increased to four hundred men, joined in brigade with two others from the first and third regiments, on the parade in St. James's Park. I cannot say that just at this time either the army or the sovereign was quite so popular as a few years previously I remember both to have been. A dense crowd assembled, of course, to see us muster and march out of London; but there was little or no cheering among them, and the shouts of the few that did from time to time lift up their voices were almost immediately drowned by the half-uttered execrations of others who stood near them. This was particularly the case when the King came on the ground. Yet was his Majesty fearless and self-possessed, as in the hour of danger he always was; and if the silence of the mob annoyed him in any degree, the cordial reception which he received from the troops must have effaced the impression in a moment. We cheered that day, not as a matter of duty or discipline, but with hearty good will, and at the extreme stretch of our lungs. Then, having listened to his address, brief, and pithy, and full of confidence as to our bearing, we cheered again; after which the word was given to form the column of march, and away we went.

We embarked at Greenwich, in the presence of the King and the royal family, and dropped down the same night as far as Long Reach. Next day the whole fleet weighed anchor, and on the 30th of March, after a rough and uncomfortable passage, we reached Helvoetsluys, and immediately landed. I am not quite sure, by the by, that in using this expression I escape the sort of figure of speech for which our countrymen of the sister isle are renowned. Our landing proved to be neither more nor less than a transference from one class of vessels into another; for we passed out of the King's ships into track-schuyts, and in them ascended the river as far as Dort. But here we certainly did establish ourselves on solid ground; and very kind and generous was the reception that greeted us. For a while we were disposed of in billets through the town, at each of which we found ample reason to be satisfied with the hospitality of the natives; but by and by the inconvenience of thus scattering us began to be felt, and our battalion drew together in the Prince of Orange's riding-school. For though not, in one sense of the term, in the immediate presence of the enemy, we were yet near enough to call for an unceasing exercise of vigilance. Williamstadt lay, be it remembered, on the opposite bank of the river, and Dumourier's corps, which kept it in a state of siege, it was our business to observe. Accordingly we had our pickets planted by day and night,

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just as regularly as if a battle might have been from hour to hour expected. The orders to the sentries were,—whenever two boats should seem to threaten a passage,—to fire upon them, turn out the guards, and offer every possible resistance to the landing of their crews.

We suffered a good deal this winter from the absence of great-coats, articles with which in 1793 the British soldiers were not supplied. The weather was intensely cold, and to keep watch beside the broad Rhine, while sleet and snow swept over the surface of its waters, was to men unprovided with any extra clothing not a very agreeable pastime. To be sure our commandant, General Lake, did his best to remedy the evil, by purchasing, and causing to be issued to us, the pilot-coats of the country. But these did not come down as far as the middle of the thigh, and therefore very imperfectly fulfilled the purpose for which they were given. In other respects, our time passed agreeably enough. We were weak in point of numbers, it is true; that is to say, the brigade of guards, and no more, had been concentrated. Indeed, my impression is, that in addition to our own, there was only one other British brigade at this time in the country. But we did not calculate on suffering molestation by the enemy; and our allies did all which their means would allow to render our situation comfortable. It was with a feeling, therefore, akin to regret that on the last day of March we received the route for the morrow; nor could the sense of novelty quite reconcile us to the movement, when on the first of April we arranged ourselves again in schuyts, and set out, by a process peculiarly their own, for Bergem-op-zoom.

Our sojourn in this place was not very protracted; I think that it fell short of a month; and at the termination of that period we again took boat, and passed through the canal to Antwerp. We found it crowded with French prisoners, who being permitted to go at large, picked frequent quarrels with our men, which in one or two instances ended fatally. One of our people was thrown by them over the ramparts, and perished in the ditch; another lost an eye by a stab from some sharp instrument, which was dealt, as he assured us, by an unseen hand. As may be imagined, our situation was not a pleasant one; for we never could count on freedom from insults, which, for obvious reasons, we were disinclined to avenge. But an order to pass over to Bevelen promised to set us free from the annoyance, and thither we accordingly went. Moreover, the change was not the less agreeable as, instead of making all our movements in schuyts, we were given to understand that thenceforth we should act entirely on shore. It may be that, in treating this announcement as a subject of congratulation, we were guilty of a grievous blunder; but at the moment we never thought of long and toilsome marches, and scanty fare; we desired only a little novelty even in the mode of conducting the war, and to our heart's content we got it.

We made a halt at Bevelen, for what reason I do not know,—unless, indeed, that some calamity had overtaken the military chest, under the pressure of which individuals sustained very serious inconvenience. There was no money among us; and as the system of a commissariat was then unknown in the British army, our sufferings, but for a certain device on which we fell, might have been great. Let it be borne in mind that rations, whether of meat or bread, were things of which we had never heard. We got our pay, when there was pay to be had,

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regularly enough; while the quarter-master of each battalion bought sheep and oxen, and bread, which he served out at stated hours to the different messes, the sergeant of each mess giving in exchange a certain quantity of ready money. But it was with him as with the keeper of a chop-house,—no coin, no cooked victuals; and hence when our pay ceased, as it did in Bevelen, we ran some risk of absolute destitution. In this emergency somebody thought of an expedient, which being found to answer very well, was universally adopted. We cut the bright buttons from our coats, and forcing off the eyes, passed them upon the simple boors as English shillings. Far be it from me to vindicate the morality of this practice, which, when called by its right name, is not, I am afraid, much better than swindling. But some portion at least of the blame surely attached to the defective arrangements of those at head-quarters, and we were quite willing that they should have it all, so long as we derived benefit from the proceeding. It was impossible, however, in the nature of things, that such a practice could long be continued. Colonel Pennington, our commanding officer, happening on one occasion to ask for change of a guinea in an eating-house where he had been dining, was astonished to find some six or seven old buttons tendered to him as silver coins. An investigation took place, as was to be expected, and our newly-discovered mine of wealth became worked out on the instant.

It was towards the end of April,—if my memory do not play me false, about the twenty-first,—that we may be said to have fairly taken the field. We marched too, with what was then considered all the pomp and circumstance of war around us; that is to say, each battalion was accompanied by its bat-horses, its tents, and its artillery, while each company carried its own intrenching tools and implements of cookery. Of the tents a sufficiently minute description will be given, when I say that they were so constructed as to be capable of containing five men a-piece, and that, when pitched, they resembled in shape two cards piled longitudinally one against the other. Each was supported by three poles, of which one went across between the other two; and while the canvass was transported from position to position on horses, we ourselves carried the poles. Then again, being divided into messes, so that for every mess a tent should be supplied, we had the additional satisfaction of sharing among five, not only the burthen of these three poles, but a huge camp-kettle, a bill-hook, and a tomahawk into the bargain. Now, when it is borne in mind that we performed all our marches in tight breeches and gaiters, and that his musket, bayonet, pack, and ammunition, laid on each man's shoulders a good forty pounds weight at the least, it can scarcely be wondered at if the burthen of these poles and kettles, when superadded to that which seemed fairly and legitimately to belong to him, should have chafed the soldier's spirit in no trifling degree. I declare that there were many whom no other consideration than the dread of punishment hindered from casting these incumbrances to the dogs; so little did the shelter of the tent at night compensate for the labour and the annoyance of carrying the poles throughout the day.

So moved the battalion,—while in its rear came first two pieces of cannon, then a string of bat-horses, and last of all, under a guard, the quarter-master's drove of bullocks and sheep. The guns, both in form and mounting, resembled in all essential points those still in use; but

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the train,—why a modern artilleryman would laugh it to scorn. Each piece had its three horses, which being harnessed at length, like those which drag a country waggon in Somersetshire, never moved except at a foot's pace, and very often made that of the slowest; for the drivers walked beside the horses, each armed with a long whip, and very sure, if not very rapid, were all their evolutions. Of the bat-horses again why should I speak. They were like bat-horses in general—necessary, doubtless, but always unwieldy, and not unfrequently very much in the way; while with the cattle, not less than with the herdsmen, so long as all remained quiet in front, it proved well enough; but the slightest alarm sent all scampering, and the chances were as two to one that we should ever see them again. Certainly we were not, in 1793, a military nation, if by that expression be meant a people whose tastes led to war; for, though always brave, and now and then enterprising, in the enemy's presence, in all that had reference to the equipment of an army for the field we were deplorably ignorant.

In this order we marched through Thielt and Courtray, towards Tournay. The French fell back as we drew on, and we entered Tournay without having as yet had an opportunity of exchanging shots with them. Here a corps of Austrians joined us, and the whole, commanded by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, took post at a village, of which I believe the proper name is Orcq, but which we, on account of the huge store-houses that belonged to it, called Oak Barns. And here I must be permitted to observe on the excellent feeling which subsisted between us and our allies the Austrians. We mixed very much together at all times, and on outpost-duty we were not separated; indeed, the practice was to place double sentries along the chain, of whom one was invariably an Englishman, the other an Austrian. I suspect that the motive for this arrangement was a desire on the part of our officers that we should learn that most important part of a soldier's duty, how to conduct ourselves at the outposts; and if such were their design, they could not have fallen upon more certain means of securing its accomplishment; for of all the troops with which I hav. come in contact, the Austrians seem to me to be the most vigilant They would never permit an attempt at conversation when on sentry. The slightest noise appeared to catch their ears, and then they were down with head to the ground in a moment; while their powers of vision seemed to my inexperienced fancy to set the darkness of the darkest night at defiance. Better troops on picket I cannot well conceive; and their readiness to impart knowledge to us who needed it was remarkable.

I should say that, in point of appearance, the Austrian infantry, which served at that time in the Low Countries, were more than respectable. Than the grenadiers, nothing can be imagined more superb; and their dress—dark grey clothing—which was worn alike by grenadier and battalion companies, struck me as being in every point of view very becoming. The cavalry likewise was good; for the horses, though small, seemed to be abundantly hardy, and the men, like their dismounted comrades, were all up to their work. It was the fashion of that age to make every military movement in slow time. We, not less than they, marched, and wheeled, and shifted our ground with a deliberation which would now excite laughter; yet I should misstate the case were I not to acknowledge, that the tardiness of our friends' evolutions, when assembled on parade, surprised us exceeding-

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ly. Still we were taught to regard them as our masters in the art of war; and therefore tried to persuade ourselves, not that they manœuvred too slow, but that we manœuvred a great deal too rapidly. There was, however, one point in the military system of which, as it entirely contradicted all our received opinions, we could not approve. Their discipline was stern and prompt to a degree; indeed, punishment—which invariably followed on an offence, however trivial—came so sharply, and with such effect, that we turned away from the spectacle with abhorrence. A man who might fail in ever so minute a part of exercise, or brought a soiled belt or stained knapsack to parade, was taken out of the ranks and flogged on the spot; no form of trial having been gone through, but the corporal wielding his stick with all the zeal, and more than the severity of one who relished the operation.

We did duty in this manner with the Austrians, occupying all the while our position at Orcq, till the 17th of May, when orders reached us to pack, and be in readiness for moving at a moment's notice. We obeyed, of course; and of the results which followed, both to ourselves and the cause which we were under arms to support, a connected account will be given in the next chapter.

TO JULIA.

You know the legends of that fair lake,
  Where a Prince* forsook the world to dwell
In the watery bowers that the Naiads make,
  Deep—far away from the surface swell!
I dreamt we were there, and your sad pale smile
  Was upwards turn'd to a lonely isle,
That gleam'd in the morning sunshine fair,
  And you wept as you fix'd your dark eye there!
And you murmur'd a word—'twas Happiness,—
  To *me* a most melancholy sound!—
But sigh'd in your languid loveliness,
  A sweeter sorrow could not be found!
I watch'd the word as it upwards flew
  On the wings of your breath to the outside wave,
And saw it expire—on the misty blue
  Of the wild Lough Lena† it found its grave!
Alas! and can the world's distress
  Blight e'en the name of Happiness?

J. Augustine Wade.

* O'Donoughoe, Prince of the Lakes.
† The ancient name of the Lake of Killarney.

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THE TOLEDO RAPIER.

A TALE

BY R. B. PEAKE.

"I'll tell you as near as I can what it is. Let me see: 'tis fighting, loving, sleeping, rhyming, dying, dancing, singing, crying, and everything but thinking and sense."

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S *Rehearsal.*

CHAPTER I.

MONSIEUR PERPIGNAN was a highly respected merchant of Paris at the period now recorded, anno 1690. He had his house of business and of pleasure in the good city; and he had his house of pleasure, and to him also of business, at St. Cloud. Monsieur Perpignan's grand hobby, whenever he could steal away from Paris to his château in the country, was the delightful occupation of gardening. He was no florist—horticulture was his passion; and though he rarely succeeded in his sowings, he would slave in his garden from morning until night, and generally to no better purpose than as a living scarecrow, frightening away the birds from the peas and the fruit-trees. He was blessed with a wife and daughter. Madame Perpignan prided herself a little on birth. Her stock had been (at any rate in her own opinion) of a superior grade to that of her husband; she was fond of admiration and society, which he abominated; and when she invaded his rural retreat, it was only to completely disturb the simple order, serenity, and (to its good-natured proprietor) the perfect comfort of the little château at St. Cloud. Madame Perpignan never condescended to visit it excepting in the summer months, and then she attired herself as a theatrical or chimney-ornament shepherdess, highly rouged, and discriminately patched. She would also give *fêtes*, which almost drove her husband mad, quiet as he was. Monsieur Perpignan was so exceedingly absent, that he seldom noticed the extravagances of his spouse:—his mind was absorbed in his garden, his thoughts were trained on his espaliers, and his ideas rooted on his carrots and artichokes. He was very fondly attached to his daughter Sophia. Sophia Perpignan was the offspring of a former wife, and lovely, graceful, and amiable. Pages might be filled in describing her charms; but we are contented with despatching them in a line. Sophia was seated in her dressing-room, and her favourite maid, Justine, was in the act of binding up the beautiful hair of her mistress, when she seized the opportunity, knowing that Sophia could not escape from her hands, of endeavouring to gratify her curiosity.

"Mademoiselle Sophia, may I ask you a very, very serious question?"—"What do you mean, Justine?"—"I presume, mademoiselle, that I have eyes and ears."—"A tongue also," remarked Sophia, archly.—"Then I will make use of it, and speak out."—"Not too loud, if you please, Justine."

"Now, mademoiselle, when you were fourteen years of age, you were affianced to your excellent and agreeable cousin, Monsieur Auguste le Blond. Your mamma-in-law tells me that you are very soon to be united to him, and everything is arranged."

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"Granted, Justine; but be quick with my hair."

"Then how is it, mademoiselle, that I observe that your father's newly-acquired friend, Monsieur Gaston du Plessis (who is now an inmate of this villa,) is devotedly enamoured of you, and that you decidedly, but not openly, do not discourage him?"

Sophia sighed, and replied, "Ah! Justine, I am in a strange perplexity. One day will disclose the ambiguity of my character. In the mean time, my good girl, make as little use of your eyes and ears (perhaps you may include your tongue too,) as may be convenient. Soon I will divulge all."

Justine got nothing by her move, excepting that the sharp edge of her curiosity received an additional whet; and as she perceived from the window that Monsieur Gaston du Plessis had just come in, she made it part of her business just to go out. She knew that the lovers would not speak on any thing that might be interesting in her presence, on the principle that doves never coo when you look at them.

Sophia descended to the saloon, and blushed as she welcomed the elegant and handsome Gaston du Plessis.

"My charming Sophia, that eloquent smile—the smile of an enchantress—"

"With what romance have you been amusing yourself, Monsieur Gaston?" said Sophia.

"The romance of which you are the heroine," replied Du Plessis. "I have glanced over its volume of beauty and purity, and have mentally imbibed some of its spirit."

This speech was interrupted by the voice of Monsieur Perpignan, who appeared to be in a state of distress occasioned by the absence of his wheelbarrow. He entered the saloon in gardener's costume, with a spade over his shoulder, and a watering-pot in his hand; his cheeks ruddy with health, contrasted well with a white night-cap on his head, for his flowing peruke always hung behind the door during his visit to the château.

"Ah, my excellent friend, Du Plessis, how d'ye do? Have you seen my wheelbarrow anywhere?"

"La! papa," said Sophia, "you did not expect to find it inside the house?"

"No," replied Perpignan; "but somebody in a frolic might have wheeled it under the table. My dear Du Plessis, since seven o'clock this morning I have been hoeing, sowing, weeding, stirring, and watering; and I am happy to put you in possession of an interesting fact. I shall have the finest pumpkins in this part of the world." Here good Mr. Perpignan took from his coat-pocket a small book, a gardener's calendar, and immediately became absorbed in the discovery of what was to be executed in horticulture during the month. He read aloud, "*Plant brocoli, cabbage, and cauliflowers for succession—*"

Sophia whispered to Gaston, "He is wandering."

"*Go over fruit-trees,*"—read Perpignan.

Du Plessis thought to break the chain of his lucubration, and addressing Perpignan, said, "Monsieur, I have to congratulate you on your perfect success in horticultural pursuits."

"*Spinach—*" calmly read Perpignan.

"My dear papa, on Tuesday next is Madame Perpignan's birth-

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day; we shall require all the choice fruit you can spare us. Our party will be large; the invitations are issued for a masked ball."

"Fruit, indeed!" cried Perpignan. "That which the thieves have left is more than half devoured by the wasps and the birds."

"And Monsieur du Plessis," said Sophia, "I am commissioned by madame to beg of you to request the favour of the company of your friend Pimental."

"What! my merry round little provincial Adonis? Ah! he is a famous fellow; he will enliven the entire evening, he has such a flow of spirits! His very blunders are amusing. We dined together yesterday with Auguste le Blond. We were, I confess, rather too gay, and all three visited the opera."

Here Justine summoned Sophia to her mother-in-law.

"What a lovely creature!" thought Du Plessis. "I can resist no longer. I must, before I declare openly, sound Monsieur Perpignan on the subject.—I beg your pardon, sir—"

Perpignan raised his eyes from his gardener's manual, and said, "Excuse my absence of mind,—my utter want of hospitality. Have you taken chocolate? Permit me—"

"Dear me, sir," exclaimed Du Plessis, "that is the watering-pot. Will you allow me, sir, to say a few words relative to your elegant daughter?"

"Ah, Gaston, I trained her myself."

Gaston sighed, and uttered, "How happy will be the man who is honoured by her affection!"

"Yes, indeed," replied Perpignan, "she is a beautiful plant; and my nephew, Auguste le Blond, will make Sophia an excellent husband."

Du Plessis looked aghast, and stammered out "Le—Le Blond—"

"Yes; Auguste is to be my son-in-law. They have been betrothed for these six years past."

"Distraction!" inwardly exclaimed Du Plessis. "And this marriage, sir, is no doubt the result of choice?"

"Assuredly, Sophia loves him dearly; for Le Blond is a capital fellow, though he does not know a leek from a shalot. Why, my good friend, you are as white as a turnip—all want of healthy exercise, believe me. Come into the garden, and amuse yourself with the rolling-stone for a couple of hours. Nothing like pulling a rolling-stone. No? Well, I have a bushel of weeds I want picked up. Nothing like picking up weeds. Ah! you abandon all pastoral pleasure. Come, I am going to break into a wasp's nest. Nothing like stirring up wasps. Follow me, my friend, and enjoy yourself." And here Monsieur Perpignan sallied into his garden.

Du Plessis was suddenly plunged into a deep dejection of spirits. Affianced to his friend Le Blond, and he had never been made acquainted with it!

"Gaston, Gaston, thou art a poor infatuated fool! Has not Sophia blushed, grown pale, and almost softened into tears, when I have fondly addressed her? Again, can she smile upon him she does not love, and while she loves another? It is hardened coquetry—barefaced falsehood. Alas! that so many graces should be united with so much deceit!"

Du Plessis in a moody state of mind quitted the château, and took the road to Paris.

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CHAPTER II.

SEATED on a bench in front of the Café de la Concorde, in the Place Royal, was a tall, gaunt, but gentlemanly-looking person, about sixty-five years of age. His upright figure, and the mode in which he wore his hat, denoted that he had once served in the army; his habiliments were of an old-fashioned shape, and much worn; great pains, however, had evidently been taken to give an effect; his linen was white, and of a fine texture. This personage was the Marquis de la Tour le Colombier, a proud but very poor noble. There appeared to be a dash of eccentric conceit in his manner, probably the result of the contempt with which he held the inferior part of mankind in general. Monsieur le Marquis very diligently with an old leathern glove was rubbing the blade of his sword, which he had taken from the scabbard, and which was a real rapier of Toledo. He was polishing; the sword was in a forward way to become so likewise; but there was an air of mortification and anger about the old gentleman, which could not be concealed, as he almost inaudibly muttered—

"Honour!—I once imagined that love stood pre-eminent in the universe; but love is common to all living creatures—honour belongs to man alone. Then, to have that exquisite feeling lacerated!—the indignation with which my bosom burns at this moment,—this unaccountable, this unappeasable insult, inflicted on me last night in the pit at the opera—but I have the card of the perpetrator." Here he took out a pocket magnifying-glass, and with a grimace of ineffable contempt read the name and address of the party who had so deeply offended him, "*Monsieur Gaston du Plessis, Château Perpignan, St. Cloud.*" He then recommenced rubbing up his rapier—"But this good blade of Toledo shall find its way through his body."

The Marquis de la Tour le Colombier then called to a *garçon*, and ordered him to bring a cup of coffee, which he began to sip, when a window of the café above the marquis's head was thrown open by a short, plump, fair, fresh-coloured young man, dressed in a silk suit, *couleur de marmalade*, flowing peruke, and triangular hat fringed with feathers. This was Monsieur Pierre Pimental. He seated himself at a table on which was a backgammon board, and on a chair opposite to him sat Monsieur Auguste le Blond, (both gentleman already mentioned,) and they appeared to be amusing themselves with a friendly game. The morning was fine, the sun shone brightly, the pair had breakfasted heartily in the Café de la Concorde, and all was cheerfulness, until an unfavourable turn of the game to Pimental, unluckily disarranged the pleasantry. Le Blond threw the dice *sizes*—Pimental threw *doublettes*. "The luck is against me."

Le Blond again threw *sizes*,—Pimental the *deuce* with *a cinque*.—Le Blond a third time *sizes*. "Bravo!"

Here Pimental could not contain his agitation, and in a rage he exclaimed, "Sink the backgammon!—I have lost every game. Give me the board!"—and he passionately threw it out at the window, where it, as a matter of course, struck Monsieur le Marquis de la Tour le Colombier on the head, the white and black men rattling about his person, and one of the dice dropped into his coffee-cup. The Marquis rose indignantly, looked up at the window, and dis-

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tinctly heard Pimental remark, "that somebody had got *a hit* at last."

"Now, by the soul of Charlemagne, will I resent deeply this insult! Descend, messieurs, instantly."

And the Marquis walked to and fro before the door of the café, when Pimental and Le Blond came down into the street laughing. The Marquis drew himself up stiffly, and folding his arms, asked in a constrained tone, "May I respectfully demand which gentleman did me the honour?"

Le Blond said to Pimental, "You threw it out; speak for yourself."

"You made me do it," exclaimed Pimental.

The Marquis glanced impatiently, and uttered, "Are you aware, sir, that I have been most grossly insulted—that window?"

Pimental replied, "Why, then, did you sit under that window when I threw the board out?"

The Marquis's Toledo rapier was instantly glittering in the sun, as he calmly said, "Have the complaisance to draw and defend yourself."

Pimental looked confused, and cried, "Pooh! pooh! I am not going to fight about such an affair as this."

Le Blond advanced to the Marquis, and requested permission to offer an explanation.

"Explanation is unnecessary—the injury is received."

Le Blond said, "But, monsieur, listen to reason."

"Listen to *me*," uttered little Pimental. "There is reason in roasting of eggs, though there may not be any in throwing backgammon boards out of windows on people's heads."

The Marquis scowled scornfully. "If you *are* a gentleman, I will listen to reason."

"*If* I am a gentleman!—*if* I am a gentleman!"—and a fresher colour mantled up into Pimental's red cheeks, and he glanced complacently at his silk suit and diamond shoe-buckles, and repeated, "If, indeed!"

"Meet me openly, or consent to be chastised," imperiously said the Marquis.

"Chastised! I *am* a gentleman, old gentleman. I was playing at backgammon with this young gentleman, old gentleman, and the dice went confoundedly against me."

"That is no reason why the board should go against *me*," gravely replied the Marquis.

Le Blond again interfered, and said, "Monsieur, are you a backgammon player?"

"Much attached to the pastime," was the answer.

The two young men now planted themselves one on each side of the testy old nobleman, and thus rapidly explained the progress of their last game.

"Le Blond threw *sizes*—in went four of my men."

"Pimental threw *duce ace*—I took off *ace*."

"Le Blond threw *sizes* again—four more men."

"Truly vexatious," said the Marquis de la Tour le Colombier, a little softened.

Pimental, watching his countenance, eagerly continued—"I took off one man, and played up my last to the *ace* point—"

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Le Blond vociferated, "I had *three* remaining on the *size* point, when I fortunately threw *sizes* again, and away went your *four*. Victoria! said I."

"And confusion! said I," replied Pimental, "and in my sudden passion I pitched the backgammon board out of the window (without knowing that anybody was beneath), on your most respectable head."

The Marquis, after a thoughtful pause, walked two steps to the right, and two again to the left; he then replaced the dreadful-looking Toledo rapier in its scabbard, took a pinch of snuff, and uttered, "Humph —yes, yes. Messieurs, I am willing to admit that, in such a paroxysm of disappointment on the one part, you might be excused in hurling the backgammon board out, although you ought to have avoided me. I accept your explanation."

Now several congratulatory and complimentary pinches of snuff were exchanged between the parties, the Maccaba balancing the Strasbourg, and the Strasbourg the last Paris mixture,—Pimental sneezing at every pinch, unavoidably, almost in the face of the Marquis. At the end of an ominous *atishoo-e*, the little lively provincial, in a mere effort to change the conversation, or rather, in his opinion, to keep it up, said, "Good heavens! how easily a man may get into a scrape! Now last night, for instance, what a scrape I might have encountered—ha! ha! na! Do you know, sir," addressing the Marquis, "I was with a friend in the pit at the opera—"

Le Colombier winced, started, and snappishly remarked, "The pit of the opera? Did you — did you observe anything peculiar there?"

"Oh yes," replied Pimental! "I will tell you all about it. My friends and I wanted to enjoy the ballet—the little Graces there, by the way, have such pretty legs, I call them the little scape-graces."

"Proceed, sir," gravely said the Marquis.

Pimental was all elated at his forthcoming recital, and suited the action to the word. "Well, who should sit before us in the pit but an antediluvian in a monstrous wig. It must have been the first peruke that ever was manufactured, for I am sure there never was a pattern for it—nay, it must have been one of the two that came out of Noah's Ark." Here Pimental laughed at his description. The Marquis's eyes rolled, but he inwardly exclaimed, "Calm, calm my resentment." Pimental went on. "So said I to Gaston, 'My boy, I will bet you ten louis that you never saw such a wig as that.' Du Plessis was full of fun and Burgundy, and affirmed that this monstrous peruke would hinder him from seeing the play; so he took from his pocketbook a pair of scissors, and while old Wigsby was apparently enjoying the performance, Gaston in a frolic snipped the peruke all over, and brought it down to a reasonable size."—Le Blond laughed heartily, when happening to look towards the Marquis, he saw a tremendous storm, interspersed with vivid flashes of the eyes, on his countenance. So he made a motion to warn Pimental to desist in his story; but Pimental did not observe this, and went laughingly on. "Ha! ha! ha!—the old curmudgeon sat with his back to us, sulky as a ram being shorn. I would have given a louis to have seen his face."

The Marquis de la Tour le Colombier here confronted Pimental, and with a dignified frown said, "Would you, indeed? Then be-

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hold it." Pimental stared. "I am rejoiced," continued the Marquis fiercely, "that I have encountered an accomplice in last night's execrable act; and I now perceive that the insulting missile from that window was mischievously intentional. Your name, sirrah?"

Pimental told the Marquis that, for his part, when he was out on a frolic he never gave his name to anybody. Le Colombier again produced the Toledo rapier, to the utter horror of Pimental, who muttered, "How that backgammon board runs in his head!"

"Reparation must be made, sirrah," vociferated the Marquis, "and a reparation that can only be sealed by the blood of the impertinent offender. Know that I—*I*, am the nobleman who was so grossly insulted last night at the opera."

Pimental shook, but tried to appear unconcerned, and said, "Dear me!—indeed!—how very odd! Well, I have no doubt whatever that Gaston will buy you a new wig, which will set matters right. Pray how much did that queer peruke cost?"

"Imbecile!" growled the Marquis, "it will probably cost you your life. Defend yourself:—apology the most submissive cannot now avail—the affront was too galling."

"I acknowledge it was *cutting*," cried Pimental, which was answered only by the Marquis making a demonstration with his Toledo rapier, which caused the small provincial hero to effect a more dexterous caper than he had ever seen performed by any of the little scape-graces. "Stay, sir," said Pimental, "for God's sake! If nothing else will satisfy you for your confounded peruke, I'll take my coat off—stab that through and through, it is not paid for yet."

"Then receive the chastisement due to a malignant poltroon," replied the incensed Marquis.

Pimental hearing the word "poltroon," became suddenly animated, and instantly drew his sword, but, with a sort of unaccustomed trepidation, he unsheathed it in such a manner, that he contrived to cut two of his fingers. He threw himself into a posture of defence, and would have most assuredly been pinked by the Toledo rapier, if fortunately at the moment Gaston du Plessis had not arrived at the Café de la Concorde, who exclaimed,

"How now, Pimental—what are you about?"

"Oh, Gaston, how lucky it is that you have arrived. It is the old chap whose wig you trimmed last night."

The Marquis advanced to Du Plessis, and said, "Is this your card, Monsieur?" Gaston acknowledged it. "Be pleased to follow me where we may not be interrupted."

Du Plessis assented, and the Marquis led the way through the house into a back garden of the café, and there stopping in a corner walk, which was shaded by some tall shrubs, Gaston inquired the pleasure of Monsieur.

"My task is not a pleasant one, Monsieur du Plessis. I had the honour in early days to be acquainted with your father: he was a soldier and a gentleman—I have fought and bled in the same ranks with him. My friend sleeps in the tomb of his ancestors: could he awake, what would be his just indignation on witnessing an atrocious insult inflicted in so public a place as the pit of the opera on his old and esteemed brother in arms, what would be his horror on discovering that the disgraceful act had been committed by his own son! I do not require an apology—words cannot wipe away the

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stain. I would not disturb the audience last night by resenting the affront; but this is the time and place. Be on your defence."

Gaston observed—"I, in the first place, sir, may take an objection to drawing my sword on a gentleman who states himself to have been the friend of my father."

"No subterfuge, sir," said the Marquis.

"I do not seek it, sir; but to be plain, I also avow an antipathy to attack one who is probably twice my age."

Le Colombier scornfully laughed, and exclaimed, "Neither my age nor *yours* shall screen you. Draw, sir."

Gaston drew his sword, and prepared for the onset of the Marquis. Gaston was cool and confident, for he was a first-rate fencer; but Le Colombier proved himself the better man, and, after sturdily but gracefully making several scientific passes, most of which were cleverly parried by Du Plessis, the latter suddenly received the blade of the Toledo rapier in the fleshy part of his arm, which caused him to drop his sword.

"I could have run you through the body, had I chosen," said the Marquis. "As you are at present disabled, I forbear—but we meet again. But mark me, Monsieur Gaston du Plessis, my honour is still seared, my vengeance insatiable. Whenever I encounter you, in public or in private, I shall demand the same satisfaction; so be prepared for the worst. I shall seek your companions at my leisure. In the mean time," (and here he most carefully wiped the blade of the Toledo rapier with his glove,) "I have the honour to bid you, for the present, farewell."

The Marquis de la Tour le Colombier then bowed stiffly, and quitted the garden.

"This is an unlucky adventure," reflected Du Plessis, "added to the state of anxious suspense in which I remain with my beautiful Sophia. I must quietly interrogate Le Blond—and this thrust in my arm is painful. I thought I was a tolerable swordsman, too; but my ancient antagonist was too well practised for me."

This slight revery was interrupted by the smash of a pane of glass, a bang of a door, and much altercation. Gaston turned his head, and perceived the Marquis de la Tour le Colombier again at work with his rapier, thrusting it in at the entrance to the kitchen, which opened into the garden, while ever and anon the thrust was parried by an extraordinary weapon of defence. It was a roasting-spit with a half-done fowl trussed on it, and which our friend Pimental had seized in a moment of emergency, in consequence of an attack of the ferocious Marquis on his dear little person. Stab went in the Toledo rapier, and out came the *poulet* in semi-gravy,—until Pimental, with the assistance of the cook and *garçons*, all his admirers, contrived to shut and bolt the door; and the Marquis's only advantage was the *poulet* slipped from off the spit.

CHAPTER III.

We will now return to the château, where Madame Perpignan and Justine were making preparations for the approaching fête and masked ball. Justine, by the desire of her mistress, read over the list of names of the persons to whom invitations had been sent, consisting of about eighty, and included in this list were Messieurs le

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Blond, Pimental, and Le Marquis de la Tour le Colombier.—"Then there are the vocal and instrumental performers—"

"Ay," said Madame Perpignan, "and I shall astonish them all. I have engaged (but I confide it to you alone, Justine) Monsieur Dominique, the celebrated harlequin, to amuse us; and I have asked him to come from Paris early, as the commencement of a masked ball is always insufferably dull."

Justine was delighted with this information, as she had often laughed, as she said, until her sides ached, at Dominique's wit and drollery.

"Yes," replied Madame Perpignan, "Dominique is very pleasant on the stage, Justine; but I, who am a constant attendant at the theatre, know that off the stage there is not so melancholy a wretch in existence as your lively harlequin. In short, he is a victim to hypochondria."

At length Tuesday arrived, the natal day of Madame Perpignan. The festive arrangements were all made, and very much to the discomfiture of Perpignan, as they had hung up artificial garlands, illumination-lamps, and Chinese lanterns on his natural trees; so he secretly determined to elude the ribaldry of a masquerade, and retire to bed as early as he could sneak off to avoid it. But he still recollected that it was the birthday of his wife, and he walked into her boudoir to congratulate her, and gallantly to make her a present on the occasion. He had his old gardening coat on, and had a scythe over his shoulder, (with which he had been mowing a grass-plot,) and he looked like Time dressed and shaved. Justine gently reminded her master of his absence of mind in bringing such an instrument as a scythe into a lady's boudoir, and took it from him.

"My dear wife, permit me to congratulate you on your natal day," —and he kissed her hand. "You have, I think, on this happy occasion completed your fifty-f—"

"Forty-fifth, Monsieur Perpignan."

"Well," said Perpignan, "I declare I could have sworn that it was *fifty-four*, instead of *forty-five*; but, as you avow it, it would be unpolite to contradict. I have, my love, a trifling gift for you, on thus entering your fifty-fourth—"

"Forty-fifth, if you please, Monsieur."

"Forty-fifth year," said Perpignan. "This little gift—the greatest I can offer,—the pride of my heart, the fondly-cherished object of my hopes, has been beheld by no mortal eye but mine."

"I die with curiosity," replied Madame.

"My dear, I trust that it will be as fully appreciated by you as it has been by me."

He then went out at the door, leaving his wife in the greatest wonder as to her forthcoming birthday present. Perpignan re-entered, looking very mysterious, and with a large basket covered with a cloth.

"Carefully, and under my own immediate inspection, has this specimen been produced." And here he took an enormous pumpkin out of the basket and presented it to Madame, who exclaimed,

"Mercy on us! Perpignan, what is that?"

"The finest pumpkin in the parish."

"Pumpkin!" said the lady, in a tone of disappointment.

"Yes, my dear; grown under my own eye."

"And I wish it had remained there," replied Madame Perpignan, and here she shrieked loudly.

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"What is the matter, Madame?" cried Justine, who ran into the boudoir.

"It is full of wasps!—away with it, for Heaven's sake!"

Perpignan was confused, and thought that he had been stirring up the wasps to some purpose. Justine contrived to roll the pumpkin out at the door, when, to the mortification of its grower, it reached the head of the stairs, and bumped down every step, with the wasps buzzing in all directions, madame's pet dog barking at it shrilly, until every body was deafened.

"Upon my word, Monsieur Perpignan," said his spouse, "your gardening mania renders you perfectly absurd."

"My sweet love, did I not, to please you, purchase this villa? You knew I was partial to horticultural pursuits, and you promised to share in my little domestic toils."

"And so I did," replied Madame. "I assisted you in your garden."

"Considerably—very considerably," said Perpignan. "I remember once you threw a snail over the wall."

"Sir, you are only fit to rear cauliflowers."

"All flowers are beautiful, my dear—I cultivated *you*."

Madame Perpignan, somewhat mollified, thought he was about to compliment her, and uttered, simpering, "My love, you are making some allusion to the modest rose?"

"No, my dear," replied Perpignan, piqued; "at that moment I was thinking of a *painted lady*."

They parted sulkily from each other; and this was rather an ominous commencement of the fête.

Now, we must be made aware in the domain of the Château Perpignan there were two buildings detached from the villa itself. The first was a cottage surrounded with large old trees, and which had formerly been occupied as the original tenement of the little estate; but as times altered, the present château was built, and the cottage became a receptacle for fruit and vegetables, and on times of an extraordinary number of visitors it received an occasional spare bed, as the rooms were still airy and cheerful. The other building of which we speak was a dwelling of a still more humble character. It had been erected as a porter's lodge, and consisted of two rooms, which humble apartments were occupied by a servant of the family, an old woman, who had seen her best days and seventy summers. Yet Jaquelette still possessed sufficient powers to officiate as porteress, and she was a particular favourite of Monsieur Perpignan, because she loved and enjoyed the garden. Indeed, more than once she had excited the jealousy of Madame Perpignan, who told her meek and simple helpmate that she thought "that he was much more enamoured of the conversation of old Jaquelette than he ever had been with that of his lawful wife."

Whenever Monsieur Perpignan was in a perplexity, he habitually sought his daughter Sophia, whose calm and sweet manner never failed to glide him again into serenity. And what a happy state of existence between father and child! Perpignan knew that he must have recourse to her to accomplish many of his wishes; while Sophia was hardly conscious that by her quiet arrangement they were always gratified.

"Sophia," said Perpignan, "this masquerade annoys me very much. It is not the expense of it; but I lose my night's rest, and I

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have to get up early to-morrow morning to sow some capers,—the genuine seed from our correspondent in the Mediterranean. I shall leave you all to your enjoyment. As for sleeping in my own bed, that is quite out of the question; for every room in the château will be thrown open until the party have dispersed; and our bed room has at this moment the card-tables set out in it."

"Papa," replied Sophia, "I could not avoid it. Madame Perpignan—"

"I know, my dear; but I tell you what I shall do, Sophia, and you can give the order for it. I will go and pass the night for once and away, at the empty cottage in the shrubbery."

Sophia turned deadly pale, and hastily said, "Pass the night THERE? —It is impossible!"

Justine, who had a moment previous popped into the room, thought to herself, "What is it that thus seriously discomposes young Madame?"

"Sophia stammered out, "Dear sir, the old cottage has not been occupied for a considerable time. You cannot think of sleeping there?"

"Oh, the moths and mildew will not touch me. Don't notice my absence from the masquerade, and I hope your guests will be delighted with the entertainment; so I will go and water the mignionette."

Sophia told Justine that Monsieur Perpignan could not sleep at the empty cottage; but that old Jaquelette, the porteress, might contrive a bed for him in the little lodge at the garden entrance. Justine was to undertake to see this done, and was also to apprise her master of it. Justine was all curiosity about this mystery of the cottage; but she could not penetrate it; and Mademoiselle Sophia had the key of the premises.

Sophia pondered in perplexity, and inwardly ejaculated, "Should they discover the hidden spot, my fatal secret—life—a beloved being, are at stake, and my honour risked!" At this moment, to the infinite joy of Sophia, she saw Auguste le Blond coming up the garden-walk, and she ran out to meet him. "Your presence is welcome indeed, Auguste. How anxiously have I been expecting you all day! She has arrived."

Le Blond cried, "Is it possible?—Thank God!"

Sophia proceeded.—"She arrived here safely in disguise at daybreak. I have concealed her."

"My wife!—my dear wife!—instantly conduct me to her."

"Not for the world at the present moment. You must have patience until night."

"I have been concerting for some days," said Le Blond, "measures for our escape to Holland, to avoid this dreadful and intolerant persecution."

"Alas! Auguste, our poor Emilie, because she has remained firm in her religious faith, has seen her father imprisoned, the family estates confiscated.—Ah! that terrible edict of Nantz!"

Le Blond said, "My excellent Sophia, though betrothed from an early age by our parents to you, what can you say to my gallantry in becoming the husband of another?"

"I can only say, Auguste, that your gallantry was of the most

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exalted order. I can forgive your neglect, when your motive was so pure, so disinterested."

We must now claim a little patience to explain the incidents that had preceded all this. It appears that Auguste le Blond was with his regiment at St. Foy, a town of Agenois and Guienne, and which had become the seat of religious persecution, under the mild direction of Madame de Maintenon. Monsieur le Blond one day saw a crowd before a respectable-looking house, and inquiring the cause, was informed that it was only the arrest of a Hugonot, and immediately a young lady of great beauty was dragged from the portal. As she struggled, she perceived Le Blond in his uniform, and she implored his assistance. He, highly interested with her misfortune, and struck with her charms, determined to save her. He rushed to the authorities with all the ardour of youth. He was a Catholic, a soldier, and powerfully protected by his superior officers, and he spoke with great warmth and boldness in favour of the prisoner. He was asked what right he had to claim her,—whether she was his mistress or his wife? He took advantage of this question; and feeling that artifice was necessary, and without thinking to engage himself, he said that she had his promise of marriage—although at that moment he positively did not know her name. "We will prove your sincerity," said one of the bigoted magistrates empowered to enforce the edict of Nantz. "Come to the prison to-morrow,—marry the heretic in our presence,—see that she becomes a good Catholic,—and for your sake we will grant her life and liberty."

Le Blond married her, saved her life, and conferred a lasting blessing on his own; for the fair Hugonot was as good as she was lovely. They lived for some months in happy seclusion, when the regiment was ordered to Valenciennes, and Auguste was compelled to take a temporary farewell of poor Emilie. During his absence she was one day discovered in a prohibited Protestant assembly, and again exposed to persecution. Auguste le Blond had already found means to make these facts known to his cousin Sophia, and entreated her influence in protecting his wife. Emilie made her escape from St. Foy, and, although pursued, was fortunate enough to reach St. Cloud, where Sophia received her with affection. Sophia had also, through the interest of an old nobleman, an acquaintance, the Marquis de la Tour le Colombier, applied to the Père la Chaise for a protection and pardon for her friend.

While Sophia and Auguste le Blond were in deep conversation as to that which was best to be done, Gaston du Plessis entered the garden unseen by them. He had his arm tied up from the effect of his wound,—and judge of his jealous feeling when he stepped behind a laurel tree, which effectually concealed him, and overheard the following dialogue between Sophia and Auguste.

"My betrothed, you look more charming than ever. What would poor Gaston give to see you now,—your countenance radiant with happiness at the idea of having so essentially favoured me."

"Poor Du Plessis," replied Sophia. "I may venture to tell you, my dear friend, that he has been very particular to me lately;—and yet, under existing circumstances, how can I act? Can I betray your secret, Le Blond? The difficulty, too, will be to break the matter to my father. It is a most perplexing situation. At any rate,

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Auguste, you must meet me to-night at the door of the empty cottage in the shrubbery; we will then concert measures for the departure of one you hold so dear. For the present it is unavoidable; but we must keep Du Plessis in the dark.

"Perhaps this masked ball will aid us," said Le Blond.

"I trust it will," replied Sophia. "I will contrive to steal away at twelve o'clock from the dancers, when you must also be sure to be at the cottage door—I keep the key. I need not ask you to be discreet for all our sakes—for all we love."

Le Blond uttered in a lower tone, "Dearest, kindest Sophia, the hours will appear an age until I dare again see my beloved—my wife. Sophia, you have been my preserver."

Here Sophia and Le Blond walked towards the château, whilst Du Plessis remained almost petrified. He felt himself at the moment to be merely an object of derision; and though the duplicity of Sophia ought to have made him despise her, yet the recollection of her charms still swayed over his heart and imagination; but his ire was raised against Le Blond, who, under the mask of friendship, had made an amusement of his credulity. He then reverted to Sophia. Had he not seen her turn pale?—he had read in her eyes the passion which he himself had felt. He then determined not to be driven away in despair—to stay the masked fête—to watch their midnight appointment at the empty cottage—and then to confront and confound them.

[In our next we shall give the conclusion of this eventful history.]

TO ALURA.

I.

Tell me the hour—the sacred hour,
When thou art resign'd to Feeling's power,
When thy lip is not wreathed with affected mirth,
And thy words are not breath'd for the dull cold earth!
When thy heart-dews are wept, and thy fancies receive
Fresh sweetness of thought from the tears that they leave:
Tell me that hour—that sacred hour—
I would then be a pilgrim, sweet saint, to thy bower!

II.

Tell me the hour—the lonely hour,
When thou art all rapt in Music's power,—
When thy lute is not strung for the cold or gay,
And thy spirit hath flung its light mirth away!
When thy soul is subdued into twilight repose,
And thy soft voice is breathed like the sigh of a rose:
Tell me that hour—that lonely hour—
I would then be a pilgrim, sweet saint, to thy bower!

J. Augustine Wade.

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MORAL ECONOMY OF LARGE TOWNS.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR.

WHAT may be called social science is yet in its infancy; like the young Hercules it has been attacked by serpents in its cradle—unlike him, it has not succeeded in crushing the venomous reptiles; the fangs have been driven deep, the poison circulates through all its veins. It is received almost as an axiom that vice and misery must necessarily co-exist with every large aggregation of human beings, and that all efforts for their extirpation are and must be utterly unavailing. An appeal is made to statistical science for evidence of this disheartening fact; the criminal records of almost every country prove that crimes are annually produced in very nearly the same number, the same order, and the same districts. Every class of crime also is found to have peculiar and unvariable relations to sex, age, and season; even the proportions of accessory circumstances seem fixed and definite; the instruments employed in committing murder, which one would suppose to be a fact wholly dependant on accident or caprice, are found to follow some inexplicable rule, and to recur in nearly the same proportions in successive returns. There is a double tax of human suffering levied more regularly, and paid more punctually than those imposed by the Parliament; on the one side injury to property or person; on the other, imprisonment, transportation, and the scaffold. This double tax cannot be imputed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer; in every sense of the word it is beyond Baring. He cannot easily predict whether there will be a surplus or a deficit in the revenue for the spring or autumn quarter; but the statistician can prophesy with all but mathematical precision how many will raise the assassin's knife, administer the drugged chalice, or in minor crimes, how many will pick locks and pockets. The statistics of crime are as fixed as those of vitality, yet few, miserably few efforts have been made to discover the nature of the laws by which they are regulated.

From the regular sequence of crime in society it is obvious that society must itself both produce the germs of guilt, and offer the facilities necessary for their development. Every social condition and state contain within themselves a certain number, and a certain order of offences, which result as necessary consequences from their organisation; it would be almost just to say, that society prepares the crime, and that the ostensible criminal is only the instrument by which it is executed.

These observations may at the first glance appear discouraging to philanthropy, and degrading to humanity; but, when more closely examined, they will be found full of consolation for the one, and of hope for the other. They show that the cause is not in nature, but in artificial institutions, and, consequently, that there is a possibility of ameliorating life by making some changes in the condition of social existence.

Society having engendered crime, was driven by necessity to devise punishment as a remedy. No error is more common and more

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pernicious than to regard punishment as a mere act of vengeance, inflicted with somewhat of the same blind rage that a child displays when it beats the table against which it has run, or the ground upon which it has fallen. Were such the mere object of punishment, society would be guilty of a gross blunder in inflicting any penalty. Crime must be restrained, simply because it produces suffering; and it would be an absurd proceeding to commence the cure by increasing the amount of the evil. Fatal has been the association between the ideas of law and vengeance; it has often given to aggregated masses the passions of the isolated savage, and has led the assailed individual to regard society as merely collective tyranny. But, though not merely the inconsistency, but the positive repulsion between the administration of justice, and the infliction of pain for the mere sake of producing pain, is manifest on the slightest consideration; yet grave divines, eminent statesmen, and learned lawyers, have contrived to jumble both notions together, and to fix our enmity to the crime, in all its intensity, upon the unhappy criminal. Examples of this mischievous, and, in many cases, not undesigned confusion, will multiply upon us as we proceed; at present it may be sufficient to enunciate, as a recognised truth, that the only legitimate object of penal law is prevention of guilt, not vengeance on the guilty; and to add, that the latter notion is absolutely subversive of the principles on which the order and happiness of society are founded.

The history of punishments, viewed in relation to their proper object, the prevention of crime, would form a strange chapter in the annals of human absurdity. While the blood runs cold at the description of the various tortures devised by perverted and horrible ingenuity to increase the terrors of death, the rack, the wheel, the stake, and the pale—while we shrink back aghast from the black catalogue of offences against which death was denounced with indiscriminate severity—it is scarcely possible to avoid laughing at the utter inadequacy of the means to the end, and the signal failure of the plan for repressing crime by the simple expedient of getting rid of the criminal.

Experience, in fact, has proved, that the worst use to which you can turn a man is to turn him off at the scaffold—that in drinking and hanging there may be such a thing as a drop too much—that the toll levied at Tyburn, when it was a turnpike to eternity, instead of to Uxbridge, was rather exorbitant—and that death was, after all, an inadequate remedy for the evils of life. Common sense urged that a change from this world to the next was rather too much change to give for a forged note or a bad shilling; and doubts were entertained of the trilogy which described a church, a tavern and a gibbet, as the essential characteristics of a civilized country. Improved markets were once described, in a Waterford paper, by the phrase, "dead pigs are looking up;" but nobody would venture to assert, that improved morals could be tested by dead men looking up or down. In short, *respice funem* proved to be an exceedingly pernicious version of the aphorism, *respice finem*.

Public opinion, wearied of finding newspapers, by their frequent report of executions, turned into noose-papers, began to condemn the punishment and pardon the criminal. Prosecutors refused to become persecutors; witnesses withheld evidence; and juries found verdicts, in which the classification of legal crimes was treated with a contempt,

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of which finding a man guilty of manslaughter who had stolen a pair of leathern breeches, is far from being an exaggerated specimen. Sentences were also rarely followed by executions. The prerogative of mercy was so frequently exercised, that criminals were as much in suspense before an execution as after; and, in consequence of the uncertainty of suffering, candidates for the halter became rather more numerous than those for the altar. It was manifest that the rope had failed, and consequently it was necessary to try some other line. To use the miserable pun which is sculptured at Blenheim—Gallows was a cock that would not fight.

These truths were manifest to all the world except statesmen and legislators. For more than half a century the amelioration of our criminal code was resisted by the lovers of things as they are, with as much zeal as if pensions and suspensions had been intimately connected. A clamour was raised against those who proposed that milder measures should be adopted; it was insinuated that they were taking precautionary steps for their own safety. Thus, when an essay on the Abolition of Capital Punishments was read in the Philosophical Society of Cork, it was officially described in the following terms:—

> Next orator Dowden harangued
> Till the ears of his hearers were callous;
> And, knowing he's sure to be hang'd,
> Endeavour'd to tumble the gallows.

Dowden, however, still survives—and Jack Ketch may exclaim—"Othello's occupation's gone!"

Hanging was suspended, or rather dropped, and transportation came into fashion. It furnished the means of getting rid of the criminal without taking away life; and this apparent mercy disguised the clumsiness of the expedient. It is truly surprising how long it took people to discover that penal colonies are enormous blunders, and that moral reformation is hopeless in aggregations of prigs, prostitutes, and pickpockets. In such a society, vice of necessity became the prime element of the social system, and "not to be corrupted was the shame." Thieves' Latin became a sort of court language at Sidney; Grose took the place of Johnson, and, of course, grossness carried the day over decency. Profane swearing went to such an extent, that New Holland, like old Holland, became a country of damns; picking pockets reached the perfection which might be expected in a country where nature has supplied kangaroos with pouches, for the express purpose of training young practitioners in the art of conveyancing: instead of a continent, Australia became an incontinent; the name of the southern island was like to be extended to the group, and the whole named Van Dæmon's Land; the very ocean seemed about to change name and nature, and to become Belligerent instead of Pacific. Transportation was, in fact, a joke to the criminal, and no joke to everybody else. These results, which individual sagacity might easily have predicted, sorely perplexed collective wisdom. The Ornithorynchus Paradoxus was not more puzzling to philosophers, than the Sidney-thievus-paradoxus to statesmen. They had dreamed that Australia would be a new Arcadia, and found, on waking, that the country was going to pot instead of to Pan.

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The next expedient was Penitentiary Reform. It was proposed that gaols should become adult schools; turnkeys, moral lecturers; fetters, Lockes on the Human Understanding; and the tread-mill itself a new *Gradus ad Parnassum*. They seem, however, to have forgotten that it is not so easy to keep the pupils of a gaol as the pupils of the eyes perpetually under the lash: and, moreover, the students were not detained for a sufficient length of time to complete their education. It requires, according to the testimony of physiologists, at least nine months for the delivery of a good boy;—now at least nine-tenths of the committals in England are for periods under six months, and hence most of our gaol deliveries must necessarily be mere abortions.

Penal imprisonment for short periods has utterly failed as a means of diminishing crime or reforming criminals. The best test of its efficiency is the proportion of re-committals; and taking the most accurate returns, those of the Glasgow Bridewell, we find that the re-committals vary inversely as the period of imprisonment for the first offence.

Out of every hundred condemned to imprisonment for a first offence:—

In those committed for	14 days,	75 per cent.	were re-committed.
—	30 —	60	—
—	40 —	50	—
—	60 —	40	—
—	3 months	25	—
—	6 —	10	—
—	9 —	7½	—
—	12 —	4	—
—	18 —	1	—
—	24 —	0	—

Imprisonment may be expected to repress crime in two ways, either by intimidation or by reformation. Committals for a short period have failed in both ways: they have not intimidated, and it was from the outset impossible that they could reform. Indeed, it may be doubted whether intimidation, as the word is usually understood, has anything like the efficacy which has been attributed to it. M. Lucas, the enlightened inspector of prisons in France, has shown, from a close analysis of the prison returns in that country, that the prisons which, from want of cleanliness and ventilation, seemed the most noisome, and those which, from the cruelty of the keepers, might be deemed the most detestable, were precisely those to which criminals came back in the greatest number, and with the least reluctance. Nor is this fact such an anomaly as it seems. The love of excitement, common to all human beings, is generally excessive in criminals; they prefer even intense suffering to total inaction; and when they cannot apply to the tap, desire that the tap should be applied to them. Ailing is sought as a substitute for ale; and when no other stimulus can be had, they will welcome that of the whipping-post. Physical suffering tends also to gratify another passion, the desire of sympathy. A criminal loves to be pitied;—it is the passion which still links him to general humanity; and the more severe punishment is preferred to the milder, simply because it excites more compassion. In the same way, most people would prefer a dangerous disease to the toothache, because the pain of the latter is frequently made a jest.

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Viewed in reference to age, we find that the proportion of re-committals is excessive among juvenile delinquents. Out of every hundred below the age of fifteen committed for petty thefts, not less than eighty-eight are found to be re-committals. Magistrates generally deem it a mercy to commit young offenders for short periods only; and when we consider what all our gaols were, and what many of them still are, we cannot deny that such leniency was a mercy. But if prison discipline be directed to effecting moral reformation, the shorter the time to which the offender is subjected to such discipline, the worse it must be both for himself and for society.

The notion that justice is only legalized revenge, and that every crime must be atoned for by a certain amount of physical suffering, prevails so universally, that it may almost be said to have passed into an article of faith. Never was there a greater or more mischievous delusion. It includes the absurdity, that pain should be produced merely for its own sake; and it has led to the waste of a vast amount of power and machinery in punishing crime, which might have been beneficially applied to its prevention. It has induced people to devise horrible severities and barbarous tortures, which, after inflicting incalculable suffering, increased crime rather than checked it. We have traced the evils of this error in the three principal systems of punishment, death, exile, and painful imprisonment, and we have found that morals are not, like bacon, to be cured by hanging; nor like wine, to be improved by sea-voyages; nor like honey, to be preserved in cells.

Not less pernicious is the identification of punishment with correction—terms which have long passed as synonymous, though they have no mutual connection whatever. Correction means a setting right; and, as every schoolboy painfully knows, the orthodox mode of setting the mind right is to set the body wrong. The external application of birch is supposed to facilitate the internal reception of learning; and all the difficulties of master and teacher are deemed to be summarily removed by the rod. The means are not adapted to the end; indeed they are only suited to the reverse end in every sense. Experience is just beginning to expose this inveterate blunder in education; flogging is going out of fashion; and people are beginning to suspect that the rod in most, if not in all cases, was merely a barbarous expedient to hide the incapacity of the teacher. It would be well if this beneficial lesson were generalized—if the world could be taught that punishment is so far from being an essential element of correction, that it very often hardens in guilt, and destroys all chances of amendment.

A penal administration and a correctional administration are two very different things. Whether society has yet advanced sufficiently to do without the former may be doubted; but it is indisputable that there is an urgent necessity for taking the latter into immediate consideration. Unless an efficient penitentiary system be devised for the guilty, circumstances will soon create a very unpleasant penitentiary system for the innocent. There is a greater connection between Millbank and the Bank of England than is usually supposed.

A correctional system, of course, presupposes that there is something to be corrected. It is therefore a legitimate inference that, while we are examining how wrong may be set right, we might beneficially extend our researches, and inquire how far the wrong might be prevented from the beginning. If crime be as necessary a result of

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the workings of society as friction of the operations of machinery, it may still be possible to diminish the wear and tear of the engine by a better adaptation of its parts. No mechanist hopes that he can ever wholly get rid of friction; his aim is to abate its intensity, and not its extent. In the same way the moral economist does not speculate on the utter extirpation of crime,—scarcely, perhaps, on a numerical diminution of offences; but he believes that the intensity of criminality may be greatly abated; that offences may be gradually stripped of their aggravating circumstances; and that the same number of crimes shall not give the same amount of guilt.

However excellent a social system may be, it is impossible, in the progressive development of social wealth and enjoyments, that laws, which necessarily multiply the conditions and circumstances of the use, can wholly prevent the abuse. Legislation, in fact, recognises a progressive increase in the numerical amount of crimes resulting from the development of civilisation; for every time that industry creates a new species of property, its possession is secured to the proprietor by a new guarantee of penal prohibition. This leads us to a consideration of great importance, usually neglected in criminal statistics. We have seen that law recognises as a fact the increase of abuses, whenever there is an increase of uses. The moral result of civilisation is, that the abuses do not increase in anything like the same ratio as the uses; that is to say, the amount of offences, though numerically increased, is actually diminished, proportionally to the progressive increase of occasions to offend. Now this moral result of civilisation cannot be shown from statistical tables; there are no returns by which we can compare the amount of crime with the temptations and opportunities to crimes in different ages and countries; we cannot compare the number of transgressions against property with the actual amount and circumstances of social wealth; or, in other words, with the amount of occasions to transgress. The same consideration, though to a less extent, applies to offences against the person, a large proportion of which notoriously arises from passions connected with property.

That crime has thus proportionally decreased is undeniable. There never was a period, when persons and properties were more secure in England. Who now sleeps with pistols beneath his pillow, or hangs a blunderbuss within reach of his bolster? How many Londoners deem it necessary to spend a mortal half hour every night, in bolting, barring, and chaining doors and windows? And this security has not been the consequence of increased severity of punishment; it has, on the contrary, been accompanied with a continuous relaxation of the penal code not only in the letter, but still more in the spirit of its administration. Criminality has assumed a milder form, as the punishment of criminality has become less severe; and crimes have diminished doubly, that is in intensity, and in their proportion to amount of property, so as more than to counterbalance their numerical multiplicity. To determine how far the last element is capable of reduction, it will be necessary to investigate the sources of crime separately and cautiously; and the way for this inquiry is cleared by removing all the nonsense based on the belief that crime was to be cured by punishment.

We have already said that the institutions of society determine the conditions of social existence; but we must add, that the action of the institutions is complex, even when the condition is most simple. In

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pursuing our investigations, we must therefore examine the conditions as they actually exist. Such a course will, of necessity, often lead us into strange company; but vice must be fearlessly tracked to its most secret haunts, if we desire to establish the security of virtue; just as it is necessary to study disease in order to discover the art of preserving health.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

BY HENRY WORDSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THERE is a reaper, whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair to see,
Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
And kiss'd their tremulous leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowers gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave in tears and pain
The flowers she most did love;
But she knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an Angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

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THE PATRON KING.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

A GREAT many years ago, so many, indeed, as to render the exact date somewhat uncertain, there reigned a King in Spain, whose name was Alphonso. He was in his day renowned for a variety of excellent and kingly qualities, and few princes ever reigned with more righteous intentions. Yet he was accounted proud, and not without reason: but his pride being rather of the kind to make him approved by the nobles than disapproved by the plebeians, it did in no wise detract from his general popularity. As to the paltry feeling, indeed, that leads one poor mortal to turn with disdain from another because the accidents of situation might vary between them, he was altogether incapable of it. The pride which he felt, and shrunk not from avowing, was purely pride of race. He was descended from a line of kings whose origin was lost in the clouds, and so blamelessly did this feeling work in him, that the noblest actions of his life derived their source, as well as their reward, from it. He gloried in believing that what he did would have been approved, had the whole host of his sainted ancestors sat in judgment on him. Nevertheless, as nothing is ever perfect in this lower world, King Alphonso sometimes suffered this reverence for ancestry to betray him into over anxiety respecting the purity of descent of those admitted to personal familiarity with himself and his family; and this led him unwillingly, good King, to the very verge of that contemptible little vice, called gossiping, by inducing him not unfrequently to ransack every possible source of intelligence in order to discover all that human observation could bring to light respecting the maternal ancestors of his courtiers; and sometimes, it must be confessed, to the dismissing very estimable men from his councils, because the voice of rumour had scattered doubts respecting the discretion of their mothers. Nor was this the only instance in which the virtues of King Alphonso leaned a thought or so towards weakness. Of this kind was his enthusiasm for every species of new invention, which, while it unquestionably tended to the encouragement of ingenuity, led him occasionally to bestow an unreasonable degree of favour and protection on mere projectors.

It was during a violent gale of wind, from which not even the fragrance-laden summers of Grenada are exempt, that three French mariners had the good fortune to escape from a wreck that had cost the lives of all their comrades. The poor fellows, after witnessing the destruction of their vessel and all it contained, bent their steps inland, as if to turn their backs upon the treacherous old friend who had used them so scurvily. They had not proceeded in this direction above a mile or two, before they reached a well-shaded stone bench by the way-side, on which were seated an old man and his young daughter. They were regaling themselves from a loaf of rye-bread, and a basket filled with delicious grapes. The weary sailors looked at them wistfully, while the boldest among them stepped forward, and having briefly stated their misadventure, concluded by confessing that they were perishing from thirst and hunger. Their tale was listened to with kindness; they were invited to sit down and share the refreshing

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banquet, while the old vine-dresser, for such was the friendly Bibloche, lamented that instead of the grapes he had not their juice to offer as more befitting their toil-worn condition. The three young Frenchmen, however, declared that nothing could be more delightful than the fresh-plucked fruit; and, as bunch after bunch disappeared, the young girl, smiling to see how keenly they were relished, raised her gay voice, and sang,

"In stately halls, when the monarch calls,
Let the golden cup be near;
But beneath the vine, instead of wine,
Let naught but the grape appear.

"At the lordly board, let the draught be poured,
To cheer the care-worn soul;
But our spirits light, love these berries bright,
Better far than the feverish bowl."

The repast ended, the mariners prepared to proceed on their road to —they knew not whither, and this melancholy truth being confessed in reply to Bibloche's inquiries, the hospitable old man bid them be of good cheer, for they should find rest and food at his cottage for that night, and set out again on their way to the great city on the morrow. Thankfully was the invitation accepted, and cheerfully did they help the old man and his daughter to finish their day's labour in the fields. The task was done, and the vine-dresser's cottage nearly reached, when they were met by a young man, who approached them with dancing steps, making castanets of his fingers as he bounded along.

"Wish me joy, Uncle Bibloche!" he exclaimed, "for I am come home rich enough to marry my cousin Iva, and to have as pretty a farm as yourself."

"Say you so, Lazarillo?" replied the old man joyfully; "that is joy indeed! This is my nephew, signors, just returned from paying our blessed King Alphonso a visit in his palace," continued the vine-dresser, turning to his guests, "and he will be able to tell us news, I'll warrant him."

"From the court?" said Baptiste, in an accent of some surprise, and looking at the apparel of Lazarillo, which in truth was but little better fitted for a court than his own.

"I understand that glance, Signor Mariner," said Lazarillo, much too happy to be offended, "but if you will do as I have done, you may pay a visit to King Alphonso too, and be as kindly welcomed as I have been, notwithstanding your sea-stained jacket."

"Indeed?" was the doubting reply of Baptiste.

"Ay—indeed, and indeed," retorted Lazarillo.

"And, what was it you did, Signor Courtier?" demanded Baptiste, with a laughing eye.

"I invented an invention," replied Lazarillo gravely.

Baptiste shrugged his shoulders, like a Frenchman as he was, and grinned from ear to ear.

"Nay, then, listen to me," rejoined the young projector; who now appeared piqued at the incredulous airs of his new acquaintance; —"Listen for a moment, and I will explain to you the meaning of my words, and prove their truth also."

Lazarillo introduced his tale much as we have introduced ours—that

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is to say, he gave a slight sketch of the peculiarities of good King Alphonso, and concluded by entering at length upon a narration of his own adventures; the most remarkable circumstance of which consisted in his having communicated to his Majesty an invention by which a young vine might be planted in the earth, with its roots in the air, and yet prosper most satisfactorily. "I only told the sentry at the gate," said Lazarillo, "that I had invented an invention, and every door seemed to fly open before me; so that, before I knew what I was about, I found myself surrounded by all the grandees of the land, who were waiting the coming of the King. And amusing it was," continued Lazarillo, "to hear their talk. They were laying down the law about some poor young gentleman whose mother, they said, was suspected of being very little better than she should be; and that his Majesty, King Alphonso, had banished him the court, and seized all his lands as a punishment upon her. It was the best fun in the world, to be sure, to hear all the lords argufying together as to whether or no the old lady was worthy to be mother to one of King Alphonso's grandees—and they did seem to make him out a desperate tyrant (God forgive me!) in such matters. However," concluded Lazarillo, "that is no business of mine. I was soon called up to the foot of the throne, and, having explained my invention, received this bag of gold for my reward."

Compliments and congratulations, long drawn out, occupied the remainder of the evening; the hospitable Bibloche contrived to find space for three fragrant beds of vine-leaves within the shelter of the cottage; and, soon after daybreak on the following morning, after a somewhat long *tête-à-tête* conversation between Baptiste and Lazarillo, the refreshed and grateful mariners took their departure amidst the hearty good wishes of the happy party they left behind.

"It is a painful step, Baptiste, that takes one from a good meal when one does not know where on God's earth to turn for another," said young Arnaud, with a sigh, as they trudged along, without even a stick with a bundle at the end of it to comfort them.

"That, as I take it, depends a good deal upon a man's confidence in his own private resources," replied Baptiste.

"But, what if three poor devils start off without having any private resources at all?" said Gregoire, the third shipwrecked mariner.

"Speak for yourself, if you please, M. Gregoire," replied Baptiste, with a gay flourish of the hand.

"We were all in the same plight when we were wrecked, Baptiste; and for aught I can see we are so still," said Gregoire, doggedly.

"Fear nothing, my fine fellows!" exclaimed Baptiste, gaily. "Arnaud, you brought me safe to shore through a rough sea, but then I stuck close to your jacket, remember. Do you but stick as fast to mine now, and I will engage to bring you safe through the rocks and quicksands among which I am going to steer. And as for you, Gregoire, you may, if you will, come after, as you did from the wreck, for company."

Arnaud readily promised to follow whithersoever his friend should lead; while Gregoire lustily exclaimed, "Fear not, my lads, that I should lag behind. If he sticks fast for love, Baptiste, I shall stick fast for fear."

Well satisfied with these promises of allegiance, Baptiste trudged on without further parley, too much occupied in meditating on the enterprise he contemplated to feel any inclination to talk. After about three

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hours' sharp walking, however, Gregoire ventured to remark, that if there was no particular objection to it, he should like hugely to know where they were going? what was the business they were about to undertake? and how soon they were likely to get something to eat.

Baptiste stopped short; and, assuming an air of grave authority, replied, "We are going, Gregoire, to the royal palace, there to present ourselves before King Alphonso. So much for your first question. In regard to eating, it will not be wise to think of it for some miles to come. Nevertheless, you shall find I have wherewithal to keep up our strength upon the road. So much for your third question. As to the second, friend Gregoire, you must for the present excuse my declining to be very explicit."

* * * * * *

It is unnecessary to follow our adventurers step by step till they reached the abode of the King. Suffice it to say, that by following the instructions received from Lazarillo, Baptiste contrived to bring himself and his comrades safely within its gorgeous walls. Notwithstanding the miserable condition of their apparel, indeed, they were treated with the greatest respect; Baptiste seemed perfectly well to understand what he was about, and, having placed a small scroll of written parchment in the hands of an officer, who promised that it should be instantly forwarded to the King, he assumed the air and the step of a man already assured of success.

The three Frenchmen were ushered without delay into a sumptuous hall, and desired to wait there till his Majesty should be at leisure to give them audience. That this interval was an anxious one there can be no doubt, nevertheless, there was so much to admire in the novel scene that it did not seem long; nor was their wondering sight the only sense regaled, for presently their ears were enchanted by the sound of sweet voices singing at no great distance; and cautiously advancing a few steps in the direction from whence it came, they perceived through an arcade of marble a garden gay in flowers, and delicious in its chequered shade and sunshine. In the midst of this blooming paradise the bright waters of a crystal fountain bounded upwards, as if in sportive defiance of the sun, whose mid-day fervour seemed now to subdue and render languid all movement but their own. Almost close beside it, sheltered by a fragrant grove of locust and orange-trees, a group of young girls sat or lay, in various attitudes of listless luxury, while one among them sung what seemed to be a hymn to the sparkling shower that danced before them, her pretty companions joining her in chorus, and thus they sang:—

"Fairy fountain! when the sun
To Cancer's burning height hath won,
When languid hangs each floweret bell,
And Nature droops beneath the spell,
Oh! fairy fountain,
Our fading blossoms here we bring,
To sip fresh perfume at thy spring,
Oh! fairy fountain.

'Fairy fountain! when the north
Sends all his biting legions forth,
And every bush its bloom hath lost,
And every stream is locked in frost,
Oh! fairy fountain,

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Our withering buds we bring to thee,
To taste thy spring that still flows free,
Oh! fairy fountain."

Hardly had the voices ceased, when a pair of ample folding-doors at the opposite extremity of the hall were thrown open, and our three bold mariners found themselves standing before the eyes of the King. Alphonso was seated in a chair of state, the Queen, and the fair Princess, his daughter, sat beside him, while a brilliant assemblage of lords and ladies stood around. It was a dazzling spectacle, and might well have daunted the spirits of poor men, to whom the splendours of earthly greatness were unknown; but our three mariners had looked upon the angry majesty of the ocean, and they stood their ground manfully.

King Alphonso spoke a few words to the Lord Chancellor of the kingdom, who stood near him, and he whispered to an officer in attendance, who immediately stepped forward, and gave the strangers to understand that they were to approach.

"Which of you," demanded King Alphonso, "is the man who has to communicate to me a yet unheard-of discovery?"

"It is I, O King!" said Baptiste, stepping forward, and falling on his knees before the royal footstool. A gold-laced silken arm on either side seized his rough sleeve, to check what seemed too daring an approach, but the good King cried aloud, "Let him come on! Think you, my lords, that we fear a soiled jacket, or the brave mariner who wears it? Speak!" he continued, bending his royal head towards Baptiste, "Speak, and fear nothing. Produce the astonishing fabric of which your letter makes mention, and your reward shall not disgrace the liberality of Alphonso."

Baptiste, with a clear, undaunted eye, looked the monarch in the face, and replied, "Most gracious King! I have been wrecked upon your coast, and am totally unprovided with the means of fabricating the precious article which I have named to your Majesty. Grant me but the materials I require for the work, and before to-morrow's sun has reached its noon, they shall be returned to you wrought and blended into the stupendous tissue I have promised. If I fail in this let my life, and the lives of my assistants, be the forfeit."

After looking for a moment earnestly in the face of the projector, King Alphonso replied by saying, "What are the materials you require?"

"Three hundred pearls, worthy to adorn the crown of a king; thirty times thirty diamonds, of the quality usually set aside for the use of royalty; and seven times seven rubies, each one in weight seven carats."

"By our Lady! good fellow, thy demands are not light," replied the King; "and before we grant them, it will be fitting we should know what it is we have to look for in return. Say."

"A cloth, my liege," replied Baptiste, solemnly, "the most gorgeously beautiful that ever met a mortal eye, wherein the splendour of the gems employed shall not exceed, nor equal, O King! the occult skill with which they shall be arranged. But gloriously as it shall show to the eye, its external beauty will, in your Majesty's judgment, be as vileness compared to its hidden virtues. Let all in the royal presence pass sentence on its apparent value, but let Alphonso himself be judge of the worth of that secret, which," and here Baptiste looked respectfully round the circle, while he added, almost in a whisper to the

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royal ear, "cannot be revealed with propriety before so full an audience."

It was evident that this air of discreet mystery was by no means displeasing to the King, who immediately replied, "You are right, quite right, Signor Mariner; we will listen to your communication in private. My lords, conduct the Queen, and our fair daughter, to their withdrawing rooms."

This command was obeyed with as much promptitude as was consistent with dignity, and King Alphonso remained alone with the three Frenchmen. "Now, speak what you would have us hear, good friend!" said his Majesty, graciously addressing Baptiste. The bold-spirited sailor on this raised himself from the kneeling position he had hitherto retained, and standing erect before the Monarch, replied with great solemnity as follows, "Great Alphonso! yourself shall see this cloth of gems and mystery. Assuredly thy gracious daughter shall behold it; so, doubtless, shall thy royal queen; and, as we all must hope, so likewise shall the honoured nobles who form thy court. But know, O King! that should a mother's frailty have in any way tarnished the purity of descent, the spurious issue shall look upon this mystic cloth, and shall behold a void!"

As the last words fell upon the ear of the King, he clasped his hands in a species of ecstasy, and for a few moments his feelings appeared too great for utterance; but at length he exclaimed, "This wisdom is heaven-brought, good youth! and every bishop and archbishop throughout the land shall command the people of Spain to return a pious thanksgiving for its having reached their King. One ray of inspiration from Heaven outvalues all the efforts that human wisdom can make! For long years, young man, I have laboured to achieve what you have now accomplished, ere half my age has passed over your brow. All that you require shall be forthwith furnished to you,—ay, were it ten times as much! You know not yourself, my friend, the importance of this discovery. The saints in heaven be praised for the blessed light that has come upon you! Now, now at least, I am sure that none but the nobly born shall share our counsels." All this was uttered with an air of such intense interest, that Arnaud and Gregoire trembled from head to toe lest their bold comrade should have awakened hopes which it might prove beyond his power to gratify.

"What time shall you require for this work?" demanded Alphonso, rising, and laying his hand condescendingly on the arm of Baptiste.

"When the materials I have demanded shall have been furnished," replied the projector, "three times three hours of labour will suffice to complete it, and render it worthy the inspection of my lord the King."

"And of my lords, the King's courtiers too, my good fellow," replied his Majesty, with a gracious smile.

"It shall be ready by noonday to-morrow, for every eye whose beam is not obscured by the inherited blot I have already named."

"Good!—of course I understand—visible with that proviso. Now then, await in the hall without, till apartments shall have been appointed for your use."

Baptiste and his two companions retired accordingly, while the good King Alphonso hastened to the presence of the Queen, and, finding her and his fair daughter surrounded by all the principal lords and ladies of the court, he gladly seized the opportunity of communicating

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the glorious hopes he had conceived from the superhuman skill of the three mariners whom they had seen.

"Congratulate me, my Queen!" he exclaimed, as he gallantly kissed her royal hand. "Now am I a King indeed!"

It will be easily believed that this exclamation excited considerable curiosity, which, though plainly to be read in the eyes of all, was breathed by no lips but those of the beauteous Princess Isabel, who joyously clapping her hands, cried in a voice of youthful eagerness,

"Oh, dear papa, will you not tell us all?"

"I will, my fairest!" replied the Monarch; "and you of all the world, shall rejoice the most. Now listen, then!—listen all of you!" continued the King, with impressive dignity. "Before this hour to-morrow I shall have within the walls of my palace a test by which, beyond the possibility of doubt, I shall be enabled to decide on the purity of birth of every one who approaches me."

It was so evident that the King was pleased, that a smile indicative of equal pleasure naturally irradiated the visage of every one in the presence, though, to say truth, not one of the circle had the least idea of what his Majesty might mean; but, after the pause of a moment, the venerable Lord Chancellor of the kingdom ventured to say,

"Does my Lord the King mean to infer that some ancient and most authentic pedigrees have come to light, which are to be brought before him?"

"No, my Lord Chancellor," replied the King, "that is not what I mean to say. The treasure of which I speak will have the power of showing me if my peers be really the sons of the honoured fathers whose names they bear."

These few words appeared to produce a very remarkable effect upon the circle. Many of the lords exchanged glances that spoke more of alarm than joy; and several of the elder ladies became greatly agitated. A silence of several minutes ensued, which was at length broken by the Queen's saying,

"Will not your Majesty explain by what means this most desirable knowledge is to be obtained?"

"Most willingly, madam,—most willingly will I communicate all I have already learnt on this stupendous subject. The mysterious mariners, whose introduction to our presence you all witnessed, have undertaken, by the hour I have named, to manufacture a web, that to the legitimate shall sparkle with gold and precious stones, but which to all others will be utterly invisible."

"A glorious discovery, indeed, my liege!" replied the Queen of Spain. "Let us together have the pleasure of taking our daughter to behold this wondrous tissue. It will assuredly be visible to her eyes, if to none other in the world."

"Agreed, fair Queen," replied the well-pleased Monarch; "we will all go, and I trust there is not one of those around us who will be so wretched as not to see it. My Lord Chancellor," continued his Majesty, "to no one of less dignity than yourself will I intrust the almost sacred office of seeing that all things which those wondrous men require should be furnished to them. They wait in the Hall of Arches; let their accommodation within the palace be instantly attended to."

Having pronounced these words, King Alphonso retired to his private apartments, where he passed the remainder of the day in meditation.

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Meanwhile the Chancellor sedulously obeyed the orders he had received. Baptiste and his companions were installed in commodious rooms within the palace; and before night a small loom of the best construction, with everything else required for weaving, was placed at their disposal. When this was done, the Chancellor himself accompanied the persons intrusted to bring the jewels demanded by Baptiste for his work, and graciously expressed his hope to the projector that all things were arranged according to his wish. Baptiste, who, as his lordship entered, appeared to be carefully examining the loom, advanced to meet him with a countenance of much solemnity, and having examined the treasures placed before him, said,

"My lord, this will suffice. Now leave us to our labours, and let the doors be locked upon us. Till the cock crow, let no one visit us. If we succeed, our work will then be done; if not, we shall be found corpses. When this amulet," continued the mariner, taking one from his bosom as he spoke, "when this amulet shall be seen suspended from yonder window, let the King understand that the hour of trial has arrived, and that he and his court may enter here. And now, farewell! Let us hope that we may meet again; but if not, never more permit mortal man to make his night lodging of this chamber."

The solemnity of this farewell was felt in every fibre of the learned lord's frame. He instantly retreated to his own dwelling, and, in common with many others on that eventful night, passed the hours till break of day in a state as nearly as possible the reverse of repose. In truth, the nobles of Spain were on the following day to be submitted to an experiment, the result of which was of sufficient importance to banish sleep; not one amongst them having the slightest doubt that, were the test to which they were to submit not sustained with honour, their lands, their titles, would melt away from them, as the snow-wreath from an April sun. It was an awful consideration.

Baptiste and his companions, meanwhile, slept soundly; not, however, till they had supped heartily on the viands furnished by the royal kitchen; and, as they drank to their continued success in draughts of rich Malaga, Arnaud and Gregoire received full instructions as to the part they were to play on the morrow.

At length that morrow came, bright in Spanish sunshine. The copper amulet of Baptiste shone in its beams, and immediately the court was in movement. The King himself dismissed his personal attendants hastily, and gave some few moments longer to meditation, ere he again permitted his solitude to be invaded.

"There is something very awful in all this!" said the good King, musing. "Whoever shall not see this magic cloth must be proclaimed a bastard. God grant that all may see it! Their lands and fortunes must else be forfeited to enrich the treasury of Spain. Well!—with this I have naught to do. May the saints have us all in their holy keeping! and may right and justice rule the things of earth! But 'tis an awful moment!" he continued, pacing up and down his chamber with a slow and faltering step. "The Lord Vivasa hath a princely revenue—his mother was a lovely woman, and his father ambassador to the court of France. Heaven grant that the young Lord Vivasa may see clearly! He shall go with me to examine this magic cloth,—and my Lord Gimmel and Lord Alpin too."

At this moment King Alphonso paused both in his walk and in his speech; for a sudden thought shot through his brain that made him

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tremble. "Merciful Heaven!" he exclaimed anew, "what if I should not see it myself! My crown—my kingdom—" And the good King turned deadly pale as the horrible alternative suggested itself, but the next moment restored his composure, and he added, in a tone of filial confidence and love, "My mother was of the house of Albutana!"

Hardly had his Majesty given utterance to this consolatory thought, when the Lord Chancellor arrived at the door of the chamber, and craved admittance.

"Enter, my lord, enter," said the good King, cheerily. "You come, I trust, to tell me that all is ready for the exhibition of the great experiment?"

"I do, my liege," replied the learned lord.

"The saints be praised!" replied Alphonso, placing his arm familiarly within that of the Chancellor. "Now, then, let us proceed to the apartment of the Queen. But stay a moment," he added abruptly; "My eager zeal must not lead me to forget what is due to etiquette. It will, of course, be necessary, before I so far descend from my state as to visit these strangers, that some one of known honour should precede me, and report whether indeed the spectacle prepared be worthy to meet the eye of a King. You, my Lord Chancellor, are the proper person to fill this distinguished office. Go, and when you have deliberately examined what the mystic mariners have to show, return and describe it to me."

This command produced considerable agitation in the distinguished individual to whom it was addressed. So little, indeed, did he relish the commission, that he ventured a feeble remonstrance.

"My liege!" he stammered out, "my liege, I do not see how I—I am not married, my liege."

"No, sir," replied the King, with strong symptoms of displeasure; "but your father was. What is it you fear, my lord? Think you that I have given the value of a royal dowry in jewels for nothing? Be very sure, sir, that henceforth none shall approach me who have not stood this test. Go, my lord, and bring me speedily an exact account of all that you shall see. You will find us in the apartment of the Queen."

His Majesty accordingly repaired to the saloon occupied by his royal consort and the princess his daughter, and having summoned the lords and ladies of the court to attend him there, they all awaited together, and not without some anxiety, the return of the Chancellor.

Ere long he came, and the eyes of every one were instantly fixed upon his face; but no one felt able to interpret the expression of his features. He was somewhat pale, and a certain twitching about the mouth showed agitation and nervousness; but he smiled without ceasing, and in reply to the King, who greeted his entrance by exclaiming, "Well, my lord, your news?" he replied,

"What I have seen, my liege, is so wonderful, so utterly surpassing all description, that I can only implore your Majesty to hasten to the magic loom yourself."

"You have seen the cloth, then?" said Alphonso, joyfully. "Most heartily do I congratulate you, my lord. What is its colour, my dear Chancellor?"

"Colour!" exclaimed the learned lord in reply. "Oh! my liege, when you have seen it, you will perfectly understand how completely

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its splendour precludes the possibility of discerning its colour—that is to say, the brilliancy of the colour,—or I rather mean, the sparkling of the jewels—in short, I can convey no idea of it. Hasten, my liege, hasten yourself, with all your train, to view this prodigy."

Without uttering another word, the King stepped forth, and led the way to the projector's chamber, followed by the whole court. It is certain that many among them went with beating hearts; but not one of the whole *cortége* was weak enough to betray the fear that caused this; nay, the very intensity of their alarm seemed to strengthen them; for one and all walked forward with steps so steady, that none could comment upon the faltering pace of his neighbour.

On reaching the apartment of the three mariners, they were met almost at the door of it by Baptiste, who, when the King had reached the middle of the room, kneeled down before him with an air of great solemnity, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his arms crossed upon his breast.

"Rise, good fellow," said the King, "and show us the work that we are come to see."

Baptiste was upon his feet in a moment, and turning to Arnaud and Gregoire, commanded them in a voice of authority to hold up between them the magic web he had just taken from the loom. The two men displayed the greatest eagerness to obey him, each of them extending an arm as they stood at several feet distance from each other, as those should do who wish to exhibit to advantage an extent of cloth as large as an ordinary counterpane. Baptiste meanwhile kneeled down before the King, and with an air proudly triumphant pointed to what they seemed to hold out with so much care, and said,

"My gracious liege, approach! Look there, and acknowledge that your patronage has not been bestowed in vain."

King Alphonso started, and turned very pale; but struggling to recover himself, he answered, though stammering a little as he spoke,

"This is very extraordinary!—very wonderful indeed!"

"Then I am not disappointed," cried Baptiste, eagerly. "Your Majesty allows the matchless beauty of the workmanship, and I may expect my promised reward?"

"Oh, it is very fine!—very fine, indeed!" replied the King. "Reward? Oh, yes!—take your reward. What is it you demand? Nothing was ever like it, certainly—no, nothing in the world."

"Most gracious King," said Baptiste, meekly, "not for the universe would I abuse your liberality. Let your treasurer pay me the sum of one hundred thousand doubloons, and I shall be satisfied."

"See to it, my Lord Chancellor, see to it," said the agitated King; and after a moment he added, with more composure, turning to the circle round him, "Tell me, my friends, and you our royal Queen, say what most does it resemble?"

"It is far too beautiful," replied the Queen, with studied composure and deliberation, "far too beautiful to be compared to aught else upon the earth."

"Far too beautiful!—oh! far too beautiful!" exclaimed the whole circle in chorus.

"But what colour, my Lord Vivasa, should you say prevailed the most in it?" said Alphonso, turning to the young nobleman he addressed.

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New York, J. Mason, Nov. 1, 1839

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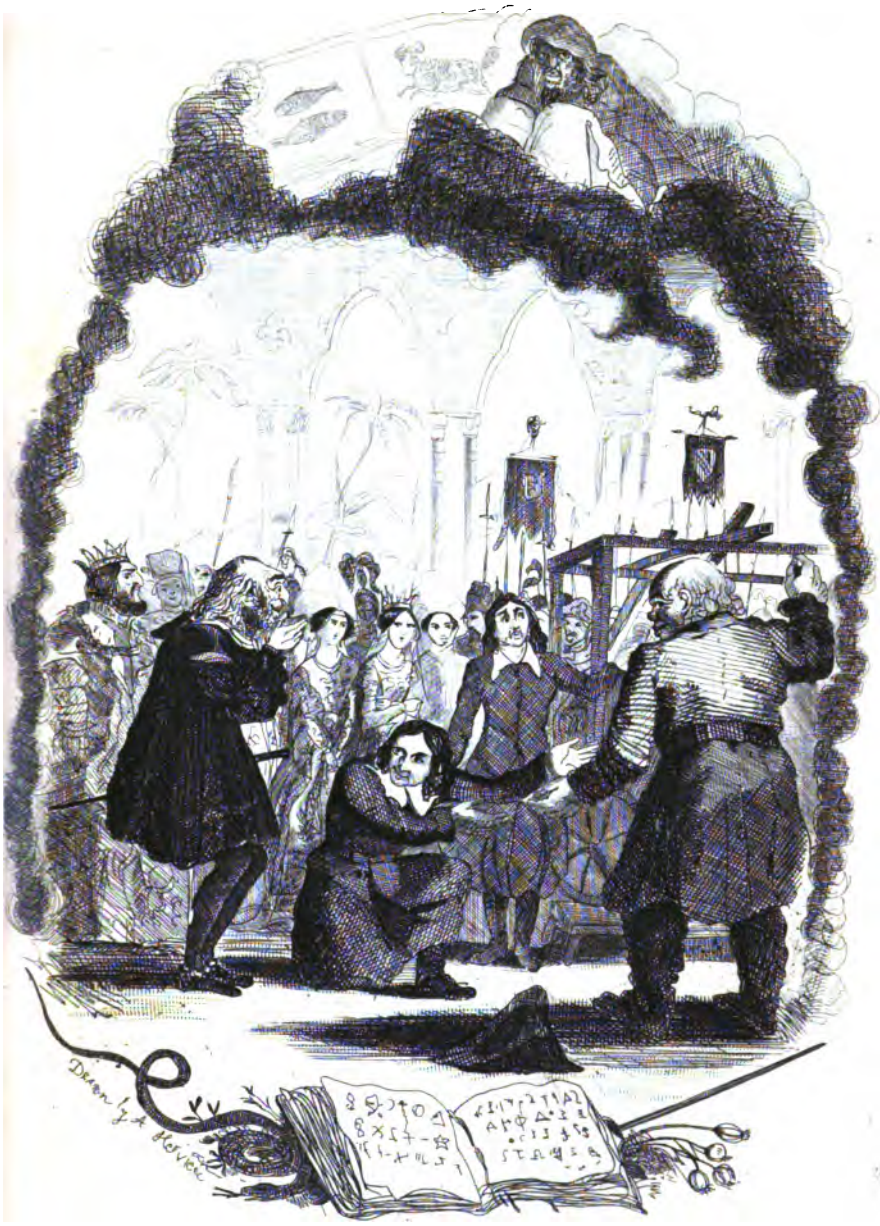

"Exquisitely beautiful!"

New York, J Mason, Nov. 1, 1839

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"My liege," answered the young man, "I think that in this light—but no," moving his place, "this is a false light—in fact, sire, the great beauty of the work appears to me to consist in the delicate manner in which all colours seem blended into one."

"Just so!" was echoed round on all sides; "all colours seem blended into one."

"Mamma!" said the young Princess, whispering timidly in her mother's ear, "what are they all talking about? I see nothing there."

Happily the attention of all present was at that moment attracted to the Lord Chancellor, who, speaking in a loud voice, thus addressed his Majesty,

"My lord and King, there is but one use to which this wondrous tissue can be applied with propriety. It must be made into a dress for the gracious Majesty of Spain."

"The Lord Chancellor is right," said the lords and ladies in chorus.

"It was to this use," said Baptiste, modestly, "that I hoped it would be applied. My assistants, working under my influence, are sufficiently skilful to form such a dress, without suffering a single jewel to be lost; but we must beseech his Majesty to lay aside his outer garments, in order that we may take his measure accurately. Stretch out the tissue on the ground," he added, turning to Arnaud and Gregoire, who, in compliance with his wishes, appeared to lay the magic fabric on the ground with the greatest nicety and care. They then all three proceeded to disrobe the King, on which the Queen and ladies retired, leaving his Majesty surrounded only by gentlemen.

"Must my entire dress be made of this fine tissue?" said the King, looking with some anxiety to the Chancellor. "Surely it is too superb—much too superb."

"Too superb it cannot be, O King!" said Baptiste, busily employed upon the floor. "But there are other reasons why I would not recommend that every garment should be made of this—an under-dress of velvet might perhaps sit more easily."

"What mean you, fellow?" exclaimed the Lord Chancellor in an angry voice. "How dare you propose to mingle paltry velvet with such a material as this? No, my liege; go forth in this, and this alone, to bless the eyes of your faithful people."

"Be it so," said Baptiste, bowing to the Chancellor with reverence; "but take care, my lord," he added suddenly, "your lordship's heel may chance to leave a mark. I crave your pardon, but I marvel how your lordship could bear to set your foot on that beauteous lily. The pearls, I fear, will hardly bear your lordship's weight."

"Fie, fie, my lord!" exclaimed the King, "I pray you tread more carefully. That lily is indeed most exquisite."

"Forgive me, sire," replied the Chancellor, trembling; "but in truth my attention was altogether occupied by that rose."

"A rose! What is it your lordship can possibly take for a rose?" said Baptiste, looking somewhat offended.

"Forgive me, Signor," said the learned lord, with great humility; "but my old eyes fail sadly."

Nothing, in truth, could be more respectful than the demeanour of the whole court on this interesting occasion; for not a lord amongst them but kept himself cautiously aloof lest he might offend the projector by approaching his work too nearly. After the measure of his

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Majesty's person had been fully taken, the court retired to give the strangers time to fabricate the promised dress. And their skill as tailors was equal to what they had displayed as weavers; for within an hour the suit was declared to be complete; and having been delivered to the proper officers, the Lord Chancellor urged its being immediately put on, as the populace, to whom the wondrous news had been communicated, were already assembling in great numbers to look upon the glorious exhibition. The good King made no opposition, but the nobles, whose office it was to dress him, seemed considerably embarrassed; and when Baptiste, carefully withdrawing his arms from the precious weight he had deposited upon several sofas, said, bowing to the gentlemen in waiting, "Behold the dress, perfect in all its parts,"—although they all hastened to disrobe his Majesty of his ordinary vestments, not one seemed willing to stretch forth a hand to take hold of those which were to supply their place; till at length the King, who was rather subject to rheumatism, became impatient, and exclaimed,

"In God's name, gentlemen, leave me no longer thus, but dress me with all speed!"

"It strikes me, sire," said the cleverest among them, "that none but this gifted stranger himself ought, on this solemn occasion, to approach your Majesty's person. I, for one, profess that I dare not lay my hands on a fabric that seems to have more of heaven than earth in it."

"As you will, as you will, gentlemen," said the shivering King; "but let me wait no longer. Dress me, good fellow, without farther ceremony."

Upon this Baptiste approached the King, and sedulously moving from sofa to sofa, appeared careful that nothing might be forgotten, till at length he concluded the operation, and stepping back, gazed on the good Alphonso with an air of almost passionate admiration, saying in a voice of triumph,

"Now behold him!—nobles, now behold your King! Blessed be the memory of my mother, whose faith and honour have enabled me to see this glorious spectacle!"

This ardent expression of filial gratitude was repeated nearly verbatim by every one present, and then the Chancellor called upon the gentlemen ushers to make way. A passage was instantly formed, and the good King, shivering as he went, walked forth from the room, through long arcades and windy passages, till he reached the door at which his steed of state stood saddled, and after pausing for a moment, to reflect whether he might not yet find some way of escaping from this terrible adventure, he yielded to the dreadful necessity, and sprung into the saddle. Some of those around, he could not but perceive, refrained from laughter with difficulty, and the fortunes of all such the acute monarch considered as already in his treasury: rightly concluding, that to their eyes he appeared as naked as, unhappily, he appeared to his own. He then slowly rode through the court of the palace, the gates were thrown wide open before him, and in another moment he was pacing through the crowd that thronged the ample square on which they opened.

Until this fatal hour the King of Spain had never rode forth among his people without being welcomed by an overwhelming shout of loyalty and love; but now all was as still as death. At first his own emotions of vexation, shame, and fear, were too powerful to permit his very accu-

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rately noticing the demeanour of those around him; but by degrees he perceived that some stared at him in dismay, some in mockery; that every female head was closely enveloped in its veil; and that no single voice amidst the throng pronounced the wonted blessing. Still he rode on; for, alas! poor gentleman, he knew not what else to do; and by degrees the wondrous tale spread round that the King was clothed in magic robes, which none could see whose mothers were not honourable dames. The effect of this intelligence upon the multitude was far unlike that which it had produced upon the nobles.

"God and the Virgin absolve the soul of my mother!" cried one; "but to my eyes his Majesty is as naked as a new-born babe!"

"And how much more d'ye think he has got upon him?" said another.

"Poor old gentleman!" exclaimed a third, "is it not a piteous sight to see him thus?—and he made such a fool of by that rogue of a Chancellor! Look you how the old villain grins, and lifts up his hands, and pretends to admire him! Isn't he a proper rascal?"

"If it be the last word I ever speak," cried a young man, who felt fully as confident as the last speaker that the good old King was fooled by his false courtiers, "if I am hanged for it the moment after, I will tell him the truth." And so saying, he sprung forth from the crowd, thrust aside some half dozen of the nobles who attended on foot as a guard of honour to the King, and fearlessly seizing the royal rein, exclaimed in a voice that was heard by hundreds, "you are as naked as the hour you were born, O King. Believe your faithful subjects, and pass not so harsh a judgment on every mother in Madrid as to believe that not one among them has a son who is son to her husband also. Hark to that shout, great King, and mark the action of their living hands."

As he ceased speaking, a hundred honest citizens rushed forward, each one holding his cloak on high as an offering to the deluded Monarch, while a deafening cry of "Down with the traitors who tell the King that he is clothed!" rent the air on all sides.

The truth at once broke in upon the mind of King Alphonso.

"Seize the Lord Chancellor!" he cried. "It was he who forbade an under-dress of velvet. He has had his joke, and dearly shall he pay for it!"

Thankfully did the good King accept the offer of as many cloaks as he could conveniently wear, and bidding the young citizen who had so bravely addressed him follow to the palace, he turned his horse's head, determined to seize on the crafty Frenchmen before they should have made their escape. But they were already gone, no one knew how nor whither. All that could be discovered concerning the affair was, that the diamonds, pearls, and rubies were gone too. It was many years after this time before any more French rogues got a footing in Spain; and, on the whole, the adventure was a fortunate one, as it cured his excellent Majesty King Alphonso of his passion for projectors, banished a very abominable old Chancellor from the court, and made the fortune of one of the honestest men in the country.

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THE PYRENEAN HUNTER;

OR

WILD SPORTS OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

BY THE HON. JAMES ERSKINE MURRAY.

WOLF-HUNTING IN THE LANDES.

It is very seldom that the wolf is met with in the Pyrenees. The bear and the izard (the chamois of these mountains) seem to hold undivided possession of their fastnesses, and are in truth (with the exception of the bouquetin, which is sometimes, but very rarely, found among the wooded hills of Spanish Navarre) the only animals of the chase which the chasseur of the Pyrenees pursues. When, however, the winter storms have driven the flocks from the higher pastures into the valleys, a solitary wolf may now and then be found skulking among the *coteaux* in their vicinity; but so scarce are they, that, though sometimes shot by the peasants, whom their depredations have informed of their "whereabouts," it is not among the Pyrenees, nor in their immediate neighbourhood, that wolf-hunting can be enjoyed.

In several of the French departments, however, wolves are both numerous and destructive, and there wolf hunting is sufficiently exciting to rank after bear and izard-hunting among the wild sports of the south of France.

Every one knows that the department of the Landes is that vast tract of country which extends along the Bay of Biscay from the mouth of the Garonne to the Adour, and from Bayonne almost to Bordeaux. That portion of this department to the south of Dax, Mont de Marsan, and Roquefort, presents a numberless succession of undulations covered with vines or copsewood, and surrounded by the little meadows which the industry of the inhabitants, almost all of them proprietors of a few arpens of land, has, by the assistance of a neighbouring brook, reclaimed from the otherwise barren heath. The remainder, and by far the largest portion of the Landes, is, however, of a very different character. Great tracts of heath or sandy downs, interspersed with forests of pine and beech, cover its surface. So inhospitable a region is but thinly peopled. The villages and hamlets within its bounds are situated upon the banks of the streams or lakes, and so far apart from each other, that it is no uncommon circumstance for the sportsman to have had a long day's walk, and a tolerably good day's shooting, while merely taking the nearest path from one village to another.

In these great plains, districts, twenty miles in extent, are scarcely ever disturbed except by the flocks which at particular seasons wander over them; and, although almost every Landais carries a gun, still so much of their time is occupied in knitting their own or their families' stockings, and in attending to their flocks, that this department may be considered one of the best in France for a sportsman. He must however, be one of the right sort,—one who sets little value on the luxuries of life, and can cheerfully submit to privation of every kind,

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so long as he can find employment for his "Manton" or his "Purdie."

In this wild and pastoral country wolves are as numerous as in any part of France, and frequently commit great depredations among the flocks. The Landais have several methods of destroying them. Trapping is not unfrequently practised; but the method in most favour is by a *battue* at which all the male peasantry of the canton assemble. Three or four hundred individuals are on such occasions collected together, and the spectacle which is then presented is one which can be seen nowhere but in the Landes.*

My friend G—— and I were at Mimizan, one of the most antique and curious little towns in the Landes, and which is threatened at no distant period to be engulfed in the sands, which have already choked up its ancient port, when we received the welcome intelligence that a great wolf-hunt was to take place on the following Monday, near the village of Onesse, some three or four leagues off. Having spent the evening in fishing in the Etang d'Aureillan, we returned to our quarters to prepare for our departure on the next morning.

To avoid the heat, for it was now the month of July, we were early astir, and few of the villagers had yet found their way to the chapel (it was Sabbath morning) as we passed by its massive porch. The Landais are a very superstitious people, perhaps the most so of the numerous and distinct tribes which are clustered round the Pyrenees. Their religious observances, their ceremonies, and their fêtes, which their comparative ignorance and separation from the rest of the world have preserved in all their pristine characters, are of frequent occurrence. Some of them are ludicrously absurd, while others, from their originality, are by no means uninteresting to the stranger. As good fortune would have it, we reached the village of Onesse just in time to be present at one of these fêtes peculiar to the Landes.

The service in the chapel being over, the whole of the parishioners, to the number of two or three hundred, were assembled in the open space in front of the place of worship. The elder of both sexes were seated on the ground, forming a circle, the men on one side, the women on the other. The young people were scattered around this circle in couples, holding each other's hands, and dancing to the sound of the by no means musical voice of an old man, who was elevated on a heap of stones. The air, if it was really meant to be an air, which the old gentleman was croaking, had no cadence in it to which the dancers could keep time. Indeed, the dance itself seemed nothing more than a rapid inflection of the arms and legs, without any regard to measure, —what G—— very appropriately styled a regular romp. The curate and the notary, spectators like ourselves of the scene, and who had been observing with much attention the various movements of the dancers, now whispered to us that several marriages were about to take place; and on our asking our informants by what means they ascertained this, we were told that they had perceived certain pressures of the hands, which were an infallible sign of the intention of the parties. Accordingly, shortly after, three of the young couples successively left the dancers, a little *apparent* reluctance being shown by the fair one to follow her partner, which we supposed was only a necessary part of the ceremony. Once clear of the assemblage, they stood still regarding

* The Norwegian "skalls" have some resemblance to the wolf-hunts of the Landes.

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each other very attentively for a moment, and whispering a few words; then bestowing on each other a hearty slap, (very probably equivalent to saying "all was right,") they ran off to join their parents, and to tell the old folks "*qu'ils s'agréaient*," (that they had agreed,) the expression used on such occasions, and that they had determined to marry. The parents (unlike those "cruel parents" in other countries) invariably reply that they consent, since the young people *are agreed*.

This little parley having taken place, the curate and the man of law were both summoned to the presence, and the day at once fixed for the drawing of the contract, the bestowal of the nuptial benediction, and the celebration of the marriage.

The Maire of the village was an acquaintance of our guide Pierre, and in his house (somewhat superior in accommodation to the other huts in its vicinity) we took up our quarters. The cottages of the peasantry of the Landes are by no means comfortable abodes. They are in general damp, have but a solitary fire-place; and the little chambers, or closets, which contain the sleeping-places of the various members of the household, are but very indifferently partitioned off from each other; while the imperfect construction of the whole framework renders them as intolerably hot in summer as they are cold in winter. As long, however, as we had enough to eat and drink, G—— and I cared very little under what sort of roof we were housed, more especially as at that season of the year we could have bivouacked in the open air with perfect safety, and perhaps with more comfort to many of our senses.

Our host was in all respects, but in that of his rotundity of person, a veritable Gascon. All that he had ever done or said was vastly superior to what any one else could accomplish. The sandy plains of Aquitaine were, in his eyes, a perfect paradise, and all the world could not produce such "brave gens" as the (generally speaking) half-starved unhealthy-looking race who dwell on them. The necessity of our being up betimes the next morning excused our late attendance on his worship; but long after we had retired to our couch of dried maize-leaves we could hear the little man, whom the thoughts of the morrow's *chasse* had rendered perhaps more than usually loquacious, instilling into Pierre anecdote after anecdote of his triumphs over the wolves.

At day-break we were called by Pierre. Our toilet was soon completed by the burnside; and having despatched our breakfast, the principal articles of which were drawn from our own game-bag, we started for the place of rendezvous. From the difficulty of walking in the sands, the inhabitants of the Landes make use of stilts four or five feet in height, which they call *sangues*, and which are fastened to the leg with thongs, sufficient room being left for the knee to bend slightly. These they use with great agility, and the length of the stride which the Landais takes when mounted in this manner enables him to move along very rapidly, many of them being able to go as fast as a good horse can trot. By means of the elevation which the shepherd in this manner attains, he sees his flock much more perfectly; and when he wishes to rest, he fixes his long staff in the ground, and leaning against it, works away with his knitting-needles, without which he never stirs from home.

The little Maire, mounted on his *sangues*, led the way, his long-barrelled fowling-piece slung behind him. His spirits seemed not in the least calmed by his night's rest, and his boasting was, if possible, re-

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doubled. In addition to his being a perfect hero in a wolf-hunt, as he had proved to us the preceding evening, no one could step out as he could on the *sangues*. Then he was the best dancer and musician in the district; in short, by his account, a paragon of perfection. G—— hinted that we had been too long in Gascony to believe all that was told us; and we did not doubt that before nightfall we should get some of his conceit shaken out of him.

Our host's impatience had made us earlier afoot than others who were to join in the sports of the day, so that, on our arrival at the rendezvous, we found ourselves among the first who had come up. We could not, however, regret the circumstance, as it gave us an opportunity of regarding the various groups as they came racing in from all quarters. Every one being mounted on *sangues*, the appearance of the parties as they came in sight was extremely singular. Those at a distance seemed moving along high above the surface of the ground, and without any visible support; while others, surmounting a sandy knoll, continued to ascend long after the whole of their person had appeared above it. Some wore the sombre-coloured cloak and narrow-crowned hood, out of which it was almost ludicrous to behold a young face peeping; others wore their sheep-skin jackets with the wool outside, some black, some white, and all of the strangest cut imaginable. There were evidently no tailors in the Landes, and each peasant manufactured for himself.

We were regularly introduced to the various little bands as they came up, all of whom had their particular tale to tell of the destruction which the wolves had lately made among their own or their neighbours' flocks, and many were the *sacres* which they bestowed on the rogues during the recital. Our spirits rose with each successive account of the numbers and ferocity of the animals; so that by the time the various arrangements had been completed, our force divided into sections, each under the orders of an appointed chief, we were all anxiety for the encounter. The manœuvres for the day being at last explained and understood, we were marched off to our different stations.

G—— and I were attached to the Maire's company, and every one being *mounted* but ourselves and Pierre, we found it rather fatiguing work to keep up with our party as they trotted over the downs, while our leader, as we now and then waded over a sand-hill, expatiated on the great merits of the *sangues;* and, as if to convince us still more forcibly of our want of education in not being able to use them, the old rascal stepped out the faster, our associates considering it a good joke to keep us at the top of our speed to hold up with them. The joke, such as it was, was however taken in very good part, if a muttered growl which sometimes escaped from us, when the sand was more than usually heavy, be not taken into account.

After an hour's sharp running, we arrived at the position which we were to occupy. It was situated at the extreme end of the forest, along the outskirts of which we had come from the place of rendezvous, and which varying from two to three miles in breadth, extended along the banks of the river for several leagues. The upper portion of the forest, that nearest to us, was interspersed with a great quanity of tangled brake and underwood, and seemed well adapted for the lairs of the animals of which we were in search. The mode of beating and guarding the wood was very simple, but at the same time very well executed, better than I have witnessed on many a field-day at home.

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Single files, from fifty to a hundred paces distant from each other, according to the inequality of the ground, but always within shot of any animal which might attempt to escape by breaking through the lines, were extended down each side of the forest, the side next the river requiring a less number to guard it than the other, as the wolf will not, unless hard pressed, take to the water. Along the upper end of the forest, that to which the wolves were to be driven, the files were placed closer, and the best shots of the district invariably occupy this, the post of honour. The sides and upper end of the forest being thus as it were secured, a line of beaters was drawn across the lower part of the wood. This party, always on foot, is generally composed of the youngsters of the canton, whose business it is to make more use of their lungs than of the old horse-pistols and carbines, with which a few of them are armed. Dogs, although sometimes useful in following a wounded animal, are seldom permitted to accompany the beaters, as they are never sufficiently well-trained to range close, but wandering a-head destroy the regularity of the *battue*. As the beaters advance, the files who have been guarding the sides of the wood fall into line with them, so that, increasing in numbers as they go through the wood, they soon become so near to each other that not a thicket or dingle, however small, escapes their search. Our friend the Maire had chosen, as he said, the position near which the wolves would most probably endeavour to make their escape, in order to reach another forest several miles off, and to which the place where we were stationed was the nearest point. That our position was well chosen will appear hereafter.

Each of our party now selected a spot where he could be skreened from the observation of the wolves as they came dashing through the wood, and where the ground being tolerably clear around him, he could have a good view of the animals as they galloped past him. The stump of a decayed pine or small clump of underwood served this purpose very effectually, and most of our comrades were soon ensconced behind either one or other of such shelters. It happened, however, that just where my friend and I were placed there was an open glade, which extended some distance into the forest: through this the wolves, when hard pressed in the rear, would in all probability make a rush,—at least so thought we ; and when several persons had declined taking this post, from the want of shelter which it afforded, we volunteered to take charge of it. A few patches of well-grown heath, scattered along the edge of this glade, had not been unobserved by us ; and as we had many a day lain in wait for the red-deer of our native mountains, with no other protection from their keen observation than the bright heath in which we crouched, we instinctively took to our old quarters with greater confidence of success. The entrance to the glade might be a good two hundred yards across, and G—— and I placed ourselves so as to command the whole breadth of it. Having once taken our station, we deemed it our duty to remain as quiet as possible, and so, undoubtedly, ought every one along the line of guards to have acted ; but on what occasion will a parcel of Gascons cease to chatter?

The consequential little Maire had posted himself to the left of G——, behind a gigantic pine, where, half leaning, half sitting on the stump of a decayed branch, he kept up a constant fire of words, much to the annoyance of his neighbour, more especially when he alluded to the race which he had given us over the Landes, and which we feared had rendered our hands less steady than they ought to have been on

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such an occasion. Then he desired us to watch the manner in which he would stop the flight of some unlucky passer-by, boasted of the distance his gun would carry, and many other conceits.

"D—n that fellow!" said G——, aloud to me in English; "he will ruin our sport with that magpye tongue of his. Such a noisy rascal ought to have been in the rear of the wolves to drive them along with his screeching, instead of being perched where he is."

Fortunately, however, the little wind there was blew directly towards us, and from the direction in which the beaters were advancing, so that the chattering on the outposts could not be heard at any distance in the wood.

Several hours elapsed before the approach of the beaters was distinguishable. In a dense wood such as they were in, and situated on a plain, sound is not heard at a great distance. There is no re-echoing; as among the mountains, of the shouting and firing,—none of the enlivening sounds which come pealing along the valleys, and fall with such delight on the ear of the watching hunter. A dull low hum which came down the wind was the sole herald of their advance; while now and then a stray shot from the files on the outskirts of the wood told us that a wolf had been seen, either endeavouring to escape from the wood, or dashing forward to its upper extremity.

It was now mid-day, and the sun shone forth with dazzling brightness, burnishing our gun-barrels in a manner the most unfavourable to a sportsman. Here, however, the Basque *barrets* which G—— and I wore were invaluable. Their broad brims completely sheltered our eyes from the sun's rays, while in colour they were scarcely distinguishable from the heath in which we were imbedded. In this respect we had the advantage of our companions, whose Catalan-like caps gave them no shelter whatever.

Everything being prepared for an honourable reception of the enemy, —even the heath twigs being laid gently aside in front, in order to give us a freer range,—we now anxiously awaited the result. Gradually the straggling shots of the beaters broke the monotonous hum of their advance, and the raven and wild swan, soaring away from their disturbed retreat, passed screaming over our heads. A breathless silence now reigned along our line; our little Maire even ceased to gabble; our guns were for the last time examined, and new caps placed on the locks, lest the damp might have injured the old ones.

The beaters were now within a mile of us, and close upon the thickest and most dense portion of the forest; one-half of the whole assemblage had now fallen into their line, so that the most daring animal would not venture to break through it. The shots were now following each other in rapid succession, and the most sly wolf could not long remain in the wood. The first which appeared broke away several hundred yards to our right, and from his not having been fired at until he was clear of the wood, he could not have been seen until he had passed through the line of hunters. Three shots were then fired after him by those nearest; but the rascal dashed over the ground untouched, in the direction of the forest to which I have alluded.

Every eye was now on the alert, peering through the wood on all sides: the rustling of a leaf, the hopping of a bird were now objects of attention; while every shot that rolled over our heads spoke of "hope deferred."

Suddenly a low whistle, scarcely perceptible, escaped from my friend G——, who, at the same instant as myself had seen three wolves break

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into the glade a-head of us. How fervently we desired that our friends to the right and left of us might not see them, and some untimely shout, or ill-directed shot, drive them back into the wood. But we were in luck. Our neighbours were straining their eyes among the branches of the forest; ours alone were fixed on the open space before us. On the three rascals came, running neck and neck, and just far enough apart to give G—— and I a clear shot at the outer pair. Little time was left us to observe them; their long slouching gallop soon brought them up within fifty yards of us; our gun-muzzles were now peeping over the heather tops; and so well had we calculated our distance that we fired almost at the same instant. Both of our shots took effect; that of G—— most effectually. It had entered the broad chest of the animal, and passing to the heart, he made one tremendous leap into the air, and dropped quite dead. My ball had not told so true. It had shattered the right shoulder of the wolf, which, after a few rolls on the ground, limped off towards the wood. Another ball, however, from my second barrel gave him his quietus before he reached it.

In the mean time a scene of a most extraordinary character had occurred on my right. The third wolf, directly that his companions had fallen, bolted away towards the spot where the Maire was posted, and my companion, who was determined to have a slap at it, fired just as it was passing the tree against which the consequential little fellow was resting. The wolf galloped on unharmed; but at the same instant the little Maire dropped screaming to the ground, where he rolled about, bellowing and kicking in a most extraordinary manner. I felt almost paralysed at the sight; but G——, whom I believed had accidentally shot the Maire, to my utter astonishment, coolly took up his rifle, and resting it on his knee, fired at the escaping wolf. The distance was great, but *Purdie* performed his duty well; the ball snapped the spine of the animal, and the three wolves lay dead around us.

I now rushed towards the fallen Maire, followed, though with less alacrity, by G——. Kicking and sprawling, and to all appearance in the last agonies of death, it would have moved a heart of stone to see the poor fellow as he lay on the sward, his spirit to all appearance about to wing its flight. His jokes, the race over the sands, all were forgotten; the sad uncertainty of life was most painfully depicted, and the altered appearance which the merry household, with whom we had passed the preceding evening, would present, when informed of the sad bereavement which they had sustained, flashed before my eyes.

But "there are tides in the affairs of men;" there are sudden changes from grief to joy; the cheek this moment wet with a scalding tear may the next be wreathed with a smile, or the beaming eye become glazed with agony. The Maire was not dead, he was only *kilt;* and the tears, which I have no doubt were about to flow most plentifully at the untimely fate of our little friend, now welled over amid irresistible laughter. For some time neither G—— nor I could speak, the wolf-hunt was forgotten, the ringing shots of the hunters were unheard,—all were for the time alike unheeded, and the ludicrous catastrophe of the Maire alone engrossed our attention. My companion's ball had taken effect, not upon the person of his worship, but upon one of his stilts, and had snapped it in twain nearly at half length. Thus deprived of his "fair proportions," the Maire dropped instantaneously, utterly unconscious of the nature and extent of the accident which had befallen him. No wonder then, that, stunned by the fall, and his

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nerves somewhat unstrung by the suddenness of the shock, the poor fellow should suppose that it was all over with him; while, to add to his confusion, he had bumped his nose against the tree in his descent, and the blood streaming copiously from it, seemed to confirm the idea of his being desperately wounded.

"Je suis mort! je suis mort!" screamed the little hero of the morning, as G—— and I, having somewhat regained our composure, were preparing to reduce him to his legitimate stature by unlacing the now useless *sangues*. "Je suis mort!" continued he, as having drawn his hand across his face, he held the bloody member up before him, "je ne reverrai plus ma famille. Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" Having at length separated him from his *sangues*, we placed him on his feet, with his back to the tree, but as his moaning still continued, and he did not even then seem sure of his existence, G—— suggested the propriety of making him swallow a little of the cordial which the gourd swung from his belt contained. This was accordingly accomplished, and had a wonderful effect in calming his nervous system. Gradually the woful expression of his countenance disappeared; limb after limb was stretched out to ascertain the damage which they had received; until, at length, having discovered that a bleeding nose was the only injury which had befallen his person, he began to consider what really had caused him so much alarm.

Leaving him to his meditations, we now bethought us of our wolf-hunt; but, alas! alas! it was too late,—our sport was over. How many wolves had gone past us,—how many good shots we had lost while attending to the Maire, it was impossible to tell; but never did hunters less regret the interruption of their sport than G—— and I did on that occasion. The beaters were now coming hard upon us. The crashing of the underwood, as they forced their way through it, was now distinctly heard; but the wolves had long since left the wood. A few foxes and a roebuck were driven towards us; the former—true sportsmen as we were—we allowed to steal away unmolested; of the latter, however, we rendered a good account. Shortly after, the beaters emerged from the forest, and assembled round the place where we had been stationed, all anxious to learn the result of *battue*. It was some time, however, before the "return of the killed" could be ascertained. Each successful hunter had his particular tale of prowess to relate; while the unfortunates had to account for their want of success by many a plausible story of "broken leg," or "miss fire." At last, however, the truth was elicited. A considerable number of wolves had been seen, some of which had broken through the lines soon after they were roused from their lair; and two, more daring than the rest, were seen to swim the river together. Four, however, besides the three which G—— and I had killed, were brought in; a greater number than is generally destroyed at such *battues*. Several roedeer, and not a few foxes, were among the slain; and the beaters declared that they had been close upon a couple of wild boars, which "doubled" upon them, and of course escaped unharmed. Altogether, therefore, we had no reason to be dissatisfied with the first of our wolf-hunts in the Landes.

So early had the hunt commenced, that it was yet mid-day when we were congregated around the spoil. Still it was too late to renew the warfare; the wood, in which most of the animals which had escaped had taken shelter, was at too great a distance for us to beat it

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before nightfall. Our hunting therefore was over for the day; but sport of another kind was in store for us.

Almost every one had brought some provisions along with him; and he who had not was cheerfully supplied by his neighbour. *No one*, however, had forgotten his wine-skin or his brandy-flask; and the *sangues* being now thrown aside, and the whole party seated in groups under the shade of the pines which grew around, a scene was presented which Wilkie would have given a great deal to witness.

The Landais are never a very abstemious race, and it may be well supposed that on such an exciting occasion as this, all the liquor they carried home was mostly safely stored *under their belt*. Mirth, of that joyous character of which a successful day's sport is always the harbinger to the hunter, now reigned around. Even the spirits of our little Maire began to revive as the jollity increased; and long before his flask was emptied he could even joke at his late misfortune.

"So you took my *sangue* for the leg of a wolf," said he to G——; "pretty mistake you made, indeed! Why, if you had not killed those two wolves, we should have had you taught to shoot before we trusted ourselves again in your company."

Hitherto I had been dubious as to whether G—— had "served out" the Maire as he did, intentionally, or by accident; but the "lurking devil" in his eye when the subject was alluded to, was to me perfectly satisfactory, "the hit had been no miss," and the practical joke of our race over the sands had been repaid with interest.

Many of the party were now dancing or singing; and, though the absence of the ladies of the Landes rendered the movements of the hunters less picturesque than they might have been, still, the ungainly caperings of so many strangely apparelled individuals to no music but that of their own "sweet voices," was a curious sight, and in keeping with the wildness of the place of revelry.

The spectacle was sufficiently amusing, and might have very satisfactorily wound up the sports of the day, but the ever fertile imagination of my companion had suggested to him a species of entertainment as novel in character as its results were ludicrous. There were few of the party who were not now in that happy state of mind which renders them "up to anything:" some of them perhaps a little in advance of this, but one and all of them determined to be as jovial as good liquor and good company could make them.

The *sangues*, which had been laid aside after the hunt, G—— now proposed should be buckled on, and that races should take place; at the same time offering, as a prize to the swiftest, an article in much request among the chasseurs of the south—a handsome powder-flask. G—— had scarcely finished making the proposal before fifty at least of the party were buckling on for the contest. Old and young were eager to join issue, and a scene commenced, the absurdity of which baffles description. I have already said that the *sangues* were from four to five feet in length; it may therefore be supposed that mounting upon such articles is no easy matter, without having a wall or bench from which to start. The usual mode of managing the affair by the Landais is to sit on the ledge of a window of the second story of their cottage, and there fastening on the stilts, walk away from the place; or a ladder is generally leaning against the walls of the cottage, up which they mount until sufficiently high to effect their object. Here, however, there were none of the usual facilities afforded for mounting; and

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every one was put to his wits to discover some method or other to get on his *horse*. The most active of the party having selected a pine which had a drooping branch, climbed on to it, and managed without much difficulty to effect their object. Several of the elderly ones, and some of the juniors, whose libations had placed their capacity on a level with that of their seniors, were not quite so successful. One heavy fellow, who had raised himself on the branch of a pine close to where we were sitting, had just succeeded in buckling on one of his stilts, when the branch on which he sat gave way. The leg with the stilt on was mechanically thrust out to break the fall, but the result was much the contrary. With only one support, a single stride was all that could be made, but that stride was a most important one; for, unable to deviate from the direction in which the branch broke away, the heavy carcase of the fellow landed in the centre of a group whose advanced state of jollification altogether precluded their joining in the race. So rudely and unexpectedly assaulted, considerable damage was done on the occasion both to heads and wine-skins; and the sufferers, not quite comprehending the cause of the assault, evinced their sense of its effects by heartily pommeling the unlucky wight who rolled among them. Another fellow had, in the hurry of the moment, carried off one of his neighbour's *sangues* instead of his own, and did not discover the mistake until he had buckled them on, and thinking that all was right, started from his place of mounting. Then he found to his surprise that one stilt was half a foot shorter than the other, and that, accordingly, to balance himself was quite impossible. So away he went staggering and limping, endeavouring to describe a circle, so as to get back to the tree from which he had sprung. But the odds were against his succeeding. The shorter stilt having sunk in the hollow of a decayed tree root, the discrepancy of length became still greater; to recover his equilibrium was impossible, and he measured his length on the ground.

Several incidents equally absurd took place before the competitors were assembled at the starting-post. One of these, as it was somewhat different from the others, is worth mentioning. Two of the hunters had buckled on their *sangues*, and seemed to all appearance prepared for the race. One of them, however, discovered, or believed that he had discovered, that the strap of one of his *sangues*, which he had missed before he left the village in the morning, was doing duty on the leg of his neighbour, and he lost not a moment in taxing him with the theft. The charge was rebutted with all the vehemence of voice and gesture which a Gascon, conscious of his innocence, may be supposed to display. It had not, however, the smallest effect on the individual who made the charge. He either *knew* the man with whom he had to deal, or more probably had taken just that quantity of drink which suffices to make some folks, whether right or wrong, most pertinaciously insist on the correctness of their own opinion. The protestations of the accused fell, therefore, without effect on the ears of his opponent, who would be satisfied with nothing short of the immediate restitution of the article which he claimed, and which he threatened to take by force if not given up to him. This was too much for the hot blood of a Landais to submit to; the accused now no longer protested his innocence, but dared the other to carry his threat into execution. Nothing daunted by this change in the bearing of his adversary, and determined at all hazards to regain possession of his bit of leather, he advanced to seize upon it. The position, however, which his opponent

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had assumed, somewhat checked his ardour. The accused (certainly the most sober of the two, although neither could be said to be actually drunk), stepped a few paces back, and, flourishing his long pole or crook over his head, prepared to give his insulter a warm reception.

That one or other of the parties would obtain a broken head was now very evident. Those around us seemed to consider such a result a matter of necessity after such an altercation as that which had taken place. There was no use for any interference, therefore, on our part. In the Landes, as in other parts of the *civilized* world, individual honour must be satisfied by means of deadly shots or broken heads; and the principals had, besides, no fear of a reprimand from the priesthood for their conduct on the occasion. To it, then, the gentlemen went in right earnest, and played as pretty a game at quarterstaff as ever was seen in merry England.

The parties seemed very equally matched in regard to strength, and were proficients in the science of attack and defence; it appeared very doubtful, therefore, who should be the victor. For some time the blows fell thick and hard on both sides; several of them taking effect, but most of them being parried with great adroitness. As usual, however, at such bouts, he that could bear the hardest thumps without losing his temper triumphed. A hit somewhat sharper than ordinary told with good effect on the left shoulder of him who fought for his "shoe tie." To return it with interest, if possible, was now his sole object, and furiously he endeavoured to discharge the obligation. The blows were now all on his part; his opponent now skilfully stepping aside to avoid them; now grasping the centre of his pole, and whirling it round and round his head, with such velocity as completely to protect his person.

It was easy to decide in whose favour the odds now were; although the assailant's weapon was plied with an energy and power which appeared resistless. The accused (unjustly, as it was afterwards ascertained) pursuing the same system of defence, never offered to return the blows of his opponent; in fact, he seemed determined not to strike until fatigue and passion had wrought powerfully in his favour. At length the efforts of the assailant became relaxed, his blows descended with less rapidity, and the time for finishing the contest was at hand. Watching, therefore, his opportunity, as the wearied arm of his adversary, with somewhat of its original vigour, dealt forth a blow which might have felled an ox, the injured party leaped aside, and escaping it, in an instant, and before his opponent could recover his guard, returned the blow with all his force on the unprotected shoulders of his opponent. The pole flew to pieces with the violence of the shock, and the originator of the dispute pitched head-foremost to the ground.

Such scenes are of common occurrence in the Landes; and, with the exception of some severe thwacks given and received, it is seldom that serious injury is sustained by either party. I recollect, however, a conflict between two French Basques in the vicinity of Pau, which terminated fatally. The Basques invariably carry a long walking-stick, generally knotted at the ends; and, when they chance to quarrel, they do not hesitate in using it pretty freely. Two of them thus armed having quarrelled and fought, one of them received a blow over the temple which killed him on the spot. This was, however, a very rare occurrence; and the *shilelah** of the Basque must, nevertheless, be

* Query for Irish Antiquaries—"Does not the familiar use of the "*shilelah*" by the Basques,—the eldest nation on the continent,—strengthen the opinion of Irish descent from the Spanish or French people, who bear that name?

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considered as a far better arbiter of disputes than the long knife of his brethren over the frontier.

On the present occasion the injury sustained by the beaten party was considered of no importance, and did not in the slightest degree interrupt the hilarity of the assembly. Everything was now prepared for the race, and the competitors, in number about two dozen, being drawn up in line, and the signal for starting given, off they went in fine style. One of the hunters had been posted on a rising ground, about five hundred yards distant; round him those engaged in the race were to turn, and G—— had taken care that, in placing this individual, no attention should be paid to the state of the ground over which the racers should pass.

For the first hundred yards the race was neck and neck, all in line, and no one jostling the other. This, however, was the only level part of the course. A hollow, with a brook running through it, was now to be passed, and we could distinguish a very considerable derangement in the ranks of the little band as they passed it. Still all held on, and one after another passed the pivot without accident of any kind. Some there were now who had gained considerably on the others; these were mostly running together, each determined to win: and as, among those who were behind them, each was determined not to be last, the utmost vigour and activity of the party were put forth.

As the competitors approached, the shouts of the spectators were incessant. "Pierre le gagnera!"—"Joseph le gagnera!" resounded as the heads of one or other of the "favourites" first appeared above the unequal surface of the course: and, as they descended into the hollow which we have noticed, it was apparent that either one or other of the favourites would prove the victor. This time, however, the brook was not so easily crossed; and, by one mishap or other, several were left in it, some of whom had hitherto been among the foremost, so that when the others topped the bank near the winning-post, they formed nearly as compact a body as when they started. Neither the whip, nor spur, nor the betting-book were in requisition, yet the contest now became really animating. There was not nearly so great a disparity of fleetness as might have been expected among such a number; and it was very evident that whoever gained the race would not have a great superiority to boast of. On they came over the level piece of sward, amid the redoubled shouts of the spectators. In a few seconds it was crossed, and Joseph was the victor by a few feet.

Of course, on the presentation of the prize, G—— found it necessary to say something; but, being unaccustomed to "public speaking," and still less capable of speaking in French, he bethought him that some of his schoolboy recitations might avail him on the occasion. The address of Sempronius to the Roman senate was the first which came to mind; so, turning towards Joseph, and commencing with

> "My voice is still for war:
> Gods! can a Roman senate long debate," &c.

he delivered a portion of it with all the action and energy which a eulogium on the merits of the successful racer might be supposed to require. Shouts followed every cadence of the speaker, and the scene concluded amid "thunders of applause."

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THE ABBOT'S OAK.

A LEGEND OF MONEY-HUTCH LANE.

"In the parish of Redgrave, skirting the Park, is a narrow bye-road, which has from time immemorial borne the name of Money-Hutch Lane. Tradition says that it derived its appellation from a treasure buried in its immediate neighbourhood, at the time of the suppression of the monasteries, one of which, a small offshoot from the great parent stem of St. Edmondsbury, stood in its vicinity. It is added, that though deposited under the guardianship of spell and sigil, it may yet be recovered by any one who bides the happy minute."—*Collect. for Hist. of Suffolk.*

The Abbot sat by his glimmering lamp,
His brow was wrinkled with care,
And his anxious look was fix'd on his book,
With a sad and a mournful air;
And ever anon,
As the night wore on,
He would slowly sink back in his oaken chair,
While his visage betray'd, from the aspect it bore,
That his studies perplex'd him more and more.

On that Abbot's brow the furrows were deep,
His hair was scant and white,
And his glassy eyes had known no sleep
For many a live-long night.
His lips, so thin, had let nothing in
Save brown bread and water, untemper'd by gin,
During his sojourn there:
His hopes of succeeding at all with his reading
Seem'd to rest on his firmly abstaining from feeding,
And sticking like wax to his chair.
One would think, from the pains which he took with his diet, he
Meant to establish a Temperance Society.
His fasting, in short, equall'd that of those mighties,
St. Romald, Dun Scotus, and Simon Stylites—
No wonder his look
On that black-letter book
Had a sad and a mournful air.

But oh! what pleasure now gleams from his eyes,
As he gazes around his cell!
The Abbot springs up in delight and surprise,
"I have it! I have it! I have it!" he cries,
"I have found out the mystic spell!"
'Twas a wonderful thing for so aged a man
To hop, skip, and jump, and to run as he ran,
But something had tickled him sore.
He just stay'd to sing
Out, for some one to bring
His best suit of robes, and his crosier and ring,
While his mitre, which hung by a peg on the door,
In his hurry he popp'd on the hind side before,
And then, though 'twas barely dawn of day,
He summon'd a council without delay,

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With a hint that he'd something important to say,
And commenced his address in the following way :—

" Unaccustom'd, my brethren, as I am to speaking,
To keep you long waiting is not my intention;
I'll merely observe, that the charm I've been seeking
I've found out at length in a book I won't mention.—
Yes, my brethren, I've found
Where to hide our riches vast,
Buried deep in holy ground,
I've found the spell that binds them fast.
The proud, the profane,
Will search all in vain,
If they hunt for them over and over again.
One day in the year
Was tarnish'd, I fear,
By some trifling *faux pas* in our Patron's career;
That's the time, and that's the hour,
When fails our Saint's protecting power,
Gallant hearts and steady hands
Then, and then only, may burst the bands,
Our treasures may win, if their patience but lets them;
As for Harry the Eighth, I'm—" —he cough'd—"if he gets them.
And now, my brethren, all to bed;
We'll consider our early matins as said;
And if by good luck into any one's head
A better device or more feasible plan
To bother that corpulent horrid old man,
And that rascally renegade Cromwell, than this come;
The morning will show it,
Then let me know it.
I'm sleepy just now—so good night—*Pax vobiscum!*"

It's pretty well known what way the Eighth Harry,
When wearied of Catherine, he wanted to marry
Miss Boleyn,—he'd other points also to carry,—
Applied to the Pope for his aid;
Which not being granted
As soon as he wanted,
The hot-headed monarch right solemnly said,
For bulls and anathemas feeling no dread,
That the Pope might go
To Jericho,—
And, instead of saluting his Holiness' toes,
He'd pull, without scruple, his Holiness' nose;—
That way he brought the affair to a close.
Things being thus,
Without any fuss,
He kicks out the monks from their pleasant locations;
To their broad lands he sends
His most intimate friends,
And bestows their domains on his needy relations;

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And, sad to relate,
As we are bound to confess it is,
Pockets their plate
For his private necessities:
And whenever his Majesty finds a fresh dun arise,
Gives him a cheque on the abbeys and nunneries.
So you'll not be surprised that the very next morning,
As the Abbot his person was gravely adorning,
A note by express
Put all notions of dress
Instanter to flight by its terrible warning.
I say by express,
Though you'll probably guess
That no gentlemen deck'd in gold, scarlet, and blue,
Walk'd round in those days, as at present they do,
Charging eightpence for billets which shouldn't cost two—
(The reason they say for folks writing so few).
But a change, we are told, will be made in a trice,
And epistles of all sorts be brought to one price,
Despite the predictions of Mr. Spring Rice.
We shall not for any
Pay more than a penny,
No matter how great the dimensions or distance.
An excellent plan for the public; for then 'tis his
Own fault if any one spurns such assistance,
Nor writes every day to his fellow-apprentices!
All laud to Hill
For this levelling bill,
Which will make, by the aid of the Whigs, its abettors,
The General Post a Republic of Letters.

As it's everywhere voted remarkably rude
Into other folks' secrets to peep and intrude,
My Muse, for the present, shall so play the prude,
As not to let out
What this note was about,
Or what it was stagger'd an Abbot so stout.
The result's all we care to make public in this story,
And to that we've a right, as mere matter of history.

On the night of that ill-omen'd day
A band of Monks pursued their way
From the postern-gate of that Abbey grey,
To the churchyard damp and drear,
They bore three "hutches,"—
In Suffolk such is
The word they use, as lately I've read
In Johnson, for boxes in which folks make bread.
The aged men totter'd with toil and with pain,
As to carry their burthen they strove might and main.
The Abbot march'd first in that slow-going train,
The Sexton brought up the rear.
Near a newly-made vault
They came to a halt,

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With no unequivocal symptoms of pleasure,
Then each ponderous box,
With its three patent locks,
They buried, and filled up the hole at their leisure
They planted above in a magical figure
Five acorns as big as five walnuts, or bigger.
Then the torches' fitful glare
Fell on the Abbot's silvery hair,
(I allude to his beard—his head was bare,)
As he read from a book, what perhaps was a prayer;
But whether 'twas Sanscrit, Chinese, or Hindoo,
I believe not a soul of his auditors knew,
And it matters but little to me or to you,
But you'll find in swarms,
Similar forms,
If you read Sandivogis',
A learn'd old fogie's
Dissertation "De Goblinis, Ghostis, et Bogis."

"'Tis done—'tis done,"
Cried the Abbot; "now run—
We need some refection. And, hark! it strikes one!
Our treasure here placed beyond all human reach is,
And safe as if stored in St. Benedict's breeches.
King Harry may come; but he'll ne'er, in good sooth, pick
Up enough plate for a decent-sized toothpick."

* * * * *

'Tis said the course of true love never
Yet ran smooth; in fact, if ever
It does so run,
It's very soon done,
Like ladies, they say,
Who have their own way,
It dwindles as snow on a very warm day;
And, although unromantic may seem the admission,
Dies from the want of well-timed opposition.

But so mournful a fate
Seems not to await
The lovers whose griefs I'm about to relate.
A noble pair,
One wondrous fair,
One manly, tall, and debonair,
Are whispering their vows in the evening air.
Vain, vain,
Hapless twain!
The Lady of Bottesdale ne'er may be
Mate to a squire of low degree!
Ralph of Redgrave is stout and true,
Ralph of Redgrave is six feet two
As he stands in his stockings without a shoe;
But, like Tully, his family's rather new,—

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And, what is far worse,
Ralph's private purse
By no means is heavy, but quite the reverse,—
Two failings which make an indifferent catch
For a lady of title in want of a match.
That lady's papa is stingy and close;
As for his features—one look is a dose.
He is ugly and old,
Unfeeling and cold,
With a *penchant* for nothing but bank-notes or gold.
His estates, too, are mortgaged or sold; for the fact is, his
Youth has been spent in most dissolute practices,
Gaming, and drinking,
Cockfighting, and winking
At ladies, without ever dreaming or thinking
His means were all gone, and his credit fast sinking;
While he'd now to "come down" with a pretty smart fine
For sundry exploits in the Jacobite line:—
A mode by which Tories in those days were pepper'd,
As you'll find if you read Mr. Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard:"
All these things induced him to aid the advances
(Not being the person to throw away chances)
Of a wealthy old lord to his fair daughter Frances,
Which he thought no bad spec. to recruit his finances.

Slowly and sadly the lovers were walking,
On their hardships, and some other odd matters talking;
The lady had said
That rather than wed
An old noodle just ready to take to his bed,
She'd perish outright,
Were it only to spite
Her father for taking such things in his head.
Ralph then swore he
Would die before he
Allowed any man, Baron, Viscount, or Earl,
To walk off to church with his own darling girl.
But, meanwhile, as dying was rather a bore, he
Would first tell the lady a singular story.

He said,—"At Preston's bloody fray,
As night closed o'er the well-fought day,
An aged man sore wounded lay,
And just as two troopers were ready to twist,
The old gentleman's neck, with one blow of his fist
He, Ralph, strongly hinted they'd better desist.
Then the old man smiled a remarkable smile
And clasping that same stout fist the while,
Acknowledged his kindness, and swore, too, that '*dem it*' he
Would serve him in turn at his direst extremity.
That last night, which must still more remarkable seem,
That remarkable man had appeared in a dream,

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And had bid him, without any nonsense or joke,
Wrap himself up snug and warm in his cloak,
And meet him at twelve by the "Abbot's old oak."

Meanwhile the clouds were collecting on high,
Darker and darker grew the sky,
And a rain-drop moistened that lady's eye
As big as a half-crown piece.
The lady she sighed, perchance for a coach,
Threw on her lover one glance of reproach,
And one on her satin pelisse.
At this moment, when what to do neither could tell, a
Page appeared, bearing a brown silk umbrella,
I don't mean a page
Of this civilized age,
In a very tight jacket, with very short tails,
Studded all over with brass-headed nails;
But an orthodox page, who, on bended knee,
Said, "Miss, be so good as to come and make tea."

Ralph instantly rose;
One kiss ere he goes—
The page most discreetly is blowing his nose,—
And, before you can thrice on John Robinson call,
Ralph has cleared with a bound that garden wall.
With no less speed
He has mounted his steed,—
A noble beast of bone and breed,
Of sinewy limb,
Compact, yet slim,
"Warranted free from vice and from whim."
Meanwhile the rain was beginning to soak
Through a very bad shift for a MacIntosh cloak,
Which—a regular do,—
When only half new,
Ralph had bought sometime back from a parrot-nosed Jew,
Trusting his word, with no further thought or proof,
For its being a patent-wove, London-made waterproof,—
A fact, by the way, which most forcibly shows men
How sharp they must look when they deal with old clothesmen.

Little reck'd Ralph of the wind and the rain,
On his inmost heart was preying that pain
Which man may know once, but can ne'er know again;
That bitterest throe
Of deepest woe,
To feel he was loved, and was loved in vain.

Now fiercer grew the tempest's force,
And the whirlwind eddied round rider and horse,
As onward they urged their headlong course.
O'er bank, brook and briar.
O'er streamlet and brake,
By the red lightning's fire
Their wild way they take.

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A country so awkward to go such a pace on
Might have posed Captain Beecher, Dan Seffert, or Mason.

At once a flash, livid and clear,
Shows a moss-grown ruin mouldering near ;
The horseman stays his steed's career,
And slowly breasts the steep.
As slowly climbs that ancient mound,
His courser spurns the holy ground.
Where the dead of other days around
Lie clasped in stony sleep.
And mark against the lurid sky
An oak uprears its form on high,
And flings its branches free ;
A thousand storms have o'er it broke,
But well hath it stood the tempest stroke,—
It is, it is the Abbot's oak,
It is the trysting-tree.
An hour hath passed, an hour hath flown,
Ralph stands by the tree, but he stands alone.
Till, surmising his dream is a regular hoax,
He " confounds," with much energy " Abbots and oaks,
And old gentlemen dying from Highlanders' strokes,"
Then enters a shed, which, though rather a cool house,
Might serve at less need
To hold him and his steed,—
As it formerly served the old monks for a tool-house.

Another hour was past and gone,
Another day was stealing on,
When Ralph, who was shaking
With cold, thought of taking
A nap, and was just between sleeping and waking,
Was roused by his horse, who stood trembling and shaking.
He opens his eyes,
To raise himself tries,
But a weight seems to press on his arms, chest, and thighs,
Like a lifeless log he helplessly lies—
Then conceive his amazement, alarm, and surprise,
When, on every side,
In its ancient pride,
He sees an old monastery slowly arise ;
Chapel and hall,
Buttress and wall,
Ivied spire, and turret tall,
Grow on his vision one and all.
Airy and thin,
At first they begin
To fall into outline and slowly fill in ;
At length in their proper proportions they fix,
And assume an appearance exactly like "bricks."

From the postern-gate of that Abbey grey
A band of monks pursue their way

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Till they come to the Abbot's oak.
Ralph sees an eye he before has known,—
'Tis the eye of their leader,—fixed on his own!
It is, it is,
The identical phiz
Of his friend, or one precisely like his!
These words from his thin lips broke :—
" This the time, and this the hour,
Fails the Saint's protecting power,
Gallant heart and steady hand,
Now may burst the charmed band—
Now—" Here the knell
Of an Abbey bell,
On the ear of the wondering listener fell;
As if the sound,
His limbs unbound,
His strength, so strangely lost, is found!

Howling fled the wild Nightmare,
As Ralph leaped forth from his secret lair,
And gained, at a bound, the open air;—
He gazed around, but nothing was there!
Nothing save the roofless aisle,
Nothing save the mouldering pile,
Which looked, in the deepening shade half hid,
As old and as ugly as ever it did.
The storm had passed by,
And the moon on high
Beamed steadily forth from the deep-blue sky.
One single ray through the branches broke,
It fell at the foot of the " Abbot's old oak."

Still in Ralph's ear the words were ringing
The words he had heard the old gentleman singing,
" This is the time, and this the hour;"
He felt that the tide at last was come, now or
Never to lead him to fortune and power.
Of his trusty blade
He very soon made
An apology—poor one I grant—for a spade,
And proceeded to work, though new at the trade,
With hearty good will, where the roots seemed decayed.
With labour and toil
He turned up the soil,
While he thought—
As he ought—
On that adage which taught
" Perseverance, and patience, and plenty of oil;"
Till, wearied grown,
Muscle and bone,
His sword broke short on a broad flag stone.

* * * * *

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In Redgrave church the bells are ringing;
To Redgrave church a youth is bringing
His bride, preceded by little boys singing,—
A custom considered the regular thing in
Times past, but gone out in these latter days,
When a pair may get married in fifty queer ways.

In Redgrave church blush bridesmaids seven,
One had turned faint, or they would have blushed even;
In Redgrave church a bride is given
In face of man, in face of Heaven.
In her sunshine of youth, in her beauty's pride,
The lady of Bottesdale stands that bride;
And Ralph of Redgrave stands by her side;
But no longer drest
In homely vest,
Coat, waistcoat, and breeches, are all of the best;
His look so noble, his air so free,
Proclaim a squire of high degree;
The lace on his garment is richly gilt,
His elegant sword has a golden hilt,
His "tile" in the very last fashion is built,
His Ramillie wig
Is burly and big,
And a ring with a sparkling diamond his hand is on,
Exactly as Richardson paints Sir Charles Grandison.

Nobody knows
Or can even suppose,
How Ralph of Redgrave got such fine clothes;
For little Ned Snip, the tailor's boy said,—
And a 'cuter blade was not in the trade,—
That his master's bill had been long ago paid.
Ah! little, I ween, deem these simple folks,
Who on Ralph's appearance are cracking their jokes,
How much may be gained by a person who pokes,
At the right hour, under the right sort of oaks.

DALTON.

REMARKABLE SUICIDES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE."

"CHARITY covereth a multitude of sins," and generally casts a mantle of insanity on the corpse of the self-murderer; but it is not altogether fair to cast a stigma on the living to exonerate the dead. If the commission of suicide be an act of lunacy, the surviving family of the defunct must be considered as predisposed to insanity; to secure to an inanimate body the rites of a Christian sepulture, and to shield its memory from the charge of cowardice, and a defiance of Divine and human laws, its innocent and already injured offspring and relations are to be exposed to the sad report of being members of a family subject to mental hallucinations!

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That suicide is the deed of a lunatic, is true in many cases; but this rash act is more frequently committed under the influence of the passions, or by men who have not sufficient moral courage to live and breast the adverse tide of fortune. If such a degraded condition constitutes insanity, the coward who flies from the field of battle is a madman, and therefore should not be exposed to public obloquy. Suicide is generally resorted to after mature deliberation, and long consideration of the advantages and miseries of life. We find that through all ages, in the regions of the East, suicide was considered to be a religious and meritorious act; and the Indian gymnosophist thought it beneath the dignity of man calmly to wait the approach of death, and allow old age to corrupt the body, until it was unfit to become a sacrifice to the Deity.

Although many of the ancient philosophers advocated self-destruction, others, amongst whom we find Pythagoras and Socrates, objected to the practice. Pythagoras, who had studied in the Eastern schools, whence he derived his doctrine of metempsychosis, condemned suicide, believing that the soul was bound to the body as a punishment; and Socrates only excused it on the plea that he was already condemned to die. Both these illustrious sages deemed it an offence against the authority, the providence, and the moral government of the gods. Plato also condemns the act, when it is not committed under the visitation of great sorrow, inevitable misfortune, shame, and extreme poverty.

The ancient philosophers, so far from looking upon suicide as an evidence of insanity, considered it a manifestation of the strength of the intellectual faculties; and Seneca, on this subject observes, that "since neither infants, nor boys, nor lunatics fear death, it is shameful if *reason* will not inspire that indifference which *folly* commands."

Pliny the elder was an advocate of suicide, and blesses the benevolence of Mother Earth, who, in compassion to human miseries, has placed in the hands of man so many poisons, which would deprive him of life without pain.

It is therefore clear from these various doctrines, held forth at various periods, that suicide was considered to be permitted by the Deity under peculiar circumstances; and we have reason to believe, from the records of ancient history, that it was seldom resorted to, except under the influence of misery or superstition; but it was never maintained for one moment that self-destruction was an act of insanity.

Such were the opinions of pagan philosophers; and among the Christians, St. Augustin states that the Donatists killed themselves out of respect for martyrdom as their daily sport.* When they could not find any one to kill them, they waylaid and attacked travellers, threatening to murder them if they would not put an end to their life;† and not unfrequently in their love-feasts they would cast themselves from precipices, to this day sanctified by their self-inflicted martyrdom.

Although, under certain circumstances of enthusiastic self-sacrifice, suicide was tolerated, if not approved of, by the church, yet various ecclesiastic censures were passed upon this offence in several councils; not only were the bodies of suicides to be refused Christian burial, but their goods and chattels were confiscated for the profit of the State,

* Lucius Quotidianus.

† We have many cases of insanity recorded, in which a man has killed another to be sent to execution in expiation of the crime.

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and in many countries in Europe the property of the deceased was alienated; more especially when the public treasury might have suffered from the offence.

In more modern times suicide has been defended by some illustrious writers. Amongst these we may name Donne, Hume, Gibbon, Montaigne, and Montesquieu.

Donne says, "Self-homicide is called a sin against a particular law of nature—self-preservation. But a distinction is to be made between a general law of nature, for the good of a whole species, or for the particular preservation of every individual belonging to that species." Donne endeavours to exculpate suicide on the same principle as the ancient philosophers, and to reconcile the rash act with the doctrines of Christianity.

The historian Hume has also warmly advocated the right of man to destroy himself, with equal absurdity and sophistry. "It would be no crime in me," says he, "to divert the Nile or Danube from its course, if I could; where, then, is the crime of turning a few ounces of blood out of their natural channel?" I should wish to know on what ground our sceptic philosopher imagines that he had a right to divert the course of a river,—the course of the Danube was recently diverted, and the town of Pest was nearly swept away by the inundation. Gibbon has not been more felicitous in his lucubrations on self-destruction, when he complains that "the precepts of the Gospel or the Church have at length imposed a pious servitude on the minds of Christians, and condemn them to expect, without a murmur, the last stroke of disease or of the executioner."

Robert of Normandy, surnamed "the Devil,' before he put an end to his existence, wrote a ponderous work in favour of suicide, maintaining that there was no law that forbids a person to deprive himself of life,—that the love of life is to be subservient to that of happiness,—that our body is a mean and contemptible machine, the preservation of which we ought not so highly to value; if the human soul be mortal, it receives but a slight injury; but if immortal, the greatest advantage: a benefit ceases to be one when it becomes troublesome, and then surely a man shall be allowed to resign it: a voluntary death is often the only method of avoiding the greatest crime: and finally, that suicide is justified by the example of most nations in the world. Sir Thomas More, in his Utopia, maintains that, since a man would break through nothing advantageous to himself by his death, but only snatch himself from suffering, it would be a point of prudence to do so. Montaigne is of opinion that pain and the fear of suffering a worse death, seem to be excusable excitements to suicide. Montesquieu attributes the great enterprises and the valour of the Romans to the power they assumed over their own lives, which enabled them to escape from every other power. Rousseau advocates self-homicide in his Heloise. Beccaria maintains that the suicide does less injury to his country than the emigrant; since the former leaves his property behind him, whereas the latter carries with him part of his substance.

I shall now proceed to relate various modern cases of suicide, whence may be deduced the different motives that drove the unfortunate victims to despair.

M——, a young man of twenty-seven years of age, was married to the object of his affections. Six months afterwards he attempted his life. The motive to this desperate step was the low spirits he had

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observed in his wife, and which he could only attribute to some involuntary offence he might have given, which convinced him that he could not make her happy.

E. Bancal, a surgeon at Rochefort, when a youth of eighteen years of age, had been introduced to Zelie Priolland, the young wife of a merchant of the name of Priolland, trading with Mexico. Zelie was in her twentieth year. A correspondence arose between these young people, couched in a fraternal style,—perhaps the most dangerous that could be adopted, since its operation on the mind was gradual and unsuspected. Bancal was about four years on the Coast of Africa. In his letters he *tutoyé*'d Zelie, who in reply wrote to him in the *plural*, as being more becoming a married woman. This act of prudence offended the Platonic admirer, and he expressed his determination to break up all correspondence if carried on, on her part, with such distance. Zelie consented to write in a more fraternal manner. Bancal returned. Zelie's husband was in Mexico. They met. Priolland was expected home. Another separation would render life intolerable. The separation was unavoidable. Zelie proposed that they should be united in death. Bancal was overjoyed, and rapturously exclaimed, "to perish with the one I love has ever been the charm of my imagination;" and he forthwith wrote to his mother, "I die, as I have lived, not knowing what I should believe or disbelieve; but I die without any apprehension. I see eternity opening its gates before me, with as much calm delight, as I have often contemplated with rapture the beauties of Nature." Whether the lovers had read the history of Seneca and Paulina I know not, but they determined to open each other's veins, and bleed to death. For this purpose they made arrangements to meet at Poitiers on the 14th of March; but Zelie first placed her only child—a girl, at school; after which she drew out an inventory of all that she possessed, and, taking with her a draft for three thousand francs, payable in Paris, left her home. Bancal at the same time procured two drachms of acetate of morphine. On the 14th of March they met at the fatal appointment; where, no longer under the restrictions of social *convenances*, they abandoned themselves to the indulgence of their passions. Bancal again wrote to his mother, "Do not pity me: I have enjoyed more bliss for these last ten days than the longest life of man can bestow."

On the 17th of March they repaired to Paris, where Zelie obtained cash for her draft. She immediately purchased some gold lockets and mourning, which she carefully packed up in cases, addressed to her husband, and the mother of Bancal. The locket sent to the last contained two locks of hair, the one of raven black, the other fair,—they were those of the unfortunate couple. To her husband she sent a black gown, three pair of gloves, a locket, containing hair of her father, a lock of her own, and a silver thimble for her child Léonie. Bancal then writes to his mother that he had been mortally wounded in a duel, adding, "All illusions have fled! I appreciate men and things at their proper value, and, believe me, I die with more pleasure than pain." Zelie writes at the same time to the mistress of the school where Léonie was placed, entreating her to speak to her often of her father, but to endeavour to make her forget her mother. This letter was dated the 24th March. Before they perpetrated the desperate act, Zelie wrote the following letter to a friend of her husband, a M. Victor Casmecasse;—

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"Dear and kind Friend,—It grieves us to be obliged to give you a most troublesome job. You are the only person in possession of our secret, and we must, therefore, intrust you with the painful task it entails upon you. On receipt of this letter have the kindness to repair to our hotel, where you will find us both dead; as by that time Prosper and I shall have put an end to our existence. Do not grieve for us: we die in bliss. It is now upwards of a month since we formed this resolution. We were to wait until to-morrow; but, fearful that our families might discover our abode, I begged of Prosper to advance the hour, and he could not refuse my request. This evening, after your departure (for we shall expect you at dinner,)—this evening we both embark in Charon's boat. Have our bodies placed in the same coffin, and let our faces be uncovered. We leave sufficient money to pay for the funeral expenses, and for a wooden cross, bearing the inscription, Zelie et Prosper. Nothing more: we do not desire that our names should be transmitted to posterity; and I do not wish to annoy* my husband, my daughter, and my family. They will think that I have destroyed myself *alone*. We must save appearances; and on you the delicate task devolves. Adieu, dear friend! I embrace you with all my heart, and depend upon your exactitude in fulfilling our last instructions. Z. P."

Another letter from Prosper accompanied that of Zelie.

"My poor Victor,—I have to confirm all that my good Zelie has told you, and with her I feel quite distressed in giving you so much trouble; but we could not apply to any other person. Your moral courage is well known to me, and I have ever depended upon your boundless friendship. I must confess the task we have given you is not a pleasant one, and you perhaps will wish us at the devil; but wait for that, until we are six feet under ground. We have adopted a strange method of destroying ourselves; it is the mildest. We do not wish to suffer, and our blood will flow until its source is exhausted. Zelie will go first—she insists upon it—and I shall follow her. We have now only six or seven hours to live, and we are as calm as if we were going to repose in each other's arms to awake to-morrow morning. I am only afraid that the loss of blood may produce a swoon simulating death, therefore convince yourself that our hearts have ceased to beat ere our bodies are removed.

"10 o'clock, P.M.

"Many thanks for dining with us. We have not much time before us, and I shall therefore draw out our last request. Zelie and I wish to be buried without any publicity. No priest—no church—nothing—a hearse, and you following it. If it is possible, request of the lawyer and the physician not to name us. To me, it is a matter of utter indifference, but Zelie wishes it on account of her family. I insist upon the wooden cross, and to be interred with my beloved. Our bones shall be united. The thought smiles on me! Adieu! I shall now carry this letter to the post-office, and then proceed to the operation. Farewell, old boy! for the last time. I depend upon you.

"Your friend, Prosper."

Zelie requested the porter of the hotel to send her up a pail of warm water to bathe her feet; and every preparation being made, the

* *Donner ce désagrément.*

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awful ceremony commenced about eleven o'clock at night. Bancal first bled her in both feet, and she lost a considerable quantity of blood, and fainted in the chair on which she was seated. Bancal then placed her near him, and several hours having elapsed, he asked her if she desired to live. She replied in the negative, and he then spoke of a scalpel; but she objected to any instrument being plunged into her heart. He then asked her if she would swallow some acetate of morphine, to which she readily consented. He immediately prepared a mixture of this drug, and they each drunk a dose of it. They remained for some time in the same state, but experienced much dizziness, followed by vomiting. He then opened an artery in her left arm, from which a stream of blood immediately flowed. At this moment, day-dawned. He asked her once more if she wished to live. She again replied that she was resolved to die, and begged of him to despatch her. He accordingly stabbed her twice, when she grasped his hand, and from that moment remained senseless. He then stabbed himself three times, and bled freely; but, on finding that the wounds of Zelie were not mortal, he plunged the scalpel in their orifices three times, and all was over.

Howbeit, the following morning Casmecasse, his friend, received their letters, and hastened to the hotel with a Commissaire de Police. The door of their chamber was burst open, when they beheld Zelie and her lover stretched upon the same bed. Zelie was a corpse, but Prosper was striving to plunge the scalpel still deeper into his wounds, from which the blood flowed most copiously. On the table was the following journal of their desperate act:—

"We have drunk, and I now am going to lie near her, never to part.

"Five o'clock.—We have rejected the poison, and must find means to lose more blood.

"Six o'clock.—In the hopes of dying without pain, we have experienced the agony of a thousand deaths. We must strike the steel into the heart. She is dying. Half-past six—adieu!"

Bancal's life was saved, but he again attempted it with a knife while in prison on the 3d of April. He was closely watched: when he promised the judge "that he would resign himself to live, since he was condemned to it."

Surely the coroner's verdict in this case should not be insanity. This desperate act was the result of irreligion and immorality; to which, on the part of Bancal, may be added despicable cowardice. As a surgeon he knew that a stab of a scalpel might not prove fatal. Why not, then, cut the carotid or the crural artery? The verdict should have been, *vice and cowardice*. *Lunacy* might have deprived the motherless Léonie of a husband's protection.*

In the Psychological Magazine we find the following journal of a suicide:—"It has pleased the Almighty to weaken my understanding, to undermine my reason, and to render me useless for the discharge of my duty. My blood rolls in billows and torrents of despair. It must have vent—how? I possess a place to which I am a dishonour, inasmuch as I am incapable of discharging its duties properly. I therefore

* In the year 1770 two lovers destroyed themselves at Lyons, when the following epitaph, attributed to Rousseau, was inscribed over them:—

"Ci-gisent deux amans; l'un pour l'autre ils écurent,
L'un pour l'autre ils moururent.
La simple piété n'y trouve qu'un forfait,
Le sentiment admire, et la raison se tait."

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prevent some better man from doing it more justice. This piece of bread which I lament, is all that I have to support myself and family—even this I do not merit. I eat it in sin, and yet I live! Killing thought! which a conscience hitherto uncorrupted inspires. I have a wife, also, and my child reproaches me with its existence. But, do you not know, my dear friends, that if my unhappy life is not speedily ended, my weak head will require all your care, and I shall become a burthen rather than an assistance to you. It is better I yield myself a timely sacrifice to misfortune, than, by permitting the delusion to continue longer, I consume the last farthing of my wife's inheritance. It is the duty of every one to do that which his situation requires, reason commands, religion approves. My life, such as it is, is a mere animal life, devoid of reason: a life, which, in my opinion, stands in opposition to duty, is moral death, and worse than that which is natural. In favour of the few whose lives I cannot render happy, it is at least my duty not to become an oppression. I ought to relieve them from a weight which, sooner or later, cannot fail to crush them."

The unfortunate writer of this rhapsody, evidently founded on an indulgence in metaphysical sophisms, sent his wife to church on a Sunday, and then took a pair of scissors, and cut his throat without killing himself; he then opened the arteries of the wrist, and again failed in destroying himself; he staggered to the window, and saw his wife returning home; upon which he seized a knife used for killing deer, and stabbed himself to the heart. He was a man of understanding, and a lively wit, possessing a great deal of *theoretical learning*. His heart was incorruptibly honest. The office he held was that of assistant judge at Insterberg. This man's mother had once been deranged—a circumstance that might have warranted the verdict of insanity—otherwise there would have been no grounds for such conclusion.

Richard Smith had been in comfortable, if not in affluent circumstances; but, from various misfortunes was reduced to extreme poverty, and his wretchedness was shared by his wife Bridget and a little boy. The unfortunate man at last prevailed upon his wife to consent to their own destruction, and to that of their child. They first killed the boy; and, after an affectionate adieu, hung themselves to the bedposts. This desperate couple, who had murdered their offspring, wrote to a friend to commend their dog and cat to his care!*

The verdict in this case should have been *poverty*, but certainly not insanity.

A merchant, aged 32, who had lost his fortune, and was left without resources, determined to starve himself to death. For four days he wandered about the country, and then dug a pit, in which he remained eighteen days, when he was found alive, but in a state of insensibility, and expired upon taking a little warm broth. The following journal, written with a pencil, was found about him:—

"The generous philanthropist who shall find my corpse, is requested to give it a burial, and to keep, as a reward for his trouble, my clothes,

* The following epitaph was found with their letter:—

"Without a name, for ever silent, dumb,
Dust, ashes, naught else is within this tomb.
Where we were born or bred it matters not;
Who were our parents, or have us begot.
We 'were, but are not;' think no more of us;
For as we are, so you'll be turn'd to dust."

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my purse, my knife, and my pocket-book. I am not a suicide, but I have perished from hunger. Some perverse men have deprived me of a considerable fortune; and I do not wish to become a burthen to my friends. It is useless to open my body, since I declare that I die of starvation.—16th September. What a night have I passed! it has rained incessantly. I am wet—I am cold.—17th. The length of the night, and the scantiness of my clothing, make me feel the cold most bitterly, and I suffer dreadfully.—18th. The cold and rain have obliged me to walk. My steps were feeble, and thirst compelled me to lick up some water which was dropping from some mushrooms. Oh! how good was the water!—19th. My stomach is in a most turbulent state, and hunger, but more especially thirst, become most horrible. It has not rained for three days. If I could but lick a few drops of water from the mushrooms!—20th. I have been distracted with thirst, and with much difficulty I dragged myself to a public house to procure a bottle of beer; but my burning thirst was not quenched. In the evening I went to fetch a little water at a pump near the public-house. —22. Yesterday, the 21st, I could scarcely move, or hold my pencil; Thirst obliged me to go again to the pump. The water was very cold. I rejected it; and had convulsions until evening: nevertheless I returned to the pump.—23d. My legs seem dead. For these last three days I have not been able to go to the pump. My weakness is so great that I have only been able this day to guide my pencil.—26th. I have not been able to stir. It has rained. My clothes are drenched. No one could believe the agony that I endure. During the rain some drops fell into my mouth, but did not relieve my thirst. Yesterday a shepherd passed my me. I saluted him, and he returned the salutation. It is with much regret that I quit the world; but I have been driven to death by misery. Oh, my father, forgive me! He knows not what he is doing. Convulsions prevent—me—from writing—I feel it is the—last—time.—29th September, 1818." The verdict in this case should also have been *poverty and despair*.

Matthew Lovat, a shoemaker in Venice, labouring under erroneous religious ideas, emasculated, and then resolved to crucify himself. For three days he pondered on the desperate project; and, having crowned himself with thorns, after stripping off his clothes, he bound a handkerchief round his waist, and sat down on a cross that he had constructed, fixing each of his feet on a ledge he had made for that purpose, and then transfixing them with a nail five inches in length, which he firmly hammered into the wood. He then ran both his hands through sharp nails fixed in the cross for that purpose; but, before he nailed the left hand he inflicted a deep wound with a knife in his left side. After this operation, by means of ropes he contrived to move out of the window, suspended on his cross. The next day he was found in this position. His right hand had been detached from the cross when he was taken down, and carried to the hospital. He recovered, but was sent to a lunatic asylum. He soon died, exhausted by constant endeavours to fast, and by pulmonary consumption. Had this man died, the verdict should certainly have been *insanity*, brought on by *religious delusions*.

A clergyman, of a very absent character, swallowed a small seal of a letter. One of his friends, who was by, jocosely observed, "Why, man, you have sealed up your bowels." The idea of such a condition so terrified him, that he actually starved himself to death.

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In the year 1770, a young man of Lyons was deeply enamoured of a beautiful girl of a superior condition of life, whose hand had been refused him by her family. The two lovers formed a resolution to destroy each other; the more readily, as he laboured under an aneurism, which was considered incurable. The young lady was armed with a pair of pistols and two daggers. Strange to say, this desperate deed was imitated by several disappointed lovers in a very short space of time!

The ingenuity of suicides is sometimes surprising. A blacksmith at Geneva made a bellows subservient to his purpose. He first loaded an old gun-barrel with a brace of bullets, and putting one end in the fire of his forge, tied a string to the handle of his bellows, by the pulling of which he could make them play while he was at a convenient distance. Kneeling down, he placed his head near the mouth of the barrel; and moving the bellows by means of the string, they blew up the fire, he keeping his head with astonishing firmness and horrible deliberation in that position, till the further end of the barrel was so heated as to kindle the powder, whose explosion instantly drove the bullets through his brain.

Jeremiah Clark, organist of St. Paul's, being disappointed in love, determined to destroy himself; and, alighting from his horse, went into a field, in a corner of which was a pond and some trees, when he began to debate in his mind whether he should end his days by hanging or by drowning. Not being able to resolve the *knotty* question, he left it to the decision of chance, and tossed up a halfpenny; but the coin falling on some mud, stuck sideways in the ground. Though the decree of chance did not answer his expectations, still it seemed to ordain that neither hanging nor drowning was advisable. He therefore quietly remounted his horse, rode to London, and blew out his brains.

A Bishop of Grenoble afforded another instance of suicidal ingenuity. He took a rod, on which his bed-curtains hung, and suspended it across by a stick, which communicated with the trigger of his fowling-piece. He then sat quietly down, with his feet hanging over the rod, and placing the muzzle of the gun in his mouth, held it fast. He then had nothing more to do than to drop his legs upon the rod, when the gun went off, and three bullets entered his brain.

The fortitude which suicides display is amazing. A servant girl of the Dean of ——, who had always borne a most excellent character, was accused by the family of theft. She immediately repaired to the wash-house, immersed her head in a pail of water, and was found dead in that position. What must have been the courage of this poor creature, who, when writhing under the lash of a false accusation, kept her head under water despite the horrible sense of suffocation that must have come on!

In the year 1789 a strange act of suicide was committed by a French gentleman in Greenwich Park. After paying his bill at the Ship Tavern, he called on the Governor of the Hospital, Sir Hugh Palliser, and offered him a sum of money to be distributed to the inmates, which the Governor thought proper to decline. He then distributed about two hundred pounds in Greenwich in the most absurd manner amongst schoolboys; to one of whom he gave his watch, after which he blew out his brains, leaving the following strange document:—

"Two hours after mid-day, three hours before my death.

"I think it, sir, my duty to leave you these lines, to prevent in-

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quiries, and solicit your pardon for this trouble, and the appropriation of a small portion of ground to bury me. The indifference of my parents, the dislike I had to the profession of an impostor, the perfidy of one tenderly beloved, are the most powerful motives for a sensible soul to prejudge itself, and prefer a grateful dissolution, better or worse. It is not that I was difficult to please, or wanted assistance; if I had preserved my tender love, which Heaven seems to have destined to some man to attach him to life, and to make him an object of affection, I had not then looked upon this death without trembling, which I now contemplate with a smile. The peace of mind of my family furnished me with a pretext for retarding my resignation, and induced me to come to this distant place for interment. Paris and London have not convinced me it is more my interest to live than to die; on the contrary, it would be ridiculous to nourish evils without a hope of relieving one's-self, in which I think every man ought to do as he thinks proper. You may say, sir, that I am a fool, which I much rather would be than be wise and suffer. I do not perceive any very great advantage in living to eat, to drink, and to sleep, for that is the whole train of life; and as sleep is beyond contradiction the greatest blessing, I will take this evening some pills which will make me sleep a long time. If the four elements should re-unite, and after a thousand combinations should form me once more, I would not consent to exist but under the English Government, which is excellence itself, and which ought to serve as a model to all nations of the world. I have seen all, tasted all, but I am not willing to begin life again."

This man was clearly a lunatic,—a fact which was proved by the manner in which he disposed of his money, but not by the act of suicide. He appeared to be a French officer, as his pistols bore the marks of the corps of *gendarmes*, at that period a body-guard. He was a remarkably handsome man, and in manner elegant and polite.

A French soldier of the name of Bourdeaux being determined to put an end to his life, persuaded a comrade, called Humain, to follow his example. They both repaired to an inn at St. Denis, and bespoke a good dinner. One of them went out to buy some powder and ball. They spent the day (Christmas) together with great cheerfulness, called for more wine, and, about four o'clock in the evening blew out their brains, leaving some empty bottles, their will, a letter, and half a crown in addition to the amount of their bill.

The following letter was addressed by Bourdeaux to the lieutenant of his troop, and was as follows:—"SIR,—during my residence at Guise you honoured me with your friendship. It is time to thank you. You have often told me that I appeared displeased with my situation. I was sincere, but not absolutely true. I have since examined myself more seriously, and acknowledge that I am disgusted with every state of man, the whole world, and myself. From these discoveries a consequence shall be drawn,—if disgusted with the whole, renounce the whole. The calculation is not long,—I have made it without the aid of geometry. In short, I am about putting an end to the existence that I have possessed for near twenty years, fifteen of which have been a burthen to me; and from the moment that I have ended this letter, a few grains of powder will destroy this moving mass of flesh, which we vain mortals call the king of beings. I owe no one an excuse. I deserted. That was a crime; but I am going to punish it, and the law will be satisfied. I asked leave of absence from my superior officers to

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have the pleasure of dying at my ease. They never condescended to give me an answer. This served to hasten my end. I wrote to Bord, to send you some detached pieces I left at Guise, which I beg you will accept. You will find that they contain some well-chosen literature. These pieces will solicit for me a place in your remembrance. Adieu, my dear Lieutenant! Continue your esteem for St. Lambert and Dorat. As for the rest, skip from flower to flower, and acquire the sweets of all knowledge, and enjoy every pleasure.

" Pour moi, j'arrive au trou,
Qui n'échappe ni sage ni fou,
Pour aller je ne sais où.

"If we exist after this life, and it is forbidden to quit it without permission, I will endeavour to procure one moment to inform you of it; if not, I shall advise all those who are unhappy, which is by far the greater part of mankind, to follow my example. When you receive this letter I shall have been dead at least twenty-four hours. With esteem, &c. BOURDEAUX."

Colonel Philip Mordaunt, a young man of about twenty-seven years of age, nearly related to the Earl of Peterborough, although enjoying every happiness, and fondly beloved by the object on whom he had placed his affections, shot himself from a mere distaste of life. In one of the letters he wrote previous to this desperate act, he merely says, "Life has given me a headach, and I want a good churchyard sleep to set me right, as my soul is tired of my body."

Not long ago a young French dramatist of the name of Escoupe, destroyed himself and his collaborator in a play, which had not succeeded to the full extent of their anticipations, and concluding that they were too clever for the tasteless world, shut themselves up with a pan of charcoal.

Lord L——, in 1834, cast himself into the crater of Mount Vesuvius; while a German, anxious to follow his example, but unable to travel so far, threw himself into a smelting furnace; while a Frenchman, anxious for a *coup de théâtre*, attached himself to an enormous rocket, *une fusée monstre*, and blew himself up. The case of Vatel, the cook, who plunged his sword into his body, because fish had not arrived in time for dinner, is well known.

Dr. Schlegel states that there existed in Paris a society calling itself "*The Friends of Suicide.*" It was composed of twelve members. A lot was annually cast to decide which of them should commit suicide in the presence of his colleagues. Each member of the union was to prove in a satisfactory manner, 1. that he was a man of honour; 2. that he had experienced the injustice of mankind, the ingratitude of a friend, the perfidy of a mistress, or the falsehood of a wife; 3. that he had experienced for years an irremediable vacuity of the soul, and was discontented with everything in this lower world. Dr. Schlegel, in his wrath against the French metropolis, where such an association could exist, calls it "a suffocating, boiling caldron, in which, as in the stew of Macbeth's witches, they simmer with a modicum of virtue, all kinds of passions, vices, and crimes."

Various are the means to which suicides resort to effect their purpose. This selection of modes of dying appears to be connected with the age of the individual, as will appear by the following table. In 1000 cases

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YEARS.	BY PISTOL.	BY HANGING.
Between 10 and 20	61	68
——— 20 — 30	283	51
——— 30 — 40	182	94
——— 40 — 50	150	188
——— 50 — 60	161	206
——— 60 — 70	126	285
——— 70 — 80	35	108
——— 80 — 90	2	0
	1000	1000

It thus appears, that in the earliest suicidal years there is a preference for pistol practice, which shows that the act is committed rashly, and without that premeditated deliberation which hanging requires. These acts of calculated self-destruction, grounded upon sophistic reasoning, have been called, by Dr. Schlegel, "Philosophic suicide." The learned doctor is of opinion, that drunkenness is the chief cause of suicide in England, Germany, and Russia; and love and gambling in France: while he suspects that in Spain and Italy the fear of dying without the sacrament renders its occurrence very rare. A Roman lady, being told that a young man had shot himself, replied, *Dev' essere un forestiere, gli Italiani non sono tanti matti.*" The suicide was a German tailor. There seems to exist a certain vanity even in suicide, and we frequently see persons resolved to terminate their existence in a manner that may transmit their names, and the manner of their death, to posterity. Thus a Jew diamond merchant precipitated himself from the Monument some years ago: very recently an amiable and lovely young girl has followed his desperate example; and this was, a few days ago, succeeded by a boy of fifteen years of age, who cast himself from the same stupendous column.

From the many observations which I have collected I am confirmed in my opinion, that, excepting in cases of decided insanity, and hereditary predisposition to suicide,* the verdict should never be *lunacy*, but the deed be attributed to the actual motives or causes, such as *poverty*, *love*, *dishonour*, and *philosophic speculations*. Is it imagined that a person resolved to perpetrate suicide will be deterred from the commission of the act by the fear of having his body buried on a cross-road, or from the apprehension of an insurance office cancelling the claims of his family? I am of opinion, that, although the latter consideration may have some weight, the former will have but little effect on his reflections.

If suicide is madness, a forfeiture of an insurance, the premium of which may have been paid regularly for a series of years, and at considerable inconvenience, is most unjust; although I can readily admit

* Of all kinds of insanity, the form distinguished by a propensity to commit suicide is that which the most frequently becomes hereditary. Gall relates the case of Sieur Ganthien, whose seven children, enjoying good health, affluence, and general esteem, destroyed themselves within the space of thirty or forty years. The same writer knew a dyer, who had five sons and a daughter. Two of his sons committed suicide, and two others attempted self-destruction. In the family of M. N. the great grandfather, the grandfather, and the father committed suicide. Under the impression which this acknowledged fact must produce in society, it is evident that, in cases where no such hereditary predisposition can be traced, or any proof of insanity manifested, an irreparable injury is inflicted on a family by the finding of a verdict of "*insanity*."

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that if such an insurance was effected a short time before the act of suicide, the loss would be but fair.

It would require Hibernian ingenuity to discover the means of punishing a man for killing himself; but certainly the Code of Draco could scarcely contemplate the punishment of his surviving family, to avenge the offended laws of the realm. Proper religious and moral views, cultivated from infancy, will be found the only means of checking this practice, which evidently prevails to the greatest extent in a state of society where religious dread is totally lost sight of. No one would commit suicide were he impressed with these solemn words in our funeral ceremony.

"*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*"
"*The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away.*"
"BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD."

COLIN CLINK.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

Diamond cut diamond; the two rogues. A gentleman resolves, without consent asked, to make Fanny his wife.

AFTER the time spoken of in the preceding chapter, a month of the fairest season of the year passed away; during which our hero, Colin, continued to improve in health and strength much more rapidly than he would, in all probability, have done had he remained at the delightful residence of Miss Sowersoft, at Whinmoor.

The consciousness of being at home, whatever that home may be, is more to the invalid than a thousand advantages which might perhaps be enjoyed in a strange place. Fanny, meanwhile, continued to fulfil her accustomed duties, without receiving any information from Doctor Rowel, as to the nature of the services which he had promised to render in her favour.

Mrs. Clink's feelings of asperity against Fanny, for her obstinacy in refusing to make known the communications of the doctor, were now, however, so far worn away that she never spoke again of discharging her, and, in fact, would secretly have been pleased had she only expressed the slightest wish to remain. But, so far from this, Fanny resolved to leave her place at the earliest opportunity. While Colin remained at home she left the matter in abeyance; but when he returned to the farm, which he reluctantly did at the expiration of eight or ten weeks, she felt no longer the same inducement to stay as before: and accordingly sought, in compliance with her mistress's previous injunction, for another situation.

This was not long in presenting itself. An old woman, who had long managed the bachelor's household of Mr. Skinwell, the lawyer, happened about this time to die. A gap was left where she had

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stood: and, as though for the especial purpose of bringing about a discovery, which it was highly needful Fanny should make, she was destined to fill it.

While the villagers of Bramleigh were occupied in discussing the cause of the old housekeeper's death, Mrs. Clink and Fanny were surprised one evening with a visit from Mr. Skinwell. Still more were they amazed when he explained his business, namely, to induce Fanny to leave her present situation, and take that which the death of the old housekeeper had made vacant.

Although Skinwell represented his present visit as in great part the result of accident, he nevertheless, we may imagine, had certain very cogent reasons of his own for desiring to get Miss Fanny Woodruff into his house. In fact, certain matters had come to his knowledge professionally, concerning the said Fanny and her father.

It should be stated, that after Dr. Rowel had obtained the document from James Woodruff, a copy of which has already been given, he still continued in doubt as to the course he should pursue to make himself secure. Wise as his own plans had at first appeared, he so far distrusted them on further consideration, as to consider it needful to consult Mr. Skinwell professionally, on the matter; but, as he knew the affair to be a very delicate one, he at first put it to that gentleman hypothetically. As Mr. Skinwell, however, happened to have his own private reasons for misunderstanding the doctor's hypothesis, he protested he could not comprehend the full merits of the case unless it were put in a more circumstantial manner. After a good deal of beating about the bush, Mr. Skinwell satisfied himself that the doctor referred to a case in which he was himself concerned, and he also contrived to ascertain the names of the parties, the amount of property at stake, and the relationship which subsisted between the unfortunate man now confined at Nabbfield, and Fanny Woodruff.

By a little quiet manœuvring on his own part, Skinwell saw that he could not only protect the alleged lunatic and his daughter from the villainy of Doctor Rowel, but serve himself at the same time.

"My opinion," said he, "is this. The contract of gift being clearly illegal, you had better put it into the fire; and, if the patient is now of sound mind, as you have intimated, you are bound to set him at liberty, and restore to him his estate. If, on the other hand, he is unfit to be at large, he and his daughter must be adequately maintained out of the profits of that estate. Your course is as clear as daylight."

But it was not clear to the doctor that—whatever the *law* of the case might be,—he could not contrive other means to effect the object he had in view; and so much he gave the lawyer to understand; at the same time insinuating, that if Mr. Skinwell would assist him in achieving that object, his reward should be in proportion to his service. A proposal to which that legal gentleman returned a very grave rebuke.

"Long as you have known my character, Doctor, I am astonished and indignant that you should have made such a proposal to me. I give my legal opinion plainly and frankly; but that man very much mistakes me who imagines I will prostitute my professional character to a base service for the sake of hire. So far from it, sir, I do

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not hesitate to tell you now, before you leave my office, that, although this communication has been made to me in confidence, and professionally, I do not hold myself bound to keep faith, neither as a lawyer nor a man, in cases of swindling; and, that if your intentions towards these parties are of *such* a nature, I shall exert myself to the utmost of my ability in depriving you of your control over them, and restoring them to their rights."

Doctor Rowel stood confounded, mute, and pale. Who ever thought that Skinwell had so much virtue in him? The doctor felt he was a fool for having gone so far. How best should he get out of the scrape? How avert the lawyer's threatened co-operation with Woodruff and his daughter Fanny. The doctor had not much time to think before he was obliged to speak. He recovered his tongue, and stammered out a kind of apologetical explanation; in which he endeavoured to do away with the impression made on Skinwell's mind as to the dishonesty of his intentions; but the fact had previously been too plainly avowed to be thus explained away.

The doctor and his legal adviser parted in mutual dudgeon, though with very opposite feelings; the former in rage at the defeat of his project, while upon the mind of the latter a faint hope dawned that he might win the hand of Fanny, and so secure the chance of inheriting the estate of Charnwood whenever her father might happen to die (as he doubtless would very soon), after it had been wrested by the tact of Mr. Skinwell himself from the hands of Doctor Rowel of Nabbfield.

Could Fanny and Mrs. Clink have been in the least aware of the motives which actuated Skinwell in making them so unusual a call, they would not have felt so much surprise; and the young woman would have given a prompt and decisive denial to his application. But Fanny saw only what seemed to her an offer of advancement, and a release from the thrall in which, to a certain extent, Mrs. Clink continued to hold her. She therefore hesitated not long in accepting the offer which Mr. Skinwell had made her; and finally consented to enter upon her new duties in about a week.

This engagement was fulfilled accordingly, and Fanny remained in the situation until a terrible event deprived her suddenly and for ever of her master. Several years, however, elapsed before this occurrence, during which nothing of consequence to our narrative took place.

CHAPTER II.

Which, though perfectly natural, contains matters that not the most ingenious person could foresee.

In the bar of the little tavern at Bramleigh, Doctor Rowel was seated before a round table, on which stood a glass of cold sherry and water, with a thin biscuit on a little plate beside it.

Now, during the former part of his life, the doctor had not by any means been in the general habit of passing his time at such a place, and in such a manner. Latterly, however, fear had made him suspicious; and during the few years which I have said elapsed after his attempt to bribe the lawyer, and while Fanny remained in the house of this latter worthy, he had been haunted with certain undefinable terrors lest the lawyer should at some time or other discover anything relating to the subject on which they had so seriously differed,

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and on which he could not but feel that he lay very much at Mr. Skinwell's mercy. To be prepared for, and to counteract as far as he could, anything of this kind, Mr. Rowel had mingled somewhat more than hitherto had been his wont with the people of the village; although it was not until this identical evening that he had heard anything tending to involve his opponent, the lawyer, in the charge of having made use against him of the results of that professional and confidential communication between them already described. The information which had thus come to the doctor's knowledge was of a nature to decide, in his opinion, the existence of a plot on the part of Skinwell to discover the whole secret to Fanny Woodruff, and then, with her concurrence, and in her name, to take proceedings for the liberation of her father, and the recovery of his property. Whether that information was true remains to be seen; though certain enough it is, that Mr. Skinwell had employed the intervening time in cultivating Fanny's friendship, and rendering himself as agreeable to her as any middle-aged bachelor can reasonably expect to be to a young maid.

Under these circumstances, the reflections which crowded on the mind of Rowel were bitterness itself, and the more bitter, because he stood indebted to no one save himself for being placed in his present position. In imagination he saw himself reduced to the lowest extremity, at which point he began to form resolutions for his own protection against such a dreaded end. He fancied, perhaps, the lawyer might fall sick before his plans were ripe, and that he himself might have to attend him. Would that he might die suddenly!—that a fever would take him off, or a plague seize him—or—yes—nobody questions a physician's medicine—if—nay, he dare not trust his bewildered brain to think it. He must be mad—worse than mad—to suffer such a thought to cross his mind—and yet it came again and again—it *would* come. He began to feel fearful of himself—to doubt whether he could trust himself to do right rather than wrong, should misfortune place his opponent in his power. While Skinwell lived, the doctor himself held all he had upon the slender tenure of a dozen words, which might be spoken for the gain they would bring,—or be uttered recklessly in a moment of anger,—or might even drop out thoughtlessly, as one of those true things spoken in jest which they who hear never forget.

Doctor Rowel looked up, and beheld the village lawyer before him, taking a seat on the opposite side of the table. Rowel did not acknowledge his entrance nor his presence, until after a few minutes of dead silence, in which his face became as white as ashes with the secret emotions of his mind. He then abruptly, and with hurried speech, put this question to him,

"Mr. Skinwell, I have heard something lately respecting you,—and now I wish to know what it is you intend to do about that business of mine?"

"Having already given my opinion, doctor," replied Skinwell, "I have nothing more to say to you."

"But I have something to say to you," responded the physician. "I intend to know for what purpose you have had that girl in your house so long, before you and I part again."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Skinwell, sarcastically, though still somewhat flushed to find that his intentions had somehow become sus-

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pected; "then you are not the first man, doctor, I can assure you, who has intended a great deal more than he could achieve. Do you imagine, because I am not quite *knave* enough for you, that I am quite fool enough to made myself accountable to you for what I choose to do?"

"I intend to know that," repeated Rowel, doggedly. "Do you mean to blow to the world what has been made known to you in strict confidence as a professional man? Because, if that is your principle, I tell you beforehand, and to your face, that you are a disgrace to your profession, and a d—d dishonourable scoundrel to boot."

"Just hand me three and fourpence," remarked Skinwell, with the most provoking coolness, "for informing you, that by talking in that manner you are laying yourself open to a special action."

"Do you mean to act the villain?" demanded Rowel, with increased passion.

"Three and fourpence, doctor," demanded Skinwell.

"Ay! you're a mean cold-blooded scoundrel," continued the doctor, still more enraged.

Skinwell was somewhat aroused by this abuse, and replied in a more biting temper.

"Why, if you really want to know whether I intend to blow you to the world as you call it, I answer—yes. I am resolved to expose your villainy, and compel you to do justice in spite of yourself."

"Oh, very well," cried the doctor, rising from his seat, and striding towards the door, "that is enough—say no more—that is all I want. Now I know my man. But I'll tell you what," and he turned half round in the doorway, and looked at his antagonist with the fierce malignity of a demon, "if physic can't beat law to the dogs at last, I'll grant you free grace to drain me to my last penny." So saying, he hurried out of the house.

The words which the lawyer had uttered seemed, like an echo a hundred times repeated, to ring in Rowel's ears as a sound that would never die away. He hurried along the village street more by instinct than present knowledge, in the direction of the lawyer's house. On reaching it, he knocked at the door, which was opened by Fanny.

"Young woman," said he, "you remember what I told you when I first saw you at Whinmoor? You have not mentioned a word to any one? Then take care not to do so on any account. You are in danger. If Skinwell asks you anything, do not utter a word, or the design I had in view for you is ruined. If he tells you anything, do not believe him;—no matter what it is, tell him you do not believe it. He is a scoundrel,—an unmitigated villain,—and if you stay longer in this house you will be ruined. Trust none of his promises. He may pretend that he wants to marry you, but do not believe him; and if he says he knows something about you and your family, take no notice of it; for it will be done merely to get from you what I have told you to do. He may perhaps even go so far as to say he knows where your father is—"

"My father!" exclaimed Fanny. "Why, who knows my father?"

"I say he may *say* so," replied Rowel, "for he will say anything; but you must not believe him. The truth is, he has found out that

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I am doing something for you, and he is determined to stop it if he can. But do not let him talk to you. You must leave this house as early as possible. Be cautious, above all things. I will soon see you again."

And the doctor walked away.

"What, under heaven," exclaimed Fanny, as she closed the door after him, "can the man mean? I am in danger,—and master wants to marry me,—and knows where my father is,—and I must leave here directly! What in the world am I to do? for there seems no end to trouble!"

And then, according to the regular female rule in cases of difficulty of this kind, she sat down and began to cry; and as she cried, she called to mind that Mr. Skinwell had, more particularly of late, showed himself unusually kind to her, and more so, indeed, than she ought to suffer.

Shortly afterwards Skinwell walked in. He had met Dr. Rowel in a part of the road which warranted some suspicion that the latter might have been up to his house, and accordingly he proceeded to question Fanny on the subject. After an awkward attempt or two to evade his inquiries, she at length declared, that he came only upon some business which related merely to herself, and therefore she could not explain it.

"There is no occasion," replied he, "to explain it to me. I know it well enough. That man is a scoundrel, Fanny,—worse by ten times ten multiplied than any body would imagine."

"The very thing," thought she, "that the doctor said of you."

"Since so much has come out as this," continued Skinwell, "and my plan is about ripe, I do not hesitate to say that that man has been the ruin of you and your family; and, but for him, you yourself would at this very time have been—there is no knowing—anything but what you are. Depend upon it, my dear, many a better man than Doctor Rowel has died in a hempen neckcloth."

The girl paid little regard to all this, for it was precisely the same as her friend the doctor had declared he *would* say; and yet she felt doubtful which of the two to believe,—or were they not alike dishonest?

Skinwell's profession had not left him so heedless an observer of human nature, as not to remark that, instead of his disclosures, as he conceived them to be, being received with astonishment and wonder, Fanny took comparatively little notice of them. However, he persevered,—

"As you and the doctor are so intimate, then," continued he, "of course he has told you something of your own history. Has he ever told you you have a father living?

Fanny stood mute.

"He never told you that?" the lawyer repeated.

"Oh no!" exclaimed Fanny; "but if I truly have a father, do tell me where he is, and I will do anything in the world for you!"

Now was the lawyer's time to make his proposals, which he did at some length, promising that, in case they were agreed to, he would tell her where her father was,—he would liberate him from a dungeon worse than any prison, and recover for him and herself the property that was now unjustly withheld from them.

Fanny hung her head and blushed, and felt as though she could

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laugh or cry, or do both perhaps together; but she could not speak.

"Well," continued Skinwell, "I know what you think,—it is natural enough. I admit that I am a little older than I was twenty years ago, and probably not quite so eyeable to look upon as when I paid more attention to personal appearances; but the time was when I had my day as well as others, and, in fact, was considered one of the best in Bramleigh."

Since it is not what a man *has been*, but what he is, that maids are apt in these cases to consider, we need not feel surprised that the lawyer's recommendation of himself failed to be considered a recommendation by her to whom it was addressed; and, though the temptation offered was great enough, she calmly, yet firmly rejected any idea of agreeing to the terms proposed. Her refusal aroused the lawyer's indignation, and for the time, converted the only man who could prove eminently useful to her as a friend into a bitter enemy. He vowed that her father's bones should rot on the floor where he lay, before he would open his lips to assist him; and, declaring that Fanny would live to repent her determination, he left the room.

CHAPTER III.

Colin takes steps to extricate Fanny from her difficulties; but is interrupted by a fearful occurrence which threatens to make Doctor Rowel triumphant.

HAVING in some degree recovered from the terror inspired by Skinwell's denunciation, Fanny occupied herself in calling together all the fragments of information of which she had thus strangely been put in possession, and in endeavouring so to fit the broken pieces together as to make something like an intelligible whole. In this attempt she necessarily failed. The whole matter was a maze, a mystery,—a jargon of seeming truth and certain falsehood,—of things partly consistent and partly contradictory. In this state of uncertainty she determined to consult Colin upon the steps most advisable to be taken; for though he was now only about eighteen in actual years, yet his early mental development and his plain manly honesty entitled him to be considered upon an equality with many who were several years his seniors A note was accordingly despatched by the first convenient carriage to Whinmoor, requesting Colin to pay a visit to Bramleigh at the earliest possible opportunity.

Such an opportunity very fortunately occurred within the ensuing week, and on a day which, by a lucky coincidence, Mr. Skinwell himself had chosen for a drive, on business, to the city of York. Ample opportunity was thus afforded to the young people to discuss the subject of their meeting at its full length, and in perfect secresy.

Troubled as Fanny had been in her own mind to devise what course to pursue under the seemingly difficult circumstances in which she was placed, she had no sooner related them to Colin, than that youth declared that the steps proper to be taken were as clearly chalked out as the track of a plough along the fields.

"Leave it to me," said he, "and I will find it all out very soon. In the first place, I shall ask my mother whether *she* ever knew

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anything of your father; for it is plain that she must know something of the place you came from. If that does not answer, I should then ask Mr. Skinwell and Dr. Rowel. The truth is all that would be required of them, and surely people cannot very well refuse to tell the truth in such a case as this. But let us try my mother first. Shall I go down to her now?"

To this proposition Fanny assented; and, while she remained behind in a state of anxious hope and expectation, Colin went onwards to Mrs. Clink's for the purpose of obtaining the required information.

A dreary pause of an hour or more, which to Fanny's imagination appeared half a day, followed Colin's departure. "Now," thought she, after a little interval of time, "he has arrived there; now he is talking about it to his mother; and now, perhaps, she is telling him what she would never tell me, though I often asked her ever so particularly about it." And then, again, as time wore away, and one five minutes after another were scored on the side of that great eternity the Past, she thought he must be coming back, she mistook the footsteps of every passer-by for his, and every distant external sound as the wished-for herald of his approach. At length, as she began to grow heart-sick with anxiety, he came.

"Has she told you anything?" asked Fanny, the moment she saw him.

"Not much," he replied, "and that of no great consequence."

"Ay, I feared it would be so! Then what is it, Colin?"

"She knows nothing whatever of your father, that is certain. She never did know him, nor your mother either."

Fanny sighed, and then asked timidly,

"Did she say anything about me, then?"

"Why, yes,—she did; though it is not of very pleasant hearing; and besides, it is not of any consequence, particularly ——"

"But *do* tell me,—you must tell me!" exclaimed Fanny. "I do not care what it is; it cannot hurt me now."

"Well then," returned Colin, "the truth is this—"

Fanny sat down in a chair; and as she gazed intently on Colin's features while he spoke, her bosom heaved and fell as though some sentence of punishment was being passed upon her.

"My mother," continued the youth, "has told me that she first had you when you were three or four years old, as near as she could guess. At that time she lived in a little yard near Park-lane in Leeds, with her sister, who died shortly afterwards. One dark night in the autumn, and almost about bed-time, she and her sister heard a stirring and talking amongst the neighbours in the yard, and the crying of a little child. They went out to see what was the matter, and found some women with candles in their hands round a little girl that was lost;—this child was you, Fanny. Though, how you had been lost, or how you came there, they could not tell. My mother says she asked you if you knew who brought you there, and you said something that they thought meant 'uncle brought me;' but they could not be certain about it; they made out, however, that your name was Fanny Woodruff, as you had been taught to speak that much plainer than anything else. As all the poor people in the yard had families of their own, except my mother and her sister, they took you in for that night; or, as they thought, until somebody should own you. Next morning the circumstance was made

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known in all the ways they could think of or afford to pay for; but day after day passed on, and week after week, and they were none the forwarder for their trouble, until at last it died away, and became certain, as proved to be the case, that she would have to keep you always. Some people, Fanny, wanted to persuade her to take you to the workhouse."—Fanny burst into tears.—"But my mother had got used to you by that time, and would not do it. Besides, her sister died, and she wished her on her death-bed to keep you; 'for, perhaps, Anne,' said she to my mother, 'you may find it all out in the end.' My mother," added Colin, "says she believes that dying people very often speak like prophets. She resolved, therefore, to keep you from that time to this."

"And yet," added Fanny, in a mingled feeling of jest and earnest, "there seems to be small chance of the prophecy coming true."

Before Colin could reply, a noise without was heard of the tread of numerous feet, mingled with the sound of carriage wheels as they slowly advanced down the road, cracking and crushing the dry gravel. Then came a hurried rap at the door. Fanny flew to it, but it was already opened. A little crowd had gathered outside, and every face looked solemn and anxious. Some peeped down the passage, and others at the contents of a gig which had stopped before the house. She looked out. The shafts were snapped asunder; the harness broken; the horse, led by a farming man, was covered with foam and dust and mud. He bled at the mouth, and looked fierce and angry, though subdued. In the gig itself lay the body of her master the lawyer, insensible, and supported on the knee of a second farming man. Fanny ran into the house again, terrified at the sight, and summoned Colin, the lawyer's clerk, and an under servant girl, to his assistance. Shortly afterwards the body was carefully lifted out and carried up stairs. Before this, a man had been despatched to obtain the speedy assistance of the proprietor of the lunatic asylum at Nabbfield.

What an opportunity for Dr. Rowel was presented here to stifle Fanny's evidence for ever!

CHAPTER IV.

Relates the triumph of the Doctor, and the manner in which he achieved it.—Lawyer Skinwell's death-bed, and what happened there.

THE evening was warm and fine; and the gentle slope, on the top of which Dr. Rowel's establishment stood, was coloured with the setting light of the sun; as, with the glass-doors, which opened from his drawing-room upon the lawn, thrown wide back to admit the scarcely stirring air,—the doctor himself sat near it and alone, in an attitude of thought, meditating mischief. A dash of vermilion-coloured light shot athwart the lower part of his person, while the upper portion was covered with that kind of illuminated shadow, that clear obscure, which, to the delicate perception of a painter, constitutes one of Nature's greatest beauties. But the thoughts and reflections in which the doctor indulged were deeply at variance with those which the scene before him, and the character of the hour, were calculated to suggest. It was not with him—"how

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much do I now enjoy?" but the morose reflection—"how long shall I enjoy it?" His present happiness was swallowed up in the anticipation of possible coming evil.

"What matters it," thought he, "when to-morrow, perhaps, that treacherous villain may make everything known? Nay, how do I know he has not done so already. True, I have had him watched. I know everything he has done, and something that he has said; and this very day again he is gone to York. To-morrow I may wake to be arrested,—to have my house searched, and Woodruff set at liberty."

And as the doctor thus mused, the door opened, and a stranger was ushered in.

"Doctor," said he in a hurried tone, "lawyer Skinwell has just got thrown out of his gig, and is almost killed. He has been insensible ever since."

"Ah! impossible!" exclaimed Rowel, starting to his feet with surprise. "Are you sure, man?"

"It is quite true, sir," replied he, as though scarcely knowing what to make of the doctor's strange manner, the latter gentleman regarding him for a moment with an eye of unaccountable incredulity; for the idea had instantaneously flashed across his mind that he might be deceived by his own imagination, and that it was only the devil that was tempting him. A minute or two elapsed; when, recovering himself, he replied in a more subdued and professional tone, "I will be there immediately," on which the man disappeared.

"Now then," thought Rowel, "is the time! Had I asked for it, —designed it myself,—I could not have made it better. Thrown out, and *insensible*. He cannot, therefore, know anything of what I do. And as nobody else knows of our differences, nobody will think otherwise than that I am doing for the best. Who shall question my practice? Even if it be inquired into,—if it come to anything that way, they may arraign my judgment, but can do nothing else."

The doctor went immediately into his dispensary, dismissed his assistant upon some frivolous errand, and closed the door after him. Some minutes he remained compounding drugs with his own hand; after which he mounted his pony, which had been saddled in the mean time, and rode rapidly off to the lawyer's house.

"Send all these people out!" somewhat sharply exclaimed the doctor, as, in passing up stairs, he cast his eye upon the numerous assembly of "sympathisers," who had gathered in the passage and about the foot of the staircase. Fanny dismissed them, and then, accompanied by Colin, went up stairs into the room in which the unfortunate man had been laid upon a bed, and whither also Dr. Rowel had directed his steps.

In the first place, the lawyer was very copiously bled; after which the doctor administered a powder with his own hands, and gave instructions that, in the course of about an hour, if Mr. Skinwell appeared more recovered, another of a similar description should be given. He then very strictly charged Fanny not to allow any person to visit him, and to prevent him talking in case he should attempt to speak, as silence and quietness were highly essential to any patient in his condition. Promising that he should call again in the course of the night, the doctor then took his leave, though

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not till he had privately drawn Fanny aside, and fully satisfied himself that Mr. Skinwell had not discovered to her any material portion of that secret which he so greatly dreaded should come to her knowledge.

During several hours the unfortunate man continued much the same as before; but about midnight he rallied. There was nobody in the room except Fanny and the servant girl. Colin had taken his leave long before; and Skinwell's stripling clerk, who was introduced to the reader at the commencement of this story, and who had now grown up into a tame, spiritless, and crest-fallen man, was sitting below in the kitchen, seeking refuge from the whereases and aforesaids of the law in the pleasant pages of Joseph Andrews.

Mr. Skinwell, as I have said, rallied a little. He looked wildly about as though seeking for assurance of the locality of the place he was in, and then feebly beckoned Fanny to bring her ear near him.

"Who has been to me?" he whispered.

"Only Dr. Rowel, sir," answered Fanny assuringly.

"Then I am a dead man!" exclaimed the lawyer, bursting into a flood of tears. "Oh Heaven, forgive my sins as I forgive all those who have sinned against me!" And he forced his head into the pillow as though he would bury it out of sight. The foam gathered upon his blue lips, and his teeth snapped together with a sound that made the girl's blood turn.—"Oh, what has he given me? my breath is hotter than fire.—The flame eats my heart out!—water,—water!"

"No, no!" cried an eager voice behind; "'twill kill him!" and Dr. Rowel strode across the room. Fanny saw him, and his looks terrified her. The sedateness of the experienced physician, which no circumstance of this kind can generally disturb, was all gone. He breathed half-convulsively through his opened mouth and dilated nostrils; shining beads of water that momentarily glistened in the lamplight, stood upon his forehead; and several times successively, as he crossed the room, he passed his hand with instinctive energy over the sides of his temples, so as to cast the hair which clustered there backwards, as though his burning brain sought closer contact with the cool common air. He stood by the bedside. Skinwell rolled round his eyes, and strove to cry, "You've poisoned me!" But the doctor rapidly closed his hand over the sick man's mouth, and drowned his failing voice.

Fanny stood petrified with horror; while the servant-girl rushed screaming out of the room. The doctor still kept his open hand on Skinwell's mouth, while the dying man strove to set himself free by violent motions of the head and writhings of the body. A stifled call on the name of Fanny at length broke from his muffled lips.

"Go out! leave me!" fiercely cried Rowel to the horrified young woman; but she did not obey him.

"Fanny!" again escaped the lawyer's lips.

The sight, the voice, the desperate sense that came upon her all at once that Rowel was killing his patient, nerved her with more than woman's courage and ten times woman's ordinary strength. She rushed frantickly to the opposite side of the bed from that on which the doctor stood, and violently seized his wrists.

"Away, woman!" he cried, suddenly turning all his efforts

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against her, in the endeavour to free his hands and strike her down. But she held him tightly. Curses upon her! whispered almost as from the inmost soul, but deadly and pregnant with hellish meaning, hissed through the doctor's teeth, which showed between his lips clenched like a workman's vice. Fanny prayed mentally for strength to hold him. As they struggled, the sick man beneath them spoke.

"Fanny—your father——"

Rowel threw the whole weight of his body upon him to stop that tongue. He could not.

"Your father is in Rowel's —"

"It's a lie!—a lie!—a lie!—a lie!" cried the doctor in rapid succession, to render the words inaudible.

Their struggle grew more desperate, and Fanny could not hold much longer: the unwonted muscles would not obey her will to gripe. They were overstrained, and growing useless. At the same time the doctor wrenched more furiously than ever. The dying man beneath him gurgled in the throat for breath, and tossed in muscular convulsions beneath the clothes. At last he got himself to the edge of the bed, and by a sudden and last violent effort, struck himself against the doctor so forcibly as to loosen him from the hands of Fanny, and throw him several paces from the bed. The lawyer threw himself upright, and with his dim half-dead eyes fixed on Fanny, and his finger turning to point at Rowel, he cried with his last breath, "In his madhouse!—his madhouse!" and sunk back to groan and die.

Fanny stood a moment, and then fell, like a stone, insensible to the ground.

Presently the clerk and the maid-servant were in the room. Doctor Rowel had just folded up the bed-clothes.

"Take that girl up," said he calmly, "she has fainted at this sight of death. Your master is gone, young man. I did not think, at first, he would see the night over. Give her some cold water; sprinkle her temples, and carry her to bed, and then send for somebody to lay this corpse out. Before morning it will be cold."

As the doctor said this he gathered up such of the powders as had not been administered, and put them in his pocket. At the same time Fanny was carried away, according to his directions, and placed on the bed in her own room. Dr. Rowel followed, and employed himself in restoring her. When Fanny first opened her eyes and saw him bending over her, she shrieked, and sunk again. Again she was recovered.

"Do leave me," she said. "Do go away, or I shall die."

"But I have something to say to you, my dear," observed the doctor, with an assumed sweetness of tone. "Now, quiet yourself, and let us get over this agitation. You will never be better till you get calmer."

"Then pray leave me," again replied Fanny, "and I may then be quiet. Is master any better?"

"Yes—yes," the doctor answered; "but never mind him. You should not have interfered with *me*, Fanny. He was delirious, outrageous. I was obliged to hold him down."

"He said something about my father," observed Fanny in a faint voice. "I heard him say it."

"Nothing—nothing, I assure you!" the doctor exclaimed. "He

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was delirious. Now, quiet yourself, and do not talk any more to-night. Say nothing about it; and another day, when you are better, you shall convince yourself, for Mrs. Rowel shall take you all over my house—you shall see everybody in it—and prove to you that your father cannot be there. As I told you some time ago, I know something about you, and will take care to see you righted as far as I can; but then you must not listen to the wild nonsense of a man who did not know what he was talking about: it ruins every thing."

Fanny was silent; but she still beheld, as in a vivid picture, the corpse-like figure of the lawyer sitting up in bed, its glazed eyes upon her, and its finger pointing towards that man. She heard the rattle of its horny tongue as it articulated those last words, "In his madhouse! —*his* madhouse!" And she thought of the words of Colin's mother, which had been told to her only a few hours previously, that dying people always speak the truth. But, was he dying?

"Is he dead?" asked she.

"My dear," answered Rowel, "do not alarm yourself: but he *is* dead."

"O God! what have I seen!" cried the affrighted young woman, as she hid her head beneath the bedclothes, for a spirit seemed to pass before her when she heard those words, and it was that of her dead master.

The doctor departed; but in that house there was no sleep that night.

Prospectus of a New Joint Stock Company.

THE LONDON SUICIDE COMPANY.

Capital, One Million.

DIRECTORS.

LORD VISCOUNT GRAVESEND, Chairman.

EPHRAIM BONE, Esq.	RICHARD CHURCHYARD, Esq.
SIR TIMOTHY COFFIN, Bart.	SIR THOMAS SEXTON.
JOHN DEATH, Esq.	JOHN KNELL, Esq.
JAMES DE BERRYER, Esq.	PETER WORMS, Esq.
REUBEN GRAVES, Esq.	AND

The CORONERS for LONDON, MIDDLESEX, and the neighbouring Counties.

THE well-known propensity of the natives of this highly-enlightened and free nation to put an end to themselves, and the great recent increase of suicides, have suggested the formation of a Company, having for its object the encouragement of this national pursuit, and the facilitating its easy and convenient exercise.

With this view, the Directors have the high gratification of announcing that they have already made arrangements with the Civic authorities for the exclusive use of the MONUMENT (which has recently become so much in request for suicidal purposes); and, eligible

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as that edifice is already, they intend, by the removal of the very slight impediments at present existing, to render it one of the safest, most certain, and expeditious means of *exit* this metropolis can offer. They are also in treaty for the iron gallery at St. Paul's, but have not yet agreed upon terms with the Dean and Chapter.

An offer for the sole privilege of using the top of the Duke of York's column is about to be made in the proper quarter, for the convenience of West-end subscribers.

The proprietors and shareholders of Waterloo Bridge have likewise entered into an arrangement with the Company on most advantageous terms, by which the very few guards that at present interfere with this place of popular resort will be entirely removed; and the proprietors have further agreed with the Company to engage none but deaf toll-keepers, and use every precaution to prevent assistance through the officiousness of watermen or mistaken philanthropists. The Company, in return for these unprecedented advantages, have engaged to present a hundred free shares (entitling the bearers to all the peculiar advantages of this institution) to the original bondholders of the Bridge Proprietors, for their own personal ease and enjoyment.

As a further inducement, the Directors have also the pleasure of stating that they have received an official intimation from the Government, which, with its customary solicitude for the privileges of property, has kindly permitted the approaches to the Serpentine in its most dangerous parts (heretofore accessible to the public at large) to be exclusively appropriated to the shareholders of this Company. The Directors have also entered into an agreement with the Committee of the Humane Society to preserve its usual apathy, so as to prevent the slightest possibility of disturbance or intrusion.

Subscribers who prefer the now nearly obsolete ways of going out of the world—hanging, shooting, and poisoning—will find their predilections have been attentively regarded. The provisional board of management has already secured the eminent professional aid of JOHN KETCH, Esquire, (whose abridged duties since the amelioration of the Criminal Code have enabled him to accept their proposals,) and who has engaged to instruct such shareholders as shall be desirous, in the easiest and most elegant way of tying themselves up. The proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens (uninfluenced by any paltry feeling of competition or rivalry) have proffered the use of their extensive grounds for the exercise of this part of the Company's business; and the Directors will, at their own expense, throw open a view of the Penitentiary of Millbank, for the purposes of deepening the gloomy feelings of such of the subscribers who may not have completely made up their minds.

The selection of POISONS has been confided to an eminent chemist, who has succeeded in preparing a *formula* of the most deadly and efficacious. The company proudly invite public investigation to their preparation of prussic acid. Many eminent brewers, distillers, and wine-merchants, have offered some valuable assistance in this branch of the undertaking.

Retired places in the Company's grounds, and a commodious shooting gallery, (embellished with views of Frescati's, and the principal London hells, the different race-courses, the Stock Exchange, and Westminster Hall, will be appropriated for the patrons

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of SHOOTING. Hair-trigger pistols, with percussion caps, by the best makers, will be devoted to the use of subscribers, under the immediate superintendence of a retired officer of artillery, who will give the necessary instructions to the nervous or inexperienced.

Such ladies and gentlemen whose resolutions are not completely formed on the subject, will have the necessary encouragement afforded them by the committee of management.

Prospectuses of all the joint-stock companies, and schemes of foreign funds and lotteries, will be regularly taken in, and filed, and will at all times be open to the free perusal of the subscribers: and the works of Paine, Volney, and the most eminent Deists, Atheists, and Free-thinkers, will be provided for the exclusive enjoyment of the Company. The directors are also in negotiation with a gentleman of distinguished newspaper celebrity, for a course of lectures on Mr. Owen's principles, in which conjugal infidelity, and the encouragement of independence, will be powerfully recommended.

Independent of its claims for social improvement, and its adaptation to the national characteristic, the Company possesses strong attractions to the capitalist and monied speculator. The patronage it has already secured of the respective coroners throughout the kingdom,—the number of eminent undertakers who have taken shares, and solicited to become part of the directory—and, above all, its close connection with the principal metropolitan cemeteries, insure a handsome return for the capital embarked.

The Company will commence business on the first of November next, and confidently anticipate to be in active operation during that month.

Applications for shares (each admitting the holder to a free participation in all the advantages above enumerated) to be made to the Secretary of the Company, JOHN MATTOCKS, Esquire, Church-yard Court, Temple.

SONNET.*

(*Written on the 21st of October, 1839, the Anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar.*)

BY EDWARD HERBERT.

GREAT deaths have been borne greatly; men have died
In honour'd martyrdom, the patient death;
Torture hath only clung to hearts that sigh'd,
Which, mastering pain hush'd with pathetic breath:
Ridley and Latimer, in pious pride,
Offer'd their lives, like prayers; though fires beneath
Their palms and eyes, licked upwards on each side;
The fatal flames that form the martyr's wreath!

Three deaths have ever seem'd sublime to me,
And will be wondrous to my dying day!—
Nelson's all splendid parting life at sea!
When Victory lit him on his awful way!—
Russell's stern hour—his wife, no more to be
His sacred joy!—The death of sweet Jane Grey!

* "The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory!"
SOUTHEY's "*Life of Nelson.*"

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BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

DECEMBER, 1839.

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ASTOR, L

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The Red Room

A door between the Red Room & the Chapel

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The Red Room

Door between the Red Room & the Chapel

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JACK SHEPPARD.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD," AND "CRICHTON."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

EPOCH THE THIRD.—1724.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE IRON BAR.

JACK SHEPPARD'S first object was to free himself from his handcuffs. This he accomplished by holding the chain that connected them firmly between his teeth, and squeezing his fingers as closely together as possible, succeeded in drawing his wrists through the manacles. He next twisted the heavy gyves round and round, and partly by main strength, partly by a dexterous and well applied jerk, snapped asunder the central link by which they were attached to the padlock. Taking off his stockings, he then drew up the basils as far as he was able, and tied the fragments of the broken chain to his legs, to prevent them from clanking, and impeding his future exertions.

Jack's former attempt to pass up the chimney, it may be remembered, was obstructed by an iron bar. To remove this obstacle, it was necessary to make an extensive breach in the wall. With the broken links of the chain, which served him in lieu of more efficient implements, he commenced operations just above the chimney-piece, and soon contrived to pick a hole in the plaster.

He found the wall, as he suspected, solidly constructed of brick and stone; and, with the slight and inadequate tools which he possessed, it was a work of infinite labour and skill to get out a single brick. That done, however, he was well aware the rest would be comparatively easy; and as he threw the brick to the ground, he exclaimed triumphantly, "The first step is taken—the main difficulty is overcome."

Animated by this trifling success, he proceeded with fresh ardour, and the rapidity of his progress was proclaimed by the heap of bricks, stones, and mortar, which before long covered the floor. At the expiration of an hour, by dint of unremitting exertion, he had made so large a breach in the chimney, that he could stand upright in it. He was now within a foot of the bar, and introducing himself into the hole, speedily worked his way to it.

Regardless of the risk he incurred from some heavy stone dropping upon his head or feet,—regardless also of the noise made by the falling rubbish, and of the imminent danger which he consequently ran of being interrupted by some of the gaolers, should the sound reach their ears, he continued to pull down large masses of the wall, which he flung upon the floor of the cell.

Having worked thus for another quarter of an hour without being sensible of fatigue, though he was half stifled by the clouds of dust

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which his exertions raised, he had made a hole about three feet wide, and six high, and uncovered the iron bar. Grasping it firmly with both hands, he quickly wrenched it from the stones in which it was mortised, and leapt to the ground. On examination, it proved to be a flat bar of iron, nearly a yard in length, and more than an inch square. "A capital instrument for my purpose," thought Jack, shouldering it, "and worth all the trouble I have had in procuring it."

While he was thus musing, he fancied he heard the lock tried. A chill ran through his frame, and, grasping the heavy weapon with which chance had provided him, prepared to strike down the first person who should enter the cell. After listening attentively for a short time without drawing breath, he became convinced that his apprehensions were groundless, and, greatly relieved, sat down upon the chair to rest himself, and prepare for further efforts.

Acquainted with every part of the gaol, Jack well knew that his only chance of effecting an escape must be by the roof. To reach it would be a most difficult undertaking. Still it *was* possible, and the difficulty was only a fresh incitement.

The mere enumeration of the obstacles that existed would have deterred any spirit less daring than Sheppard's from even hazarding the attempt. Independently of other risks, and of the chance of breaking his neck in the descent, he was aware that to reach the leads he should have to break open six of the strongest doors of the prison. Armed, however, with the implement he had so fortunately obtained, he did not despair of success.

"My name will only be remembered as that of a robber," he mused; "but it shall be remembered as that of a bold one; and this night's achievement, if it does nothing else, shall prevent me from being classed with the common herd of depredators."

Roused by this reflection, filled with the deepest anxiety for his mother, and burning to be avenged upon Jonathan Wild, he grasped the iron bar, which, when he sat down, he had laid upon his knees, and stepped quickly across the room. In doing so, he had to clamber up the immense heap of bricks and rubbish which now littered the floor, amounting almost to a cart-load, and reaching up nearly to the top of the chimney-piece.

"Austin will stare," thought Jack, "when he comes here in the morning. It will cost them something to repair their stronghold, and take them more time to build it up again than I have taken to pull it down."

Before proceeding with his task, he considered whether it would be possible to barricade the door; but, reflecting that the bar would be an indispensable assistant in his further efforts, he abandoned the idea, and determined to rely implicitly on that good fortune which had hitherto attended him on similar occasions.

Having once more got into the chimney, he climbed to a level with the ward above, and recommenced operations as vigorously as before. He was now aided with a powerful implement, with which he soon contrived to make a hole in the wall.

"Every brick I take out," cried Jack, as fresh rubbish clattered down the chimney, "brings me nearer my mother."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RED ROOM.

The ward into which Jack was endeavouring to break was called the Red Room, from the circumstance of its walls having once been painted in that colour; all traces of which had, however, long since disappeared. Like the Castle, which it resembled in all respects, except that it was destitute even of a barrack-bedstead, the Red Room was reserved for state-prisoners, and had not been occupied since the year 1716, when the gaol, as has before been mentioned, was crowded by the Preston rebels.

Having made a hole in the wall sufficiently large to pass through, Jack first tossed the bar into the room, and then crept after it. As soon as he had gained his feet, he glanced round the bare blank walls of the cell, and, oppressed by the musty, close atmosphere, exclaimed, "I'll let a little fresh air into this dungeon. They say it hasn't been opened for eight years—but I won't be eight years in getting out of it."

In stepping across the room, some sharp point in the floor pierced his foot, and stooping to examine it, he found that the wound had been inflicted by a long rusty nail, which projected from the boards. Totally disregarding the pain, he picked up the nail, and reserved it for future use. Nor was he long in making it available.

On examining the door, he found it secured by a large rusty lock, which he endeavoured to pick with the nail he had just acquired; but all his efforts proving ineffectual, he removed the plate that covered it with the bar, and with his fingers contrived to draw back the bolt.

Opening the door, he then stepped into a dark narrow passage, leading, as he was well aware, to the chapel. On the left there were doors communicating with the King's Bench Ward and the Stone Ward, two large holds on the Master Debtors' side. But Jack was too well versed in the geography of the place to attempt either of them. Indeed, if he had been ignorant of it, the sound of voices, which he could faintly distinguish, would have served as a caution to him.

Hurrying on, his progress was soon checked by a strong door, several inches in thickness, and nearly as wide as the passage. Running his hand carefully over it in search of the lock, he perceived to his dismay that it was fastened on the other side. After several vain attempts to burst it open, he resolved, as a last alternative, to break through the wall in the part nearest to the lock. This was a much more serious task than he anticipated. The wall was of considerable thickness, and built altogether of stone; and the noise he was compelled to make in using the heavy bar, which brought sparks with every splinter he struck off, was so great, that he feared it must be heard by the prisoners on the Debtors' side. Heedless, however, of the consequences, he pursued his task.

Half an hour's labour, during which he was obliged more than once to pause to regain breath, sufficed to make a hole wide enough to allow a passage for his arm up to the elbow. In this way he was able to force back a ponderous bolt from its socket; and, to his unspeakable joy, found that the door instantly yielded.

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Once more cheered by daylight, he hastened forward, and entered the chapel.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHAPEL.

SITUATED at the upper part of the south-east angle of the gaol, the chapel of Old Newgate was divided on the north side into three grated compartments, or pens, as they were termed, allotted to the common debtors and felons. In the north-west angle there was a small pen for female offenders, and on the south a more commodious inclosure appropriated to the master-debtors and strangers. Immediately beneath the pulpit stood a large circular pew, where malefactors under sentence of death sat to hear the condemned sermon delivered to them, and where they formed a public spectacle to the crowds which curiosity generally attracted on those occasions.

To return. Jack had got into one of the pens at the north side of the chapel. The inclosure by which it was surrounded was about twelve feet high; the under part being composed of oaken planks, the upper of a strong iron grating, surmounted by sharp iron spikes. In the middle there was a gate. It was locked. But Jack speedily burst it open with the iron bar.

Clearing the few impediments in his way, he soon reached the condemned pew, where it had once been his fate to sit, and extending himself on the seat, endeavoured to snatch a moment's repose. It was denied him; for as he closed his eyes—though but for an instant—the whole scene of his former visit to the place rose before him. There he sat as before, with the heavy fetters on his limbs, and beside him sat his three companions, who had since expiated their offences on the gibbet. The chapel was again crowded with visiters, and every eye—even that of Jonathan Wild, who had come hither to deride him—was fixed upon him. So perfect was the illusion, that he could almost fancy he heard the solemn voice of the ordinary warning him that his race was nearly run, and imploring him to prepare for eternity. From this perturbed state he was roused by thoughts of his mother, and fancying he heard her gentle voice urging him on to fresh exertion, he started up.

On one side of the chapel there was a large grated window; but, as it looked upon the interior of the gaol, Jack preferred following the course he had originally decided upon to making any attempt in this quarter.

Accordingly, he proceeded to a gate which stood upon the south, and guarded the passage communicating with the leads. It was grated and crested with spikes, like that he had just burst open, and thinking it a needless waste of time to force it, he broke off one of the spikes, which he carried with him for further purposes, and then climbed over it.

A short flight of steps brought him to a dark passage, into which he plunged. Here he found another strong door, making the fifth he had encountered. Well aware that the doors in this passage were much stronger than those in the entry he had just quitted, he was neither surprised nor dismayed to find it fastened by a lock of unusual size. After repeatedly trying to remove the plate, which was so firmly screwed down that it resisted all his efforts, and vainly

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Door going into the Chapel.

Door leading out of the Chapel.

First door between the Chapel & the leads.

Second door in the same passage.

Mac Escape. No 2.

New York Mirror Dec^r 1839

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attempting to pick it with the spike and nail, he at length, after half an hour's ineffectual labour, wrenched off the box by means of the iron bar, and the door, as he laughingly expressed it, "became his humble servant."

But this difficulty was only overcome to be succeeded by one still greater. Hastening along the passage, he came to the sixth door. For this he was prepared; but he was not prepared for the almost insurmountable obstacles which it presented. Running his hand hastily over it, he was startled to find it one complicated mass of bolts and bars. It seemed as if all the precautions previously taken were here accumulated. Any one less courageous than himself would have abandoned the attempt from a conviction of its utter hopelessness; but, though it might for a moment damp his ardour, it could not deter him.

Once again he passed his hand over the surface, and carefully noted all the obstacles. There was a lock, apparently more than a foot wide, strongly plated, and girded to the door with thick iron hoops. Below it a prodigiously large bolt was shot into the socket, and, in order to keep it there, was fastened by a hasp, and further protected by an immense padlock. Besides this, the door was crossed and recrossed by iron bars, clenched by broad-headed nails. An iron fillet secured the socket of the bolt and the box of the lock to the main-post of the doorway.

Nothing disheartened by this survey, Jack set to work upon the lock, which he attacked with all his implements,—now attempting to pick it with the nail,—now to wrench it off with the bar: but all without effect. He not only failed in making any impression, but seemed to increase the difficulties; for, after an hour's toil, he had broken the nail and slightly bent the iron bar.

Completely overcome by fatigue, with strained muscles, and bruised hands, streaming with perspiration, and with lips so parched that he would gladly have parted with a treasure, if he had possessed it, for a draught of water; he sank against the wall, and while in this state was seized with a sudden and strange alarm. He fancied that the turnkeys had discovered his flight, and were in pursuit of him,—that they had climbed up the chimney—entered the Red Room,—tracked him from door to door, and were now only detained by the gate which he had left unbroken in the chapel. He even thought he could detect the voice of Jonathan, urging and directing them.

So strongly was he impressed with this idea, that, grasping the iron bar with both hands, he dashed it furiously against the door, making the passage echo with the blows.

By degrees his fears vanished, and hearing nothing, he grew calmer. His spirits revived; and encouraging himself with the idea that the present impediment, though the greatest, was the last, he set himself seriously to consider how it might best be overcome.

On reflection it occurred to him that he might, perhaps, be able to loosen the iron fillet,—a notion no sooner conceived than executed. With incredible labour, and by the aid of both spike and nail, he succeeded in getting the point of the bar beneath the fillet. Exerting all his energies, and using the bar as a lever, he forced off the iron band, which was full seven feet high, seven inches wide, and two

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thick, and which brought with it in its fall the box of the lock and the socket of the bolt, leaving no further hinderance.

Overjoyed beyond measure at having vanquished this apparently insurmountable obstacle, Jack darted through the door.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LEADS.

Ascending a short flight of steps, Jack found at the summit a door, which, being bolted in the inside, he speedily opened.

The fresh air, which blew in his face, greatly revived him. He had now reached what was called the Lower Leads,—a flat, covering a part of the prison contiguous to the gateway, and surrounded on all sides by walls about fourteen feet high. On the north stood the battlements of one of the towers of the gate. On this side a flight of wooden steps, protected by a hand-rail, led to a door opening upon the summit of the prison. This door was crested with spikes, and guarded on the right by a bristling semicircle of spikes. Hastily ascending these steps, Jack found the door, as he anticipated, locked. He could have easily forced it, but preferred a more expeditious mode of reaching the roof which suggested itself to him. Mounting the door he had last opened, he placed his hands on the wall above, and quickly drew himself up.

Just as he got on the roof of the prison, St. Sepulchre's clock struck eight. It was instantly answered by the deep note of St. Paul's; and the concert was prolonged by other neighbouring churches. Jack had thus been six hours in accomplishing his arduous task.

Though nearly dark, there was still light enough left to enable him to discern surrounding objects. Through the gloom he distinctly perceived the dome of St. Paul's, hanging like a black cloud in the air: and nearer to him he remarked the golden ball on the summit of the College of Physicians, compared by Garth to a "gilded pill." Other towers and spires—St. Martin's, on Ludgate-hill, and Christchurch, in Newgate-street, were also distinguishable. As he gazed down into the courts of the prison, he could not help shuddering, lest a false step might precipitate him below.

To prevent the recurrence of any such escape as that just described, it was deemed expedient in more recent times to keep a watchman at the top of Newgate. Not many years ago two men employed on this duty quarrelled during the night, and in the morning their bodies were found stretched upon the pavement of the yard beneath.

Proceeding along the wall, Jack reached the southern tower, over the battlements of which he clambered, and, crossing it, dropped upon the roof of the gate. He then scaled the northern tower, and made his way to the summit of that part of the prison which fronted Giltspur-street. Arrived at the extremity of the building, he found that it overlooked the flat roof of a house, which, as far as he could judge in the darkness, lay at a depth of about twenty feet below.

Not choosing to hazard so great a fall, Jack turned to examine the building, to see whether any more favourable point of descent presented itself, but could discover nothing but steep walls, without a single available projection. As he looked around, he beheld an in-

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cessant stream of passengers hurrying on below. Lights glimmered in the windows of the different houses; and a lamplighter was running from post to post on his way to Snow-hill.

Finding it impossible to descend on any side without incurring serious risk, Jack resolved to return for his blanket, by the help of which he felt certain of accomplishing a safe landing on the roof of the house in Giltspur-street.

Accordingly he began to retrace his steps, and, pursuing the course he had recently taken, scaling the two towers, and passing along the wall of the prison, he descended by means of the door upon the Lower Leads. Before he re-entered the prison he hesitated, from a doubt whether he was not fearfully increasing his risk of capture; but, convinced that he had no other alternative, he went on.

During all this time, he had never quitted the iron bar, and he now grasped it with the firm determination of selling his life dearly if he met with any opposition. A few seconds sufficed to clear the passage, through which it had previously cost him more than two hours to force his way. The floor was strewn with screws, nails, fragments of wood and stone, and across the passage lay the heavy iron fillet. He did not disturb any of this litter, but left it as a mark of his prowess.

He was now at the entrance of the chapel, and striking the door over which he had previously climbed a violent blow with the bar, it flew open. To vault over the pews was the work of a moment; and, having gained the entry leading to the Red Room, he passed through the first door; his progress being only impeded by the pile of broken stones which he himself had raised.

Listening at one of the doors leading to the Master Debtors' side, he heard a loud voice chanting a Bacchanalian melody, and the boisterous laughter that accompanied the song convinced him that no suspicion was entertained in this quarter. Entering the Red Room, he crept through the hole in the wall, descended the chimney, and arrived once more in his old place of captivity.

How different were his present feelings compared with those he had experienced on quitting it. *Then*, though full of confidence, he half doubted his power of accomplishing his designs. *Now* he *had* achieved them, and felt assured of success. The vast heap of rubbish on the floor had been so materially increased by the bricks and plaster thrown down in his attack upon the wall of the Red Room, that it was with some difficulty he could find the blanket, which was almost buried beneath the pile. He next searched for his stockings and shoes, and when found, put them on.

While he was thus employed, his nerves underwent a severe shock. A few bricks, dislodged probably by his last descent, came clattering down the chimney, and, as it was perfectly dark, gave him the notion that some one was endeavouring to force an entrance into the room.

But these fears, like those he had recently experienced, speedily vanished, and he prepared to return to the roof, congratulating himself that, owing to the opportune falling of the bricks, he had in all probability escaped serious injury.

Throwing the blanket over his left arm, and shouldering the iron bar, he again clambered up the chimney,—regained the Red Room,—hurried along the first passage,—crossed the chapel,—threaded

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the entry to the Lower Leads,—and, in less than ten minutes after quitting the Castle, had reached the northern extremity of the prison.

Previously to his descent he had left the nail and spike on the wall, and with these he fastened the blanket to the stone coping. This done, he let himself carefully down by it, and having only a few feet to drop, alighted in safety.

Having now fairly got out of Newgate for the second time, with a heart throbbing with exultation, he hastened to make good his escape. To his great joy he found a small garret-door in the roof of the opposite house open. He entered it; crossed the room, in which there was only a small truckle-bed, over which he stumbled; opened another door, and gained the stair-head. As he was about to descend, his chains slightly rattled. "Oh, lud! what's that?" exclaimed a female voice, from an adjoining room. "Only the dog," replied the rough tones of a man.

Securing the chain in the best way he could, Jack then hurried down two pair of stairs, and had nearly reached the lobby, when a door suddenly opened, and two persons appeared, one of whom held a light. Retreating as quickly as he could, Jack opened the first door he came to, entered a room, and searching in the dark for some place of concealment, fortunately discovered a skreen, behind which he crept.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHAT BEFEL SHEPPARD IN THE TURNER'S HOUSE.

Jack was scarcely concealed when the door opened, and the two persons of whom he had caught a glimpse below, entered the room. What was his astonishment to recognise in the few words they uttered, the voices of Kneebone and Winifred! The latter was apparently in great distress, and the former seemed to be using his best efforts to relieve her anxiety.

"How very fortunate it is," he observed, "that I happened to call upon Mr. Bird, the turner, to give him an order this evening. It was quite an unexpected pleasure to meet you and your worthy father."

"Pray cease these compliments," returned Winifred, "and if you have any communication to make, do not delay it! You told me just now that you wished to speak a few words to me in private concerning Thames Darrell, and for that purpose I have left my father below with Mr. Bird, and have come hither. What have you got to say?"

"Too much," replied Kneebone, shaking his head sadly; "too much."

"Do not needlessly alarm me, I beseech you," replied Winifred. "Whatever your intelligence may be I will strive to bear it. But do not awaken my apprehensions, unless you have good cause for so doing!—What do you know of Thames?—Where is he?"

"Don't agitate yourself, dearest girl," rejoined the woollen-draper; "or I shall never be able to commence my relation."

"I am calm—perfectly calm," replied Winifred. "Pray, make no further mystery; but tell me all, without reserve."

"Since you require it, I must obey," replied Kneebone; "but prepare yourself for a terrible shock."

"For mercy's sake, go on!" cried Winifred.

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the entry to the Lower Leads, and in less than ten minutes after
ity of the prison.
l and sail-

Lower Leads

The Highest Leads and the Leads of the Turret House

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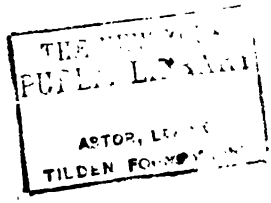

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"At all hazards, then, you shall know the truth," replied the woollen-draper, in a tone of affected solicitude,—"but, are you really prepared?"

"Quite—quite!" replied Winifred. "This suspense is worse than torture."

"I am almost afraid to utter it," said Kneebone; "but Thames Darrell is murdered."

"Murdered!" ejaculated Winifred.

"Basely and inhumanly murdered by Jack Sheppard and Blueskin," continued Kneebone.

"Oh! no—no—no," cried Winifred, "I cannot believe it. You must be misinformed, Mr. Kneebone. Jack may be capable of much that is wicked, but he would never lift his hand against his friend,—of that I am assured."

"Generous girl!" cried Jack from behind the skreen.

"I have proofs to the contrary," replied Kneebone. "The murder was committed after the robbery of my house by Sheppard and his accomplices. I did not choose to mention my knowledge of this fact to your worthy father, but you may rely on its correctness."

"You were right not to mention it to him," rejoined Winifred, "for he is in such a state of distress at the mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Sheppard, that I fear any further anxiety might prove fatal to him. And yet I know not—for the object of his visit here to-night was to serve Jack, who, if youn statement is correct,—which I cannot, however, for a moment believe,—does not deserve his assistance."

"You may rest assured he does not," rejoined Kneebone, emphatically; "but I am at a loss to understand in what way your father proposes to assist him."

"Mr. Bird, the turner, who is an old friend of ours, has some acquaintance with the turnkeys of Newgate," replied Winifred, "and by his means my father hoped to convey some implements to Jack, by which he might effect another escape."

"I see," remarked Kneebone. "This must be prevented," he added to himself.

"Heaven grant you may have been wrongly informed with respect to Thames!" exclaimed Winifred; "but I beseech you on no account to mention what you have told me to my poor father. He is not in a state of mind to bear it."

"Rely on me," rejoined Kneebone. "One word before we part, adorable girl—only one," he continued, detaining her. "I would not venture to renew my suit while Thames lived, because I well knew your affections were fixed upon him. But now that this bar is removed, I trust I may, without impropriety, urge it."

"No more of this," said Winifred, angrily. "Is this a season to speak on such a subject?"

"Perhaps not," rejoined the woollen-draper; "but the uncontrollable violence of my passion must plead my excuse. My whole life shall be devoted to you, beloved girl. And when you reflect how much at heart your poor mother,—whose loss we must ever deplore,—had our union, you will, I am persuaded, no longer refuse me."

"Sir!" exclaimed Winifred.

"You will make me the happiest of mankind," cried the woollen-

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draper, falling on his knees, and seizing her hand, which he devoured with kisses.

"Let me go," cried Winifred. "I disbelieve the whole story you have told me."

"By heaven!" cried Kneebone, with increasing fervour, "it is true —as true as my affection for you."

"I do not doubt it," retorted Winifred, scornfully; "because I attach credit neither to one nor the other. If Thames *is* murdered, you are his assassin. Let me go, sir."

The woollen-draper made no answer, but hastily starting up, bolted the door.

"What do you mean?" cried Winifred, in alarm.

"Nothing more than to obtain a favourable answer to my suit," replied Kneebone.

"This is not the way to obtain it," said Winifred, endeavouring to reach the door.

"You shall not go, adorable girl!" cried Kneebone, catching her in his arms, "till you have answered me. You must—you shall be mine!"

"Never!" replied Winifred. "Release me instantly, or I will call my father."

"Do so," replied Kneebone; "but remember the door is locked."

"Monster!" cried Winifred. "Help! help!"

"You call in vain," returned Kneebone.

"Not so," replied Jack, throwing down the skreen. "Release her instantly, villain!"

Both Winifred and her suitor started at this sudden apparition. Jack, whose clothes were covered with dust, and whose face was deathly pale from his recent exertion, looked more like a phantom than a living person.

"In the devil's name, is that you, Jack?" ejaculated Kneebone.

"It is," replied Sheppard. "You have uttered a wilful and deliberate falsehood in asserting that I have murdered Thames, for whom you well know I would lay down my life. Retract your words instantly, or take the consequences."

"What should I retract, villain?" cried the woollen-draper, who, at the sound of Jack's voice, had regained his confidence. "To the best of my belief, Thames Darrell has been murdered by you."

"A lie!" exclaimed Jack, in a terrible tone. And before Kneebone could draw his sword he felled him to the ground with the iron bar.

"You have killed him!" cried Winifred in alarm.

"No," answered Jack, approaching her, "though, if I had done so, he would have merited his fate. You do not believe his statement?"

"I do not," replied Winifred. "I could not believe you capable of so foul a deed. But oh! by what wonderful chance have you come hither so seasonably?"

"I have just escaped from Newgate," replied Jack; "and am more than repaid for the severe toil I have undergone, in being able to save you. But tell me," he added with much anxiety, "has nothing been heard of Thames since the night of my former escape?"

"Nothing whatever," answered Winifred. "He left Dollis Hill at ten o'clock on that night, and has not since returned. My father has made every possible inquiry, and offered large rewards, but has

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not been able to discover the slightest trace of him. His suspicions at first fell upon you. But he has since acquitted you of any share in it."

"Oh, heaven!" exclaimed Jack.

"He has been indefatigable in his search," continued Winifred, "and has even journeyed to Manchester. But, though he visited Sir Rowland Trenchard's seat, Asheton Hall, he could gain no tidings of him, or of his uncle, Sir Rowland, who, it seems, has left the country."

"Never to return," remarked Jack, gloomily. "Before to-morrow morning I will ascertain what has become of Thames, or perish in the attempt. And now tell me what has happened to my poor mother!"

"Ever since your last capture, and Thames' mysterious disappearance, she has been dreadfully ill," replied Winifred; "so ill, that each day was expected to be her last. She has also been afflicted with occasional returns of her terrible malady. On Tuesday night she was rather better, and I had left her for a short time, as I thought, asleep on the sofa in the little parlour of which she is so fond——"

"Well!" exclaimed Jack.

"On my return I found the window open, and the room vacant. She was gone."

"Did you discover any trace of footsteps?" inquired Jack eagerly.

"There were some marks near the window; but whether recently made or not could not be ascertained," replied Winifred.

"Oh God!" exclaimed Jack, in a tone of the bitterest anguish. "My worst fears are realized. She is in Wild's power."

"I ought to add," continued Winifred, "that one of her shoes was picked up in the garden, and that prints of her feet were discovered along the soft mould; whether made in flying from any one or from rushing forth in distracted terror, it is impossible to say. My father thought the latter. He has had the whole country searched; but hitherto without success."

"I know *where* she will be found, and *how*," rejoined Jack, with a shudder.

"I have something further to tell you," pursued Winifred. "Shortly after your last visit to Dollis Hill, my father was one evening waylaid by a man, who informed him that he had something to communicate respecting Thames, and had a large sum of money, and some important documents to deliver to him, which would be given up, provided he would undertake to procure your liberation."

"It was Blueskin," observed Jack.

"So my father thought," replied Winifred; "and he therefore instantly fired upon him. But though the shot took effect, as was evident from the stains on the ground, the villain escaped."

"Your father did right," replied Jack, with some bitterness. "But if he had not fired that shot, he might have saved Thames, and possessed himself of papers which would have established his birth, and his right to the estates of the Trenchard family."

"Would you have had him spare my mother's murderer?" cried Winifred.

"No, no," replied Jack. "And yet—but it is only part of the chain of ill-luck that seems wound around me. Listen to me, Winifred."

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And he hastily related the occurrences in Jonathan Wild's house.

The account of the discovery of Sir Rowland's murder filled Winifred with alarm; but when she learnt what had befallen Thames—how he had been stricken down by the thieftaker's bludgeon, and left for dead, she uttered a piercing scream, fainted, and would have fallen, if Jack had not caught her in his arms.

Jack had well-nigh fallen too. The idea that he held in his arms the girl whom he had once so passionately loved, and for whom he still retained an ardent but hopeless attachment, almost overcame him. Gazing at her with eyes blinded with tears, he imprinted one brotherly kiss upon her lips. It was the first—and the last!

At this juncture the handle of the door was tried, and the voice of Mr. Wood was heard without, angrily demanding admittance.

"What's the matter?" he cried. "I thought I heard a scream. Why is the door fastened? Open it directly!"

"Are you alone?" asked Jack, mimicking the voice of Kneebone.

"What for?" demanded Wood. "Open the door, I say, or I 'll burst it open."

Carefully depositing Winifred on a sofa, Jack then extinguished the light, and, as he unfastened the door, crept behind it. In rushed Mr. Wood, with a candle in his hand, which Jack instantly blew out, and darted down stairs. He upset some one—probably Mr. Bird,—who was rushing up-stairs, alarmed by Mr. Wood's cries: but regardless of this, he darted along a passage, gained the shop, and passed through an open door into the street.

And thus he was once more free, having effected one of the most wonderful escapes ever planned or accomplished.

CHAPTER XXII.

FAST AND LOOSE.

About seven o'clock on the same night, Jonathan Wild's two janizaries, who had been for some time in attendance in the hall of his dwelling in the Old Bailey, were summoned to the audience-chamber. A long and secret conference then took place between the thieftaker and his myrmidons, after which they were severally dismissed.

Left alone, Jonathan lighted a lamp, and opening the trap-door, descended the secret stairs. Taking the opposite course from that which he had hitherto pursued when it had been necessary to attend him in his visits to the lower part of his premises, he struck into a narrow passage on the right, which he tracked till he came to a small door, like the approach to a vault. Unlocking it, he entered the chamber, which by no means belied its external appearance.

On a pallet in one corner lay a pale emaciated female. Holding the lamp over her rigid but beautiful features, Jonathan, with some anxiety, placed his hand upon her breast to ascertain whether the heart still beat. Satisfied with his scrutiny, he produced a pocket-flask, and, taking off the silver cup with which it was mounted, filled it with the contents of the flask, and then seizing the thin arm of the sleeper, rudely shook it. Opening her large black eyes, she fixed them upon him for a moment with a mixture of terror and loathing, and then averted her gaze.

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"Drink this," cried Jonathan, handing her the cup. "You'll feel better after it."

Mechanically raising the potion to her lips, the poor creature swallowed it without hesitation.

"Is it poison?" she asked.

"No," replied Jonathan, with a brutal laugh. "I'm not going to get rid of you just yet. It's gin—a liquor you used to like. You'll find the benefit of it by and by. You've a good deal to go through to-night."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheppard, "are you come to renew your terrible proposals?"

"I'm come to execute my threats," replied Wild. "To-night you shall be my wedded wife."

"I will die first," replied Mrs. Sheppard.

"You may die *afterwards* as soon as you please," retorted Jonathan; "but live till then you *shall*. I've sent for the priest."

"Mercy!" cried Mrs. Sheppard, vainly trying to discover a gleam of compassion in the thief-taker's inexorable countenance,—"Mercy! mercy!"

"Pshaw!" rejoined Jonathan. "You should be glad to be made an honest woman."

"Oh! let me die," groaned the widow. "I have not many days—perhaps not many hours to live. But kill me rather than commit this outrage."

"That wouldn't answer my purpose," replied Jonathan, savagely. "I didn't carry you off from old Wood to kill you, but to wed you."

"What motive can you have for so vile a deed?" asked Mrs. Sheppard.

"You know my motive well enough," answered Jonathan. "However, I'll refresh your memory. I once might have married you for your beauty,—now I marry you for your wealth."

"My wealth," replied Mrs. Sheppard. "I have nothing."

"You are heiress to the Trenchard property," rejoined Jonathan, "one of the largest estates in Lancashire."

"Not while Thames Darrell and Sir Rowland live."

"Sir Rowland is dead," replied Jonathan, gloomily. "Thames Darrell only waits my mandate to follow him. Before our marriage there will be no life between you and the estates."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheppard.

"Look here," cried Jonathan, stooping down, and taking hold of a ring in the floor, with which by a great effort he raised up a flag. "In this pit," he added, pointing to the chasm below, "your brother is buried. Here your nephew will speedily be thrown."

"Horrible!" cried Mrs. Sheppard, shuddering violently. "But your dreadful projects will recoil on your own head. Heaven will not permit the continuance of such wickedness as you practise."

"I'll take my chance," replied Jonathan, with a sinister smile. "My schemes have succeeded tolerably well hitherto."

"A day of retribution will assuredly arrive," rejoined Mrs. Sheppard.

"Till then, I shall remain content," returned Wild. "And now, Mrs. Sheppard, attend to what I'm about to say to you. Years ago, when you were a girl, and in the bloom of your beauty, I loved you."

"Loved me! *You!*"

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"I loved you," continued Jonathan, "and, struck by your appearance, which seemed above your station, inquired your history, and found you had been stolen by a gipsy in Lancashire. I proceeded to Manchester to investigate the matter further, and when there, ascertained, beyond a doubt, that you were the eldest daughter of Sir Montacute Trenchard. This discovery made, I hastened back to London to offer you my hand, but found you had married in the mean time a smock-faced, smooth-tongued carpenter, named Sheppard. The important secret remained locked in my breast, but I resolved to be avenged. I swore I would bring your husband to the gallows,—would plunge you in such want, such distress, that you should have no alternative but the last frightful resource of misery, and I also swore that if you had a son he should share the same fate as his father."

"And terribly you have kept your vow," replied Mrs. Sheppard.

"I have," replied Jonathan. "But I am now coming to the point which most concerns you. Consent to become my wife, and do not compel me to have recourse to violence to effect my purpose, and I will spare your son."

Mrs. Sheppard looked fixedly at him, as if she would penetrate the gloomy depths of his soul.

"Swear that you will do this," she cried.

"I swear it," rejoined Jonathan, readily.

"But what is an oath to you!" cried the widow distrustfully. "You will not hesitate to break it, if it suits your purpose. I have suffered too much from your treachery. I will not trust you."

"As you please," replied Jonathan, sternly. "Recollect you are in my power. Jack's life hangs on your determination."

"What shall I do?" cried Mrs. Sheppard in a voice of agony.

"Save him," replied Jonathan. "You *can* do so."

"Bring him here—let me see him—let me embrace him—let me be assured that he is safe, and I am yours. I swear it."

"Hum!" exclaimed Jonathan.

"You hesitate—you are deceiving me."

"By my soul, no," replied Jonathan, with affected sincerity. "You shall see him to-morrow."

"Delay the marriage till then. I will never consent till I see him."

"You ask impossibilities," replied Jonathan, sullenly. "All is prepared. The marriage cannot—shall not be delayed. You must be mine to-night."

"Force shall not make me yours till Jack is free," replied the widow, resolutely.

"An hour hence, I shall return with the priest," replied Jonathan, striding towards the door.

And, with a glance of malignant exultation, he quitted the vault, and locked the door.

"An hour hence, I shall be beyond your malice," said Mrs. Sheppard, sinking backwards upon the pallet.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LAST MEETING BETWEEN JACK SHEPPARD AND HIS MOTHER.

After escaping from the turner's house, Jack Sheppard skirted St. Sepulchre's church, and hurrying down Snow Hill, darted into

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the first turning on the left. Traversing Angel Court, and Green Arbour Court,—celebrated as one of Goldsmith's retreats,—he speedily reached Seacoal Lane, and pursuing the same course which he and Thames had formerly taken, arrived at the yard at the back of Jonathan's habitation.

A door, it may be remembered, opened from Wild's dwelling into this yard. Before he forced an entrance, Jack tried it, and, to his great surprise and delight, found it unfastened. Entering the house, he found himself in a narrow passage leading to the back-stairs. He had not taken many steps when he perceived Quilt Arnold in the upper gallery, with a lamp in his hand. Hearing a noise below, Quilt called out, supposing it occasioned by the Jew. Jack hastily retreated, and taking the first means of concealment that occurred to him, descended the cellar-steps.

Quilt, meanwhile, came down, examined the door, and finding it unfastened, locked it, with a bitter imprecation on his brother-janizary's carelessness. This done, he followed the course which Jack had just taken. As he crossed the cellar, he passed so near to Jack, who had concealed himself behind a piece of furniture, that he almost touched him. It was Jack's intention to have knocked him down with the iron bar; but he was so struck with the janizary's looks, that he determined to spare him till he had ascertained his purpose. With this view, he suffered him to pass on.

Quilt's manner, indeed, was that of a man endeavouring to muster up sufficient resolution for the commission of some desperate crime. He halted,—looked fearfully around,—stopped again, and exclaimed aloud, "I don't like the job; and yet it must be done, or Mr. Wild will hang me." With this, he appeared to pluck up his courage, and stepped forward more boldly.

"Some dreadful deed is about to be committed, which I may perhaps prevent," muttered Jack to himself. "Heaven grant I may not be too late!"

Followed by Jack Sheppard, who kept sufficiently near him to watch his proceedings, and yet not expose himself, Quilt unlocked one or two doors, which he left open, and after winding his way along a gloomy passage, arrived at the door of a vault. Here he set down the lamp, and took out a key, and as he did so, the expression of his countenance was so atrocious, that Jack felt assured he was not wrong in his suspicions.

By this time the door was unlocked, and drawing his sword, Quilt entered the cell. The next moment an exclamation was heard in the voice of Thames. Darting forward at this sound, Jack threw open the door, and beheld Quilt kneeling over Thames, whose hands and feet were bound with cords, and about to plunge his sword into his breast. A blow from the iron bar instantly stretched the ruffian on the floor. Jack then proceeded to liberate the captive from his bondage.

"Jack!" exclaimed Thames. "Is it you?"

"It is," replied Sheppard, as he untied the cords. "I might return the question. Were it not for your voice, I don't think I should know you. You are greatly altered."

Captivity had indeed produced a striking alteration in Thames. He looked like the shadow of himself—thin, feeble, hollow-eyed—his beard unshorn—nothing could be more miserable.

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"I have never been out of this horrible dungeon since we last met," he said; "though how long ago that is I scarcely know. Night and day have been alike to me."

"Six weeks have elapsed since that fatal night," replied Jack. "During the whole of that time I have been a close prisoner in Newgate, whence I have only just escaped."

"Six weeks!" exclaimed Thames, in a melancholy tone. "It seems like six long months to me."

"I do not doubt it," returned Jack; "none but those who have experienced it can understand the miseries of imprisonment."

"Do not speak of it," rejoined Thames, with a look of horror. "Let us fly from this frightful place."

"I will conduct you to the outlet," replied Jack; "but I cannot leave it till I have ascertained whether my mother also is a prisoner here."

"I can answer that," replied Thames. "She is. The monster, Wild, when he visited my dungeon last night, told me, to add to my misery, that she occupied a cell near me."

"Arm yourself with that ruffian's weapons," replied Jack, "and let us search for her."

Thames complied; but he was so feeble, that it seemed scarcely possible he could offer any effectual resistance in case of an attack.

"Lean on me," said Jack.

Taking the light, they then proceeded along the passage. There was no other door in it, and Jack therefore struck into another entry which branched off to the right. They had not proceeded far when a low moan was heard.

"She is here," cried Jack, darting forward.

A few steps brought him to the door of the vault in which his mother was immured. It was locked. Jack had brought away the bunch of keys which he had taken from Quilt Arnold, but none of them would open it. He was therefore obliged to use the iron bar, which he did with as much caution as circumstances would permit.

At the first blow, Mrs. Sheppard uttered a piercing scream.

"Wretch!" she cried, "you shall never force me to your hateful purpose. I will never wed you. I have a weapon—a knife—and if you attempt to open the door, I will plunge it to my heart."

"Oh God!" exclaimed Jack, paralysed by her cries. "What shall I do? If I persist, I shall destroy her."

"Get hence," continued Mrs. Sheppard, with a frenzied laugh. "You shall never behold me alive."

"Mother!" cried Jack, in a broken voice. "It is your son."

"It is false," cried Mrs. Sheppard. "Think not to deceive me, monster. I know my son's voice too well. He is in Newgate. Hence!"

"Mother! dear mother!" cried Jack, in a voice the tones of which were altered by his very anxiety to make them distinct. "listen to me. I have broken from prison, and am come to save you."

"It is *not* Jack's voice," rejoined Mrs. Sheppard. "I am not to be deceived. The knife is at my breast. Stir a foot, and I strike."

"Oh heavens!" cried Jack, driven to his wits' end. "Mother—dear mother! Once again, I beseech you to listen to me. I am

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come to rescue you from Wild's violence. I must break open the door. Hold your hand for a moment."

"You have heard my fixed determination, villain," cried Mrs. Sheppard. "I know my life is valuable to you, or you would not spare it. But I will disappoint you. Get you gone. Your purposes are defeated."

"Footsteps are approaching," cried Thames. "Heed her not. It is but a wild threat."

"I know not how to act," exclaimed Jack, almost driven to desperation.

"I hear you plotting with your wicked associates," cried Mrs. Sheppard. "I have baffled you."

"Force the door," said Thames, "or you will be too late."

"Better she die by her own hand, than by that monster's," cried Jack, brandishing the bar. "Mother, I come to you."

With this, he struck the door a heavy blow.

He listened. There was a deep groan, and the sound of a fall within.

"I have killed her," exclaimed Jack, dropping the bar, "by your advice, Thames. Oh God! pardon me."

"Do not delay," cried Thames. "She may yet be saved; I am too weak to aid you."

Jack again seized the bar, and dashing it furiously against the door, speedily burst it open.

The unfortunate woman was stretched upon the floor, with a bloody knife in her hand.

"Mother!" cried Jack, springing towards her.

"Jack!" she cried, raising her head. "Is it you?"

"It is," replied her son. "Oh! why would you not listen to me?"

"I was distracted," replied Mrs. Sheppard, faintly.

"I have killed you," cried Jack, endeavouring to stanch the effusion of blood from her breast. "Forgive—forgive me!"

"I have nothing to forgive," replied Mrs. Sheppard. "I alone am to blame."

"Can I not carry you where you can obtain help?" cried Jack, in an agony of distress.

"It is useless," replied Mrs. Sheppard: "nothing can save me. I die happy—quite happy in beholding you. Do not remain with me. You may fall into the hands of your enemy. Fly! fly!"

"Do not think of me, mother, but of yourself," cried Jack, in an agony of tears.

"You have always been far dearer to me than myself," replied Mrs. Sheppard. "But I have one last request to make. Let me lie in Willesden churchyard."

"You shall—you shall," answered Jack.

"We shall meet again ere long, my son," cried Mrs. Sheppard, fixing her glazing eyes upon him.

"Oh God! she is dying," exclaimed Jack, in a voice suffocated by emotion. "Forgive me—oh, forgive me!"

"Forgive you—bless you!" she gasped.

A cold shiver ran through her frame, and her gentle spirit passed away for ever.

"Oh God! that I might die too," cried Jack, falling on his knees beside her.

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After the first violent outbreak of grief had in some degree subsided, Thames addressed him.

"You must not remain here," he said. "You can render no further service to your poor mother."

"I can avenge her," cried Jack, in a terrible tone.

"Be ruled by me," returned Thames. "You will act most in accordance with her wishes, could she dictate them, by compliance. Do not waste time in vain regrets, but let us remove the body, that we may fulfil her last injunctions."

After some farther arguments, Jack assented to this proposal.

"Go on first with the light," he said. "I will bear the body." And he raised it in his arms.

Just as they reached the end of the passage, they heard the voices of Jonathan and the Jew in Thames's late place of confinement. Wild had evidently discovered the body of Quilt Arnold, and was loudly expressing his anger and astonishment.

"Extinguish the light," cried Jack; "turn to the left. Quick! quick!"

The order was only just given in time. They had scarcely gained the adjoining cellar when Jonathan and the Jew rushed past in the direction of the vault.

"Not a moment is to be lost," cried Jack. "Follow me."

So saying, he hurried up stairs, opened the back door, and was quickly in the yard. Having ascertained that Thames was at his heels, he hurried with his ghastly burthen down Seacoal-lane.

"Where are you going?" cried Thames, who, though wholly disencumbered, was scarcely able to keep up with him.

"I know not—and care not," replied Jack.

At this moment a coach passed them, and was instantly hailed by Thames.

"You had better let me convey her to Dollis Hill," he said.

"Be it so," replied Jack.

Luckily it was so dark, and there was no lamp near, that the man did not notice the condition of the body which was placed in the vehicle by the two young men.

"What will you do?" asked Thames.

"Leave me to my fate," rejoined Jack. "Take care of your charge."

"Doubt me not," replied Thames.

"Bury her in Willesden churchyard, as she requested, on Sunday," said Jack. "I will be there at the time."

So saying, he closed the door.

The coachman having received his order, and being offered an extra fare if he drove quickly, set off at full speed

As Jack departed, a dark figure, emerging from behind a wall, rushed after him.

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KATERINA.

THE DWARF OF THE JUNGFERNSTIEG.

Every one knows (who knows any thing about the *great* and *free* city of Hamburg) that the *lowest* classes of society within its ramparts are sadly to be pitied. The rich are very great people there, as they are everywhere else, and the poor are very *small* indeed. They are diminutive alike in stature and importance, so that Katerina Bürger, though barely three feet high, was by no means remarkable among her own particular class; and no one in it would ever have dreamed of such a thing as calling her a dwarf. The *magnificent* senators (for a senator is "Your Magnificence," even though his name be inscribed in large characters on the milk cart which stops daily at your door,)—the "*magnificent*" senators walk proudly by the poor little inhabitants of "the old town," and feel with reason that they stand *higher* in the scale of creation, while the rickety and undersized creatures stop in their painful walk, to gaze with envy on their fellow mortals, who by the "accident of birth" are placed so infinitely above them.

It was Sunday, and the Jungfernstieg (the fashionable promenade of the Hamburgers) was crowded with company. Gentle and simple, Jew and Gentile, bond and free, were on the wide walk together. The *little* race, of whom we have begun to speak, were also there,—the pigmy creatures who live, or rather vegetate, in damp cellars, and who crawl out on warm Sundays, to air themselves and their clothes on the sunny Jungfernstieg. And there was Katerina; and she must be described, for a stranger little being in form, feature and mind, could hardly be imagined. She lived in one of the darkest and narrowest streets in the oldest part of Hamburg. The houses there are very high, and a sluggish canal crosses its confined limits; over it is a small bridge, from which the passenger looks down in dismay and disgust on the deep black waters, and pities the forlorn beings who are dragging out their existence within its unwholesome influence.

It is said that rich men own the houses in that melancholy street, on which the sun never shines, and where the stream of life seems to stand still. It is said that those rich men heap up their gold above the heads of the forlorn dwellers in the damp cellars beneath, and that *there* the utmost extremes of wealth and poverty are to be found. It may be so, but of that wealth Katerina knew but little, to judge from the abject appearance of herself and all belonging to her. Underground, and close to the canal, was her abode; and from that home she never stirred, except on Sundays; and now she is on the promenade, taking her weekly recreation. Short as she was, her legs must have been disproportionately diminutive, judging from the rate at which she progressed, for she did not compass more than one mile an hour. Her head was large, and adorned with one of the large white caps with flapping borders, worn by the Hamburg maid-servants; her dress was of coarse brown stuff, of which she took amazing care, scrupulously lifting up the petticoat when accident obliged her to cross a puddle. Her height was that of a well-grown child of two years old, and her breadth exceeded her stature. Add to this description that she was at least sixty years of age, that her complexion was of a dirty yellow, and her countenance most forbidding, and Katerina Bürger is before you.

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Though Katerina never begged, she gained more in charity than all the mendicants in Hamburg put together; and as she had been in the habit of *taking fees* for many a long year, the chances were that she had a "pretty considerable" strong box somewhere.

Katerina went back to her cellar, and others to the rich men's feasts; the champaigne flowed freely; the havannahs were smoked, and Hamburg luxury was at its height; when at eight o'clock a distant but loud report of a cannon was heard. "Poor people!" said one or two of the more feeling among the company. All knew the cause why that warning-shot was fired. The tide was high, and the underground inhabitants of the old town must leave their wretched shelter, or be drowned.

"Poor people!" they might well say; the night was cold—as March nights generally are, especially in a climate so cold as that of Hamburg. The frost had only just broken up, and detached masses of ice were floating on the canals in those parts of the town where the sun's influence was not felt. It was not much of furniture, or warmth, or dryness of which Katerina's cellar could ever boast; in short, she had more of the water-rat in her nature and habits than of a human being, but the floor and the walls were beginning to dry after the last high tide had saturated them with moisture, and now they would be colder and wetter than ever, and her bed, and table, and chair, must be removed up higher. In short, Katerina was in despair.

Immediately above her, on the ground floor, lodged two good, peaceable, but very poor women. They were worse off than Katerina, as to money, and only less to be pitied, inasmuch as they were safe from the incursions of the flood. They were Mecklenburghers, and stood in the mutual relations of mother and daughter. Their natural protector was dead; and the poor destitute widow, oppressed with grief and want, was dying.

Clärchen, the daughter, was sitting motionless beside the narrow curtainless bed on which her mother lay. To her, poor girl, those hours seemed long ages, as she watched, with eyes fixed in fearful earnestness on the fast changing face of her only friend. The bright sunny day had passed away: Clärchen knew that it was bright, for she looked up very high, above the roofs of the opposite houses, and she saw that the sky was clear and blue. But the sunny day was gone, and in its place was a thick covering of fog, which wrapped up the evening light as in a blanket. At length night came, and poor Clärchen felt frightened, for she could not see her mother's face. She was very cold; but she could not stir, for the sick woman's hand was clasped in hers. Clärchen was very unhappy, and now she felt nervous too — nervous as peasant girls can ever feel. She longed for sound, for a light, for anything to break the solemn stillness of the room. She bent her head over her mother's face, and gently whispered the words, "*Meine mutter.*" There came no sound,—for life was too far gone for words, but the fingers of the dying woman closed more firmly round her daughter's hand. The mother's *heart* responded to the last; Clärchen's words were felt and answered *there*. But the hand grew colder, and Clärchen felt it. "Mein Gott!" she said, "she's dying!" and the agonizing scream of the terrified girl was heard through every corner of that gloomy, spacious house. But with it came another sound—the warning gun. Clärchen's feelings were wound up to the highest pitch

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of excitement; and, as another and another scream broke upon the stillness of the night, the cannon's heavy voice was again heard.

The sounds of distress at length brought the other lodgers to Clärchen's room, lights were produced, and eagerly held towards the bed. There were many voices talking loudly and all together in the harsh accents of the *Plat Deutsch*, but all this Clärchen neither heard nor saw; she felt that her mother was gone; she knew that she was left alone, and she threw herself on the bed and wept.

It was at this juncture that Katerina, who in the obscurity of her cellar had been ignorant of any event having taken place, was heard ascending the stairs from her subterranean abode, and asking in a querulous tone for the assistance of her neighbours. The Frau Rücker and her daughter had always been the friends to whom she had looked in similar cases of misfortune, and now she was come to claim a renewal of their kind offices. "What *der Teufel* is the matter?" was her exclamation, as she saw the unusual crowd collected in the widow's little chamber.

"The Frau Rücker is dead," said the foremost of the group, regardless of the feelings of the mourner, and only anxious (as too many very worthy people are,) to be the first to announce a misfortune.

Katerina was a woman of decision, and she saw at a glance that something must be done. Every one was afraid of her, small as she was; and all felt that it was no joke to affront Katerina. In the twinkling of an eye one damsel of powerful frame was despatched for her bedding, another for her table, while a third was told in a summary manner to bring all she could find. In the short space of a quarter of an hour the room was cleared, the fire was lighted in the stove, and Katerina established herself for the night.

Midnight approached, and the long and deep silence (for Katerina had fallen asleep,) became more and more terrible to the bereaved Clärchen. Trembling with superstitious fear, she crept softly to Katerina's side. She did not expect sympathy from her strange neighbour, and it was merely a vague wish for communion with the living, which led her there. Her stool was drawn towards the stove, and in hopeless despondency she seated herself close—very close to Katerina. A small attenuated hand was thrown round her neck, and she was drawn nearer still to her whose protection she had come to seek: a kiss was impressed upon her forehead, and the "*Arme Mädchen!*" which burst from the lips of the dwarf, went straight to the heart of Clärchen. She wept long, but her tears were not so bitter, as she pillowed her aching head on Katerina's lap.

Morning at length sent light into the forlorn room, and much was to be done; but we will not enter into the details of the funeral, nor of the subsequent arrangements made by the orphan and her friend Katerina. It is sufficient to say that they agreed to live together, and in the apartment occupied by the Rückers; that Clärchen was the best and most grateful of human beings; and that she worked hard in order that she might not be a burden to her who had come to share the shelter of her roof. Katerina was even more strange in her character and habits than Clärchen had anticipated. She was irritable, capricious, and hard to please, though warm-hearted and true to the one she loved.

One fine Sunday in early spring Clärchen was more than usually

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depressed, for she had much to endure from the irritability of the old woman, and, though she toiled incessantly, was in fact half starved. The young year brought no joy to her, and the knowledge that the sun was shining (but not for her,) made her feel sadder still. Katerina had left her with an order that she should prepare for their supper the frugal meal of *sauer kraut*, which, with a little beer, was their Sunday's repast. Not a few tears had poor Clärchen shed while making the necessary arrangements, and she was beginning to wonder that Katerina did not return, when the door was gently opened, and a man's head presented itself before the eyes of the astonished girl. Clärchen did not scream, for, to say nothing of the fact that she was not of a nervous temperament, there was really nothing to make an outcry about, the new comer being young, very good-looking, and the respectable son of equally worthy parents, lodging in the house. Clärchen's eyes sparkled, and the colour mounted to her cheek, so that Wilhelm Martin thought her very pretty; and if he had not been a Northern German he would have told her so. Now Clärchen had been occasionally in the habit of receiving small civilities at the hands of Wilhelm; he had carried her basket for her, and had even gone the length of assisting her across the dirty street when he had met her returning from her work in the evening. Clärchen was not vain, but she was affectionate, and had a foolish habit of attaching herself to any creature, man or beast, that showed her kindness; and when she missed Wilhelm for a week, she wished him very much to return, and found herself often wondering whether or not he ever thought of her.

Wilhelm Martin was a humble assistant clerk in a small mercantile house; he was steady and industrious; and by his earnings contributed mainly to the support of his aged parents. His father had arrived at that touching and painful period of human life, second childhood; his mother was a good bustling housewife, too old to do much work, and fretting because she could not do more. Between the two, her son had rather a hard time of it, and (*not being a woman*) he could not be expected to display the patience and fortitude with which Clärchen supported her vexations. Still he was a good son, and his mother loved him dearly, as dearly as his father would have done had he possessed the knowledge of his existence.

Wilhelm had been absent fromhome for several days; his employer had despatched him on some distant business, and he was but just returned. All this was soon explained, and Clärchen felt very happy. The day was all sunshine to her now. Wilhelm sat down on Katerina's stool, and watched her as she pursued her household employment,—for the old woman was coming home, and her supper was not ready, so poor Clärchen was obliged to devote herself to dressing *sauer kraut* instead of to love-making. At length Katerina returned. The young people were too muchoccupied to observe her entrance, and the "Mein Gott!" of surprise which escaped her lips as her eyes fell upon Wilhelm was the first intimation they received of her presence. The little woman had returned in high good humour, the supper was well arranged; Wilhelm was particularly civil and attentive to *her*, and the evening passed most harmoniously away.

Clärchen and Wilhelm were soon betrothed. They were both poor, but they were young, healthy, and industrious. It was settled that they were to be married in a month. Clärchen had recovered her good looks, and her cheerful spirits; her prospects were brightening; and

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if she sometimes thought of the kind mother, who would have loved to look upon her happiness, it was with a quiet and chastened sorrow,—for time had done its work, and the bitterness of grief was past. The only one of the party who was not quite pleased was Katerina; she scarcely knew why (for Clärchen had promised to do as much for her as ever), and yet she had an undefined idea that *her* interests would suffer by the introduction of Wilhelm into the family. She had nothing to complain of in him personally. On the contrary, he was very kind to her, nearly as kind as her own Clärchen; and then he often brought her little presents,—a sausage, or some stewed plums, dainties of which Katerina could quite appreciate the merits. Still she was not satisfied.

It chanced one afternoon (it was Sunday, and Katerina was on the Jungfernstieg), that as Clärchen and her lover were sitting together by the side of the old table which formed one of the principal articles of furniture of which the room could boast, a small tap was heard at the door. Permission to enter being given, a singular figure presented itself. It was that of a tall man, in the dress of a *Ritters Diener*, as they are called in Hamburg. These men are synonymous with the *mutes* at an English funeral, and their costume is most remarkable. It consists of a full powdered wig and bag, a large white ruff round the throat, a short black cloak, from which protrudes a sword; and black breeches, with shoes and buckles. This dress is always worn at funerals, and on Sundays and holidays. Herr Pruss, who occupied the room next to Wilhelm's, had come merely to beg a light for his pipe. He apologised for his intrusion, and Clärchen rose in haste to supply him with a piece of burning wood from the stove. Owing to some awkwardness or inattention on her part, the table, which was between her and the new comer, was disturbed from its equilibrium by her rapid movement; and ere any one of the party had time to prevent it, fell to the ground. Herr Pruss, who was a quiet man in all his movements, deliberately stepped towards the prostrate table, and with the assistance of Wilhelm, replaced it in its proper position. As they did so, a sound—a clinking, rattling sound—as if there was gold within, fell upon their ears. Neither spoke; but it was evident to both that the treasure which Katerina had long been suspected of concealing, lay hidden within a secret drawer of that harmless, unpretending-looking table.

The Herr Pruss (he was a good, peaceable man, who minded his own affairs, and did not trouble himself about his neighbours),—the Herr Pruss took his leave, and Clärchen resumed her seat at Wilhelm's side. He was silent and thoughtful; but Clärchen felt he was occupied with her, as *her* thoughts were all of him, and she allowed him to muse on without interruption.

"Very strange!" he said at length,—"very strange about that table."

"Not at all strange," said poor Clärchen, rather piqued that he should have wasted so much revery about a table. "I was very awkward, but Katerina will not mind, for it is not the least hurt by the fall."

"My dear Clärchen, I am not thinking of the fall of the table, but of the noise. Did not you hear the noise?"

"I heard the table fall," said Clärchen meekly, for Wilhelm's vehemence startled her.

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"But the money!" said he, impatiently. "Clärchen, there is money in that table!"

But how was it that they had never heard the noise before? It was a mystery. Wilhelm at last suggested that in all probability the shock which the piece of furniture had received in its fall had loosened part of its machinery. He tried to find an opening, but none was to be seen. The table was turned upside down, and placed in every imaginable and unimaginable position; but his curiosity still remained ungratified. Clärchen felt very uncomfortable. She had often remarked Katerina's solicitude about that particular article of furniture, and she was fearful she might return at the very moment when Wilhelm was handling it so unceremoniously. She begged him to restore it to its original position, and very reluctantly he at last consented. When Katerina returned, everything was in its proper place; and in a day or two the mysterious table was forgotten. Time passed swiftly on, and there wanted but ten days of the time when Clärchen and her lover were to be united.

One evening it was late, and Clärchen had been a long time waiting for Wilhelm's accustomed visit, when he entered with a countenance clouded with care. His look was so troubled that Clärchen was almost afraid to question him. Those who have known much sorrow are ever inclined to contemplate the worst, and her hand shook as she placed it within his. There sat Katerina, her eyes fixed on the pair, in her favourite position, with her feet on the stove fender, and her hands crossed on her knee. Clärchen was unwilling to disturb or vex her, so she beckoned Wilhelm to follow her out of the room.

"Secrets!" muttered Katerina, and her voice sounded irritable, for she felt that her adopted child was already beginning to cast her off.

In the mean while Wilhelm was undergoing the anxious inquiries of his betrothed. "Something is wrong, dear Wilhelm, and you must tell me what it is; you are unhappy; and while I see you so, I can think of nothing else."

"Clärchen," replied Wilhelm, in a tone almost of despair, "my employer is ruined, and I am dismissed. I know not how or where to obtain another situation. I have no friends, and we have no money to place me in another situation. Clärchen, our hopes of happiness are over, for you shall not marry a beggar."

Bad as this news certainly was, it by no means came up to Clärchen's expectations. She whispered words of hope, and represented to him that while youth and health were left them they need not despair. But she argued in vain; Wilhelm listened in gloomy silence, till at length a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he exclaimed, with a degree of animation which surprised Clärchen—

"There is hope for us,—good hope, *mein geliebte* Katerina. She has money,—we know she has; she must, and will help us."

Clärchen shook her head; she was now as anxious to depress his hopes, as she had before been desirous to raise them. "Do not trust to that; we must not offend Katerina; we must not allude to the discovery we made the other night. Promise me this, dear Wilhelm; we shall make her angry, and we shall gain nothing." But Wilhelm would not promise; he was bent upon making an attempt to soften Katerina's heart. Money he knew she had; and that would make them so happy! She could not refuse. Clärchen felt and looked frightened and agitated when they returned, but Wilhelm's appearance was that of a man

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whose mind was made up, and who was not to be turned from his purpose.

"Frau Katerina," he began, as soon as he was seated, "Clärchen and I are very unhappy; I have lost my employment; and without it we cannot marry. What is to be done?"

"You are quite in the right, Herr Martin," said the old woman quietly. "You cannot marry Clärchen without money; so, as far as I can see, you cannot marry her at all."

The composed tone in which this reply was made irritated Wilhelm's temper; and, disregarding the warning looks of Clärchen, he allowed it to get the better of his judgment so far as to say, "Frau Katerina, you owe Clärchen a great deal. She has worked hard for you, and you ought to do something for her. In that table you have money hidden,—I know you have,—and some of it is Clärchen's. Come," he added, having recovered his naturally good temper during this explosion,—"she must have a marriage portion: how much is it to be?"

During this imprudent speech Katerina's wrath had been gradually rising; and at its conclusion she seemed almost choking with passion. "*Mein Gott!*" she began, "who are you, that dare to dictate to me? Take Clärchen, and welcome; she is no child of mine! but money I have none to give, and would not give it if I had. Money in a table!" she continued, with a scornful laugh. "Who in their senses ever dreamt of such a thing before? Now take this, Wilhelm Martin, for your impertinence,—I call you a thief, or quite as bad, for having pryed into my property; and never while I live shall you come within my door again!" As Katerina delivered herself of this most inhospitable speech, she stood on tiptoe, facing her surprised and almost terrified guest, her hand held menacingly towards him, and her bright black eyes glaring with fury.

Clärchen, who had stood aloof from the scene, wringing her hands, and looking on in direful expectation, now hastened to her lover, and clinging to his arm, endeavoured with all her force to draw him to Katerina's side, and join with her in endeavours to pacify her anger. But Wilhelm's indignation was now fairly roused, his pride was hurt, and without deigning any reply to Katerina's invectives, or vouchsafing a look to his unhappy mistress, he hurried from the room and the house, slamming the doors after him so that the echoes answered the sounds through all parts of the house.

"*Mein Gott!*" said Clärchen, sinking into a chair, and bursting into tears. And "*Mein Gott!*" responded Katerina, as with another burst she placed her feet upon the fender. But at this time the former was too busy with her own sorrows to give any attention to Katerina's sobs; besides which she had turned her lover out of the house, and Clärchen felt as angry as it was in her nature to do, and, to her companion's surprise, she never once asked her what was the matter.

At length, and after a silence of some minutes' duration, (which seemed an age to Katerina, who was never in the habit of bridling her tongue,) she could bear it no longer, and abruptly addressed the weeping girl. "Clärchen, dear, I am a foolish, passionate old woman, but you must bear with me. I did not intend to say all I did to Wilhelm, and I am sorry now." This was enough, and more than enough, for Clärchen; she threw her arms round Katerina's neck, and again and again assured her of her forgiveness and Wilhelm's too,—she would answer for Wilhelm. Should she go for him now?"

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"No, my child," said Katerina; "to-morrow will be time enough. To-night I must speak to you alone. Wilhelm made no bad guess, when he said there was money in that table; though how he came to think so is more than I can imagine. Clärchen, I am not the selfish avaricious old woman you must have thought me. Do not interrupt me—I know how it must have been. And now listen to me. From a child, and till I knew you, Clärchen, no one human creature has ever *appeared* to love me. I know not why they should; for I was always a miserable object blighted from my birth, and with the curse of deformity upon my person. Clärchen, I have often seen you sad, and I have wondered how one who was fair and well shaped, and *could be loved*, should know what sorrow was. I was early left an orphan; I could not work, and I was compelled to trust to the charity of others for my daily bread. I did not beg; but there must have been something in my appearance which excited compassion, for few ever passed me without putting a piece of money in my hand, small or large, according to the riches or the disposition of the giver. I lived very sparingly; and what I did not spend in absolute necessaries I carefully laid by. I had no object in view when I did this; but it was an interest and an employment, and for nearly sixty years I continued to accumulate riches, not knowing who should gather them. But when I learnt to love you, Clärchen, and to feel that for the first time in my life my affection was returned, then, indeed, I looked with pleasure on my hoard,—I was heaping it up for you—yes, dear Clärchen, for you and none other. I believe Wilhelm to be an honest man,—I am sure he loves you,—and yet I would not trust him with your gold. From this day it is yours; but first promise me that it shall not be in the power of your husband to spend or take it from you. In that table, my Clärchen,—and I will show you the secret of the drawer,—in that table are four thousand marks —(£240), take them, and be happy; but as it will not be easy to persuade Wilhelm that I told him the truth when I assured him I was penniless, show him a thousand marks, and conceal the rest. Will you do this?"

Clärchen's expressions of gratitude were fervent, and from the heart; but still she hesitated some time before she gave the required promise, it seemed so hard to deceive poor Wilhelm. But as Katerina was firm, and she saw no other alternative, she at last complied with her conditions, and reluctantly gave the pledge which Katerina demanded.

"And now, dear Clärchen, tell me you are happy,—tell me it is the poor little despised Katerina that has made you so, and I shall be happy too."

"I am," said the grateful girl; "and you are the best, the kindest, and the dearest friend in the world. We shall all be happy, and Wilhelm will come to-morrow and thank you too. You must never leave us; for this money is still yours, whatever you may say. And now you can never think again that no one loves you."

In this way the joyous Clärchen talked on in mere exhilaration of spirits, till she saw that Katerina looked worn and tired. With anxious affection she then hurried her to bed, performing for her all those little offices of kindness which her helpless state required. Clärchen's last act was to kneel down by her bed, and pray for the protection of that Great Being whose eye is ever over all, even the meanest of his creatures.

"Pray aloud, my Clärchen," said the old woman; "let me hear your voice. It soothes me, and I hear it afterwards in my dreams."

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The prayer was short but impressive; and as Clärchen rose from her knees she kissed Katerina's forehead, and received her nightly "God bless you, my child," with a grateful heart.

That night Clärchen slept long and soundly,—no bewildering or terrific dreams had spread alarm round her pillow,—and she awoke refreshed, and with a clear recollection of the pleasant thoughts which had been hers when sleep had thrown its curtain over them. She thought it must be late, for the room was very light; and yet Katerina was not moving, and she was always the first to awake. She had half made up her mind to turn herself round again, and by a change of position to prolong her sleep, when, lifting her head for a moment from the pillow, she perceived a dark stream (it seemed to her of blood) slowly meandering along the floor towards her bed. It came from that on which Katerina lay, and the horror-stricken girl had but just strength and courage left to give one glance at its miserable occupant, when she fell backwards in a death-like swoon. She remained a long time insensible, for no one came to her assistance, and she was left to recover as best she might. With her returning consciousness there came an undefined recollection of the horrors she had witnessed; still it all seemed to her to have been a hideous dream, rather than a reality, and with closed eyes she endeavoured to collect her scattered senses, and to hope that she had not in very truth gazed on the corpse of her benefactress. But she could not long deceive herself,—the vision had been too real,—and with a desperate effort she opened her eyes, and fixed them on Katerina's bed. The sight was indeed awful. The face was covered with a pillow, but the body was exposed, and on the left breast were two large and ghastly wounds, from which the life-blood had flowed in copious floods.

In a moment Clärchen sprang from her bed, and hurrying to the door, called loudly for assistance. No sound was heard in reply; for, owing to the lateness of the hour, the house was nearly empty. Regardless of appearances, for her agony of mind was great, she flew, rather than ran, to Frau Martin's room, and half undressed as she was, threw open the door, and to the great surprise of its inmates, exclaimed,

"Help! for God's sake, help, Frau Martin! She is dead!—murdered! Oh! what shall we do? Come with me. But where is Wilhelm?" she asked; for in that forlorn moment she felt a longing for the support of him she loved.

The cup which Frau Martin was employed in washing when Clärchen entered fell from her hand in the extremity of her surprise, and she gazed upon her with an expression almost as vacant as that of the old man who sat by the fire, in happy ignorance of the horrid adventure.

"Wilhelm did not return home last night," she began, as soon as she recovered breath and power to speak.

"Not returned!" interrupted Clärchen, to whose quick imagination a thousand added horrors immediately presented themselves.

"Where did he go? Speak to me—tell me, for the love of heaven, do you know anything of him?"

"I have not seen him since yesterday morning," said his mother, beginning to catch a portion of the alarm which was so visible in Clärchen's features. "Where he is I know not; but he often spends the night abroad, when there is early work to be done in the morning There is nothing to fear on his account."

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"Perhaps not," said the bewildered girl, passing her hand over her forehead, as if endeavouring to collect her wandering senses, "perhaps not; but I fear I know not what—and that horrid room!—and my poor, poor friend who lies there murdered! Oh! come with me there. I am very weak, but I will try to look upon her again."

With trembling steps they returned to Katerina's room, the appearance of which confirmed all that Clärchen had reported. There lay the murdered woman, stiff, cold, and dead. Frau Martin was about to lift the pillow from the face, when a hand was laid on her arm. She turned around and beheld the *Ritters Diener!*

"Disturb not the dead," he said, in a low stern voice. "Justice must have her course. *I* know the murderer."

As he spoke, Clärchen's cheek grew paler still, and she clung to Frau Martin for support. The Herr Pruss was gone, but his awful words were ringing loudly in her ears.

"We can do no good here," said Frau Martin. "He is gone for the police, and we had better go back to my room. My husband, poor man, will want me."

"Go," said Clärchen; "I will remain here." And she was left alone with the dead. In shuddering horror and deep grief she watched beside the disfigured corpse.

But she had not long to watch alone. Within the short space of ten minutes from the departure of the *Ritters Diener* the room was crowded with the officers of justice. Once and again did Clärchen fix her tearful eyes upon them. Could it really be? Was it indeed Wilhelm who was there among them, bound, and a prisoner! It was but too true! Heinrich Pruss and the officers had met him on their way to Katerina's abode, and the former had denounced him as the murderer. He was led close to the bed, and as the pillow was removed from the face of the deceased he was observed to shiver and turn very pale. With distended eyes, and a fearful expression of intense anxiety on her countenance, Clärchen scrutinised his every movement, (for she was not permitted to approach him,) and when, with clasped hands, he uttered the words, "So help me heaven, as I am innocent of this deed of blood," she fell on her knees, and thanked God aloud. Wilhelm was led away to prison, and Clärchen was left to her misery and her desolation.

When she began to recover in some degree from the state of stupefaction to which she had been reduced by this appalling blow, her first thought was to hasten to Frau Martin, and to consult with her on the measures most proper to be taken in order to prove her son's innocence. She found that the poor old woman had already been made aware of her son's implication in the business, and as Clärchen looked upon the mother's tears of agony, she almost envied the old man his withered faculties and placid state of unconsciousness. The sword was suspended over the head of his only child, and he was playing with a string of glass beads in the chimney corner.

Wilhelm was taken before the senate, and the principal witness against him was Heinrich Pruss. He related the circumstance of the fall of the table, and the sound of money within. This fact could not have been suppressed, as Clärchen was present at the time. He swore to having heard a discussion between Wilhelm and Clärchen as regarded that money, during which the latter had endeavoured to dissuade Wilhelm from appropriating it to his own use. He made oath

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that he had overheard high words pass between the deceased and the prisoner on the preceding night; that the former had accused him of having a design on her property, and had forbidden him to enter her room again. Further evidence went to prove that the prisoner had on the preceding day been dismissed from his employment; and, likewise, that he had not occupied his own bed during the past night. These depositions having been taken, a party was sent to examine the apartment of the deceased, and also that of the prisoner, and to take notes of what they should find therein. It was ascertained that the contents of the table were removed apparently after the murder had been committed, as there were bloody footsteps between it and the bed. On examining the body, it appeared that the wounds had been given by a knife, the pillow having been previously pressed over the mouth, to prevent any outcry being made. The room was searched, but no instrument could be found on which to ground suspicion. Having made this survey, they proceeded to Wilhelm's room. As they did so, slight traces of blood were visible on an attentive investigation; and further search being made, a knife covered with blood was found concealed beneath the bed-clothes; and under the mattrass was discovered the sum of forty marks, which were likewise stained with the hideous evidence of crime. On comparing the knife with the wounds inflicted on the deceased, it appeared that they must have been made by a weapon of much larger dimensions than the one produced; but, as all the rest of the evidence was most circumstantial and conclusive, this circumstance was treated but lightly, and Wilhelm Martin was committed to prison as a murderer.

It must not be supposed that during all this time the friends of the accused remained inactive. The few he possessed were indefatigable in their efforts to prove his innocence. Unfortunately, however, for him, the evidence they gave was not calculated to remove the prejudice against him, and most cruel were the reflections of poor Clärchen when she became aware that, instead of being the happy means of saving her lover, —which she had fondly imagined would be the case,—she was made the principal tool by which to work his destruction. Wilhelm was sentenced to die. The popular feeling was strong against him, and the belief in his guilt almost universal. There were few to mourn his early death; but those few wept in earnest. His days were numbered, and he spent them as a Christian man best might, in preparing for the last.

Clärchen and his mother saw him often. Early in the morning were these two sorrowing women to be seen pursuing their hopeless walk towards the condemned cell of the unfortunate prisoner. The grief of the mother was the more clamorous, while that of Clärchen sunk deeper, and did its work within. Wilhelm longed for their presence; but when they came he almost wished to be alone again. He felt that there was no hope, and he shrunk from the sight of sorrow which he could not comfort; life, with its joys and sorrows, was departing from him, and he already looked upon them as things in which he had no part. Still there were moments when the love of life made itself felt, and feelings came thronging back upon his heart, which made him feel that it would be very sweet to live, and that it was very hard to die with Clärchen by his side to love him. And there was shame, bitter shame, as he thought on the felon's death, and the crowd that would be assembled to gaze upon his ignominious end. Time wore on, and Clärchen, who had concealed her grief from Wilhelm, (for, would he

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not suffer to see her weep?) now showed in her person the ravages which sorrow had made there.

The last day was all but come—that dreaded day!—and, sad as had been the time, it had passed swiftly. It was the eve of the execution, and Clärchen passed it, as usual, with the lover from whom she was so soon to part. Two hours were worn away; the evening drew towards its close; and but few words had passed between them. Their hearts were too full for speech. A bell tolled. The hour for closing the prison gates had arrived, and they must part. For the first time Wilhelm fixed his sorrowing but tearless gaze on Clärchen. "*Meine geliebte!*" he exclaimed, with an irresistible burst of emotion, "must I leave thee?" and he leant his head upon her shoulder, and, for the first time since his condemnation, he wept. And *she* wept with him, and her tears, as they fell on the brow which rested on her bosom, seemed as though they fell like a peaceful dew upon his sorrows. "We *must* part; but to-morrow, dearest, shall I see you? Early it must be," he added mournfully. She could not speak; but her tears fell like rain. One more kiss, and a pressure of the hand to show that she understood him, and she was gone.

Among those who had been foremost in showing kindness to the mourners was the *Ritters Diener*. His advances were at first received with coldness by Wilhelm's mother; but this did not last. He succeeded in persuading her that it was by compulsion only that he had given his evidence. But Clärchen could scarcely tolerate his presence. Still the Herr Pruss was universally considered to be possessed of most kindly feelings, and to cherish a high sense of moral rectitude.

Clärchen returned home with a heavy heart, for she had but *one more leave to take* of him she loved. She found the afflicted mother sitting by the old man's side answering his childish and oft-repeated questions with a patience which at a moment so trying it was beautiful to witness. They were almost in darkness, for the Frau Martin was frugal, and her work was over.

After a few painful questions asked and answered, Clärchen left the room to procure a light. Heinrich Pruss's door was open. He was not there; and, as the fire was burning in the stove, she did not hesitate to enter and obtain what she required. As with her lighted candle in her hand she was again making her way towards the door, her eyes fell upon an object which on her entrance she had overlooked. It was a ring, that lay half concealed on a writing-table, among some papers. Impelled by a stronger motive than mere curiosity, she hastily drew it forth. There could be no mistake; it had been Katerina's—a ring she always wore,—and a hope, a blessed hope, darted like lightning through Clärchen's brain. She searched again—a hurried, anxious search, for she felt that she had not yet obtained proof enough to save *him*. For a long time she sought in vain, and, as she turned over the papers, and held her light in every direction which she thought might be serviceable to her views, she glanced often towards the door, in fear lest the owner of the room should return. At last, in despair of procuring further testimony, she was leaving the room, when she perceived a box, the hinges of which seemed loosened, and the lock but very indifferently secured. In a moment she was on her knees before it; her candle on the floor; her whole soul engrossed in the hope which had dawned upon her. It required but a very trifling force to open the box, and Clärchen's strength was nerved by love and fear. The lid was

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thrown back, and she saw—*money*. That was nothing: she must look again. She did look; and this time she was rewarded, for she found a knife—a rusty knife—somewhat larger than Wilhelm's, (this her quick eye perceived at once); and, more important than all, among that heap of heavy dollars there was gold. Yes! there was a pair of ear-rings, which she could swear were worn by Katerina on the night she was murdered. Clärchen saw it all; and saw, too, with happiness too great for words—almost for thought—that she should save her lover. She clasped her newly-found treasures closely in her hands, the knife still open, and was in the act of rising from her knees, trembling with joy and agitation, when a slight noise at her side made her start, and on looking round she perceived the *Ritters Diener!* Clärchen's presence of mind did not desert her. She felt "I have that which can save *his* life, and if I can but reach that door, I am free." Having before his entrance shut down the lid of the box, she could not feel sure that he had been aware of her occupation, though her proximity to it was suspicious. Her voice was tremulous; but she strove to make it calm, as she said, "Good evening, Herr Pruss; I came for a light, and not finding you, I took it myself." Having said this, she advanced towards the door, slowly, lest he should suspect her.

Poor Clärchen! all your little artifices are useless! a hand is laid upon your shoulder, and you are a prisoner! She screamed—she could not help it—as she felt herself dragged by the cruel man still further from the door, and from human aid; but she still held her precious possessions in her hand,—the open knife, the ear-rings, and the ring. "A light? and what may you have there besides, my pretty maiden?" said Heinrich, taking her hand in his, and holding it fast. Clärchen could not answer. For a moment her faculties seemed suspended: voice and thought were alike gone. But she still held her hand firmly closed, for an instinct stronger than reason was her prompter. "Come, open your hand: this will not do," said Heinrich, impatiently. "I do not wish to hurt you; but I know what you have taken, and I must have it!"

"Never!" cried Clärchen, with sudden energy. "Never, unless you kill me, as you killed Katerina."

Alas! what could she, a poor weak girl, effect against a man strong in his evil purposes, resolved to succeed, and heedless of the means he might employ. But she could yet shriek for aid, and loudly did she call as he endeavoured with all his force to wrest from her the tokens of his crime. But embarrassed between the efforts he made to secure his prize, and the necessity of endeavouring to stop the mouth of his victim, it was a more difficult task than he had expected. Relentlessly did he wrench back the fingers that with a force almost supernatural resisted his efforts; and, with one hand pressed over her mouth, with the other he strove to open the two small hands which would not be parted from that which was now dearer to her than life. But the handle of the knife is in his power; and with a remorseless hand he draws the blade backwards and forwards through the palm, till the blood flows from many wounds. Still she holds on. It is *his* life, and she will not loose it. Again he twists the blade round, till the fingers are almost severed from the hand! But, sprained, and cut, and dislocated as they are, the woman's love (truer than the steel that wounds them) *still holds on*.

The contest was nearly over, for her strength is almost exhausted,

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when voices are heard. Help is at hand! Her screams have been heard, and she is saved! Daunted, powerless, and covered with shame, the man of *worth* was led away by the officers of justice. Clärchen did not faint, but she was very sick, so they laid her on the bed, and dressed her wounds. It was late; and that night she could not visit the prison, so Wilhelm was left to endure hours of mental agony, such as none but those who are to die on the morrow can imagine. But, with that morning light came Clärchen: and she came as the messenger of joy: and, when Wilhelm could understand why she looked so happy, he kissed again and again those poor wounded hands, and their tears were tears of joy.

The *Ritters Diener* suffered in Wilhelm's stead, for the evidence against him was conclusive: he confessed his guilt, and the artifices he had made use of to fix the crime on another. Clärchen and her lover were happy: they were married; and having inherited the wealth that poor little Katerina had intended for them, they were rich, for their wants were few.

THOSE SWEET DAYS! THOSE HAPPY DAYS!

BY P. MC'TEAGUE, ESQ.

Oh! those sweet days—those happy days—
When I was blithe and young;
When o'er each hill and valley
A golden ray was flung:
When the smiling hours, like bounding streams,
Impatient of delay,
Leap'd swiftly on in joyous haste,
And, sparkling, flowed away!

Then eyes were bright, and cheeks were red,
And mantling blushes told
The tale of hearts so pure and warm,
They *never* could grow cold!
The beauteous face of glowing day,
Or starry gems of night,
Fill'd our breasts with gentle hope,
And our souls with soft delight.

This was *all* spring; then summer came,
Maturing every joy;
Till autumn's faded leaf proclaim'd
That gold must have alloy—
For springs *will* go, and summers come,
And autumn's power will chide
The lovely forms which, beauteous once,
Her fairest fruits outvied.

And what of that? Time will not wait,
Nor brook an hour's delay;
The seasons change, and why should we
Expect perpetual day?
Enough for those who think aright,
That all is fix'd above;
And that the springs which *never* fail,
Are friendship, hope, and love!

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THE MORAL ECONOMY OF LARGE TOWNS.

INDIGENCE AND BENEVOLENCE.

PART I.

THE NECESSITY OF DISTINGUISHING THE TRUE FROM THE FALSE.

BY W. C. TAYLOR, L.L.D.

"THE poor you have always with you," was the declaration of Him "who spoke as never man spake;" it is one of those simple sentences whose obvious truth apparently renders it trite, but which, when we meditate upon, when we "mark, learn, and inwardly digest," is found pregnant with deep and important considerations, involving problems connected with the well-being of every individual man, and the very existence of human society. Who are the poor, and why is their existence as a class pronounced an essential condition of humanity? These are questions which every body believes that he can answer until he comes to try; but, when called upon to answer, like the philosopher of old he is forced to reply, "*Si non rogas, intelligo.*" This difficulty, which will be the more felt the more deeply it is examined, reveals to us the most marked peculiarity in the science of moral economy; it is not susceptible of rigid definition or strict demonstration,—its descriptions are confessedly vague and incomplete,—its conclusions a mere estimate of conflicting probabilities. Founded on what may be called the "experience of civilisation," it finds the registers of that experience vague and unsatisfactory,—the nature of that civilisation the subject of angry controversy. Under such circumstances complete truth is not attainable: all we can hope for is the evolution of partial truths, and some indications of the direction in which they tend to more perfect development.

Indigence is, perhaps, one of the most difficult subjects of analysis; its nature and its extent are imperfectly known, even to those who have attempted the investigation; the mere depth of the abyss of misery is not the only difficulty; there is at once a variety and a uniformity in the horrors; there is a complication of physical suffering, mental prostration and moral ruin; many of the streams which keep the horrid pool full to the brim, and frequently threatening to overflow,—flow down from the brightest and sunniest spots in human existence, bearing with them some of the richest treasures of humanity to be whelmed for ever beneath the fathomless waters.

The terms, Poverty and Indigence, usually employed as synonyms, do not express the same idea, nor represent the same situation. Poverty is relative, indigence is absolute; the poor man has not enough, the indigent has nothing; the former wants assistance and support, the latter must have succour, or perish. In modern times a new word has been coined which has not a little increased the confusion of ideas prevailing on this subject: pauperism is employed as a common name both for indigence and poverty, and has, consequently, led to the suggestion of common remedies for the very different evils of both; the pernicious consequences may be traced in our public discussions, in our varied institutions, and even in our legislation. Finally, mendicity has been added to the chaos to express the result of indigence, a result by no

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means necessary, and the most pernicious test that could possibly be applied.

Although many confess that there is *a* difference between mendicity and mendacity, yet others with equal truth assert that the difference is all my *i*: they assert that in the majority of instances the beggar, instead of calling himself *mend I can't* should rather take the name of *mend I won't*; that alms should never be given without qualms; and that "*Date obolum Belisario*," may in most instances be safely rendered "Give me the price of a glass of gin." There must, consequently, be a false as well as a true indigence; and this is a fact too notorious to require demonstration. It is necessary, therefore, to separate the artificial from the real, and to mark the phases of pretended indigence before we investigate the nature of the true.

Experience brings us acquainted with three classes of the pretended indigent; among the first and largest class, indigence is a trade; in the second, it is the apathy of indolence; in the third, it is the pure result of debauchery and demoralisation. Every branch of trade, except the manufacture of books and dramas, opens a path to fortune in London, and that of indigence is far from being the least lucrative. We take almost at random two cases from the Reports of the Mendicity Society.

"No 31,238.—J. F., a native of Ireland, forty years of age, and of particularly strong and healthy appearance, who had been long known to the society as a common impostor, was apprehended in King Street, St. James's, in company with a woman whom he pretended to be his wife, and two decently-attired children. From their appearance, and the tale they told, strangers would be induced to suppose that they had but just arrived in London in search of employment, but that the woman had been suddenly taken ill from mere exhaustion, and that they were in a state of total destitution. This artifice the man pursued in various parts of the metropolis, frequently with different women; and when apprehended, which they had been several times, resisted the officers most violently. On being searched, he was always found to have a considerable sum of money about his person."

"No. 29,826.—J. D. S., a man of colour, and a native of Bengal, who had been known to the Society's officers many years, and by whom he had been apprehended no less than eighteen times, was again taken into custody by one of them, begging in Leather Lane, apparently in a state of extreme misery and destitution,—indeed almost in a state of nudity. It will, however, be scarcely credited, that so far from being in distress, he was well known to be, and admitted that he was, the landlord of two lodging-houses in St. Giles's, which yielded him ample means of support; and when apprehended, upon being searched, no less a sum than 18s. 1d. was found upon his person; and upon a similar occasion, which occurred previously, as much as nine pounds was found sewed up in his tattered garments."

The profession of false indigence has two advantages; it is very lucrative, and it is not laborious. Cant is by no means an expensive stock in trade, and there never was an age when it bore a higher price in the market; besides the cant of mock benevolence opened a market for the cant of false indigence. Somebody or other has said that people who have little or no morality of their own, are kind enough to take the morals of the poor under their special protection; with more truth it may be said that childless dowagers and venerable spinsters, having no families of their own, and having a large stock of domestic

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affection on hand, adopt pet schemes of what they are pleased to call charity; most, if not all, of which might be described as joint-stock companies for the propagation of humbug. They bear the same relation to impostors as paid puffs to quack medicines, creating a factitious want for the species of excitement which the traders on indigence are ready to supply. Hence the mendicant profession is one in which the practitioners make rapid progress; the dismal whine is carried to the highest perfection; the running accompaniment of sighs, tears, and groans is arranged with more skill than the musical accompaniments of any opera produced on the English stage for the last twenty years; pathetic tales are composed sufficient to stock a score of circulating libraries, and an insinuating eloquence is formed, possessing a greater power of accommodating itself to times and circumstances than is of late days displayed at the bar or in the pulpit. There are schools of eloquence in St. Giles's where the coarseness of Billingsgate and the pathos of the Asylum chapel are taught in harmonious union, and where the professors beat the fishwoman and the popular preacher hollow.

Pretended indigence is not contented with counterfeiting misery, it has wondrous skill in assuming the aspect of disease; the cholera was quite a fortune to the class. It is not recorded by whom the connection between the blue stage and blue ruin was first discovered, but many dupes can testify that the discovery soon became more profitable to the tribe of impostors than the Daguerreotype is likely to be to its patentee. The shrieks, the writhings, the contortions exhibited, more particularly in the outskirts of London, the quantities of brandy given as specifics for the disease, the amount of money bestowed as a bribe to carry the sickness elsewhere, could not easily be calculated; one neighbourhood, however, was early restored to health by an Irish gentleman, whose porch and steps were very convenient for such exhibitions; he vowed that "he would murder any person who had the impudence to die at his door!" and when the resolution was made public, cholera, which had been hitherto rife around him, suddenly disappeared.

The Quarterly Review, which has been recently sporting on this manor, and has been tolerably successful in bringing down game, mentions a case of pretended pregnancy and parturition ending in the delivery of a pillow, a volley of oaths, and a Billingsgate oration. Such cases are far from rare; one was decided very recently without the intervention of the police, by the accidental presence of a medical practitioner, whose experienced eye at once detected the fraud. But the pretence was some short time since made to serve the purpose of ingenious larceny; the woman was brought into a warehouse by the compassionate owner, she contrived to substitute a package of goods for her stuffing of straw, and made her escape.

Many good sort of people, who suppose that bestowing alms is something like opening a banking account with heaven, will not accept of anything short of blindness or a broken limb as security. The consequent frauds practised upon them are generally known; but there is another species of claim made to compassion, in which, though detection is much easier, yet artifice is more common, and more successful; this is the exhibition of children. One case came under my own observation. Some months ago a man appeared in Camden Town, who went through the streets appealing to compassion in language that had all the semblance of truth and nature. He stated that he was a hand-loom weaver destitute of employment; that his parish had refused him

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relief except on the condition of parting from his children, the dear survivors of his beloved wife; adding, as he pointed to a very interesting little girl, "How could I part from this darling?" There was some excitement about the New Poor Law in the parish of St. Pancras at the time, and consequently the man reaped a plentiful harvest. He was soon after seen in Camberwell relating the same story in the same words, but with a wholly different set of children, the interesting girl having been exchanged for a deformed and sickly-looking boy. The person by whom the discovery was made, stated that he was afraid to give the impostor into custody on account of the impression his appeals against the severity of the Poor Laws had produced on the mistaken sympathies of the multitude. Multitudes of similar cases may be found in the Mendicity Reports; two, however, will suffice.

"No. 32,341.—W. H., a strong, healthy man, about forty-five years of age, with a woman, whom he called his wife, and four children, were found by the Society's officers begging about the streets, and making a most lamentable tale of distress. Upon being taken before the magistrates and examined, it was found that they were not married, and that none of the children belonged to either of them, but had been borrowed from three different families for the sole purpose of begging."

"No. 15,153.—J. H., with a family of six children. She was sitting on the steps of a door, with three of her children, in the New Road, her head reclining upon her hand, and apparently very ill; the constables, suspecting imposition, watched her for some time; at length she was observed to go with two other women into a gin-shop in the neighbourhood, where they all remained about half an hour; they came out, and separated, the woman, as heretofore, having taken up her usual position: presently the same two women, who had before accompanied her, again came up, and a crowd having by this time collected, they began to vociferate loudly for assistance, saying the woman was very ill, and some one ought to take charge of her; the constables immediately took her into custody, experiencing, however, great resistance from a mistaken humanity."

We have more than once witnessed the farce of the sick woman enacted with unpleasant variations; "the artful dodgers" belonging to her hopeful family, took advantage of the opportunity for plying their own branch of industry, and we are unwilling witnesses of their success.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples of these frauds, *nomen illis legio*, they are so countless and varied that simple-minded benevolence cannot escape from their snares. Can it resist the first emotions produced by the aspect of calamities apparently so overwhelming? Can cold mistrust withstand the first warm impulses of compassion? Is not doubt felt to be a kind of wrong to the sufferer, since it unites the injury of suspicion to the indifference of refusal? Pretended indigence knows its stronghold; in this mighty Babylon it is impossible for individuals to bestow the toil and time necessary for inquiry, to say nothing of the risk they would run, not merely from the impostors, but from their besotted patrons. Benevolence in any large community must be organised in order to be efficient; alms indiscriminately bestowed are in nine cases out of ten given to depraved imposture. But the evil does not stop here; mendicancy is a fruitful source of juvenile delinquency; the children hired out to excite compassion are placed in a course of immoral training, which soon qualifies them

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for graduating in the college of Newgate, the only normal school for instructing the rising generation which it has yet pleased the collective wisdom of Great Britain to establish. As we shall have occasion to investigate the entire question of youthful crime, it will be sufficient at present to quote one case from the Mendicity Reports.

"No. 15,138.—W.N., a child seven years' old, and born in London: he was apprehended begging by the constables of the society. The examination of this infant displayed a scene of vice almost unparalleled; it could hardly be supposed so young a mind could have been so readily and completely depraved; he was thoroughly acquainted with the slang terms used by thieves and beggars; and it appeared from the communications he made that his two brothers and himself procured considerable sums by begging and singing songs at different public houses. The mother had followed the same trade, and, as he said, spent in drink both what she herself collected, and whatever her children brought her."

Here, then, is direct evidence that indiscriminate benevolence not only supported the parent in profligacy, but aided in training the children to vice and crime.

In modern times the evil of mawkish sensibility has been summoned to the aid of foolish benevolence. There are people who can contrive to be exceedingly charitable at the expense of their neighbours. When they hear it proposed to apply some test to distinguish between true and false indigence, between real and pretended poverty, they exclaim that the principles of charity are violated, that social duty is sacrificed, that hardness of heart is openly avowed and sanctioned. The impostors—and multitudes of them are to be found enrolled beneath the banners both of benevolence and indigence—propagate the delusion, fools repeat the cry, and genuine philanthropy is drowned by the clamour. No one can read the cases that have been cited, without feeling that it is to the full as much the duty of Christian charity to withhold from pretended indigence as to relieve real want; but the investigation of each case personally involves too much labour, and the delegation of it to others is wounding to pride. "Long life to Folly!" exclaims imposture; and "Long life to Knavery!" is the virtual, though not over virtuous, reply of good-hearted people. It is a general rule admitting no exception, and therefore in itself an exception to every general rule, that those who are denominated "good-hearted people" are utterly destitute of head.

But false indigence does not always present itself in rags: it frequently comes before you with a respectable aspect, and under the forms which belong to good society. Lord Chancellor Clare had a theory, that every man with three names in 1798 was a rebel. Without investigating the facts of his lordship's reasoning, it must be confessed that suspicion in many instances attaches itself to the *homines trium literarum*, especially if the second name has anything of an aristocratic sound. We find almost invariably that the class of genteel mendicants who go about petitioning for subscriptions, and make a livelihood by combining begging with other forms of swindling, have their second name quite aristocratic. Robert Mortimer Hopkins, or Charles Gower Pipkins, are frequently found at the end of petitions and the beginning of indictments. They are all clever fellows; they have invented reverses far more interesting than vulgar misfortunes; they are the victims of political tumults, the chances of war, or com-

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mercial revolutions. They display wondrous aptitude in availing themselves of circumstances, such as the late campaigns of the British auxiliary legion in Spain, and the delay of payment by the Spanish government. There are throughout the country more persons claiming credit or relief as officers of the late legion than there were soldiers under General Evans from beginning to end. As during the Continental war every beggar was either a soldier or a sailor, so now many of the well-dressed livers on their wits claim connection with the legion, and in too many instances have their claim allowed; while the character of those who really served is seriously injured by the proceedings of the pretenders. The petition-impostors are almost sure of extensive success when they have gained their first dupes. These serve as witnesses to the truth of their statements, and as decoys for others. Their number, however, is very limited; it has been sensibly diminished since the higher classes have begun to refer such cases for investigation to the committee of the Mendicity Society. We do occasionally hear of instances where, on the strength of an aristocratic second name, and a plausible story, credit is obtained from the tradesman and charity from the nobleman. The worst result is, the injury done to those who are really distressed by the disgraceful arts of these plausible impostors. We speak what we know, when we assert that there are in middle, and even in what may be called genteel life, examples of greater suffering, misery, and destitution, endured with an iron pride that breaks before it bends, than can be found in the lowest haunts of wretchedness. Against such misery the heart is too often steeled by the arts of those impostors, who believe that honest industry is inconsistent with gentility, and who are disposed to exclaim with the Indian, "Pig only gentleman: he no work." They reverse the feelings of the discharged steward: it is "to dig," not "to beg," that they are ashamed. For obvious reasons, it is inexpedient to dwell farther on this form of pretended indigence. Indeed, it is so closely connected with swindling, that it more properly belongs to a different part of the subject.

The last, but far the most extensive case of pretended indigence, which we have to examine, is that of begging-letters,—an evil, by the way, likely to be much extended by the increased facilities of the Post Office. Few persons would believe the extent of the talent and ingenuity displayed in these productions. If a proper collection of them was made, they would form unrivalled stock in trade for a new Minerva Press. In fact, the composition of such letters is a regular and lucrative branch of the literary profession. Like the genteel petitioners, the letter-writers exhibit great skill in seizing on the popular topics of the day, such as the outcry against the New Poor Law and the Factory system. Whether they have borrowed from Mrs. Trollope, or Mrs. Trollope from them, may be difficult to determine; but there is a very striking similarity between the romantic statements of both. Such letters, indeed, are often sent by parents who place their children to work in the mines until they are old enough to work in the factory; and there can be little doubt that many of the dupes who joined in the preposterous outcry raised against juvenile labour, were deceived by the ingenious devices of the letter-manufacturers. We refer to the reports of the Factory Commissioners for an exposure of many of these frauds. Henry Mackenzie's novels, especially Julia de Roubigné, appear to be the favourite models of the London letter-writers; and, from the fol-

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lowing case, it will appear that they are no bad imitators of the Man of Feeling.

Harriet Reid, after having tried many different names, and a great variety of circumstances, at length applied to a philanthropic gentleman, endeavouring to excite his sympathies for an ideal Harriet Minette, whose case she laid before him in a series of anonymous letters. One of these letters, and an extract from the narrative, are quoted to show the extent of pathetic power possessed by this ingenious impostor.

THE LETTER.

"The inclosed, dear L——, tedious as it is, for Heaven's sake, peruse most carefully: the cause of it must at once excuse it. It contains a melancholy occurrence—indeed, one which, while it engages your attention, must cut you to the heart. Poor Mrs. Minette must soon be lost, unless immediately seen after. O L——! I am all anxiety about her—in agonies until you receive this—then all will be well. Heaven crown your efforts with success! Even then, should the memory of the past be granted us, you must look down on your bounty to her with rapture.

EXTRACT FROM THE NARRATIVE.

"Poor Mrs. Minette! I shall surprise you when I tell you of what family she is by the mother's side. She is related to yourself; but I must not explain who she is or who I am at present. Oh, may Heaven in its infinite mercy avert the blow that seems now impending over this unfortunate lady. Continue your bounty to her, and you will soon learn what she is. She is thoroughly amiable, L——, and to me somewhat dear. Her mother married a man of inferior birth, and her relations discarded her. She married Minette, a villain, who has thrown her, after riding in her carriage, on the wide world in hopeless adversity. As I told you, L——, in my first letter, she is an amiable, unsuspecting creature,—artless, being truly warm in her friendship and love. Silly young creature as she is, we must, however, save her some pangs. Do something, dear L——, for her support; recommend her to your friends. Set her up in a school, and get her some pupils; but *don't let her teach Italian, as that will bring her sorrows to her mind.* But now for the more immediate melancholy purport of my letter. She will be lost unless you save her; but I know you won't let her want. I am in agony of mind about her. I shudder to name the subject, but I must. On Sunday, a friend of mine, on her way to church, saw Mrs. Minette walking to and fro in an unfrequented path by the side of the river. She accosted her; but the unfortunate lady appeared quite lost. It is too clear, L——, her wicked thoughts. Dear L——, watch her narrowly. Things, at all events, look black. Take her under your care, reason with her, give her books, let her have a doctor, and see her take her physic; but don't hint a word to her of what you do—it might wound her sensitive feelings. She respects you, calls you her benefactor. Adopt her, then, as your *protegée*—let her read to you, and come to you at church, and in the vestry-room, where you can have her to yourself. Providence must surely have thrown you in her way, and made you his agent in delivering her from the fangs of Satan. Give her a few pounds, and heaven bless you!"

Harriet Reid, like many other writers of romance, failed in the management of her plot, by overloading her first invention with so ma-

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ny additional inventions, that she rendered the whole a monstrous improbability. She was detected, and sent to meditate on the advantages of greater simplicity of style in the House of Correction.

From an immense mass of materials, containing details far more iniquitous and disgusting, a few of the less revolting features of pretended indigence have been selected, which are quite sufficient to show that the system of mendicant imposture is a nuisance which ought to be abated. It is also evident that this nuisance is entirely supported by mistaken benevolence; that not only are the funds, which ought to be devoted to the relief of real indigence, squandered on the idle and the profligate, but that idleness and profligacy are indefinitely propagated by the facilities afforded for their success. This is only another proof of the old aphorism, that well-meaning fools do much more mischief in the world than designing knaves. Let us not hear in reply the sentimental cant of mock and indolent charity; we shall hereafter show that the relief of real indigence demands something more than money,—that it requires zeal, time, labour, and a spirit of devotedness such as is rarely found in the present age; but, in the mean time, let us strongly protest against the common calumny, that an anxiety to distinguish between real and pretended indigence is a sign of indifference to both.

The Society for the Suppression of Mendicity has been eminently successful both in detecting imposture and relieving real distress; of course it is zealously calumniated by the impostors and their dupes, for

> Surely the pleasure is as great
> Of being cheated as to cheat.

Were we to find any fault with the institution, it would be its voluntary character; it is an association for executing duties which properly belong to the government of the country, and its existence is a standing reproach against the government for neglecting its functions. At the same time everybody knows that a legislature would never raise such a nest of hornets as would buzz, flutter, and sting, if any attempt were made to interfere with the proceedings of those self-sufficient persons who arrogate to themselves the titles of the charitable and the humane.

Indolence has been mentioned as the second form of false indigence; persons of this class doubtless suffer great privations; but they should be regarded as idle rather than as necessitous; they are wanting to themselves; their privations are self-imposed. This indigence in some degree belongs to the former class; its destitution is a falsehood, for it possesses resources which it refuses to use. Pretended benevolence has extended its mischievous protection to this class also: such indolence is not unfrequently described as "contented poverty," which, of course, ranks in the category of virtues. Discontent, almost in its worst form, is far preferable to such a species of content. This apathy is sometimes the effect of education, sometimes of temperament; it soon becomes a confirmed, and what is worse, a contagious habit, and both circumstances prolonging and propagating it, render it more pernicious to society. It is generally associated with feebleness of moral energy, and a degradation of character which necessarily aggravates its evil results.

Cases of indigence directly resulting from vice are abundant. Intoxication, gambling, and debauchery, are naturally enough found associated with extreme destitution. Take one case from the Mendicity Reports, —"No. 32,887.—W. C., a man of tolerably decent appearance, applied

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for relief, urging that he, his wife and child, were reduced to a state of starvation by want of employment. It turned out upon inquiry that he had for many years pursued the calling of a law-writer; but that his distress, although apparently great, was wholly attributable to his propensity to drinking, and that to indulge in this abominable vice he had resorted to the most disgraceful and fraudulent means; aud had, in fact, been intoxicated every day for the fortnight preceding that of his application."

This third class of false indigence requires a separate examination, because vice is not less frequently a consequence than a cause of indigence, and because the mistakenly benevolent have often done as much injury to this class, by refusing opportunities and means of repentance, as they have to the preceding classes by lavish rewards.

To distinguish between true and false indigence is not merely an act of justice, it is pre-eminently an act of mercy: it is not only mercy to the really indigent, by saving for them the resources squandered on the fraudulent, the idle, and the profligate; it is mercy to the impostors themselves, whose ruinous career will be checked when encouragement is withheld; it is mercy to the benevolent dupes, by showing them the difference between misfortunes which command respect and impostures which require punishment. On this distinction the whole system of true benevolence must be based; it alone can ensure its benefits, and prevent its abuses.*

* In the discussion of this subject the author has laid himself under obligations to the writings of several eminent publicists; more especially to those of the Baron de Gerando, and the Archbishop of Dublin.

TO MARIE!

Marie! 'tis now a twelvemonth nigh
Since first I saw thy gentle face:
I well remember the deep sigh
That made me turn to thee and trace
The sweetest, saddest mind portray'd
In thy dark eyes, my gentle maid!

Marie! I lov'd thee from that hour,
Though vain and hopeless it may be;
But 'tis not in my reason's power
To change that love one thought from thee!
E'en could I change it, what might prove
A recompense for such a love?

'Tis my heart's nature, my soul's life,
Life worthless but that *thine* imparts
A music to it through the strife
Of jarring tongues and hollow hearts,
That lullabies it far from this,
Into a dreamy world of bliss!

Marie! they'd wake me from my dream—
They say 'tis wrong to think of thee:
But if *my* heart in Love's deep stream
Perchance may drown not, it must be
Still onward borne in quest of *thine*,
Lit with the hope of "*one day mine!*"

Oh! Marie! if that day were now—
Nay, turn not from me—give one sign
To tell my aching bosom how,
Or *if* 'twould glad thee to be mine:
Nothing but tears! Stay, stay!—yet go,
'Tis madness yet thy love to know!

W.

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THE TOLEDO RAPIER.

A TALE.

BY R. B. PEAKE.

CHAPTER IV.

Monsieur Perpignan, after watering his mignionette, went to inspect several trees of his wall-fruit, which had not yet become ripe. Now, an amateur gardener generally counts his nectarines and peaches; so Perpignan counted the specimens, and discovered that about five-and-thirty of his unripe darlings had vanished—"Who can be the thief?" thought he. "It is very disagreeable to suspect anybody; but I will lay in wait for the petty robbers."

At this moment Monsieur Dominique, the harlequin, (who had been requested by Madame Perpignan to come very early to the château, as she wished to put him in possession of the names, professions, and scandal appertaining to some of her particular friends, and so to enliven the masked ball by Dominique's sallies), arrived. He had just stepped out of a hired *fiacre* from Paris, and was attired in his harlequin's dress; but this was quite hid by a cloak in which he was wrapped. He wore a slouched hat over his bound-up black head, to which his black mask was attached with a movable spring, and he had a long pair of boots reaching beyond his knees over his patchwork legs and russet shoes. As Perpignan was pondering on the fate of the nectarines, he suddenly beheld this extraordinary figure, with a very pale face, and evidently disguised. Perpignan, determined to watch, retreated behind the angle of a wall. Dominique seated himself on a garden-bench, and sighed very deeply. He was perfectly within the hearing and sight of Monsieur Perpignan. Dominique rested his chin on his hand, and uttered in a melancholy tone,

"Is there on earth a greater wretch than I am? The gate open, any thief might walk in as I did." Perpignan was excited, but prudently remained in concealment, listening with all his ears. Dominique sighed again, and said, "Our house is closed to-night, so the whole troupe are at leisure: none of them know that I am engaged here."

"The fellow has come again after my nectarines," thought Perpignan.

Dominique resumed—"I am an hour before my time; but, in my state of mind, if I had remained any longer in Paris, I should have cut my throat!"

"Then I wish you had stayed there," thought Perpignan.

"But what does it avail," said Dominique, again sighing deeply, "that I have escaped from all their traps and tricks, and have come into the country? To-morrow I must go back again to the same wretched business!"

Perpignan felt that he was unarmed. Where had he left his hedge shears? Dominique continued,

"The doors will be opened; I shall swindle the public, as usual; there will be their money; but, what is that to me!" and another heavy hypochondriacal sigh was heaved.

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"He is not to share in the spoil," opined Perpignan.

"However, one must work to live, though life is hardly bearable. Five louis will be the fruits of my exertions this evening!"

"Fruits!" exclaimed Perpignan, aroused. "Five louis! he means to steal all my remaining peaches and plums," and he made his appearance from behind the wall.

Dominique turned his head on seeing Perpignan, and said,

"Some one—O! only the old gardener! No one shall see my miserable face," and he instantly pulled down his black mask. Perpignan observing this, muttered, "Disguised himself! What a wretch to have in the garden!" Here Dominique accidentally dropped his wooden bat from under his cloak, and picked it up again. "What housebreaking implement is that?" reflected Perpignan. "I will seek for assistance."

He then perceived Justine coming into the garden very prettily attired for the fête; so, making towards her, he ordered her to keep her eye on the strange person on the bench, until he could procure help to take him into custody.

"Pray," said Dominique, pushing his mask up, "at what hour do your revels commence?"

Justine burst into a peal of uncontrollable laughter at the mistake of her master, and immediately went up to Dominique and welcomed him, hoping that he was well.

"As I never had a moment's health in my life," said Dominique, "how is it possible that I can ever be well?"

Justine replied, "La! let me look at your patched jacket. A prodigious favourite of the public, as you are, constantly exciting the merriment of your audience, ought never to be ill."

Dominique gave another of his lengthened sighs.

"Alas! I have been in a fit of hypochondria for these five years past. Medicine will not touch my disorder. Would you credit it? It was but yesterday I went to a celebrated physician, who did not know my person off the stage; and described to him the depression of my spirits; says the doctor, 'you lead too lonely a life; you want excitement; you must amuse yourself; visit the theatre; go where you can laugh; go and laugh at the comic harlequin, Dominique.'—'Alas! doctor,' said I, '*I* am Dominique!'"

"I cannot help smiling at you," replied Justine, "for your very grief is comic."

Dominique made a grin-horrible.

"What very white teeth she has! Do you know, my dear, if anything ever makes me forget my misery, it is the sight of a pretty girl."

"La! Monsieur Dominique," simpered Justine. "Nothing gives me so much pleasure as to relieve the unhappy; besides, I would not have you melancholy to-night for the world."

Dominique approached Justine, and said,

"One kiss on this little hand would cheer me!" (he saluted it) "I am better! One kiss more on that sweet cherry cheek would drive away twenty blue devils." And here, instead of one, he gave Justine a dozen, who, on turning her head, discovered Monsieur Perpignan, with two labourers with stout sticks in their hands. Justine screamed, and scampered into the château. Perpignan, brandishing a bill-hook, stood before Dominique, and demanded who and what he was? Domi-

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nique thought, "By Momus! I am enacting one of my own pantomimes; but those are real cudgels."

"Seize this robber!" said Perpignan to the labourers.

"Be quiet, you saps!" answered Dominique, and he turned towards Perpignan, and grimaced at him. "And you, you stupid old ass of a gardener, you are elderly enough to know better. Send your master to me. He will let you into the secret who I am, you cabbage stalk!"

"Cabbage stalk!" cried Perpignan. "Seize him! disable him!"

Then commenced a scuffle, and an attack, in which all received a few slight blows, and Dominique's wooden bat was deeply chipped by Monsieur Perpignan's bill-hook. No one could tell how this assault would have ended, if Madame Perpignan had not rushed out into the garden, dressed as a Columbine, with her high head powdered and frizzed, and a little fancy hat, with a single feather in it; a light-blue manteau, trimmed with flowers; a white satin petticoat, furbelowed and festooned; green silk stockings, with clocks, and pink shoes, high-heeled and buckled. She was followed by Justine.

"Mercy on us, Monsieur Perpignan! here is another of your blunders." Then turning to Dominique, Madame said, "A thousand pardons, my good sir, for this mistake."

"Pray, Madame, make no apology," replied the harlequin. "I am accustomed to all sorts of scrapes. But your dolt of a gardener, here; where the deuce did you dig him up? He must have belonged to some antediluvian generation."

Madame laughingly said, "Pray excuse my gardener, as you call him, Monsieur Dominique, and step into the château, and take a glass of the best Burgundy to prepare you for the exertion of the evening."

"You are very good, Madame," said Dominique, and turning to Perpignan, he winked at him. "You see, you ancient artichoke, you were wrong. I attend you, Madame. Be more cautious another time, old carrots and turnips!"

And he then escorted Madame Perpignan into the château, with a profusion of shrugs and dancing-master's bows.

Perpignan stared. "'Old carrots and turnips!' What is all this? Justine, is your mistress mad, or am I?"

"Oh, sir!" said Justine. "They ought to have told you that Madame, in order to add to the gaiety of her masked ball to-night had engaged Dominique, the celebrated harlequin, and Mr. Dominique had arrived before his time."

"And so did I, it appears," said Perpignan, "for I caught Monsieur Dominique kissing your cheek."

Justine replied demurely, "Sir, he told me it would make him lively."

The carriages now approaching the garden-gate, Perpignan got out of the way, and Justine rejoined her mistress.

CHAPTER V.

The gentlemen of the minuet and cotillion bands arrived from Paris, with the violoncellos on the roof of the coach. Pierrots, Scaramouches, shepherds and shepherdesses, cavaliers, poissardes,

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and the usual motley groups of a masked ball, were set down from their carriages; and, when walking round the ornamented grounds, realized the pictures of Watteau.

On one side was a rustic orchestra in the open air; and, at the end of a dark wide walk were affixed a profusion of fireworks, all arranged ready to be let off at a given signal; and this signal was a large bell, which was hung to the branch of an elm, with a rope to toll it. Monsieur Pimental arrived with a *sac de nuit* in his hand, containing his masquerade dress. He was making his way to the room of Du Plessis, where he had arranged to attire himself. He was rather late; but he had been obliged to keep within his lodging at Paris, peeping cautiously out at his window, because he observed that Monsieur le Marquis de la Tour le Colombier had been parading backwards and forwards on the opposite side of the street nearly the whole day. "But," thought Pimental, "I have escaped the old savage, at any rate." Presently he saw, sitting in a corner of the saloon, Gaston du Plessis.

"Ah! Gaston, you must let me go and dress in your cabinet. Why, what ails you, man. You look as pale and melancholy as a boiled rabbit. I shall appear as harlequin to-night. Here is my dress!"

"Would that this mummery was postponed," said Gaston.

"Oh, ay! I dare say your wound is painful," replied Pimental. "You may think it trifling, but old scratch had been taught how to carve, and had nearly taken off your liver wing."

Du Plessis turned away to conceal his dejection, and Pimental reflected, "Poor Gaston has lost all his spirits. Now I am in such a delicious flow to-night that nothing in the world could turn me over. I feel like a shuttlecock—one tap with a battledore would send me up joyfully floating in the air. O! you lucky young dog, to have nothing to disturb your mind, but the delicious pleasures of a masked ball before you."

At this moment a tall, upright figure, in a faded pink and white-striped domino, approached Pimental, and in a well-known voice, said,

"This is beyond my hopes. Allow me, Monsieur, to congratulate both you and myself on this fortunate rencontre."

Pimental stood aghast—it was the terrible Marquis, and he internally wished him beyond the *Barrier d'enfer*.

"Have the complaisance to follow me into the garden. It may prevent the disturbance which might occur at several later periods of the evening," and here he produced the formidable Toledo rapier.

"Follow me, instantly. I will take no advantage of you. Prepare your guard."

Pimental shuddered, and wished the guard would come and take advantage of them both. He then made a turn, as if to go after Colombier through the door in the garden; but instead of which, he took one spring up the staircase with his *sac de nuit*, and bolted himself safely in Du Plessis's little chamber.

The Marquis, finding himself again foiled, determined to be doubly vigilant throughout the night; he therefore kept himself closely masked, and entered into the *hilarity* of the evening with great sternness.

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Pimental, not liking to be disappointed with the ball, and thinking, also, that he should be much more safe in a mask and character, put on his harlequin's dress, and, after reconnoitring some little time, ventured down stairs amongst the company, but not without a continual dread of encountering the indignant Marquis.

The band played the lively airs then most in vogue. All were gaily enjoying themselves (Sophia, Du Plessis, Le Blond, and the Marquis, excepted). Dominique, now in a state of excitation, forgot his blue-devils, and was witty, active, and mischievous, by turns. He encountered Pimental, attired exactly like himself in the old-fashioned harlequin's dress, with large patches, russet-coloured three-cornered cap, and shoes.

Dominique, perceiving that he had an amateur harlequin to cope with, amused himself and the spectators by imitating Pimental's awkward manner, and in so excellent a style, that it was difficult to tell one from the other. When Pimental had acquitted himself, as he imagined, to perfect satisfaction, he chanced to cast his eye on a prettily-formed plump girl, who was representing the character of a Bacchante; so Pimental went in pursuit of her. Here the old white and pink-striped domino was pacing about with folded arms, and scrutinizing glances, when Dominique saw his extraordinary figure, and determined to have some fun with him.

"There's a fine flam*beau*," said Dominique. "Now, you shall see me put him out,—that is to say, I will put him out of temper." So Dominique danced ludicrously up to the Marquis de la Tour le Colombier.

"Ah! ah! very ingenious!" remarked the Marquis, and endeavoured to avoid Dominique, who pertinaciously continued to throw himself into grotesque attitudes about his person, intercepting him at every turn. At length the testy Le Colombier said sharply,

"Monsieur, will you have the goodness to go about your business?"

"That is exactly what I am doing," replied Dominique. "Stick to your business, and your business will stick to you."

The Marquis drew up, and retorted, "Leave me: I wish to be alone."

Dominique replied, "Foregad! you are an odd character! You take the trouble to come to a masquerade, and you wish to be *alone*. Did you expect to walk through the saloons and gardens all night by yourself? to flit about like an old bat? Now, here you see, is my *bat*."

"Quit me!" growled the Marquis; "exhibit your foolery elsewhere."

"Oh, no, no, no," exclaimed Dominique, redoubling his attentive buffoonery, "we cannot part on such easy terms; I don't find such a fine old boy as you every day. What will you take for your domino, manufactured in the reign of Charles the Bald? *Stripes*, I see," and here he danced actively round the Marquis, and gave him several loud-sounding slaps with the harlequin's bat on a part of the old gentleman's person which was not at all relished by his honour.

"Fire and fury, you villain! how dare you to assault me?"

"Be tranquil," said Dominique, "you know that harlequin is a privileged person."

The Marquis was in the act of unsheathing again his Toledo ra-

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pier, when Dominique dexterously pushed his slouched hat over his irritated countenance, so that nothing could be seen but the mouth, grinding in passion the few remains of teeth; and in this position Dominique favoured him with a few more slight blows, and danced off into the crowd.

Whilst Le Colombier in the bitterness of rage was endeavouring to raise his hat, the Bacchante sprung across from a distant part of the garden, pursued by the elated, but unlucky Pimental. The Marquis at the moment caught sight of the harlequin, rushed at him, and, seizing him by the throat, said,

"Rascal, you shall find that you are not the privileged person you imagine."

Pimental struggled, but in vain.

"Unmask, fellow!" roared Le Colombier. "I insist on seeing your face? Nay, then—" and the Marquis, with the strength of an old lion, dragged Pimental down the walk which led to the stand erected for the fireworks. A few of the spectators followed; some supposed it to be a mere masquerading frolic, and did not interfere.

"Now," said the Marquis, "if you will not remove the black mask from your impertinent face, thus I do it," and he snatched off Pimental's mask. "As I suspected—the very villain who threw the backgammon board on my head at the Café de la Concorde; who assisted at the nefarious insult at the opera, and who has again most vilely assaulted me this evening. Behold, and tremble!"

"Oh! I know you well enough," said Pimental.

"This is the place," whispered the Marquis, "to pin you to the earth with my rapier, and listen to your dying apology."

"I will neither apologise nor die," replied Pimental, and he gradually retreated a few steps, until he came under the elm tree, where he had fortunately seen the large bell affixed. There were plenty of persons within sight, though not many within hearing. De la Tour le Colombier passed the sword close to Pimental, and said,

"Make me a most abject apology for the injury you have inflicted on my honour."

Pimental mechanically laid hold of the rope; the large bell tolled; port-fires were seen moving about, affixed to long wands; the Catherine wheels, the jets, the saucissons, and the rockets, were instantly ignited by the pyrotechnists stationed for the purpose; the whole company suddenly assembled to behold them, but Madame Perpignan's fireworks were let off at least one hour before the appointed time, to her utter annoyance.

As the fireworks sputtered, fizzed, and banged off, the Marquis lost sight of Pimental, who was so confused that he hardly knew what he did, while escaping from the dreaded Toledo rapier. The Marquis was wondering where his victim had slipped away, when he was astonished by three more rapid blows from Dominique, who danced up, grinning in his face, and immediately disappeared in the crowd. Le Colombier was now convinced that Pimental was incorrigible, and he determined to show him no mercy.

Dominique made his way to Madame Perpignan, who was in the saloon, bewailing the mistake of her expensive fireworks, which had been let off without producing any effect, when Dominique, to divert her chagrin, proposed a general dance that had come in vogue in

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Paris, and had lately been introduced from Poland. He did not recollect the name of it, but it was a sort of follow-my-leader dance. A lady and gentleman were selected to lead it off. All the rest of the company were to form into couples; and, wherever the first pair danced—no matter where—all over the house, over the gardens, even if it had been out at the gate, and all the way to Paris, all the other couples were bound to follow dancing. The band were to march after them. This proposition was agreed to joyously by the company; the partners were selected, and Madame Perpignan and Dominique led off. Sophia, finding it was fast approaching twelve o'clock, stole away. Le Blond disappeared by another path; and Du Plessis, who had been watching both, followed cautiously, but unobserved, the way Sophia had turned.

"Now," said Dominique, "the devil take the hindmost."

The band struck up, and the whole company in couples were in animated, if not graceful motion, laughing and chatting.

CHAPTER VI.

We must take the liberty to change the scene now to the exterior of the lodge of old Jaquelette, the porteress. The little building was entirely covered with honeysuckles, which impregnated the night air with a most delicious odour. It was hither that Sophia bent her steps to obtain from her *confidante*, Jaquelette, the key of the empty cottage. She was aware that her father was soon to retire to bed in the lodge, and was apprehensive that she should be too late.

"Well, good Jaquelette, how is our fair charge?"

"Poor dear lady!" said Jaquelette. "She is much recovered; I have taken every care of her."

Here Gaston du Plessis, who had kept out of sight the whole way, overheard Sophia say, "Are you sure this is the right key?" and Jaquelette's reply was in the affirmative.

"Good night for the present," said Sophia; "I must return to the saloon, or my absence will be discovered, which would be fatal. My old friend, breathe not a syllable to any living being of my visit to the empty cottage;" and here Sophia returned. Old Jaquelette stepped into the lodge to fetch a lantern to light Monsieur Perpignan to her quarters.

"Bless his heart!" said she. "He is sitting by himself in the dairy, supping on a bowl of new milk and raspberries, to be out of the bother of this masked ball." Here the music of the Polish dance floated across the breeze, and the old porteress, lantern in hand, footed away along the gravel path, in time to the lively tune.

"The empty cottage," inwardly groaned Du Plessis. "Ah! Sophia, your depravity is equal to your coquetry. It is plain she is amusing herself by driving me mad. I will tear myself from this detested place; but I will not go without vengeance. Le Blond shall give me ample satisfaction for the wrongs he has inflicted on me. Some one approaches."

Two figures appeared in the alley, one apparently following the other. The first was Le Blond, evidently making his way to his appointment with Sophia. All the rancorous feeling of Du Plessis was aroused, and he was about to attack Le Blond with reproach,

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when the Marquis de la Tour le Colombier stepped up, and said,

"Monsieur le Blond, I have taken the liberty to follow you to this sequestered part of the garden. I have been seeking you for some days. You are the third person from whom satisfaction is due to me for an insulting aggression at the opera. I informed you that I should seek the opportunity. Will you do me the favour to measure swords with me? The moon will lend us a serene light," and out again came the Toledo rapier.

Le Blond replied, "Sir, I am much perplexed at this moment; I will attend to your summons at any hour in the morning."

"Permit me to observe," pertinaciously continued the Marquis, "that in an affair of this nature there is no time like the time present!"

"Hold, sir!" exclaimed Le Blond, "I neither fear you, nor any man, but I must appeal to your gallantry. Within a few minutes of this time—there is a lady in the case—I have an appointment of a most peculiar nature."

"Mere subterfuge," said Le Colombier. "You have taken a hint from the code of honour of your chivalrous friend, Monsieur Pimental. Have the goodness to defend yourself."

Here Gaston du Plessis rushed forward, and uttered,

"Some reparation is due to me. Le Blond, you are a villain and a hypocrite. I know the Marquis to be a sure swordsman. Before you commence with him you must first give *me* satisfaction."

Le Blond calmly answered, "My friend, are you mad?"

"Your friend!" sarcastically said Du Plessis. "Yes; I owe much to your perfidious friendship. Thus have you rewarded my candour and integrity. Come on, sir! Monsieur le Marquis, this affair is mine."

Le Colombier replied gravely, "Excuse my interruption; but on a point of punctilio I am a most determined personage. I shall have the honour of first fighting Monsieur Le Blond. You may do with him as you like afterwards. And, if your arm is well enough, why, we can conclude our own little affair after that."

"But I claim precedence," said Du Plessis.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" remonstrated Le Blond, "are you both deranged?"

"Come on!" cried the Marquis.

All the weapons were now drawn, and they were each taking a position of offence and defence, when the music of the perambulating dance sounded near to them. There was a momentary pause. A light streamed across the path, and old Jaquelette sauntered towards the belligerents with a lantern, escorting Monsieur Perpignan, in a flowered chintz night-gown to the lodge; a sudden turn brought them into collision with the fighting trio, and Jaquelette exclaimed,

"Mercy preserve us, swords! Have pity on a tender woman!"

The music approached. The Marquis said in a low tone,

"The dancers are coming this way: take both of ye my mortal defiance."

Old Jaquelette trembling, replied, "Why, what have we done to offend you?"

The combatants hastily dispersed. Perpignan was half asleep, and rather bewildered, and sighed,

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"This comes of masquerading; I am thankful I have escaped their mummery; and—dear me, how nice the honeysuckles smell!—to bed, to bed. I have planned to dig a ditch to-morrow, twenty-five yards long, and a yard deep."

They then entered the little lodge, to pass a quiet night.

The dancing-procession went gaily along an adjoining gravel-path, headed by Madame Perpignan and Dominique. And now the faithful and attentive Jaquelette had introduced her good master to the interior of her neat little lodge, which, as we have before intimated, consisted of two rooms, the inner of which contained a neat bed with curtains. The old woman had put a bouquet of flowers on the little table, and said,

"La! monsieur, it does my heart good to see you so nice and sleepy. There is my—I mean your bed, Monsieur."

"What, my poor old friend, am I to turn you out of your nest for the night, then? Impossible."

"Oh, never mind me, Monsieur; I have the settee in the next room, and a warm rug."

"But I insist!" says Perpignan.

"I am too old, Monsieur, to be insisted on," answered Jaquelette. "You will find every thing *comme il faut*. Can I assist you to unrobe?"

"No, Jaquelette, where is your delicacy? Put the light down, and good-night."

Jaquelette looked affectionately at Perpignan, and observed,

"I hope, Monsieur, I shall not disturb you in the night with my cough. I almost shake the old lodge down with it."

"What a loose cough," thought Perpignan. "There, good night, Jaquelette."

The old woman went out, but almost immediately tapped at the door —"Dear heart, dear heart!"

"Well, what now?" said Perpignan.

"I forgot your nightcap; it is here. I have kept it in my pocket to air it, all the evening. Dear me, my snuff-box is emptied into it."

Then it struck Perpignan that he should be sneezing all night in one room, while she was coughing in the other. "She is gone. Now I shall be quiet. No; here she is again."

"Excuse me, sir," said Jaquelette: "but I forgot to set the rat-trap."

"What! have you rats here? A pleasant bed-chamber I have selected, truly." Here the old porteress set the trap, and mumbled, "I brought a bit of cheese with me—it is all right; if you should hear the trap snap off in the night, only call me, and I will come and fetch the rat away."

"There, shut the door," yawned Perpignan.

"Beg your pardon," said Jaquelette, re-opening. "What time would you be pleased to be called in the morning?"

"I'll wake myself," replied Perpignan. "I won't go to sleep all night. Go to bed, do, Jaquelette."

The porteress closed her master's door, and only took off part of her clothing, anxiously looking at the settee, thinking what a disagreeable night's rest she would have. Whilst she was unlacing, she heard Monsieur Perpignan sneeze several times very loudly.

"The snuff in his night-cap. He will keep me awake all night." And here she was attacked by one of her long coughs, more habi-

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tual than constitutional; for old Jaquelette, being much alone, generally thought that a cough was very good company.

Perpignan, as he speedily undressed himself and got into bed, (to save time he had said his prayers in the dairy, over the raspberries and cream,) was much disconcerted by the state of the irritability of the membranes of the *fauces*, *pharynx*, *larynx*, *trachea*, and *bronchi*, of the aged Jaquelette, and he muttered, "She coughs like an old horse!" However, he made up his mind for the worst, and tranquilly exclaimed, "How delightful is the calm silence of night, after a day of healthful labour!"

Jaquelette had extended her crazy old form on the settee, and wrapped herself up, when the sounds of music became very audible, and again were rapidly approaching; chattering, laughter, enjoyment, were all close in the neighbourhood. Suddenly a loud single knock was given at the door.

"Can that be a rat?" thought Jaquelette. Another loud double knock was inflicted. "No, bless me! it is a rat-tat at the door."

Now a whispering commenced outside, accompanied with sundry sly laughs, and presently a panel of the old portal was smashed in. Jaquelette jumped up in alarm, and escaped as she was—that is to say, in the costume of an ancient Venus *un*adorned by the Graces, to Monsieur Perpignan's room, to ask his advice; but, before she could make that salutary inquiry, Monsieur Dominique's mischievous hand had removed the slight bolt, the door was opened, and in danced the numerous masquerading couples, until the little apartment was crowded.

"On, Madame," said Dominique. "You are the most spirited partner I ever had the honour to lead out," and they bounced into the next room, about ten pair of these mad promenaders.

Old Jaquelette, being in an unfit state to receive company, and not so much fearing her old and kind master as an exposure of her unpicturesque dishabille, rushed behind the curtain of Perpignan's bed, certainly to his surprise and alarm.

On went the dancers, circling the little room; and Dominique, going round, pulled aside the drapery of the bed, and discovered Monsieur Perpignan to the uninvited spectator, sitting up, looking horror-struck in his night-cap, and Jaquelette standing beside him, with her face averted, and a large sewn patch on her under habiliment, which proved that she had not taken the trouble to visit a Parisian linen-draper, to match the colour of the original *jupon!*

At this interesting *tableau*—as the writers of melodramas express it—we leave our readers until the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

Madame Perpignan affected to be extremely shocked at this public *exposé* of the infidelity of her husband, and a *liaison* with such an object as old Jaquelette; she stepped most indignantly out of the lodge, amidst the suppressed laughter of the company. As for Perpignan, he could not get out of bed in the presence of so many ladies; at length the room was cleared; but, when the guests were again in the garden all offering opinions on the ludicrous scene they had just quitted, a violent and sudden shower of rain put an end to the Polish promenade dance. The characters were dispersed in all directions for shelter; feathers and artificial flowers were in-

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stantly saturated; several gallant Pierrots and Scaramouches scampered to the château for cloaks and umbrellas for the sylphs, huntresses, and goddesses. Here stood a dripping Diana; there two half-drowned shepherdesses. Monsieur Dominique flew to the hall of the château, wherein stood a sedan-chair, in which he intended to place Madame Perpignan, and bring her dry to the house.

Sophia and Justine were at this moment at the door of the empty cottage. Sophia gave Justine a key, and told her to unlock the door.

"The empty cottage, Mademoiselle, at this time of night?"

"Do as you are bid. When I am in, lock the door, put the key in your pocket. Keep watch. If Monsieur le Blond comes, admit him into the cottage, but no other living creature. As you value my future regard, be faithful."

Sophia then entered. Justine locked the door; her curiosity excited to the highest pitch, and she muttered, "I should vastly like to know what all this means!"

Du Plessis had watched the footsteps of Sophia, and now came gently up to Justine, and said,

"My good girl, if you have any mercy, relieve my suspense. Here is gold for you."

Justine replied, "It is of no use taking your money, sir, for I cannot answer the question."

"Nay then," vehemently uttered Gaston, "I force the bribe on you; and now dare to conceal the truth from me."

Here he seized her hand, into which he put a purse. She struggled, and unconsciously dropped the key of the cottage. She then cried, "For shame, Monsieur du Plessis, this is outrageous! I must run for assistance." She fled, and Gaston swore he would not quit her until she divulged the secret.

Justine thought this the only mode by which she could draw Du Plessis from the cottage door.

Pimental's plump Bacchante was washed away from him by the heavy rain, and he incipiently felt that his own harlequin pantaloons were being converted into a pair of *slops*. He was seeking shelter, and arrived at the door of the empty cottage, where he thought he could stand up at the porch until the storm had a little abated. Here he accidentally put his foot on the key which had been dropped by Justine. He picked it up.

"What a lucky dog I am!" said he. "Perhaps the key of this cottage. What a soaking shower!" He tried the lock; it turned; and at the same moment the Marquis de la Tour le Colombier came up, with the intention of sheltering his person from the torrent which was falling, when Pimental in an instant perceiving his vindictive foe, slammed the door in the face of the Marquis.

"That incorrigible villain!" exclaimed Le Colombier, and tried with all his strength to force the door, which, however, would not give way to his exertions. He then thought he would hastily stride towards the château. In his road there he was unlucky enough to have his temper again put to the test, for he saw the harlequin fixing a pole into a sedan-chair, and he exclaimed, "There is the villain Pimental!" forth came again the Toledo rapier, he fenced at Dominique fiercely, and it required all the activity of the flexible Dominique to parry off the Marquis's attack with the pole of the sedan-chair. Le Colombier at length received one powerful thrust

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in his tambour waistcoat with the pole, which caused him to reel, and Madame Perpignan, putting her head out of the window of the sedan, inquired the cause of the fracas. The Marquis, bowing, sheathed his rapier, but kept his hand on his waistcoat, under which was a pain, which Le Colombier's *politesse* could not conceal. Dominique seized his opportunity, and, beckoning to a brother Mime, they gallantly placed themselves, like the globe, between the poles, and carried Madame Perpignan to the château. The Marquis was now more incensed than ever. Again disgraced, and by such a being as Pimental! Wandering gloomily down the walk again, he saw Le Blond: so, as he was in the humour, and had actually been stirred up with a long pole, he determined to vent his fury on him. He therefore followed Le Blond, who stopped at the door of the empty cottage.

Sophia was waiting with the utmost anxiety for the arrival of Le Blond: she had also been so employed all the evening that she had not encountered the Marquis de la Tour le Colombier, who had promised to use his influence with Père la Chaise to procure the pardon of the fair heretic, Emilie. Hearing a footstep in the next room, she thought it must be either Justine or Le Blond. Her anxiety was very natural —for, by the cruel law then in existence it was death to harbour a Protestant,—a discovery would bring destruction not only to her poor prisoner, but utter ruin to them all. She therefore peeped in at the door of the ante-chamber, and was much alarmed by seeing Pimental there, who was grumbling aloud, "A pleasant night's enjoyment! wet through, and in danger of being run through."

Pimental had already re-opened the cottage door, to see if the coast was clear; but, overhearing a female voice within (Sophia's), he came back into the ante-chamber, and left the outside portal leading to the garden open. "That infernal old *Noli me tangere!*" thought Pimental, "my life is really not safe for two minutes together." He had scarcely uttered this when he clearly distinguished Le Blond's voice in the entry, who said,

"Monsieur le Marquis, let us arrange this unpleasant affair in the morning."

The answer to this was, "Monsieur le Blond, you have behaved nobly and consistently, but, as for your contemptible Pimental, I will annihilate him." And then their footsteps were approaching the ante-chamber. Pimental first tried a door in the centre (at which Sophia had appeared); it was locked. He tapped at it, hoping for admittance and escape. He articulated,

"I am hunted like a young innocent rabbit, by an aged, bloodthirsty ferret. Is there no place of concealment?" and poor little Pimental's only resource, in his apprehension, was to step into a wide fire-place, which he had scarcely effected, when Le Blond and the Marquis entered the ante-chamber together.

Le Blond remarked, "Your presence at this critical moment is most painful."

Le Colombier replied, "The gross insults I have received since I have been in these premises demand exemplary satisfaction. That vulgar ruffian, Pimental, has contrived to assault me at every opportunity. Not *once*—that might be a joke; not *twice*—that might have been forgiven at a masked-ball; not *thrice*— But, after I saved his life,—for I might have killed him,—he thrust a chair-pole

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at me, which greatly incommoded my personal feeling, the wretch shut the door of this cottage in my very teeth; and, though I have seen him since, he may now be concealed within. I shall search the whole place; and, if I discover him, the crows may feed on his vile carcass."

Pimental, on hearing these terrible words, made some successful advances in ascending the chimney, and, luckily, finding an iron bar across it, he held tight there, with his toe resting on the point of a cottage grate, in almost as unpleasant a position as a soldier condemned to be *picketed*. The Marquis stepped to the centre door, found it fast, and said, "The wretched person is concealed here."

Sophia, within, not at the moment recognising the voice of Le Colombier, grasped the hand of Emilie with an emotion of perfect agony.

Le Blond came to the portal, and exclaimed, "Marquis, I must appeal to your gallantry. I have already told you there was a lady in the case."

"That assurance, Monsieur le Blond, shall prevent me forcing the door."

At this moment Justine had returned, and was in loud altercation with Gaston du Plessis. The door of the cottage was open, and Gaston rushed into the entry. Sophia rapidly opened the portal of the inner chamber, seized Le Blond by the arm, and actually pulled him in, to the utter surprise of the Marquis. Du Plessis and Justine entered the ante-room together; he vociferating, she remonstrating. Du Plessis flew to the inner door, and commenced an attack on it. Sophia appeared, but closing the door after her, mildly said, "Gaston, are you mad?"

"Driven to insanity by your duplicity, Sophia—nay, attempt not to save your minion by concealment."

"Cruel, cruel!" exclaimed Sophia.

When the Marquis de la Tour le Colombier gravely stepped forward, and, drawing again his Toledo rapier, rather pompously said,

"Dry your tears, Mademoiselle Sophia Perpignan. Condescend to appoint me your sentinel here. No human being shall force me from my post." And here he threw himself into an elegant attitude of defence. "In the cause of afflicted beauty I will hold it a pleasing task to sacrifice my life."

Here there was another bustle outside the empty cottage, (which, by-the-bye, was now filling with visitors). Mademoiselle Sophia had been missing everywhere. Perpignan was sought, and put his clothes on again, much against his inclination; and, as lights had latterly been seen in the cottage, some of the masqueraders ventured forth to seek the young lady. When they entered, the marquis stood vigilantly before the door of the inner apartment. Sophia whispered to Le Colombier,

"Ah, Marquis, for the Holy Virgin's sake, tell me, have you procured the pardon?"

"Charming Sophia!" replied Le Colombier, with a benignant smile, "I have sought you the whole evening personally to deliver it into your fair hand. My friend, Le Père la Chaise, had sufficient influence over the mind of Madame de Maintenon, and she, with all her scruples, overcame the scruples of the Grand Monarque in favour of your pretty heretic, and there is the interesting document."

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"Joy! happiness! everlasting happiness!" hysterically exclaimed Sophia, "she is saved!" and she went to the door, and said, "Come forth, Le Blond! Come forth, Emilie!—ah! come forth, and remove the dreadful suspicions of Gaston du Plessis." Le Blond appeared now, leading a care-worn, but beautiful personage, who trembled on his arm, and he addressed himself to his friend Gaston,

"Monsieur du Plessis, permit me to introduce my wife to you."

"Wife?" said the astounded Du Plessis.

"Yes," replied Le Blond. "I have been compelled to keep the secret of our dear Sophia. I am no longer her affianced, and resign all claim to her, having been the husband of this fair lady for many months."

Gaston was confused; he glanced at his beloved Sophia, and said, "What a jealous fool I have been! can you pardon me, my love?"

"There is my hand, Gaston," and Sophia smiled sweetly on him.

After poor Emilie had been congratulated on her escape from persecution, Le Colombier said,

"Since happiness is thus restored, it does not become me to stand sword in hand."

The Marquis was here sheathing the Toledo rapier close to the chimney. "I will not again permit an incident to ruffle my naturally serene temper." Unluckily, at the moment he uttered this, several bricks fell down with a clatter, and Pimental slipped after them, who tumbled, with his hands and face blackened with the soot, against the striped domino of the Marquis.

"Fire and fury!" exclaimed Le Colombier. "Will you never desist?" and forth came the interminable rapier, when Sophia interposed, and said,

"Ah! Marquis, pardon poor unlucky Monsieur Pimental. Let me henceforth make you inseparable friends."

The Marquis winced and replied, "For your sake, mademoiselle, I forgive this person his freaks and follies; but, as to ever becoming inseparable, excuse me; I have had more than enough of him."

We will now finally sheathe the TOLEDO RAPIER, and convey our whole party, laughing at the events of the evening, and seat them down agreeably at the supper-table of Madame Perpignan, to discuss the merits of the white soups, the *dindons aux truffles*, the roasted quails, the ices and pine-apples, and other delicacies of the season too numerous to detail.

FAREWELL SONNET.

OH! think me not solicitous in death
Beyond the life I lose in losing thee—
There is no flattery in my latest breath,
I leave a world where thou wert *all* to me!
I go far hence, to undiscover'd clime—
It may be that my spirit shall expire—
(Eternity can tear the page of Time,)
But while Time lasts this suit I would require,
And write it in his troubled volume:—left
Is *this* fair leaf—inscribed it is to thee
By one of every other joy bereft,
(Shipwrecked at last upon a summer sea,)
"May all the blessings Fancy can design,
Or Love, more strong than Fancy, sweet! be thine!"

J. AUGUSTINE WADE.

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LINES ON A SPOT WHERE IT IS INTENDED TO BUILD A CHURCH.

On this sequester'd peaceful glade,
Where nodding wild flowers deck the green,
Where groves expand into a shade,
And chequer'd twilights dance between,
Where the coy ring-dove builds her nest,
And coos her tender mate to rest,

Here pious vows and hands shall raise,
'Midst crystal streamlets murmuring,
An altar to th' Almighty's praise,
And ope of life the living spring;
And where the roaming cattle low,
The organ's swelling notes shall blow.

Here, where the blackbird and the thrush,
And moonlight-loving nightingale,
Pour from each thicket, brake, and bush,
At morn and eve their plaintive tale,
Matin and vesper hymns shall rise
In mingled chorus to the skies.

Here, where the sheep with tinkling chime,
Browse, scattered o'er the tufted heath,
The church-bell's toll shall mark the time
When sinners shall be saved from death,
Through their great Shepherd's ceaseless prayer,
Waiting his flock with patience there.

Here, where the sun's departing gleam
Illumes each cottage, cliff, and tower,
Its light shall mark with slanting beam,
When winds are hush'd at evening hour,
Where some loved pastor's bones shall rest,
And gild the stone upon his breast.

Here shall the wearied pilgrim come,
And lay his load of sorrow down,
And, bending o'er his father's tomb,
Shall pray for him a heavenly crown,
Whose simple faith shall wing its way
Through darkness to the realms of day.

Here, gathering o'er the winding plain,
In decent garb, and modest mien,
Each village hind and rustic swain
Shall on the Sabbath-day be seen,
Seeking for sin, and care, and grief,
Grace, absolution, and relief.

Religion here shall hold her sway,
Upon the actions, and the mind,
And, though her sternness be away,
Her mild persuasion still shall bind
The fiercer passions, and repress
The rising germs of wickedness.

Then, wafting upwards through the skies,
Bright, unembodied, pure and free,
A full and perfect sacrifice,
Souls chastened for eternity,
She shall present them at heaven's throne,
And God accept them for his own.

W. B

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PROSPECTUS

OF AN INTENDED COURSE OF LECTURES ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMBUG.

BY PROFESSOR WOLFGANG VON BIBUNDTUCKER.

VARIOUS are the roads to immortality; but, however various, they admit of this classification,—the *legitimate* and the *illegitimate*; the former being applied to those cases where a man works out his own claim, and the latter where it is worked out for him by others, or by accidental circumstances. Sophroniscus would never have been heard of had he not accidentally begotten a son, Socrates; but Socrates wanted no accidental circumstance for his fame, except, perhaps, the trifling one of being born. However repugnant to my feelings illegitimacy may be, still, better *that* than nothing at all. Firmly impressed with this conviction, I hasten to achieve my immortality by communicating to the world the labours of my deceased friend, Professor Wolfgang von Bibundtücker, who, after a life of folio study, came over to England, made himself *im*perfectly acquainted with the language, and made every arrangement for the completion of the grand object of his life,—the delivery of a "Course of Lectures on the Philosophy of Humbug." He chose England as the most fitting scene. Professor Bibundtücker had a most cosmopolitan spirit, and justly considering himself a denizen of the universe, intended to have spoken to the world at large through the medium of the "enlightened and liberal British public." But, alas! for the fate of Genius! Professor Wolfgang von Bibundtücker, like the horse of the experimentalist, who died just as he had been taught to live without food, as soon as he had completed every arrangement for making his fortune and his fame, died of starvation in a remote corner of the universe known as St. Giles-in-the-Fields! Many a time has the Professor laid down his meerschaum, and shaking his head with a Burleigh significance, said, "Ah! my dear sir, philosophy is a great thing, but want is a greater. Philosophy triumphs over the Past and the Future; but the Present—the Present, my dear sir, triumphs over it." It proved so, unfortunately for him.

Death is often a *contretems*—it was so with the Professor. He is gathered to the region where his progenitors awaited him; the living and rising generation suffered by his loss. The Professor was just the man to lecture on so important a subject. Earnest was he, and eloquent; subtle, yet profound; and, when warmed, not even Lord Brougham could have competed with him for invective. But he is gone from us, and all that remains of his life-devotedness is the Prospectus of his Lectures, and some few stray notes found among his pipelights! When my friend first announced to me his intention, I was more inclined to laugh than to enter into his views, but he checked all levity with a profound glance of his single eye, and then in a grave, but earnest manner, slowly unfolded his views.

"Humbug, sir," said he, "is the most universal of passions. It is the element by which we are supported in this breathing world. He that is most filled with it rises to the top, while the less fortunate sink to the bottom. Love, sir, was called by the Grecian sages—(a profound

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nation the Greeks, and great Humbugs!)—the first of the gods,—meaning thereby to exclude Humbug from the highest rank. But they were wrong, sir, they were wrong. Humbug is more elemental than Love; for is not Love full of Humbug? I would ask of you, sir, is it not?"

"Without doubt," I replied.

"Of course it is, sir,—of course it is. Once, sir, when I was a young man, with a great deal of philosophy, and great ignorance,—for I had little of that highest wisdom, *Humbug*,—I used to suppose that philosophy was the greatest thing in life; I used to suppose so, sir."

"And is it not?" I inquired, hurt at my ideas being thus outraged, "is it not?"

Professor Wolfgang von Bibundtücker smoked away furiously without uttering a syllable. I sat "breathless like a nun," expecting his reply.

"You think it is," he at last replied. "You are young, sir, and will grow older, when you will learn, sir, that it is *not*. You will learn, sir, that so far from philosophy being the greatest thing in life, the greatest part of philosophy is Humbug, sir,—is Humbug." And he continued smoking with increasing vehemence.

"Then, Professor, why do you lecture on the 'Philosophy of Humbug?'" I asked.

"Sir, I show my art in so doing—there is Humbug in the very amusement. The prevailing Humbug of the day amongst the millstone-visioned everythingarians, is philosophy; nothing goes down but philosophy. Teems not the press with it? Issue not works daily bearing the fine titles of Philosophy of Gardening, Philosophy of Health, Philosophy of Happiness, Philosophy of Travel, Philosophy of Fiction, Philosophy of Hair-cutting, &c.? Surely the scientific barber, deeply versed in all erudition and logical acumen of the curl-oblique, the curl-ringlet, or the curl-sausage, or the metaphysics of wig and whisker, is entitled to the name of *σοφος*, and his art philosophy? May not the great pupils of the still greater *Cocker* call their labours in the addition and subtraction of figures, the Philosophy of Arithmetic? The age of dull and plodding 'common sense' has passed away,—and what a grand successor has sprung up! How the mind expands with delight and wonderment, as it reflects on that refinement of intellect now pervading all classes! Have not women an intense craving for the name of *Sophia*? We have now sucking philosophers and lisping logicians,—matter and motion in the cradle,—space and time (*wasted*) in the school-room,—women theologians, and atheism at 'sweet seventeen.' Has not the 'Society' published an analysis of Bacon's *Novum Organon*, whereby the intellectual chimney-sweep (whom we may in organomic phraseology term one of the *idola species*, or 'idols of the garden') will be enabled to philosophise and sweep chimneys on that grand 'method,' and the tailor to cabbage cloth by *induction*? This, sir, is the age of philosophy, consequently of Humbug; therefore, to give my lectures a title suited to the public taste, I call them the 'Philosophy of Humbug.' *O si sic omnia!*"

Such was the nature of his confidential outpourings on this subject. On me they made a deep impression; and nothing can exceed my regret at his not living to publicly enlighten us on this subject. The *Prospectus*, which I have still in my possession, written with his own dirty fingers, I here subjoin for the satisfaction of the world.

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"PROSPECTUS

OF AN INTENDED COURSE OF TWELVE LECTURES ON

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMBUG,

TO BE DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE,

BY PROFESSOR WOLFGANG VON BIBUNDTUCKER,

(OF BERLIN.)

"HUMBUG is as universal as light—all recognise it, all practise it to a greater or less extent—none understand it. To understand it, it must be considered as a science. Formulæ are required, as also data—of these mankind are ignorant. Professor Wolfgang von Bibundtücker *has* made it a study,—it *has* been the study of his life,—he *has* the formulæ and data, which these lectures are to be the medium of spreading over the civilized world.

"A clever writer has said, 'Deceit is the strong but subtle chain which runs through all the members of a society, and links them together; trick or be tricked is the alternative; 'tis the way of the world, and without it intercourse would drop.' Deceit is the daughter of Humbug—need more be said?

"Humbug has fallen into disrepute because many ignorant pretenders (*odi profanum vulgus!*) have taken to the practice without previously qualifying themselves. Why have they not succeeded? Because the Philosophy of it was to them a sealed book! A sickle may be a very convenient instrument to clean *hedges* with; but it requires a steady hand and a razor for a *chin*.

"What is the fruit of all experience (that expensive schoolmaster), of all the boasted knowledge of the world, but to learn how to rule mankind?—and how can you rule mankind but by Humbug?

"Humbug is knowledge, and knowledge is Humbug; an antithesis worthy note. The science of flattery is one branch of the Philosophy of Humbug, and will be fully explained.

"In the course of twelve lectures every point of the Philosophy of Humbug will be developed, and rules laid down for the judicious practice of it, such as cannot fail to contribute towards the welfare of the individual in particular, and that of the world in general. Tickets for the course, *Ten Guineas*.

"*Vivat Regina!*"

Such is this extraordinary specimen,—a fresh indication of the "march of mind." To add a comment would be superfluous. The best I can do is to give what "notes" of these intended lectures I may have. Here they are.

"*Humbug in emergencies—how useful.*—Domitius Afer, the celebrated orator, a genius and a Humbug, on being publicly contradicted by Caligula, *was silent*, affecting to be overwhelmed by the tyrant's eloquence. Why, gentlemen, did he not try his accustomed rhetoric in defence? Because he was a humbug. *Had he replied, he would have lost his head.*"

I can fancy the Professor eloquently expanding on this illustration. Again—

"*On the expression of opinion.*—Always ascertain people's opinions, that you may regulate the expression of your own. Do not always

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assent to the opinions of others, or in time your assent will not be worth having; but *differ with science.*"

In another place I find a note on

"*The science of differing in opinion.*—Before you argue with a man, ascertain whether the opinion he is advocating is a *rooted* one, or merely struck off in the heat of the moment. If the former, you can scientifically humbug him. An ignoramus would under such circumstances *agree* with this rooted opinion. Short-sighted folly! You, instructed in the science of flattery, would boldly *differ* with him; for what do you gain by acquiescence? The subject drops—but you differ. This draws him out to establish and defend his position. This is all you can desire. You continue the attack; but, after a vigorous resistance, you gradually yield. You see the perspicacity of his reasoning, the applicability of his analogies, the depth and acuteness of his analysis, the beauty of his synthesis, the severity of his induction, and the irresistibility of his conclusion!

"Do this with science, and you have conquered nobly. His *amour propre* how exquisitely gratified!—he has *convinced* you!

"The scientific Humbug will make himself acquainted with the characteristics of those with whom he mingles. To those proud of ancestry, in what a lofty and sublime strain of panegyric can he soar!—and so on with the rest."

Another is headed—

"*The Humbug of Poetry.*—People admire the deep feeling, the exquisite pathos, the sublimity, and fanciful touches of poetry. All Humbug, I assure you, gentlemen! A man sitting down writing feelings which he does not feel,—labouring sentiment and sublimity in ten feet,—drawing upon Walker's '*Dictionary of Rhymes*' for assistance,—blotting, and blotting, and altering,—this they call poetry. I say, gentlemen, it is Humbug!"

Another has merely these fragmentary expressions!

"What a profound Humbug is a patriot, and a physician, and a lawyer, and a *lecturer!*"

The last I cannot understand. Query—Did he intend, in his zeal for the exposition of Humbug, to expose himself?

Of deep significance, no doubt, are these fragments of a great mind, could we but fairly penetrate them; but if they have important significance, what must have been the value of the "Lectures," had he lived to deliver them! My arithmetic will not carry me far enough to calculate it. My task is ended—I have shown the world what manner of man it had, and what it has lost! A marble tablet ought to be erected to his memory in every Royal Society in Europe, and no doubt will soon be.

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THE INQUEST.

BY RICHARD JOHNS, AUTHOR OF "LEGEND AND ROMANCE, AFRICAN AND EUROPEAN."

In the year 1793, the population of a small borough town in a western county of England was thrown into a most extraordinary state of excitement. A coroner's inquest was about to be held at the Crown Inn, the principal house of entertainment within its precincts, on the body of a stranger, name unknown, which had been discovered in the abode of a person who had but recently become an inhabitant of the place. The great room in the Crown was too small to hold the crowd that pressed into it, and it was with no little difficulty that the chief constable of the borough could preserve a space for the coroner and jury. On a cumbrous table lay the body of the deceased, towards which all eyes were directed; for in those days, in provinces distant from the mighty heart of the kingdom, the jury did not merely visit the body, and, leaving the sad wreck of mortality to the silence of a deserted chamber, solve, or attempt to solve, in another room the cause of death. No!—there lay the deceased — a sheet lightly fell on the rigid form in thin folds, which even in shrouding made painfully evident the nature of the object concealed. Many a time during the morning had that sheet been lifted to satisfy the curiosity of the horror-lovers of H——; but now the jurors had arrived, and, after greeting their acquaintances in the room, had taken their places near the table. They were most of them tradesmen of the town, or small farmers from the neighbourhood. There were only two or three of a superior grade, and one of these was an old man, who, had he so chosen, might well have claimed exemption from serving on juries and filling parish offices, by reason of age; but his youth had been a season of constant employment, and having retired from business,—for the sexagenarian had been a merchant of Liverpool,—he found a relief from idleness in the civic duties of his native town. He was foreman of the grand jury at the quarter sessions,—twice had he served as overseer of the poor,—he was a perpetual churchwarden. Indeed, though his incapacity from advanced age was latterly perceptible to most of his friends, he would not allow himself to be unfit for any office, however onerous, except that of special constable.

The jury were now waiting the coming of the coroner. At length the hum of the eager crowd and the more subdued converse of the jury were stilled by the appearance of this functionary, escorted by the landlord. Mr. Greene, who was a very important-looking and somewhat bustling man, commenced business directly; the jury was sworn, and the sheet withdrawn from the body. The jurymen gathered round the table — a corpse was extended before them, the blue livid tint of which might have belonged to a cholera subject. A few darker spots were thinly scattered about the ghastly frame, as though decomposition had commenced; still no effluvium arose from the body, and the flesh was firm and elastic under pressure; but the features and head were frightfully swollen, presenting an appearance scarcely human. Mr. Parr, the old man we have before mentioned, was one of the few who had not until that moment seen the corpse uncovered. That some

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very powerful poison had caused the stranger's death there could be no doubt; and, on this being communicated to Mr. Parr, he had, previously to the coroner's entrance, been instancing a curious case of poisoning which had come under his notice on an inquest some five-and-twenty years ago, the poison used having been of a character then new in England, and, indeed, he believed the method of producing it was still unknown; yet had it been found in the possession of a mere lad, who, it was supposed, obtained it from some sailor belonging to one of the Liverpool slave-traders, for the purpose of destroying his master.

It had several times been the lot of the worthy merchant to be summoned on inquests; but now he stood at the feet of the deceased, appalled and trembling, unlike the experienced juror who had looked upon death in many of its most hideous shapes. The gaping throat of the suicide was not here—here was no trace of the murderer's *bloody* hand. Had death been compassed by the subtle influence of poison, the old man had seen sterner sights than even the blue and spotted corpse before him. But the hue of that corpse, the swelling of those features, reminded him of the inquest of which he had been but the moment before speaking. The past seemed suddenly recalled to him —he could almost have believed that he again looked upon the body of one whom he had loved when living, and when dead had, in conjunction with others, solved the cause of his dissolution, and delivered the author of it up to condign punishment. A feeling of sickness crept over him, and he would have fainted had he not been supported by several of the jurymen who came to his assistance.

Amid the cries of "Poor old Mr. Parr!—poor old gentleman!—take him out of the room,—loosen his neckcloth, he is in a fit,"—and other exclamations of sympathy and advice, the ancient juror was removed from the apartment; Mr. Greene snappishly remarking, that old men were no better than old women, and ought to give up public business. As if to contradict him, and before a substitute could be chosen, Mr. Parr returned. He looked very pale, and his step was unsteady; but he walked to his seat, and apologizing for the interruption he had caused, declared himself well enough to perform his part in the inquest.

The first witness called was an elderly female, who gave her name Sarah Hodge, servant to Mr. Morton, in whose house the dead man was found. The deponent stated that she had lived six months with her master, who was a gentleman of independent fortune, residing in a very quiet way within half a mile of the town, her only fellow-servant being a male attendant of Mr. Morton, called James,—she did not know his other name. Her master was a great invalid, and, to use her own words, seemed "very troubled in his mind;" but the deponent seldom saw him, her duty being to keep the house clean, and perform the office of cook; while James waited on Mr. Morton, and slept in the next room to him, that he might be ready at all calls. On the morning previous to the night when the body of the deceased was found on the premises, James informed her that he had leave to go and visit his friends, whom he had only seen once since he had returned with his master from abroad. Witness naturally asked how Mr. Morton could do without him; and James answered, that their master had said he was better, and could well spare him for a few days. He further remarked, that she would now have to make Mr. Morton's bed, and wait upon him, as well as look to the housekeeping.

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Deponent had occasion to go out on an errand towards evening, and, on returning, went into the parlour, where she saw her master, who told her that James was gone, and that he should not want her any more that night, as he was going to bed. About twelve o'clock on the night in question, or it might be early in the morning of the following day, witness was awoke by the cries of Mr. Morton. Thinking he had been taken suddenly ill, she quickly went to his assistance, but found the door of the dressing-room locked. Her master was talking loudly in the bed-room, which communicated with the dressing-room. He was imploring for mercy, and occasionally uttered the word "murder;" but this was not as an exclamation.

At length all became silent, and the witness, who was a woman of strong nerve, continued knocking at the door, but without succeeding in obtaining admittance. Just as she had made up her mind to seek the aid of their nearest neighbour, a farmer, who lived about two hundred yards off, her master came out of the room, "looking as pale as a ghost." Without uttering a syllable, he beckoned her in; he then shut the door, and confronting her, deliberately said. "Before you go into the other room, I must tell you that I have had a visiter since you went to bed." At this moment the calmness which he had assumed passed away, and the deponent declared that his eyes rolled, and he gnashed his teeth horribly. "This visiter has been taken ill," he continued, "has died—has poisoned himself!" According to witness's account, her master then became more and more violent, and talked a great deal about murdered bodies not resting in their graves, and of brother slaying brother. Fully convinced that Mr. Morton was deranged, and that the visiter he talked of was but a fancy of his diseased brain, she begged him to go to bed. "No, no! not I!" he exclaimed. "Go you and close the eyes of the corpse." And then he caught hold of the deponent's hand, and grasped it convulsively. Witness, alarmed as she felt, was impelled by curiosity, together with a wish to discover if her master were labouring under a mental delusion, to enter the bed-room. She there found the deceased stretched on Mr. Morton's bed; the body was in every respect as though it had been just laid out, except that the jaw had no sustaining band; and the eyes were nearly closed; the arms and legs were straightened; and the whole figure was completely naked. Deponent stated that she was so frightened at the unexpected appearance of such a spectacle, that she rushed from the room. Mr. Morton tried to stop her as she passed him; but his grasp was feeble, and she succeeded in escaping from the house. Having reached the neighbouring farm, she told her story; and before daybreak Mr. Morton was arrested on suspicion of murder.

On the witness being asked if she could in any way identify the deceased as her fellow-servant, who was supposed to have left the house the evening before the finding of the body, she deposed that, from the swollen state of the features, she should not have known her "own father under the like circumstances;" but that James wore whiskers, while the face of the dead man was closely shaved. In fact, she could not for one moment entertain the idea that it was the man-servant; and she doubted not he would return in a few days, when he had expended the leave given him by his master, with whom he was on the best possible terms, having, witness believed, lived with him many years. It further appeared that sundry articles of wearing apparel had been taken from James's room, which witness supposed he had now

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with him; while in her master's chamber no portion of clothing was discovered that could have belonged to the dead man.

Thus closed the first evidence, to which such undivided attention was paid by the jury and the crowd of bystanders, that the peculiar and intense interest Mr. Parr took in every word uttered by the woman escaped remark. With his chin resting on his hands, which were supported by his gold-headed cane, he never permitted his eyes to wander from the face of the witness till she had ceased speaking. He then groaned audibly, shook his head, and leant back in his chair, saying, in a deliberate but whispered tone, "This is past my comprehension."

Mr. Greene looked in the direction of the old juror, and sneeringly remarked to several of the youngest men near him, that elderly people ought to know when they were past work, and then proceeded to call the farmer mentioned in the evidence of Sarah Hodge. From this witness nothing more could be elicited than a corroboration of the finding of the body of the dead man on the bed, and the unaccountable fact that, on searching the apartment, no wearing apparel could be discovered as having belonged to the deceased. Lastly, the constable who arrested Mr. Morton was sworn, and stated that his prisoner, from the moment the charge was made against him of being privy or accessary to the death of the stranger in his house, had refused to answer any question put to him. In short, from the depositions of the two last witnesses, it appeared that the bearing of the accused was cold, haughty, and collected, as though he either felt conscious of his innocence, or was prepared for the worst; the housekeeper, Sarah Hodge, alone having perceived in him any agitation.

The time, however, had now arrived when it was necessary that any evidence which Mr. Morton might have to offer should be heard. Scarcely ten hours had elapsed since his apprehension; for the event which caused it had occurred the preceding night. He was then in custody of two constables in an adjoining apartment, a door communicating with which being thrown open, he was summoned to appear. Every eye in the room was strained towards the opening. So great was the excitement, that several of the jury rose, in spite of Mr. Greene's authoritative "Keep your seats, gentlemen; no confusion. Constable, will you command silence among the people there, or I shall order the room to be cleared?" Mr. Parr, who had resumed his former position, his venerable head resting on his cane, convulsively grasped the strong support, which trembled under the influence of his agitation as the prisoner entered. Mr. Morton was habited in deep mourning, with a scrupulous regard to neatness. His features, which were of a Grecian cast, might have been handsome, but for their haggardness. His head was nearly bald, the forehead low, and squarely formed. Altogether, the appearance of the prisoner was such, that even had he not come there under the existing extraordinary circumstances, it must have commanded attention from the most superficial observer.

After cautioning Mr. Morton not to commit himself, the coroner inquired if he had anything he wished to communicate in the present state of the proceedings? But the eye of the accused met not the peering regard of Mr. Greene; it had rested for a moment on the linen cloth which hid the body, and the long-drawn breath which followed evidently showed the relief Mr. Morton experienced in being spared the more painful sight of the stark and hideous corpse. Again he looked around—the coroner was speaking—the prisoner heard him not. Mr.

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Parr had risen from his seat; the old man trembled in every limb, He fixed his gaze on the supposed murderer—their eyes met. Mr. Greene followed the direction of Mr. Morton's wild look of recognition; but, not being the most acute of coroners, he saw nothing very particular in it. Mr. Parr had fallen down in a fit, and this he imagined had called the prisoner's attention.

"I thought it would be so!" he exclaimed. "Too bad, too bad,—interrupting business in this way. However much I may respect Mr. Parr in private life, this is the last time I shall ever allow him to be summoned on a jury. He is too old for the work." Then turning to the accused, who, whatever might be his sensations at the sight of the juror, had apparently recovered his self-possession, for his large dark eyes rested quietly on the speaker,—Mr. Greene said, "We will hear anything you may have to offer in explanation of the part you may have taken in this matter another time." Mr. Morton bowed, and the coroner, looking round on the jurymen, remarked, "It will be necessary to subject the body to medical examination, so the inquest must at all events have been adjourned, had not this interruption occurred. To-morrow, gentlemen, at the same hour, if you please. The prisoner will of course remain in custody, with liberty to communicate with his friends, they not being witnesses as to the question touching the death of the deceased."

The inquest was adjourned, and Mr. Morton being conducted to an upper room of the inn, the door of which a constable strictly guarded, was left to commune with his own heart, and ponder over the events of the last twelve hours.

Mr. Parr in the mean time had been conveyed home to his own house. He had long been a widower; but, his nephew and niece resided with him, and paid him the attention of a son and daughter. His second indisposition was, like the first, only a fainting fit, and towards evening he was quite recovered. His energy of mind seemed also to have rallied, and he expressed his intention of visiting the prisoner at the Crown Inn. On his nephew representing to him that it might be imprudent to risk further excitement, which, from physical debility, he was unable to bear, the old man said,—

"I am determined to go. I understand Mr. Greene has struck my name out of the list of jurymen, and I shall appear no more in this extraordinary case; but I have reasons of my own for feeling interested in it. You need not mention what I am now saying. One day I may be more explicit on the subject; but before I sleep I must have speech with him they call the poisoner of yon horrid corpse."

Mr. Parr shuddered as he concluded this short expostulation with his nephew, who, fearing to distress him by further opposition, yielded the point, and, carefully wrapped up by his niece, the old gentleman proceeded to the Crown, which was situated in the next street.

Mr. Parr had prepared a note for the prisoner. On this being delivered, an answer was returned that Mr. Morton would see him.

"You are the only person that he has allowed to come nigh him except the constables, and those he could not keep away," said the landlord of the inn. "To Mr. Vellum, the attorney, who wanted to be his lawyer, he sent word that he did not stand in need of his advice. Then there's Sarah Hodge, his housekeeper, who, now she has had time to think a bit, is very sorry she was in such a mortal hurry to charge her master with being a murderer, and he so kind-hearted too

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as she said, who would not hurt a fly. Sarah wanted to beg his pardon; but Mr. Morton sent her word by one of the constables, that though he could not see her, she should not be without her wages. He's a generous gentleman, and has ordered the two men that keep watch on him to call for what they like. I don't believe he poisoned the man at all," concluded Boniface, on whose opinion this liberality for the good of the house was working a visible change, as he conducted the old juror to the door of the prisoner's room. Here he was made over to the charge of a constable, who ushered him into the presence of the individual he sought.

"You are welcome," said Mr. Morton, after having for a moment silently regarded the countenance of his visiter. He waved his hand to the constable, who, placing a chair for Mr. Parr, withdrew.

"You remember me, then," replied the juror. "Perhaps you saw me this morning, and expected that I should seek you."

"I saw you—remembered you—I felt that you would come to me," exclaimed the prisoner in a hollow tone. "There are dispensations of an angry and avenging Providence which must have a record, or many a fearful warning would be lost. Need I tell you that the present is one of these?"

"You have much to tell me," answered Mr. Parr, "if I am to understand that which I beheld this morning. I tremble now to think of it. An event of a quarter of a century ago seemed again enacted before my eyes. It appeared to me that I once more looked on the corpse of *my* friend and of *your* brother. I tried to think it was but a vision,—a fancy such as the mind is sometimes betrayed into when we imagine that we have ere now been participators in the scene around us. I returned to the room I had left; the sheet was then over the corpse,—I might have been mistaken,—but I beheld you, changed, yet still—"

"A living judgment!" interrupted the prisoner. "It is but right you should be informed how—why you may perchance guess."

With a calmness of manner that was almost appalling to Mr. Parr, who could not but suspect the storm that raged within the breast of the wretched man, he now rose from the seat, which he had not quitted on the entrance of his visiter, and placed a bottle of wine and glasses on the table. He again threw himself into his chair, and confronted the old juror, who, having watched his proceedings, at length said,—

"I want no refreshment, Mr. Morton, if so it please you to be called. My only thirst is for information as to the sight of to-day in connection with the past, when you bore another and, to me, a more familiar name."

"What is thy thirst to me?" hoarsely cried the prisoner, while in an instant a hideous smile, that was "not of mirth," lighted up his thin face. "*I* can drink! Yes!—to-day the goblet comes not from the hands of the dead—and to-day I may drink the wine to the dregs, nor see it bubble again to the brim of the cup, that the pale blue lips of the murdered may quaff!"

Morton poured wine into a large glass, and drank it off. When he replaced the tumbler on the table his countenance had lost the gleam of unnatural excitement which had so strangely illumined it.

"You may pledge me *safely*," he remarked, laying particular emphasis on the word "safely." Mr. Parr bowed, and would have answered; but, in a tone which admitted not of reply, the prisoner con-

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tinued, "You came not here to bandy compliments with me—drink or not, as it pleases you. There is mercy in Heaven—I can drink."

As he uttered this last extraordinary expression, it occurred to Mr. Parr, prepared as he was for the excitement of the interview he had sought, that he might have possibly put himself in the power of a maniac. He was in another instant reassured by Morton, who, clasping his head between his two emaciated hands, as though to still the rocking of his brain, exclaimed,—

"Forgive me—forgive me, my dear sir! I will be collected, and I will tell you all you wish to know, but not now. Do not be alarmed if I talk wildly; it is not madness, but sane—sane agony. I may inform you of things hard to believe, but doubt them not. What saw you this morning? What now lies in the room beneath us? Do not be afraid of me. To-morrow I will give myself up to justice—will that satisfy you? Now leave me. Before I die I will place in your hands a tale of horror, which you must not read till after my death. You may call it the ravings of madness; but it has been to me all too true."

The prisoner became suddenly silent. He buried his face in his hands, and bowed his head on the table. Mr. Parr again addressed him, expressing a wish not to be considered in the light of an enemy who sought his destruction, but as a friend, who, let his guilt be what it might, would willingly serve him. Mr. Morton answered not but by a convulsive laugh; he waved his hand impatiently, but looked not up; and his visiter was constrained, in courtesy to the wretchedness he could not alleviate, to quit the apartment.

The next day Mr. Parr was too unwell to attend the inquest even as a spectator, but his nephew brought him the information that Mr. Morton had declared himself the murderer of the deceased; but had not offered any explanation as to who his victim was, or any particulars respecting the cause of his crime. The body had undergone surgical examination, and the action of a violent poison on the brain and intestines was evident, but the exact nature of this active agent of death not all the medical men within twenty miles of the town could discover. The servant, James, had not yet returned—the time for which he had leave to absent himself not having expired. Nothing further was likely to be elicited by protracting the inquest, and it was accordingly brought to a close, Mr. Morton being committed by the coroner's warrant to the county gaol, to await his trial for the murder of a person unknown.

It so happened that in the whole case there was not any magisterial examination, the local magistrates being in London, deeply interested in a question connected with the franchise of the borough; and the only other law-dispenser of the neighbourhood, the vicar of the parish, being dangerously ill.

Before Mr. Morton was removed to the county-prison, he directed that the body of the murdered man should be buried by torch-light, and a most expensive funeral, the cost of which was liberally defrayed by the supposed murderer, gathered together a crowd of spectators, such as never before assembled in the churchyard of H——. Curiosity was at its utmost stretch to discover who the deceased person was, and whether he had been introduced alive or dead into Mr. Morton's house; but no further light was thrown on the matter. The time had come and passed when, according to the housekeeper's statement, James, the man-servant, ought to have returned; but he had not made his appearance, though every means of procuring his evidence by advertisements in the

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papers, and posting-bills distributed throughout the country, were duly tried. In spite of Sarah Hodge's testimony that the deceased was in many respects unlike her fellow-servant, not a few of the gossips of the town believed that James was the murdered man; but how were they to account for the pains his murderer must have taken to disguise the body? Other busy tongues said that James must have been an accessary in the crime committed by his master, and had, therefore, kept out of the way.

At length the assize time arrived. The day was fixed for Mr. Morton's trial, when it was hoped this extraordinary criminal would make full confession. His behaviour in prison had been marked by the most profound melancholy. He held little communion with any one, the medical attendant, and the chaplain of the gaol excepted; the former of these officials gave it as his opinion that the prisoner was sinking fast, and that even if he escaped the penalty of the law, his death would speedily ensue; the latter, as a physician of the soul, found his cares equally unavailing. Mr. Morton treated him with courtesy, but ever refused to join him in religious exercises, and shunned all mention, either in justification or repentance, of his crime.

Old Mr. Parr who had kept all he knew respecting the accused scrupulously locked in his own bosom, repaired to the assize town, to be at hand in case Mr. Morton might at any time recollect his promise to him, and require his attendance. He had written to the prisoner, and was much disappointed that no answer had been returned, even up to the morning of the day fixed for the trial. At seven o'clock that morning Mr. Morton was found dead in his bed. The prisoner had passed from the finite judgment of man to the dread tribunal of an unseen world. Never was public curiosity so completely baffled. The day of trial had come, but the accused was even as his supposed victim —dead, and his secret had died with him.

It was towards noon of the day marked by this last event that, as Mr. Parr was on the point of returning to H——, he was waited on by the chaplain of the gaol. Mr. Morton had not forgotten his promise to the old merchant, having placed in the safe custody of the reverend gentleman the strange document which we now lay before our readers.

"Richard Merville now called Morton. to Charles Parr, gentleman, late merchant of Liverpool.

"I know not why I should feel a satisfaction in revealing my unnatural crime, and its terrible consequences; but for a reason which, if I recollect rightly, influenced my promise to you when we last met—met, after a lapse of many years, when my career was nearly ended—as if it were ordained that so awful a judgment might not be without record. I feel that I have almost done with time. This pulse beats feebly the last throbs of existence. Let me, then, at once lay bare the ulcer of my soul. I have not to tell you who I was when you knew me in Liverpool, where, perhaps, you envied my happy position. My father was rich, and I was indulged as few sons have been. Carriages, horses, money, all at my command; but I expended, not enjoyed. I had a burning discontent at my heart; my twin-brother—he who was born but some few minutes before I had looked upon the light—my father, in the pride of his heart, had resolved to make his principal heir. We were his only children, for our birth had caused

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our mother's death. Oh! that she had died ere she had conceived us! That I should be well provided for, I never doubted, but I was not content. Some busy demon seemed ever whispering, even as in the voice of mine own heart, 'the days of mourning for my father are at hand; then will I slay my brother:' and they did come. Henry Merville was the possessor of princely wealth for a few fleeting months, and then died by poison. I was the poisoner. Old man, you were on the inquest. Yes! you were one of those who returned a verdict of 'Wilful Murder' against an innocent stripling—a boy whom my brother out of charity had placed about his person. It was I who strewed the hellish powder in the boy's trunk. It was I who, in exaggerated detail, swore to some passages of anger between my two victims. I knew that the chidden servant had said before witnesses that he would be 'even with his master.' On this I worked to his conviction. He was hanged, and I—I was above suspicion.

"But a golden cradle rocks not the conscience to sleep. Wealth was mine, and all that wealth could bestow. Friends gathered round me; but I sat in the room where I had pledged my brother in a poisoned cup. He who had lain with me in the womb, whose bed was mine till we were even past childhood; he who loved me as a second self, save that he valued my happiness beyond his own. This generous, this confiding brother, I had murdered! How could I look upon the board where the deed was done? I sold off every thing I possessed in Liverpool, and went on the Continent. It was then you lost sight of me. Oh, how often had I heard the praises of the affectionate brother who could not be happy in the place that reminded him of his loss! It reminded me of my crime—my most unnatural crime! I left England, and France being then open to our countrymen, plunged into the dissipations of the French capital. I hired a château within a short distance of Paris. Splendid were the salons of the rich English stranger. The young, the pure, the intellectual, mingled there with the libertine, the depraved, the infidel, but pleasure was the object of all; the innocent saw not defilement in the contact, and the vile laughed to mark their prey within the vortex of destruction. I lived in a bewilderment of excitement, and ere a year had quite elapsed from the period of my brother's death, if I had not forgotten him,—forgotten how he died,—conscience was unheard amid the revel and the song. And love, too, in all the delirium of passion, had taken possession of my soul—what had I to do with conscience?—I who would have steeped that soul in twice its guilt to win one smile from Matilde de B——. She sat by me at the banquet. It was the hour when the revel was hushed, the loud voice stilled, a few, a chosen few yet lingered. Delicious music wantoned on the perfumed air; the silken drapery waved in the night-breeze; and the moon looked in upon our bliss, and paled the lamps that had lit our noisy revelry, as though she came to assert her right to minister in passion's hour. 'Now, Matilde!' I cried, 'thou hast kissed the cup, and I have drunk from its brim the sweet poison of thy sigh!' Poison! The word had awakened an echo—whence it came I knew not. None heard it but myself, for Matilde smiled; her hand was ready to receive the goblet; but, startled at my frenzied gaze, she drew it back, and looked around with dread. Oh! in that moment a whirlwind rush of thought had lashed my brain into a storm of memory. 'Twas the anniversary of my brother's death. It was the hour I saw him drink 'Good night' unto his murderer! Ere Matilde, seeing no

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cause for fear, had turned to chide my jesting with her, a hand had taken the cup. My brother stood beside me, habited as I had last beheld him. He looked around the banquet-hall, replaced the goblet on the table, and fixed his eyes on me. Then slowly he passed from among us. I fell from my seat in a swoon. When I came to myself I was in charge of my servants. Had all my guests fled? No! I perceived that I was in my usual sleeping apartment.

"Reckless of reputation, Matilde must have remained by me, and for her the state-chamber of the château had been prepared. It was morning —I would attend her toilet. The delirium I had been in during the night could not have left me, for, no sooner was I struck with this idea, than I became completely possessed with it. I made my valet dress me. I insisted on his acquainting Madame de B—— that I would wait on her. In vain the man opposed me. I listened not to what he had to say, and ere he could prevent me, I made my way into the chamber, where, flinging open the curtains of the bed, I beheld—not Matilde—the corpse of my brother! How I became not on the instant irrevocably mad has ever been a wonder to me; but my brain strangely stood the shock; and after a while a dread of impending danger made me bestir myself to dispose of the body. I pretended not to account for its appearance in my bed, and I had it removed, and buried at night, with little ceremony, in the consecrated ground of a neighbouring ruined abbey. By flying into Italy I baffled the inquiries of the authorities respecting the corpse which had been so mysteriously found in my house, and so silently disposed of; and the latter portion of Louis the Fifteenth's reign was too much convulsed by his arbitrary measures to allow of the public mind dwelling long on private occurrences, however strange.

"The next year I was in a village at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. I had been a wanderer through Italy, and now a dread came over me that the anniversary of my crime might again be marked by the appearance of my brother: I therefore sought a scene of desolation, for the volcano had been lately in full eruption, and vineyards, and villages, and flocks, and herds, were destroyed; so that if the evil came upon me, it might be in the midst of those who, in alarm for their own lives and property, would not take cognizance of a stranger's actions. The night came. I had chosen it for a nearer view of the fiery throes of nature, and with a single guide I proceeded toward the crater. The eruption had spent its force, but a stream of lava, like a river of hell, was slowly progressing towards a grove of spreading chestnuts. The mighty wood bowed to the power of the sea of flames. We had approached too near its course, and the heat, and the black sulphureous cinders which every now and then fell on us from on high, as the crater sent them forth into the air, warned us to retreat.

"Our way was over plains of pumice and yielding ashes; the fires of Vesuvius seemed to have reached my throat. I turned to my guide, and asked for drink. He handed a calabash to me, and I drank. Merciful heaven! a cold and clammy hand received it from me! My brother stood before me; the gourd was at his lips. I uttered a wild scream. The guide looked around. The vision had disappeared, and the wine was mingling with the dust. The fellow muttered an execration at my carelessness. We had yet more than a mile to walk. When we reached the village, there was a cry that the body of a stranger was found stretched on my bed. I once more beheld my poisoned brother. Great was the astonishment of the villagers, but I was this

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time free from suspicion, at least of murder, for they had a tradition of what they called 'The Devil's Corpse,' which, bury it as you might, would leave the grave again; still I perceived they considered it an ill omen that the visitation had fallen upon me.

"To quiet the people, I paid a large sum for a religious procession, and by the advice of the priests the supernatural body was consumed, and its ashes, sprinkled with holy water, cast into the sea.

"'Now at least, I may have rest!' I exclaimed. 'The corpse which exists not but in the ocean slime cannot again become tangible.' Thus I argued, and I thought myself free from my tormentor; but through every city of the Continent it followed me. I have been imprisoned on suspicion of murder, and narrowly escaped condemnation. I have been condemned, and bought life with gold. I have seen others involved in the like predicaments by the curse I had brought upon them, but some special Providence seemed to bring them through their troubles—protecting even me!

"Still was my heart hardened to my crime. I have spent my awful anniversaries on the ocean. In the privacy of my cabin I have received my visitant. I have placed the goblet to my lips, and looked for the hand that was to receive it,—and it ever came. I have questioned the apparition in my frenzy as to what was required of me; but it remained silent, and after a minute's stay, has disappeared by my bed place, and the stark, hideous, naked corpse, was laid out before me. Prepared for this, I have lowered the intruder into the waves, and cast it off, saying to myself, 'Now again can I mingle with the world; for a brief year my ordeal is past. On the morrow I have heard of a corpse being under the ship's bows, and I have had it hauled on deck, lashed in a hammock, with shot at its feet, and then it has sunk, and I was for awhile at peace. Time passed on, and I continued still a wretch, without a single earthly tie. On whom could I bring the weight of such a curse,—of such a mystery! I never made a friend, for my fitful moodiness repelled my fellow-creatures.

"Strange are the changes of the human heart!—I know not how repentance came, but an anniversary did at length arrive, when in a contrite spirit I received my visiter. I prayed, I besought him that this judgment should pass from me; but he spoke not. Yet I hoped my repentance would avail me, and that for the last time I should sepulchre the restless corpse. But the next year proved the fallacy of such hopes; and the next, and the next. I became almost mad with the horrid destiny that clung to me. I shunned society; and, grown weary of scenes in which I had witnessed so much misery, I left Europe.

"I roamed through distant and strange lands. Not long ago I was in Arabia. The last rays of the desert sun had sunk beneath its sea of sand. The caravan to which I had attached myself halted for the night by the side of a fountain. I would have given ingots of gold to drink, but I dared not. The eyes of many were upon me. The Mohammedans smoked their long pipes in silence, and one by one I saw them drop asleep. The very guards slumbered as they sat on the ground, clinging to the shafts of their spears. Yet I dared not drink. It was nearly midnight; one of these slumberers might look up while the precious draft was at my lips. My brother's shade would surely come; the corpse would be found in my tent. At length I could bear the hell of thirst no longer. I approached the fountain. I dashed in a capacious vessel. I drank, and the cup was taken from me. The

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draught was shared. I made a grave beneath my tent in the yielding sand, and buried the eternal witness of my crime.

"My health was now broken, my frame became emaciated, as you have seen; and a yearning to finish my wanderings in my native land brought me to England. While travelling from place to place I came to H——, and became the tenant of the abode in which I last saw my brother. It was a secluded spot, far from cities, and a fitting place for me to die in. I had rented it but six months when the day of my destiny arrived. I have little more to tell. I was very ill; but, had I perished in my thirst, I would not have drunk. In my delirium I must have demanded drink, for, when consciousness flashed on my brain, my brother received from me the cup! You know the rest. I have written these papers at intervals. They may appear unconnected; but let them not be considered the ravings of a maniac. To-morrow is appointed for my trial; but I feel that within which tells me I shall be spared further exposure to the public gaze. In this persuasion I have revealed to you the history of my crime, and its recompense.

"Farewell!"

Thus ended a narration, in which the wild imaginings of a monomaniac were strangely blended with the records of guilt. That the crimes which had maddened the unhappy criminal commenced in the poisoning of his brother, there could be little doubt; but of his after-career he was the only chronicler. Old Mr. Parr to the day of his death was a firm believer in the supernatural portion of the story; but there were among those admitted into the old gentleman's confidence, matter-of-fact persons not a little sceptical. James, the servant, never again appeared; and it was thought probable that Mr. Morton, who, it may be perceived, avoided any mention of this man in his narrative, poisoned him with the same drug which effected the first murder of the poisoner, and, grown madly enamoured of his work, he must have prepared the body of his victim, even after death, to play its part in the fatal drama of a brother's destruction. Slightly worthy of credit as these suggestions may be, in the absence of all proof, such was the only attempt ever made to explain the mystery of the Inquest.

THE MOONBEAM.

BY P. M°TEAGUE, ESQ.

O, WERE I but a moonbeam,
How gently would I creep
Through the lattice of my love,
When resting in her sleep.

I would bring the choicest balms
From Cynthia's silver bowers,
And a strain of heavenly music
To lull her midnight hours.

I would nestle on her brow,
Where the wavy ringlets play,
nd snatch a chasten'd kiss
'Ere a sigh could pass away.

Then back to Dian's courts,
And tell the spirits there,
That amidst all their nymphs
There was not *one* so fair!

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THE CITY OF THE DOGE;

OR,

LETTERS FROM VENICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SUMMER IN ANDALUSIA."

Venice, July, 1839.

MY DEAR A———,

THE shouts of the postilion, together with the jolt occasioned by the sudden stoppage of the vehicle, awakened me from a doze into which I had fallen, in spite of my efforts to keep awake. On opening my eyes, they rested for a moment on an old gateway in a time-worn and venerable city wall,—then fell to meet the head of a column of soldiers emerging from the gateway, and crossing the drawbridge which spanned the deep fosse, on whose verge we had stopped. Their sallow pallid faces seemed to acquire a ghastly hue from the contrast presented by their white uniforms turned up with green.

"*Ecco Padova, Signore!*" said the *conduttore*, who sat by my side in the coupé of the *velocifero*.

"Padua already!" I exclaimed in astonishment, as the last thing I remembered was rumbling through the dark streets of Vicenza at midnight, and I had no consciousness of subsequent slumbers. "And is this Padua?"

"Yes, signor; this is the most ancient city of Italy. When Rome was but a suckling, Padua was hoary."

Padua, the city of the Trojan Antenor,—the birth-place of Livy,—Padua la Dotta, for ages "the nursery of arts," as Shakspeare calls her,—the foster-mother of Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Galileo, and many others well known to fame,—the heritance of the Carraras, that race whose lives were a romance, whose deaths a tragedy,—the scourged and trampled city of Eccellino

"immanissimo tiranno
Che fu creduto figlio del domonio."

Padua!—these walls, this gateway has frowned upon the gallant Bayard, the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, and perhaps on this very spot he may have gained some of his choicest laurels.

I had time to think of all these things, and much more besides; for the wild Hungarians continued to pour forth from the gate in an unbroken stream, like the words from the mouth of a garrulent orator, who taxes the patience of his hearers with an unseasonably lengthened harangue. With similar feelings did I regard these troops; for as day had but just dawned, the morning air was so cool, that I grew impatient, and the *conduttore* not less so, to attack the hot breakfast which we both had in prospect. But "soldiers before civilians" is a practical motto everywhere, especially on the Continent, and we were fain to beat time with our toes to the tramp of the military, who, as they marched three or four abreast, were nearly a quarter of an hour ere they left us in undisputed possession of the bridge.

On we dashed beneath the gate, and entered the city.

Verily Padua has a "learned" air. It seems one great university. Cloisters, cloisters, cloisters meet the eye wherever it turns. On either

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side of every street runs a range of low plain arches, based on heavy massive pedestals, (for columns they cannot be called,) and on these arcades are raised the houses,—dull, venerable, dreamy-looking buildings, white originally, but now a weather-stained grey, or sometimes faced with half-obliterated frescoes. The streets are narrow, tortuous, and dreary; and altogether Padua has by far the most gloomy air of any city I have yet seen in Italy. I saw few of the Patavini beyond a train of deaf and dumb girls, all dressed alike, walking two and two, on their way to attend early mass in the church of San Antonio.

But I have no more to say of Padua, for time would not allow me to see its lions. These are a university, which once boasted of eighteen thousand students, but is now almost empty; a cathedral, containing nothing to interest but the body of St. Anthony enshrined in the midst, and emitting always a sweet odour, the literal odour of sanctity; a town-hall, called the Salone, the largest room in Europe, unpropped by columns, beating Westminster Hall by thirty feet every way; an observatory on the tower of Eccelino; the house in which Livy first saw the light; with some other little et ceteras, which I have forgotten.

Padua, I should think, is not without considerable interest, but situated between Verona and Venice, it loses much of its attractions for the traveller, who is magnetically drawn to one or the other of those cities; and few would now-a-days exclaim with Lucentio,

> "For the great desire I had
> To see fair Padua,
> I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy."

As I was despatching a cup of chocolate at a small table in front of "the largest *café* in all Italy," according to the *garzone*, a number of filthy half-clad urchins beset me, praying for "*carità*." They kept, however, a respectful distance, not venturing to set foot upon the raised paved platform on which I was sitting; and as they were not "between the wind and my nobility," I did not much heed them. They served to call to mind what I had heard related of Italian beggars by a Belgian gentleman whom I met on the Lake Maggiore. His story was this:—

The day he landed at Naples from the Marseilles steamer, he entered a *café* to refresh himself after a stroll; but no sooner was he seated than a beggar woman with a child in her arms, both most disgusting from filth and disease, with a tribe of brats equally offensive, some without a rag on their sun-burnt bodies, presented themselves at the door of the *café*. On the coffee being placed before him, the whole gang of beggars entered the room, the children surrounding his table whining for alms, the woman standing behind and baring her sores for his inspection. He indignantly ordered them out; but they only more loudly besought "*carità per l'amor della santissima Virgine!*" He called the master of the *café*, who shrugging his shoulders and smiling at the fastidiousness of foreigners, who could not drink coffee when looked at by beggars, made a show of turning them out, but to no purpose. The gentleman grew furious, took his hat, and was walking off, leaving his repast untasted; but before he could leave the room, his arm was seized by the *cafetier*, who vehemently demanded payment, accused him of being a thief and a scoundrel, and loaded him with all the abuse in which the Neapolitan dialect is so rich. He appealed to some policemen who were passing at the moment; but they laughed, shrugged their shoulders, and walked on. Finding there

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was no alternative, he paid for the refreshment, which had already been devoured by the woman and her filthy family, who had only awaited his leaving the table to fall, harpy-like, on the feast.

By the time I had finished my breakfast, I heard the loud shouts of the *conduttore* from the yard of the *posta*, "*Signori, signori, alla carrozza!*" and I was presently *en route* through the cloistered streets, crossing a few canals which intersect the city, and connect it with Venice. Then follow me in imagination through the city-gate, and down a long avenue of Lombardy poplars, with fields on either hand covered with stubble, showing that one harvest was already past, while the vines luxuriantly shrouding the mulberry-trees above, and festooning gaily from one to the other, gave promise of a yet richer harvest to come. Here and there by the way-side picture to yourself a small thatched white-walled cottage in the midst of its little garden, where hemp and maize in patches shoot their heads high above the hedge, sparkling with the purple or white flowers of the gum-cistus, which mingles with the homely privet and hawthorn, like a gay city lass in the society of her country cousins; and there is generally some small spot in the field adjoining where the creeping melon spreads out far and wide, and displays its tempting fruit to the eyes of passers-by.

The road, it is true, like most roads in level Lombardy, was most unpicturesquely straight; but then it was bordered by banks clothed with the most beauteous mantle of wild flowers, preserved in all their brightness by the deep trenches of water beneath; and on either hand were fields of towering flaunting maize, or tall feathery hemp, studded with willows, beech, cherry, or walnut-trees, all overgrown with vines, and all now glistening with the heavy dew, of which the sun had but just begun to sip his usual morning draught. In other fields, teams of oxen were dragging the heavy ploughs through the corn stubble, or peasant women in huge straw-hats were hoeing the young maize-plants. Over all this foliage appeared from time to time in the distance the red or white square towers of churches or convents; and beyond all, to the left, the shadowy forms of the blue mountains of Friuli and Istria rolled along the horizon.

In an hour or two we crossed the Brenta, where, after flowing southward from the mountains of the Tyrol, it turns to take an easterly course, and lose itself in the Lagune of Venice. Its left bank, along which runs the road for many miles, is lined with villages, neat and clean for Italy, and so full of *casinos*, or gentlemen's seats, as to answer Beckford's description of them as "villages of palaces;" for the greater part are princely mansions, and one is an imperial palace. They are the summer abodes of rich Shylocks, and other "merchants of Venice," or are inhabited by the few relics of Venetian nobility. They are white-walled, red-roofed buildings, mostly in the Palladian style of architecture, and fronted by spacious paved courts, adorned with statues, and rows of orange and acacia-trees in huge pots, most formal and unpicturesque. The iron gates, also, are generally flanked by rows of statues, allegorical and mythological, each of which, for the benefit of ignorant unimaginative beholders, has its name engraved on the pedestal. Here a stony Diana, perched on a high column, makes love to a marble-hearted Endymion at the opposite end of the long iron railing; there Bacchus and Ceres stand centinels over the gateway of a farmyard. By-the-bye, these farmyards, of which I passed not a few, scattered over with straw, and sprinkled with live stock, with

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labourers at the open barn-doors thrashing with flails, carried me in imagination back to dear old England. At the doors of the cottages women, dark rustic beauties, with "cheeks of ruddy bronze," were seated, busied with their distaffs, or were stooping over their washing-tubs, and beating their linen against the sides of the troughs fixed above. The men were clustering idly about the doors of the cafés beneath the shady vine-arbours, or around the tables set with bottles of cooling *mistra* and lemonade.

We traversed successively the villages of Aresiglia, Stra, Fiesso, and at the town of Dolo we changed horses, where, as the posta happened to be in the market-place, and the day happened to be market-day, I found enough to amuse me. Groups of women, dressed alike in dark blue checked gowns, red handkerchiefs on their necks, straw-hats with wide flapping brims, or with a shawl thrown over the head instead, no stockings, feet sometimes in slippers, but generally bare, were crowding the square; some carrying large jars of milk or wine, as an English milkman carries his pails, but with a bent stick over the shoulders, instead of a frame fitted to the shape; others carrying baskets of fruit or fowl-hampers, and one a couple of haycocks in the same manner. On one side of the market-place these fair ones swarmed like bees in a hive, presenting a very sea of straw-hats, and the shrill buzz of their united tongues almost drowned the screams and cacklings of the fowls, which were being pulled forth from the crowded baskets. The men, who were here but few and far between, wore light blue trousers, sometimes girt up with a red or blue woollen sash, white waistcoat, no coat, a blue or white cap, with the end hanging down the back, or a high-crowned hat. To complete the sketch, fancy several long, narrow, high-wheeled carts laden with bricks, and with a pair of sleepy long-horned oxen yoked to the thick shaft, standing in the midst of the square; another passing through it piled with huge logs of wood, and drawn by four oxen, two abreast, and a crazy old Rozinante of a horse a-head. Fancy all this in the square or market-place, which is bounded on one side by the Brenta, and on the other by a row of white houses, with a fine church standing prominently forth; fancy the heavy yellow *velocifero*, or diligence, with its three horses abreast, and the harlequin-clad, betasselled, betrumpeted postilion, smacking his whip in his impatience to be in motion, and your humble servant, in scarcely less uncouth costume, mounting to the cabriolet behind him, and you may at once, with the diligence, turn your back upon Dolo.

We soon reached another village on the same bank of the Brenta. Casinos with gaily-painted fronts, courts and gates guarded by statues, as already described, neat white cottages with green window-shutters, many an "*oratorio privato*" showing the piety of the inhabitants; a white church in the Italian style, with a lofty *campanile*, or bell-tower, —this is La Mira, once the residence of Lord Byron, and the birthplace of that *chef-d'œuvre* of the poet, the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold.

I inquired in vain of the conductor and postilion for Byron's villa here. They knew only of the Moncenigo Palace at Venice.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of La Mira, seen by sunset, called forth those three magnificent stanzas, commencing with

> "The moon is up, and yet it is not night,
> Sunset divides the sky with her," &c.

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None of Byron's description, however, suited La Mira as I saw it in the light of morning, except the first line, for the crescent moon was still visible, though faint and shadowy, in the clear blue heavens. The Brenta, by the way, is but a paltry stream of thirty or forty feet in breadth, sometimes almost choked by reeds, and always flowing between artificial banks, so as to have all the stiffness and formality of a canal, without its straightness. It is in many parts overhung with weeping willows and cypresses, which give it a melancholy air, not lessened by the crosses reared on its banks. Pretty villas still continue to skirt it below La Mira, with cottages overgrown with vines or melons, and hedged around by bushes of flowering cistus.

On a large vessel moored in the stream were a number of labourers busied in deepening the channel by means of huge shovels, which they worked like oars. These fellows were stripped literally to their shirts; but, what matter?—this is Italy, where delicacy is an exotic. Many of the peasants, too, that I saw in the maize-fields and vineyards by the roadside, were in similar costume; some few with a straw-hat in addition.

After following the windings of the stream for some miles, we reached a spot where the road forked, the right branch running to Fusina, the most direct road to Venice, and the other, which we took, leading to Mestre. Ever since leaving Dolo, I had been anxiously looking out for Venice, and every lofty tower which arose in the horizon I regarded as the campanile of St. Mark, till undeceived by the *conduttore*. But now, soon after entering on this road, as my eyes were wandering across the low marshy country on the right, they caught a distant tower between the trees; another and another rapidly succeeded it, and presently the whole of Venice came at once into view at the distance of five or six miles, beyond the narrow strip of bright water which bounded the marshy shore. A soft silvery-grey haze was sleeping on the horizon, and against this was thrown the city, blued by the distance, and bristling with towers of various forms; and, as the tips of these were sparkling in the sun, it seemed like a brilliant diadem cast upon the waters. In a few minutes all was lost behind the straggling groves,—then again came into view but for a moment, towers and domes fleeting past as rapidly as though they were images in a magic lantern.

Cottages and farms environed with vineyards again adorned the roadside, but I could not notice them, and scarcely could I spare a glance to the wild grey mountains of Friuli waving along the horizon on the left, beyond a vast expanse of marshy ground. My gaze was fixed on the spot where Venice had vanished from my view, and where I momentarily expected her to reappear. At length the *velocifero* entered the streets of the village of Mestre; and having reached the Piazza, drove into the court-yard of the posta.

Here the vehicle disgorged its passengers, who, after some delay, were conducted with their luggage to the banks of a canal hard by. On the long flight of steps leading down to the water, was a group of lazzaroni, basking in the sun; twenty or thirty of them; most picturesque fellows, forming, with their pendent caps, bright-coloured breeches, and half-clad sunburnt limbs, striking subjects for the foreground of an Italian scene. They amused themselves, as they were squatting or lying about, with bantering one another and cutting jokes at our expense. The narrow canal below us was crowded with gondolas—the first I had seen.

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"Didst ever see a gondola? For fear
You should not, I'll describe it you exactly:
'Tis a long covered boat, that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,
Rowed by two rowers, each called "Gondolier,"
It glides along the water, looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do.

"And up and down the long canals they go,
And under the Rialto shoot along,
By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,
And round the theatres, a sable throng,
They wait in their dusk livery of woe,—
But not to them do woeful things belong,
For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
Like mourning-coaches when the funeral's done."

Such are the ordinary gondolas; but that which I now entered was of gigantic size, rowed with four oars, and having a covered box in the centre, not unlike an omnibus, capable of holding twelve or fourteen persons, instead of three or four, as the ordinary gondolas.

The crew was of one family. The father and his two eldest sons, stout, brawny fellows, stood in the aft part, while a younger brother, a lad of twelve or fourteen, took the bow-oar. A half-naked urchin, evidently of the same family, sat on the little deck astern, munching a slice of water-melon, and inwardly smiling at his own *dolce far niente*, while his father and brothers were toiling away at their heavy oars till the perspiration literally rained from their faces.

We steered our way slowly down the canal, amid the gondolas and sea-going craft with which it was almost choked, between banks lined with white houses, and shaded by rows of acacias. Then, leaving Mestre, we proceeded for nearly three miles between bare low banks, (passing the fortress of Malghera) to a *dogana*, or custom-house, at the mouth of the canal. Here Venice first opened fully upon us at the distance of two miles. Our passports having been examined, we continued our course straight across the wide-spreading lagune; the channel (that of San Secondo) being marked by a row of stakes stretching away in an unbroken line to the city. The water of the lagune was of an oily smoothness, almost colourless; and, as a mist obscured the horizon, the islets which appeared on either hand in the distance, seemed to float in the sky, and Venice herself to ride all lightly and airily upon the waters.

On one of the stakes just mentioned was perched a small box, containing a Madonna, with some rude steps leading to it from the water. Several gondolas were lying before it, and one crazy old boat pushed off from among them to meet us. Our rowers rested on their oars as it approached, and waited while the old man in it held out a long rod with a leathern bag at the end, into which he besought us in piteous tones, to drop some "*Carità per le povere anime!*" None of us, however, were pious enough to assist in relieving from purgatory the souls of the mariners there drowned, and we rowed on, leaving the old man staring in mute astonishment at our hard-heartedness.

"But, how could you notice such trifles at such a moment?" you will doubtless inquire. Shall I tell the truth? Venice, as seen on the approach from Mestre has none, absolutely none of the beauty and glory with which the imagination is ever apt to invest it. Most dull,

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stupid, and unpoetical does it appear. With a long range of dirty grey or red-brick houses, mean and low, and a huge factory on the shore, sending forth volumes of dark smoke, I could, had it not been for the total absence of shipping, have almost fancied myself off Wapping or Rotherhithe!

We presently passed a small fort standing in the midst of the water, half a mile from the city, and soon after entered the Canal Reggio, and then all such profane resemblance vanished, and I was in a picturesque old Italian city, with decayed weather-stained houses on either side of the canal, but, except in respect of the gondolas, it was not yet Venice. A few minutes more, however, and we shot beneath a bridge into the Grand Canal, and then the glories of Venice burst upon me. Then I was indeed in Venice—in the Venice of my imagination—the Venice of Canaletti—the Venice of a thousand palaces—for there they were, stretching away on both sides the canal as far as the eye could reach, in stateliness and beauty, like a garland of flowers bound round the brow of the Ocean Queen. But I looked again, and saw that the flowers were faded; their freshness and glory have departed, decay and ruin only are left. The feelings of anxious delight which I naturally carried into a city so renowned in history, and so peculiar in herself, were at once checked by the melancholy air of every thing around. These palaces,

> "This long array
> Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
> Above the Dogeless city's vanished sway;"

the narrow dark canals, which at intervals debouched upon that in which we were, seeming the very abodes of mystery and gloom; and the almost deathlike silence which reigned over all, called forth a sympathetic sadness from the soul. The very gondolas in their sable trappings seemed mourning for the fallen condition of the city. Yet, compassion and regret are not unmingled with admiration; though everything is melancholy, everything is beautiful. Venice is beauty in tears; and though the lustre of her loveliness be somewhat dimmed, she engages our sympathies not less powerfully by her misfortunes. "Alas! poor Venice!" was my heart-felt exclamation.

You will easily imagine my eagerness to see everything around me, and believe that I had several narrow escapes of being guillotined by the sharp steel prows of the gondolas, as I was stretching my head out of the window of mine. In a short time the canal made a sharp bend to the right, and we suddenly shot beneath a wide bridge of a single arch, and a moment afterwards, on looking up, I recognized the Rialto.

Palaces again, as far as the eye could reach, with church towers of various forms rising at intervals behind; but I had only begun to look about me, when the gondola turned suddenly to the left up a very narrow canal, and stopped immediately at a flight of steps. The vast gloomy building above was the "I. R. Direzione della Posta," and the little canal was the court-yard of our water-omnibus. Here we dismounted, or disembarked if you please, and, ascending the steps, entered the hall of the palace—for such it was originally,*—a vast

* The Austrian Government, I was told, had purchased this palace of the Grimani family, for about four thousand pounds sterling. In England such a mansion would be worth ten times that sum.

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hall of great length, with sentries pacing within, and the coverings of three or four gondolas arranged like coffins along the sides. The building is laid out in public offices, that of the diligences being at one end of the hall, and the "Posta dalle Lettere" at the other.

I had already learned that there were three good hotels in Venice,—viz. the Leone Bianco, which I had just passed, almost adjoining the Posta, and commanding a fine view of the Rialto and Grand Canal,—the Albergo dell' Europa, at the mouth of the same canal, and near the Piazza of St. Mark and the Ducal Palace,—and the Albergo Reale, on the quay overlooking the port and shipping. Judging of their comparative advantages of situation by my map, I chose the second, and have had no reason to repent my choice.

Hiring a gondola—not one like that I had just quitted, but one of the ordinary canoe-like things, which scarcely seem to touch the waters as they glide over them, (not an omnibus, in fact, but a cab,)—I seated myself on the black leathern cushion. Oh, luxury of luxuries! Talk of sofas, of easy chairs, of air-cushions! Commend me to a gondola, with its deep, well-stuffed, springy seat, gently raised from the flooring, with its slightly sloping back against which to recline, and its two little footstools similarly padded, one on each side of the boat, on which to rest one's limbs, and enjoy one's *otium cum dignitate*. He must have been a very epicure in repose who contrived the internal arrangements of the gondola. Then you can see through the open windows all that is passing on both sides, or before you; or, if you would keep out the vulgar gaze, there are glass and wooden sliding shutters, to be shifted at pleasure, and suiting any degree of publicity or privacy you may desire. The gondola is the most delightful, commodious, and convenient of all vehicles, aquatic or terrene. You can make it your chamber—what bed more luxurious than its cushions?—your study,

> "You may write,
> Or read in gondolas by day or night,
> Having the little brazen lamp alight,
> Unseen, uninterrupted."

Not that I have yet tried this experiment, but I have Shelley's authority that it may be done. But what may not be done in a gondola?

On I floated between lines of palaces, solemnly gorgeous, and of every variety of architecture—Gothic, Saracenic, Greek, or Italian;—towers and domes rising proudly behind. English-rigged vessels in full sail: other nondescript craft lying along the shore; gondolas shooting about in every direction, all reflected in the dark-green waters, and each object fixing my eye for a moment, till it was involuntarily drawn off by some other more novel and attractive. At length, just as I had begun to gaze with admiration on the sublime dome of the church of the Salute, which rose from the right bank of the canal, the gondola was steered up to the steps of an ancient Gothic palace on the opposite side; the rowers shipped their oars; I stept ashore, mounted the steps, and found myself within the vast hall of the Albergo dell' Europa, or Hotel of Europe.

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COLIN CLINK.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER V.

The doctor's reflections on his return.

"WHAT safer am I now?" thought the doctor, as he pursued his way home in the dark, and reflected on all that had just transpired, and on the probable consequences of it. "To-morrow there will be a jury,—it cannot be avoided; and I shall be called to witness, and Fanny, who saw it all, will be called also. She suspects something, and may tell all until she raises suspicions in the minds of others. Would that she too were out of the way, and then—then, I should be finally secure!"

But as he thus thought on another death, the dread of the last came strongly upon him; and his skin seemed to creep upon his bones. He fancied there was a body lying on the road, and several times he checked his horse to avoid trampling upon it, or turned him suddenly aside in order to pass it by. He could see the shadowy lineaments of the man he had murdered flickering about in the doubtful air, with the very folds of the bed-clothes which his own hand had gathered round it, pictured in misty but accurate lines, like an artist's first sketch emerging from a ground of dark and indistinct space. He grew anxious to get home. He wondered how it was that never in his life before had any sight so haunted him, and yet he had seen many worse agonies than that,—many. Yes; he had seen old sinners die,—stubborn and unrepentant to the last; he had seen them die and make no sign of hope of Heaven's grace. And he had seen young maids die of very terror at the thought and name of death. Yet these were nothing. They were happiness itself to what he had witnessed that night.

When he arrived at home, his wife remarked that he looked pale and ill.

"No, my dear," he replied, "I am very well indeed,—wonderfully well. I never felt better in my life. I can assure you, you are mistaken." He sat down to his supper; but as he tried to carve, his knife slipped, and he did not try it again. The face of the lawyer seemed to be over the table, dancing about it in the broad beams of the candle-light.

"You tremble, Harry!" cried his wife; "your hand shakes. How did you leave Skinwell?"

"He is dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes, he is gone. A concussion of the brain has taken him off. It was a terrible fall indeed."

"But how sudden!" exclaimed she.

"People will die suddenly sometimes," replied the doctor; "and especially when pitched headlong out of a gig on a stony road.

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Now I think of it, let me tell you, my dear, that to-morrow, perhaps, or on some early day, I shall want you to show a young woman down in the village here, all over the house. I wish her to see the patients. Do not ask any questions now, I have particular reasons for it. I only have to request of you very particularly, when she does come, to make no inquiries of her of any kind, nor to answer any questions she may put to you. It is of great importance to yourself as well as to me; and more so indeed than you can be aware of just now, so that it is unnecessary to insist further upon it."

The wife promised strict compliance with his injunctions, as it was no very unusual thing for her thus to be requested to take a blind part in the performance of some mystery or other in the establishment, of which no one knew the bottom save Dr. Rowel himself. By this combination of secresy with his wife, and of apparent openness and candour towards Fanny, he trusted to convince the latter young woman that the communication which the dying man had made respecting her father, was false and utterly without foundation. In adopting this bold course, it is evident that the doctor laid himself open to the possibility at least of a discovery; yet it was clearly the safest plan which, under the circumstances, he could adopt. The opinions which his wife entertained respecting the sanity of the unfortunate James Woodruff rendered it highly necessary, not only that the name and relationship of the visitor to whom he had promised an inspection of his house should be unknown to her, but also that no suspicion should be excited by any attempt on his part to prevent James Woodruff's being seen by Fanny along with all the other patients; since the very fact of one of them being purposely withheld would of itself give room for doubt; while, from an interview between them he had nothing to fear, since in his opinion it was a moral impossibility that either father or daughter should recognise the other.

CHAPTER VI.

A jury of blockheads sits on the body of Skinwell. Colin advises Fanny Woodruff upon a subject of some importance.

A CORONER'S jury was summoned to hold an inquest at the tavern at Bramleigh, on the body of Mr. Skinwell. The men composing this jury were such ignorant louts, that Doctor Rowel, on being called before them, soon succeeded in so far mistifying their perceptions, that they unanimously determined it to be quite useless to call any other witnesses than one or two of those who saw the accident. The coroner himself was an indolent and superficial person, and, under pretence of having other inquests to hold a few miles off, seemed anxious to hurry the present inquiry to a conclusion. Fanny remained outside during the deliberation, and though it was once or twice suggested that her evidence might prove important, the Coroner peremptorily refused to listen to it, and especially as Doctor Rowel took the liberty of hinting that any statement which she might make could not prove of the least value after his own lucid and professional exposition of the state of the deceased on his being brought home. Accordingly, a verdict of "Accidental Death" was

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recorded; and Doctor Rowel returned to Nabbfield highly gratified in secret with the result of the inquiry.

But, as the success of guilt affords no pleasant matter for reflection, I will proceed to relate something concerning a better and more virtuous character.

The story of Lawyer Skinwell's death soon spread abroad, and reached the farm at Whinmoor in its progress. When Colin became acquainted with the facts, he necessarily concluded that Fanny would again be homeless, and that his advice and assistance might prove useful to her. He accordingly seized the first opportunity that presented itself for taking a walk to Bramleigh, which occurred about a week after the dreadful event just related. During that time Fanny had been wishing day and night to see him, but had been too much occupied amidst the circumstances which this unexpected change had brought about, to be enabled to do more than wish for his coming. Everything had, of course, been left in some confusion. Nor were there any known relations of her late master to whom application could be made to take his affairs under their management. Skinwell had come to the village, unknown, when a young man, and was generally understood to say that indeed, to the best of his knowledge and belief, he was the last of his family.

Under these circumstances both Fanny and the poor clerk would have felt somewhat embarrassed in what manner to proceed, had not Mr. Longstaff, the steward, and the landlord of the Cock and Bottle, taken an early opportunity, after the lawyer's death, to call at the house, and formally announced to the poor clerk himself that they were legal witnesses to a will which the deceased had made some time ago in *his* favour; and which, after providing for all debts and expenses, left to him the residue and the business together. The document thus spoken of was soon found amongst his private papers; and, as nobody came forward to dispute and litigate over the poor man's corpse, as is usually the case when anybody has a small matter to leave behind him, the affairs of the household were soon placed in a way for being carried on as usual; and, especially as Fanny consented to remain for the present with the lawyer's successor on the same terms as she had formerly agreed upon with him.

These arrangements had been made when Colin arrived; and, therefore the difficulties in which he expected to find Fanny were entirely obviated. But there was another and a far more dreadful subject to engage his attention, which he could not possibly have anticipated, namely, the communication made by the dying man respecting her father, and the horrible scene which she had witnessed at the time that communication was made. Partly from a conscientious fear of doing any one an injustice, and partly from doubt whether, after all, the doctor really was or was not guilty, she had not hitherto mentioned the subject to any one, though it lay on her mind like a burden which would allow no rest until it was shaken off. If the lawyer had spoken truth, was it not unjust to his memory to make no use of what he had spoken? And if she really had a father living, and that father was confined in a madhouse, what could she think of herself were she not to make an effort for his deliverance?

On his arrival, Colin thought Fanny looked ill and anxious; and

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that she spoke less freely to him than heretofore. He felt surprised to hear her allude to Doctor Rowel in a manner so changed from that in which she had always spoken of him formerly. Then it was as a friend, a helper; one from whom, above all others living, she had the most to hope for, and to whom she ought to feel most grateful. But now she mentioned the very name with dread, and seemed to shudder whenever the recollection of his presence in that house came across her mind. All this raised Colin's curiosity, and stimulated his inquiries. Question after question did he put to her, until the vivid recollection of the scene that had passed, and the keener sense of her father's situation, which this conversation awakened, brought her again to tears, and amidst many sobs and interruptions she at last related to the horror-stricken youth the whole story of her late master's death-bed communication. During the recital Colin turned pale as ashes, and when it was done,

"I 'm sure he murdered him!" he exclaimed, "and we shall find it all true about your father. Think as you like about it, but that doctor tried to stop his mouth only to prevent him telling you. Take him at his word, Fanny, and let him show you over his house."

Fanny made no reply. She scarcely heard his words, for in imagination she fancied herself before the little cell that held her father; she thought of him as a madman whom she dared not touch, and scarcely even look at; one who, though her own parent, had not sense enough left to talk even like a little child. And as she thus thought, the tears silently rolled down her cheeks. She longed for the time to arrive, but dreaded the trial to which it might expose her.

Having arranged that they should meet again as early as possible after her visit to the madhouse, Colin Clink took his farewell of Fanny; and, on quitting the house, proceeded immediately in the direction of the old hall of Kiddal, with the intention of carrying out another part of his plan.

CHAPTER VII.

Colin seeks an interview with Squire Lupton. An unexpected adventure takes place, which raises him to the station of a hero, and promises great things to come.

When Colin arrived at Kiddal Hall, Mr. Lupton was quietly reposing himself on a small couch placed near the wide-opened window of his drawing-room, and inhaling the fragrance of the great "wicked weed" from a long Turkish pipe, whose voluminous folds lay like a sleeping serpent on the ground beside him. At some distance from him, close to the door, and unperceived by the squire, stood an individual of short stature, dressed in a coat that reached nearly to his knees; inexpressibles that descended to the same point, blue worsted stockings, and laced-up boots. His hat was placed upon its crown on the floor beside him, as though the owner, in so disposing of it, meditated a stay of some duration.

"Is that Mr. Lupton?" demanded a gruff Johnsonian voice.

"Who the d—l is that?" exclaimed the Squire, puffing the smoke away from his mouth, and looking eagerly in the direction whence the voice proceeded.

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"Nay—nay, now!" was the reply he received, "it signifies nothing to you who *I* am, for if a man gets justice done him for his crimes, what can it matter to him whose hand does it?"

"How did you come here, fellow?" again asked the Squire.

The little old man replied,

"Never mind asking me how I got here,—that is my business and not yours. I *am* here, and that is enough."

"But, what are you?—who are you?—what have you come here for?"

"Well—well! if you ask me what *I* am, I can tell you; I am a *father*. And, if I were to tell you what you are, sir, I should say you are an unprincipled man, and unworthy of your station: a man that, because he has power in his hands, can insult poverty, and betray it to ruin, under the pretence of doing it a service. Does your recollection extend as far back as sixteen or eighteen years ago?"

Instead of answering this question, Mr. Lupton laid aside his pipe, rose from his seat, and advanced towards the little man in the middle of the room, extending his hand in an authoritative manner.

"Come, come, fellow! go away. Save me the trouble of putting you out."

"*You* put *me* out, sir!" tauntingly replied his strange visiter; "it is more than you dare undertake to do if all your servants were about you; and, as it is, remember there is not one. Keep your hands off me, or I shall make you repent it. You have touched too much of my blood already; and now I have called for some of yours. Look to yourself. I'll be fair with you."

As he thus spoke he drew something from the pocket of his long coat, which Mr. Lupton thought, from the slight glance he caught of it in the twilight, to be a pistol. The sight nerved him to desperation, and suddenly he sprung forwards to strike or seize the man before him. But the latter was too expert; he slipped aside, and Mr. Lupton fell forwards with the impetus of his motion, almost to the ground. The cocking of the pistol, and the opening of the room door were heard at the same instant. Flash went the deadly powder, slightly illuminating the apartment, and showing a *third* party standing against the old man in the long coat, who had struck the pistol aside with his hand, and thus diverted what otherwise would have proved a deadly aim. That third person was Colin Clink. He had reached the hall a minute or two before; and one of the servants, who knew him, had conducted him upstairs, under the belief that the squire was alone,—for the old man had obtained his audience secretly. While in the passage outside, however, they overheard the latter part of the conversation just related, which induced Colin to rush in, and thus was he instrumental in saving the life of his own father—though unknown to himself—from the deadly hand—equally unknown to him—of his own grandfather.

Jerry Clink had recently returned from New South Wales; and during all the years of his banishment had kept

> "The patient watch, the vigil long,
> Of him who treasures up a wrong."

No sooner did Jerry find that the pistol had failed in its intended

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work, and that Mr. Lupton, who was a powerful man, was again upon his legs, than he dashed Colin furiously aside, and retreated towards the window. The Squire followed him, and was himself followed respectively by Colin and the servant. They endeavoured to pin the old man in a corner, but their first efforts did not succeed. He strove to rush between them, and to escape at the door. Lights now glanced along the passage, and on the staircase. Other servants were hurrying forwards, having been brought up by the report of fire-arms. Escape that way was now impossible. What could he do? There was the window—the only chance. Nobody so much as dreamed that he would go out there, for it was twenty feet or more from the ground. He approached it. The resolution and the action were one. In an instant his body darkened the open space as he leapt through, and he was gone! The spectators stood still some moments, —for into mere spectators did this daring and desperate leap transform them all. They then ran to the window. There lay a dark substance on the ground beneath. It moved. It got up. They watched it; and, in the height of their amazement, never thought of running out to seize it. It looked up and laughed with derision in their faces as it hastened off. Some of them now ran down stairs in pursuit. It was deep twilight, and the sight of the desperado was lost. He had crossed the lawn, and got into the woods. They followed with guns and staves, but Jerry Clink was safe.

"And what young man is this?" asked Mr. Lupton, as he turned to gaze at Colin, and by the lights which now shone in the apartment beheld a noble, open countenance, and a pair of bold, dark eyes, whose look brought a flush of heat up in the Squire's face, and made him for a moment dream that he gazed into a mirror, so much were they the counterpart of his own. "Whoever you are," pursued the Squire, "I owe you much for this brave interposition. I am indebted to you, young man, perhaps for my life: and, certainly, for sound bones, and a whole skin. Sit down—sit down a moment. But stop; this will do at present." And he drew out his purse containing nearly ten guineas, and tendered it to Colin, "Take this, until I can do something better for you."

"No, sir, thank you," replied the youth. "I do not want money: and if I did I could not take it for only doing right. I came to speak to you, sir, about something else, if you will allow me."

"Not take it!" exclaimed Mr. Lupton, in astonishment,—"then you were not born in Yorkshire, were you?"

"Yes, sir, I was," answered he: "I was born and brought up in this village, though you do not know me."

"Indeed! Why, I do not remember to have remarked you before. Who are you? What is your name?"

"Colin Clink, sir, is my name."

The squire sat down and turned away his face, so that the lad could not see it, as he asked, in an altered and somewhat tremulous voice, if Mrs. Clink, that kept the shop, was his mother?

"Yes, sir," replied Colin, "she is: but I never knew my father."

Mr. Lupton was for some moments silent. He placed his elbow on the back of his chair, and his open hand over his eyes, as if to skreen them. Something had touched his bosom suddenly; but the lad knew not what. At length, and evidently with some effort, though without changing his position in the least, Mr. Lupton said,

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"I cannot talk with you now, young man: that fellow has ruffled me. Take that purse, and come again some other time. I shall be from home nearly three weeks. Come again this day three weeks, and I shall have something of importance to talk to you about. Take particular notice, now, and be punctual. But what are you doing? and where do you live?"

Colin satisfied him on both these particulars. The squire continued,

"Then come as I have appointed, and your situation shall be exchanged for a better. I will make your fortune: but I cannot talk now. Come again, my boy,—come again."

Colin stood a few moments in silent suspense as to the course to be pursued. The unexpected event which had taken place had entirely defeated the purpose for which he had ventured to Kiddal Hall, while the squire's language half confounded him. Should he speak again? He dared not, except to express his thanks, and, retiring from the room, he left the squire's purse untouched upon the table.

Colin reached Whinmoor shortly before ten o'clock.

When Mr. Lupton arose from his revery, and strode across the room, his foot struck against the bullet that had been discharged from Jerry Clink's pistol. He looked up to the wall; and, though the blow which at the critical moment Colin had struck diverted it from himself, the squire saw, with a strange sensation, for which he could not account, that it had passed through the canvass, and near the bosom of his wife, Mrs. Lupton's picture.

CHAPTER VIII.

Gives a description of Fanny's visit to the madhouse, and of her interview with her father.

After the lapse of some few days, during which Mr. Lupton left the hall on his proposed brief journey,—(though not without first sending a messenger to Whinmoor with a small packet for Colin, which the latter found to contain fifteen guineas, and a repetition of the invitation to appear again at Kiddal on the day previously named,)—Fanny's arrangements for going over Doctor Rowel's establishment were completed; and according to appointment she set out one morning, early after breakfast, and reached Nabbfield about ten o'clock. As she approached the place her heart began to throb violently, and her hands to tremble as she placed them on her bosom, as if by that action to still the poor troubled thing within. She gazed at the building as though every single stone was a separate source of fear to her; at its melancholy windows as so many eyes, out of which madness and pain looked upon the pleasant world below. As she passed along the footpath outside the boundary wall she stopped, and listened. Instead of sounds of woe, which she expected to hear from within, the blackbird and the linnet in the plantations sounded their pleasant notes there the same as elsewhere. The great and gaudy dragon-fly darted along the sunny wall, and little clouds of gnats flew in innumerable and ever-changing evolutions beneath the pendant branches of the young elms and

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sycamores by the road-side. When she saw the gateway she first lingered, and then stopped, to gather breath and resolution. She could not; she looked again, and then retraced her steps some yards, hoping to quiet herself, and grow more calm. She looked up at the sky: it was bright, and vast and deep, with an intense blue, that seemed as unfathomable as eternity. She thought of her father, and then of another Father who alone could help her and sustain her in all trials. Fanny sunk down upon the bank, and clasped her hands together in silent and spontaneous prayer for assistance to meet the coming trial. She arose strengthened, calm, and assured.

As the keeper of the lodge-gate opened it to admit her, Fanny inquired, with evident signs of fear, whether the people whom she saw at some distance up the pathway, would do her any injury? These were several of the partially-recovered and harmless patients, who had been allowed to take exercise in the garden. Although Fanny's question was answered in the negative, and she was told not to be in the least afraid of them, she yet advanced up the pathway with a quick-beating heart, and a timorous step. As she approached them, several of the people held up their heads and gazed half-vacantly at her.

Fanny hurried along with increased rapidity, and reached the doctor's house without interruption. She rung the bell, and stood a long time before anybody answered it, though she knew not it was more than a moment, so occupied was her mind with the thoughts of what was about to ensue. "If my father *be* here," thought she,—"If I *should* see him, and hear him say his name is the same as mine, what in the world shall I do? How shall I conduct myself? What shall I say to him?" and, as she thus thought, the door opened, and Fanny was ushered into an elegantly-furnished room, such as she had not before seen, and at the same time, into the presence of the doctor's wife.

As I have before stated that the visit had been previously arranged, Mrs. Rowel was of course prepared to conduct her almost immediately over the establishment. As she successively passed through open rooms in which the more harmless patients were assembled,—some laughing and playful, others desponding and weeping over again their troubles of former days,—and thence was conducted down gloomy ranges of cells, the dim light of which just served to show the fairest of God's creations writhing in foul struggles with the demon of madness,—or, yet more remotely, was taken to behold sights which humanity forbids me to describe, but which, once seen, can never be forgotten;—as all this, I repeat, passed before the affrighted eyes of Fanny, and brought up to her mind still more vividly the picture of her own father, it was with the greatest difficulty she could hide her emotion from those who accompanied her.

Fanny and the doctor's wife now proceeded together, and unaccompanied, down that winding passage which led to the yard where James Woodruff obtained all of daylight and air which he had enjoyed during many years. The door was opened to the dazzling light of Midsummer time, so that Fanny could scarcely see, after being so long in the dungeon-like places of that dreary mansion. But there stood the black old yew-tree, looking as if carved out of ebony, amidst the blaze of a mid-day sun, and under its deep hard shadow lay a man, motionless as might be the monu-

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mental effigy in some old church aisle; his eyes upon the bright space above him, and his hands fast bound across his breast. As the noise occasioned by the approach of Fanny and Mrs. Rowel reached his ear, he gently turned his head, and displayed to the gaze of Fanny a countenance pale and thoughtful, surrounded by a profusion of deep black hair, and brightened by a pair of eyes of the same hue, that looked like spots of jet set in a face of alabaster.

"And is he," remarked Fanny, as she turned towards her conductress, "is he as wild as those men we have seen in the cells?"

"The doctor," replied Mrs. Rowel, "says he is quite insane; though for myself I sometimes think he talks as properly and sensibly as you or I might do. But then Mr. Rowel says that no dependence is to be placed upon that, because people who are quite out of their senses will sometimes appear as reasonable in their conversation as any other person."

This declaration somewhat startled Fanny's faith in the virtue of common sense; and, as if seeking for an illustration of this strange doctrine in the person before her, she again turned to the yew-tree. She started. Those coal-black eyes were still upon her, fixed, and apparently full of some mysterious meaning. She dreaded lest the madman should be meditating wrong against her, and instinctively seized the arm of the doctor's wife.

"Do not be alarmed," observed the latter encouragingly; "he will do you no injury in the world. He looks more frightful than he is, a great deal: his hair makes him look so: but he and I have had many conversations together. I will try if he will speak, and then you can hear how these mad people talk. James!" raising her voice, "how do you do to-day?"

He rolled round on his back, and by a sudden and peculiar action, which long captivity and experience alone could have rendered familiar to him, leapt instantaneously up without the assistance of his arms. Fanny shrunk convulsively within the door, in dread lest he should approach her.

"Stand still, my dear," remarked her companion; "there is not the least danger from him. Now, *do* be assured, and come forward."

Fanny obeyed with trembling, especially when she saw the man advance towards them with the intention, apparently, of addressing either her or her conductress. He spoke, however, in the first instance, to the latter.

"Good morning, good lady, and to your young companion. How bright and beautiful the day is! How does the world look beyond these walls? Beautiful, I dare say: glorious far beyond any thought of mine, for I have almost forgotten what robe the earth wears in summer time. Yet it is full of delight even on this arid sand, and between these burning walls. And so, young lady,"—and James Woodruff turned his dark eyes upon Fanny's countenance as he spoke in a more jesting, yet melancholy strain,—"you have come to look at me as a curiosity and a show?"

"Oh no, sir!" exclaimed she, in a hurried tone, and with her face deepening with blushes, "I—I—I am very glad to see you, sir."

"Are you?" exclaimed Woodruff earnestly. "Then Heaven bless that heart, and reward you with its choicest gifts, for feeling glad to see such an unfortunate thing as I! Glad to see me! Why,

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that is more than any one has said these many years! Forgive me, young woman; but in your face I see over again the good angel that delivered Peter from his dungeon, and it is a blessing to my eyes to look upon one like you. I am not mad, young lady; indeed I am not. Nay, do not shrink. I would dash this head against the wall sooner than dream of injury to you. I had a wife once at your age: your youth brings her back again, till I could think she had come from heaven to plead for me! I have been here twenty winters,—I have given up all my land and money—everything but life—for liberty, and have still been basely deceived! Now do not, for the love of God and of justice! do not doubt me. I am not mad. I never was. I was stolen from my home, and from my daughter—a child—a little child."

Fanny's brain grew dizzy. She clung to her companion for support.

"Let us go, my dear," said Mrs. Rowel. "You cannot bear it. James, why do you talk so?"

"I will not go!" cried Fanny eagerly, and struggling hard to rally herself. "Tell me your name—your name!" added she, addressing the captive.

"Woodruff!" cried the poor prisoner.

Fanny's glazing eyes were fixed on him for an instant,—she sprung forwards with a shriek, and fell at full length on the ground, and, as though dead, at his feet!

Mrs. Rowel, and the unfortunate James Woodruff, stood equally astonished. The latter attempted to raise Fanny: he could not—his arms were bound—and he laughed. But the next instant, as he requested the mistress of the mansion to do so, he stooped over the insensible body before him, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Who is she?" he demanded. "What soul of beauty is it?"

"I do not know, James," replied the lady; "she is a stranger to me."

"Would that I could touch her cheek with my finger!" said Woodruff. "She is good—good indeed!"

In the mean time, Robson had answered the call of Mrs. Rowel, and come to her assistance.

"Carry her into the house. Or, stay, fetch water," said the lady; "she had better be recovered here," and Robson was accordingly despatched for a glass of water, with which he soon returned. It was applied to her lips, and partially sprinkled on her forehead. After a time she began to recover; she opened her eyes, looked round, and spoke.

"Where is he?"

"Here! I am here, young lady," replied Woodruff, as he looked her earnestly in the face to fix her attention. "What of me?"

"My father!" exclaimed Fanny, as she again sunk into a state of insensibility.

"Father!" repeated Woodruff,—"my father! I her father! She my daughter!" He strove to wrench his arms free to clasp her to his bosom, but again he could not.

"Take her away, Robson," said the lady of the house. "What does all this mean? Take her away!—take her away!"

And Fanny was carried back by the strong man to the room into which she had at first been introduced; while James Woodruff re-

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mained standing upon that spot, gazing on that ground where his child had lain, as though the great world contained in it no other place which, even to him, deserved for a moment to be looked upon.

CHAPTER IX.

Is so very necessary between the eighth and tenth, that it could not possibly be dispensed with.

When Fanny was sufficiently recovered, the lady of the house questioned her very particularly upon the circumstances that had occurred, and exhibited a great deal of laudable curiosity to be fully enlightened touching the mystery that had been enacted before her. The young woman would fain have kept it to herself; but too much had already passed in the presence of Mrs. Rowel to render such a line of conduct altogether practicable. Nevertheless, it was not until a faithful promise of secresy had been made on the part of the doctor's wife, that Fanny was induced to communicate to her so much of her story as was needful to render something like an intelligible whole. In this account she omitted any mention of the source from whence the information respecting her father had been obtained; and also forebore making the most distant allusion to the death of her late master, or to the part which she secretly believed the doctor had taken in that event.

The lady listened to her narrative with great admiration, and when it was concluded, seized both her hands in an affectionate manner, and exclaimed,

"Then, my dear, you are my niece:—the doctor is your own uncle, for your mother and he were brother and sister."

This information, as may be readily supposed, astonished Fanny, though it did not affect her so much as the discovery of her father made just before. She thought of her own uncle being a murderer; — she regretted ever having mentioned the subject to Colin, and resolved never to allude to it again before any one. She dreaded the very thought that, bad as he was, her own uncle should owe to her his degradation, and an ignominious death on a public scaffold. The thought of all this she could not endure; and, in order to avert the possibility of danger from any unexpected quarter, she now begged of the doctor's wife to hide from her husband the fact that she *had* discovered her father in those cells, lest it might lead to a still worse danger, the bare possibility of which she dreaded to think upon. Mrs. Rowel not only promised to do all this, — a promise which eventually she fulfilled, — but also gave Fanny the fullest assurance that she would exercise her utmost endeavours in the attempt to prevail upon her husband to set James Woodruff at liberty. For all this Fanny returned her most heartfelt thanks, and then took her leave.

For some time afterwards she could take no rest, no food, think of nothing in the world save her father. She felt eager to see Colin, and inform him of what had occurred, but found it impossible to do so until some few days after, when she took the opportunity afforded by a Sunday afternoon to hasten over to Whinmoor.

As she passed down the fields, she felt fearful of again encountering Miss Sowersoft, and tried to plan several little ways for seeing Colin

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unknown to her. In the midst of her reveries she suddenly beheld old George sauntering along the hedge-side, with his hands on his back, and a bit of hawthorn blossom stuck in the button-hole of his coat. To him Fanny applied; and as the old man most readily undertook to execute her wishes, she waited in the fields until he sent Colin out to meet her. Together, then, they slowly traversed the fields, while Fanny detailed her extraordinary story, and listened with additional wonder to that which the youth in turn related respecting his adventure at Kiddal Hall, and the great assistance which, in consequence, the Squire had promised to afford him. This mightily revived Fanny's hopes; for in the person of Mr. Lupton she fancied she now saw one who would aid in the liberation of her father.

But Colin somewhat clouded these fair visions when, after some thought, he told her that, as, in consequence of Mr. Lupton being from home so long, it would be impossible to communicate the matter to him, he would not wait until the time was passed, and leave her father in such a horrible place so much longer, but would try a plan of his own contrivance for effecting his liberation.

Having explained his scheme, and succeeded in quieting Fanny's distrust as to its execution, Colin bade her farewell, and promised to see her again in a few days.

CHAPTER X.

Plot and counter-plot.—The difference between two sides of the same question curiously illustrated.

As Mrs. Rowel very strictly kept her word with Fanny, and contrived to evade telling the doctor any portion of the discovery that had been made, that gentleman remained in the happy belief that his project to convince his niece of the deceased lawyer's falsehood had entirely succeeded. James Woodruff was therefore allowed to spend the day out of his cell, as usual.

Early one morning, shortly after the interview between himself and his daughter already recorded, he was pacing mechanically up and down the yard, revolving in his agitated and confused mind the inexplicable doubts attending all that had recently occurred, when he was momentarily startled from his revery by observing something white skim above the wall, making a seeming pause in the air, and then fall to the ground within his inclosure. Woodruff advanced towards it, and beheld a piece of paper folded up like a letter. He eagerly stooped to pick it up; but his arms were bound in that accursed ligature, which made him more helpless than a child. He threw himself wildly on the ground, and gathered it up with his mouth; still he had no hands to open it. He looked angrily round, but could not discover anything that might aid him. He placed it between his knees;—the attempt failed, and the little packet dropped again to the ground. Again he gathered it up, and rose to his feet; he placed it against the wall, and with tongue and lips contrived after much trouble to force it open. Again he sat on the ground, placed it on his knee, and read as follows:—

"The young woman who came to see you is your own daughter, Frances Woodruff. Be of good heart, as she is making all possible exertions to liberate you. In order to effect this, it is necessary that

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you contrive some pretext for staying out in your yard until ten o'clock at night, or later, on the third night after this. If you should not succeed, then try each night afterwards successively until you do succeed. You will then see a head over the north-east corner of the wall of the yard where the yew-tree stands, and opposite the thickest part of the east plantation. Wait in the corner beneath, and a rope-ladder will be let down, by which you can climb to the top and escape. This is written by your daughter's friend, Colin Clink, who will do his best to get you out; so do not be afraid of being betrayed.

"Fanny has seen this, and she prays God night and day that you will be able to agree to it. Do not be afraid, as Colin is sure to come (happen what may, short of death) at the time appointed. The third night, mind,—or any night after, at ten o'clock."

Poor James could scarcely believe his eyes. He almost doubted at first whether he was not at length really growing insane, and whether the circumstances which he fancied had so recently occurred were not mental delusions, consequent on his burning desire to be at liberty. Could it indeed be possible that the glorious hour was so near at hand?—that his daughter was alive?—that he had seen her,—a beautiful young woman, like what his own wife was when first he took her to his home;—that she was aiding him once more to tread the earth *free*?—that he might again have a home,—be revenged on the man who so cruelly wronged him,—and, once more reinstated in his house at Charnwood, enjoy that greatest of all earthly blessings, a father's pride in the beauty, the virtue, and the heroism of his child?

These thoughts were almost more than he could bear, and he wept aloud, as he mentally offered up a prayer of gratitude to Heaven for all its goodness to him.

Afterwards in order to prevent the possibility of any discovery, he tore up the letter into the most minute fragments with his teeth, and buried them in a hole which he made with his foot, near the trunk of the old yew-tree. Nevertheless he was not safe. There were enemies without, of whom he knew nothing, and treachery was at work to undermine Colin's project.

It was stated some few pages back that Fanny and Colin were sauntering in the fields on the old farm at Whinmoor, when the former related her discoveries at Nabbfield, and the latter explained to her the plan he had formed for assisting her father to escape. Now, at the time when he was earnestly engaged in doing this, Miss Maria Sowersoft was standing behind an adjacent hedge, having stealthily crept there with her shoes off, in order to gratify a certain irrepressible curiosity to know what object Fanny could have in coming so far to see Colin, old George having announced her arrival. Although Colin frequently, and very fortunately, spoke in too low a voice for Miss Sowersoft to catch the meaning of the projected attempt, and also mentioned so few of the details of his plan, that she could scarcely make head or tail of it; yet so much reached her attentive ear as sufficed to form in her mind the ground-work of some very horrible suspicions of Colin's honesty. The great fertility of her genius in matters of this description soon enabled her to make out, from the broken discourse she had heard, that Colin was no better than a thief, and that he actually meditated committing a bur-

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glary upon the premises of Dr. Rowel some night in the course of the ensuing week; while Fanny was doing neither more nor less than aiding and abetting him in his nefarious attempt. But as her information was not of a sufficiently positive kind to justify her in acquainting the constable, and getting him immediately apprehended, she came to the conclusion that Dr. Rowel ought at least to be put upon his guard, in order that he might station proper watchmen in his neighbourhood to seize the culprit whenever he might make his appearance. This matter also afforded such an excellent opportunity for her to revenge herself upon Fanny for what she had formerly said before the doctor's face, on the occasion of Colin's illness, that she could not think by any means of allowing it to slip by. Accordingly, some time before the night arrived which Colin had appointed for his trial, the amiable Miss Sowersoft might have been seen marching with important step up the gardens of the doctor's establishment, with the serious and great intention of communicating to that gentleman in person some hints of the imminent danger that threatened his property.

On her introduction to him, she announced the object of her visit in the following manner.

"It is a most unpleasant thing to me, Dr. Rowel, to have to call upon you on such a case of secresy as the present. You are aware, doctor, that I have a boy about me over at the farm—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the doctor, "I know him well. Palethorpe, you mean."

"Oh no, sir!—oh no!—not him—by no means. He is a middle-aged man, and a very honest one too. No, no. I mean the boy that you attended a while ago—Colin Clink. That boy, sir, I am sorry to say, is as vicious and bad a character as ever crossed a threshold. I am sure, if he escapes the gallows at last, it will only be because he was born to be drowned. He has been hatching mischief of one sort or another every day since he came into the world, and now he has got to such a pitch—"

Here Miss Sowersoft bent her head towards the doctor, and whispered during the space of ten minutes, in so low a voice that nobody save the doctor himself could catch a word of what was said.

"Miss Sowersoft, you amaze me!" exclaimed the doctor.

"I assure you, doctor," she reiterated, "I believe every word I have said is as true as that you sit there."

The doctor thanked Miss Sowersoft for her information, assured her two or three times over that he would make the best use of it, and very politely ended the conference by wishing her good morning.

Never, I verily believe, did any mischief-maker on the face of this pleasant earth feel a greater degree of self-satisfaction than did Miss Sowersoft, as she returned to Whinmoor. What revenge should she not take, when Colin was caught in the very fact of housebreaking, and when Fanny could be immediately involved in the same crime! The thought was so inspiriting, that she tripped along with a degree of briskness which would have induced any one who did not see her face to believe her at least twenty years the junior of herself.

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CHAPTER XI.

Colin prepares for his undertaking, and exhibits great stubbornness of temper in withstanding many difficulties.

From the time at which James Woodruff had received the little packet, as related some pages back, up to the eventful night when, as mentioned therein, the attempt to extricate him from confinement was to be made, Colin had busily employed all his spare hours in manufacturing in secret such articles for his purpose as he conceived he should require. This he was the better enabled to do, from having accompanied Fanny on a visit of inspection to the place, when, by the top of the old yew-tree being visible above the high wall, she was enabled to point out to him the exact spot in which her father was confined, and where his attempt must necessarily be made.

On the afternoon preceding the appointed night, Colin asked for leave to go to Bramleigh on particular business; and at the same time stated, that as it might detain him rather late, he should very probably have to remain there all night. Much to his surprise, Miss Sowersoft immediately granted his request with a more than ordinary grace; at the same time remarking very pleasantly, "that if his business there was but honest and good, she hoped he would succeed in it, as everybody ought to do; but if people went about unprincipled jobs of any kind, it was very right and just that the evil spirit they served should betray them in the end."

At any other time Colin might not have noticed these remarks; but under present circumstances, they sunk deep into his mind. He feared that his design had, by some means or other, become, if not wholly known, at least suspected; and during the next half hour, instead of setting out, he sat down upon the step of the open house-door, considering what course he ought to pursue. The doubts which then arose in his mind were not so much the result of fear as of cautious forecast, touching the probable result of his enterprise. If by any means it had been found out, his wisest course would be to abandon it for the present, and either wait some more favourable opportunity, or leave the whole matter in abeyance until his visit to the Hall, on the squire's return, afforded him a chance of explaining the circumstances to that gentleman, and of gaining, if possible, his assistance. Yet, if he did so, what would Mr. Woodruff think? He would wait in horrible anxiety hour after hour, still depending upon the word of him, who said that nothing short of death should prevent his coming.

These reflections decided the question. Colin rose up, and within ten minutes was some distance on his road.

Another circumstance disturbed him. Before leaving the house, he saw Mr. Palethorpe, with his best inexpressibles on, preparing himself apparently for a short journey; and, on Colin's putting the question to him, he observed, with a malicious grin, that *he* also was going to Bramleigh. The youth turned pale, and red, and pale again, as shame and fear alternately possessed his bosom, though he pursued his way with undiminished resolution, conscious that he had engaged in a good cause, and resolved rather to fail in it than to commit himself in falsehood, through the foolish dread of some undefined and perhaps imaginary danger.

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Colin arrived at his mother's house about six o'clock in the evening, and, by previous appointment, met there with his friend Fanny. Together they put everything into a state of preparation; while Colin, as a precautionary measure, in case anything should happen, obliged the young woman to take three guineas of the fifteen which Mr. Lupton had sent him, and the whole of which he had brought in his pocket, in case it should be required for the service of Mr. Woodruff, when he had got out of the mad-house.

As hour after hour passed by, the young couple grew indescribably anxious and restless. Fanny dreaded that some unforeseen evil would befall Colin, and with tears in her eyes now begged him to give up the design, and wait until the Squire's return enabled them to do so much more, and better. To this he replied in few words, that what he had promised to do he would do, happen what might.

"Then," said Fanny, "let us tell your mother all about it. I dare say she means the best for both of us, after all; and then, perhaps, she may think of something to help you in the attempt."

Mrs. Clink was accordingly informed, very much to her amazement, of the principal heads of this affair, so far as already known to the reader, and also of the business which, in consequence, Colin now had upon his hands. This last she considered highly chimerical and dangerous; she prophesied it would lead to nothing but trouble to himself; declared positively that twenty better methods could readily be devised; and concluded by assuring her son, that if he did not relinquish it at once and for ever, he would surely live to repent it before another week was over his head. Colin's reply again was, that no representations whatever could induce him to alter his purpose; and he began to get ready, and tie up his simple apparatus for climbing the wall.

At half-past nine o'clock he was ready to set out. Somehow, he knew not why, Colin felt that he must bid his mother and Fanny a more serious adieu than usual. His mother kissed him, and Fanny, —she, when in the shadow of the door, kissed him too, and asked a thousand blessings on his head. He promised, in case he succeeded, to be back with Mr. Woodruff in the course of an hour and a half; and having again shaken hands with Fanny, he passed out into the street.

That hour and a half passed heavily by, during which Mrs. Clink and Fanny talked the matter over again, reflected, speculated, hoped, and feared. Colin did not come.

Eleven o'clock struck — he was not there; they looked out, but could see nothing; listened, but could hear nothing.

Twelve came—midnight—he did not return. Fanny could not be restrained by Mrs. Clink any longer, and she went up alone to the scene of his enterprise, trusting there at least to ascertain something. All was silent as the grave. One solitary light alone, as of some one retiring to quiet rest, was visible in the mad-house, and that was all. But while she stood, she heard a horseman enter the stony yard, as though he had come from the Whinmoor road. The light of a lantern glanced along the walls above, and then vanished in the stables. She hastened, terrified, back again—Colin was not there. The whole night passed — morning broke—the world grew light and gay—but he did not come again.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF A NEW PLAY,

IN A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, LIEUT. SEAFORTH, M. P., LATE OF THE HON. E. I. C.'S 2D REGT. OF BOMBAY FENCIBLES.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

"The play's the thing!"—HAMLET.

Tavistock Hotel, Nov. 1839.

DEAR CHARLES,

—In reply to your letter and Fanny's,
Lord Brougham, it appears, isn't dead,—though Queen Anne is;
'Twas "a plot" and a "farce"—you hate farces, you say—
Take another "plot," then, viz. the plot of a Play.

* * * * *

The Countess of Arundel, high in degree,
As a lady possess'd of an earldom in fee,
Was imprudent enough at fifteen years of age,
A period of life when we're not over sage,
To form a *liaison*—in fact, to engage
Her hand to a Hop-o'-my-thumb of a Page.
This put her Papa—
She had no Mamma—
As may well be supposed, in a deuce of a rage.

Mr. Benjamin Franklin was wont to repeat,
In his budget of proverbs, "Stolen Kisses are sweet;"
But they have their alloy—
Fate assumed, to annoy
Miss Arundel's peace, and embitter her joy,
The equivocal shape of a fine little Boy.

When, through "the young Stranger," her secret took wind,
The Old Lord was neither "to haud ner to bind."
He bounced up and down,
And so fearful a frown
Contracted his brow, you'd have thought he'd been blind.
The young lady, they say,
Having fainted away,
Was confined to her room for the whole of the day;
While her beau—no rare thing, in the old feudal system—
Disappear'd the next morning, and nobody miss'd him.

The fact is, his Lordship, who hadn't, it seems,
Form'd the slightest idea, not ev'n in his dreams,
That the pair had been wedded according to law,
Conceived that his daughter had made a *faux pas;*
So he bribed at a high rate
A sort of a Pirate
To knock out the poor dear young Gentleman's brains;
Which done, he'd a handsome *douceur* for his pains.

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The Page thus disposed of, his Lordship now turns
His attention at once to the Lady's concerns,
And, alarmed for the future,
Looks out for a suitor,
One not fond of raking, nor given to "the pewter,"
But adapted to act both the husband and tutor;
Finds a highly respectable middle-aged widower,
Marries her off, and thanks Heaven that he's rid o' her.
Relieved from his cares,
The old Peer now prepares
To arrange in good earnest his worldly affairs;
Has his will made anew by a Special Attorney,
Sickens, takes to his bed, and sets out on his journey.
Which way he travell'd
Has not been unravell'd;
To speculate much on the point were too curious,
If the climate he reach'd were serene or sulphureous.
To be sure in his balance-sheet all must declare
One item—The Page—was an awkward affair;
But, *per contra*, he'd lately endow'd a new Chantry
For Priests, with ten marks and the run of the pantry.
Be that as it may,
It's sufficient to say
That his tomb in the chancel stands there to this day,
Built of Bethersden marble, a dark blueish grey.
The figure, a fine one of pure alabaster,
Some cleanly churchwarden has cover'd with plaster;
While a Vandal or Jew,
With a taste for *virtù*,
Has knock'd off his toes, to place, I suppose,
In some Pickwick Museum, with part of his nose;
From his belt and his sword
And his *misericorde*
The enamel's been chipp'd out, and never restored;
His *ci-gît* in old French is inscribed all around,
And his head's in his helm, and his heel's on his hound.
The palms of his hands, as if going to pray,
Are join'd and upraised o'er his bosom—But stay!
I forgot that his tomb's not described in the Play.

* * * * *

Lady Arundel, now in her own right a Peeress,
Perplexes her noddle with no such nice queries,
But produces in time, to her husband's great joy,
Another remarkably "fine little boy."
As novel connections
Oft change the affections,
And turn all one's love into different directions,
Now to young "Johnny Newcome" she seems to confine hers,
Neglecting the poor little dear out at dry-nurse;
Nay, for worse than that,
She considers "the brat"
As a bore—fears her husband may smell out a rat.

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As her legal adviser
She takes an old Miser,
A sort of "poor cousin." She might have been wiser;
For this arrant deceiver,
By name Maurice Beevor,
A shocking old scamp, should her own issue fail,
By the law of the land stands the next in entail.
So, soon as she ask'd him to hit on some plan
To provide for her eldest, away the rogue ran
To that self-same unprincipled sea-faring man;
In his ear whisper'd low***—"Bully Gaussen" said "Done!—
I Burked the papa, now I'll Bishop the son!"
'Twas agreed; and, with speed
To accomplish the deed,
He adopted a scheme he was sure would succeed.
By long cock-and-bull stories
Of Candish, and Noreys,
Of Drake, and bold Raleigh, then fresh in his glories,
Acquired 'mongst the Indians and Rapparee Tories,
He so work'd on the lad,
That he left, which was bad,
The only true friend in the world that he had,
Father Onslow, a priest, though to quit him most loth,
Who in childhood had furnish'd his pap and his broth,
At no small risk of scandal, indeed, to his cloth.

The kidnapping crimp
Took the foolish young imp
On board of his cutter so trim and so jimp,
Then seizing him just as you'd handle a shrimp;
Twirl'd him thrice in the air with a whirligig motion,
And soused him at once neck and heels in the ocean.
This was off Plymouth Sound,
And he must have been drown'd,
For 'twas nonsense to think he could swim to dry ground,
If "A very great Warman,
Call'd Billy the Norman,"
Had not just at that moment sail'd by, outward bound.
A shark of great size,
With his great glassy eyes,
Sheer'd off as he came, and relinquish'd the prize;
So he pick'd up the lad,* swabb'd, and dry-rubb'd, and mopp'd him,
And, having no children, resolved to adopt him.

* An incident very like one in Jack Sheppard,
A work some have lauded and others have pepper'd,
When a Dutch pirate kidnaps and tosses Thames Darrel
Just so in the sea, and he's saved by a barrel,—
On the coast, if I recollect rightly, it's flung whole,
And the hero, half-drown'd, scrambles out of the bung-hole.

[It aint no sich thing!—the hero aint bung'd in a barrel at all. He's pick'd up by a Captain, jest as Norman was arterwards.—PRINT. DEV.]

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Full many a year
Did he hand, reef, and steer,
And by no means consider'd himself as small beer,
When old Norman at length died and left him his frigate,
With lots of pistoles in his coffers to rig it.
A sailor ne'er moans;
So, consigning the bones
Of his friend to the locker of one Mr. Jones,
For England he steers.
On the voyage it appears
That he rescued a maid from the Dey of Algiers;
And at length reached the Sussex coast, where in a bay,
Not a great way from Brighton, most cosey-ly lay
His vessel at anchor, the very same day
That the Poet begins,—thus commencing his play.

ACT I.

Giles Gaussen accosts old Sir Maurice de Beevor,
And puts the poor Knight in a deuce of a fever,
By saying the boy whom he took out to please him
Is come back a Captain, on purpose to teaze him.
Sir Maurice, who gladly would see Mr. Gaussen
Breaking stones on the highway, or sweeping a crossing,
Dissembles—observes, It's of no use to fret,
And hints he may find some more work for him yet;
Then calls at the castle, and tells Lady A.,
That the boy they had ten years ago sent away
Is return'd a grown man, and, to come to the point,
Will put her son Percy's nose clean out of joint;
But adds, that herself she no longer need vex,
If she'll buy him (Sir Maurice) a farm near the Ex.
"Take, take it," she cries; "but secure every document."—
"A bargain," says Maurice,—"including the stock you meant?"
The Captain, meanwhile,
With a lover-like smile
And a fine cambric handkerchief wipes off the tears
From Miss Violet's eyelash, and hushes her fears.
(That's the Lady he saved from the Dey of Algiers.)
Now arises a delicate point, and this is it—
The young lady herself is but down on a visit.
She's perplext, and, in fact,
Does not know how to act.
It's her very first visit—and then to begin
By asking a stranger—a gentleman, in—
One with mustaches too—and a tuft on his chin—
She "really don't know—
He had much better go."
Here the Countess steps in from behind, and says "No!—
Fair sir, you are welcome. Do, pray, stop and dine—
You will take our pot-luck—and we've decentish wine."
He bows, looks at Violet, and does not decline.

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ACT II.

After dinner the Captain recounts with much glee
All he's heard, seen and done, since he first went to sea,
All his perils, and scrapes,
And his hair-breadth escapes,
Talks of boa-constrictors, and lions, and apes,
And fierce "Bengal Tigers" like that which you know,
If you've ever seen any respectable "Show,"
"Carried off the unfortunate Mr. Munro."
Then diverging a while, he adverts to the mystery
Which hangs like a cloud on his own private history—
How he ran off to sea—how they set him afloat
(Not a word, though, of barrel or bung-hole—See Note)
How he happen'd to meet
With the Algerine fleet,
And forced them by sheer dint of arms to retreat,
Thus saving his Violet—(One of his feet
Here just touch'd her toe, and she moved on her seat,)
How his vessel was batter'd—
In short, he so chatter'd,
Now lively, now serious, so ogled and flatter'd,
That the ladies much marvell'd a person should be able,
To "make himself," both said, "so very agreeable."

Captain Norman's adventures were not yet half done,
When Percy, Lord Ashdale, her ladyship's son,
In a terrible fume,
Bounces into the room,
And talks to his guest as you'd talk to a groom,
Claps his hand on his rapier, and swears he'll be through him—
The Captain does nothing at all but "pooh! pooh!" him.
Unable to smother
His hate of his brother,
He rails at his cousin, and blows up his mother.
"Fie! fie!" says the first. Says the latter, "In sooth,
This is sharper by far than the keen serpent's tooth!"
A remark, by the way, which King Lear had made years ago,
(When he ask'd for his Knights, and his Daughter said "Here's a go!")
This made Ashdale ashamed;
But he must not be blamed
Too much for his warmth, for, like many young fellows, he
Was apt to lose temper when tortured by jealousy.
Still, speaking quite gruff
He goes off in a huff;
Lady A., who is now what some call "up to snuff,"
Straight determines to patch
Up a clandestine match
Between the Sea-Captain she dreads like Old Scratch,
And Miss, whom she does not think any great catch
For Ashdale; besides, he won't kick up such shindies
Were she once fairly married, and off to the Indies.

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ACT III.

Miss Violet takes from the Countess her tone;
She agrees to meet Norman "by moonlight alone,"
And slip off to his bark,
"The night being dark,"
Though "the moon," the Sea-Captain says, rises in Heaven
"One hour before midnight,"—*i. e.* at eleven.
From which speech I infer,—
—Though perhaps I may err,—
That, though weatherwise, doubtless, midst surges and surf, he
When "capering on shore," was by no means a Murphy.

He starts off, however, at sunset to reach
An old chapel in ruins, that stands on the beach,
Where the Priest is to bring, as he's promised by letter, a
Paper to prove his name, "birthright," &c.
Being rather too late,
Gaussen, lying in wait,
Has just given Father Onslow a knock on the pate,
But bolts, seeing Norman, before he has wrested
From the hand of the Priest, as Sir Maurice requested,
The marriage certificate duly attested.
Norman kneels by the clergyman fainting and gory,
And begs he won't die till he's told him his story;
The Father complies,
Re-opens his eyes,
And tells him all how and about it—and dies!

ACT IV.

Norman, *alias* Le Mesnil, instructed of all,
Goes back, though it's getting quite late for a call,
Hangs his hat and his cloak on a peg in the hall,
And tells the proud Countess it's useless to smother
The fact any longer—he knows she's his mother,
His Pa's wedded Spouse.
She questions his *vows*,
And threatens to have him turn'd out of the house.
He still perseveres,
Till, in spite of her fears,
She admits he's the son she had cast off for years,
And he gives her the papers "all blister'd with tears,"
When Ashdale, who chances his nose in to poke,
Takes his hat and his cloak
Just as if in a joke,
Determined to put in his wheel a new spoke,
And slips off thus disguised, when he sees by the dial it
's time for the rendezvous fixed with Miss Violet.
—Captain Norman, who, after all, feels rather sore
At his mother's reserve, vows to see her no more,
Rings the bell for the servant to open the door,
And leaves his Mamma in a fit on the floor.

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ACT V.

Now comes the Catastrophe—Ashdale, who's wrapt in
The cloak, with the hat and the plume of the Captain,
Leads Violet down through the grounds to the chapel,
Where Gaussen's concealed—he springs forward to grapple
The man he's erroneously led to suppose
Captain Norman himself, by the cut of his clothes.
In the midst of their strife,
And just as the knife
Of the Pirate is raised to deprive him of life,
The Captain comes forward, drawn there by the squeals
Of the Lady, and knocking Giles head over heels,
Fractures his "nob,"
Saves the hangman a job,
And executes justice more strictly, the rather,
'Twas the spot where the rascal had murder'd his father.
Then in comes the mother,
Who, finding one brother
Had the instant before sav'd the life of another,
Explains the whole case,
Ashdale puts a good face
On the matter; and, since he's obliged to give place,
Yields his coronet up with a pretty good grace;
Norman vows he won't have it—the kinsmen embrace,—
And the Captain, the first in this generous race,
To remove every handle
For gossip and scandal,
Sets the whole of the papers alight with the candle;
An arrangement takes place—on the very same night, all
Is settled and done, and the points the most vital
Are, N. takes the personals; A., in requital,
Keeps the whole real property, Mansion, and Title.
V. falls to the share of the Captain, and tries a
Sea-voyage as a bride in the "Royal Eliza."
Both are pleased with the part they acquire as joint heirs,
And old Maurice Beevor is bundled down stairs!

MORAL.

The public, perhaps, with the drama might quarrel
If deprived of all epilogue, prologue, and moral,
This may serve for all three then:

"Young Ladies of property,
Let Lady A.'s history serve as a stopper t' ye;
Don't wed with low people beneath your degree,
And if you 've a baby, don't send it to sea!

"Young Noblemen! shun every thing like a brawl;
And be sure when you dine out, or go to a ball,
Don't take the best hat that you find in the hall,
And leave one in its stead that 's worth nothing at all!
Old Knights, don't give bribes! above all, never urge a man
To steal people's things, or to stick an old Clergyman!

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"And you, ye Sea-Captains! who've nothing to do
But to run round the world, fight, and drink till all's blue,
And tell us tough yarns, and then swear they are true,
Reflect, notwithstanding your sea-faring life,
That you can't get on well, long, without you've a wife,
So get one at once, treat her kindly and gently,
Write a Nautical novel,—and send it to Bentley!"

VINCENT EDEN;

OR, THE OXONIAN.

BY QUIP.

CHAPTER X.

CONTAINS A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS AT HENLEY.

THE indisposition of the sable sufferer above stairs was by no means allowed to interfere with the hilarity of the dinner party below. In vain had his Royal Highness repeatedly intimated, through the medium of his secretary, his inability to proceed to Oxford that night, in consequence of the severe cold and fever which he had contracted through his ardent desire of witnessing every thing English,—in vain had he implored the revellers, through the same respectable agency, to allow him a little repose from their uproarious festivities. The cloth had been withdrawn, the wine circulated, and the healths of the Mayor and Corporation of Henley been drunk individually, collectively, and in short, according to every possible form and modification of modern toast-giving; while Mr. Richardson Lane was already half way through a curiously compounded recitation, expressive of the humours of a country fair, into which he had dashed headlong at the request of the above mentioned dignitaries of Henley.

"Walk this way, ladies and gentlemen—this way, if you please. Here you are—a penny a peep, twopence a show, and a long look for sixpence. Stand out of the way, you little rascals, with dirty hands and no halfpence in 'em, and let them nice well-behaved young gentlemen, with clean faces and copper coins in their fingers, come and see what they'll first tell me they never saw before, and then go home and tell their grannies they want to see again immediately, if not sooner.

"Here you are—gingerbread nuts—gingerbread nuts, all hot! all hot! Try 'em, buy 'em, buy 'em, try 'em—all hot, gingerbread nuts. (*With a sigh*)—Oh, what beauties!

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"Now, my little dears, put your heads down here, blow your noses, and don't breathe upon the glasses. Here you have a grand historical melodramatical panoramy of everything that ever happened up to the very last moment afore you put your blessed little noses against the peep-holes.

"Here you are—three flings with three sticks at three silver snuff-boxes for one penny. Them as don't play can't win, and them as lose don't say nothing at all about it. Three flings for one penny.

"Now, then, my little dears, in the first compartment you see a grand hallegorical combat between Thomson's Seasons. In the front is a most terrific combat between Summer and Winter, both of which gentlemen is armed with double barrelled swords, and cut-and-thrust pistols; while the Torrid Zone is a-playing the devil with a ragged regiment of runaway icicles, which he has routed and overtaken in the background. In the second compartment you behold a most magnificent representation of the siege of Algiers by Brutus in Mesopotamia. Please to take notice that the Christian slaves is a-sarving out the red-hot cannon-balls with their naked and most innocent fingers, while the misguided Moslemites is all attired in the hantique harmour of Henry the Eighth.

"Now, then, don't you listen to that there humbug, but come and take a look at the three celebrated brothers, Ali, Muley, and Hassan, just arrived from the Archipelago. Performance to begin every quarter of an hour, at which time the elder brother, Ali, will take a lighted torch in his hand, throw a flip-flap, and jump down the throat of the second brother, Muley. The second brother, Muley, will then in his turn take a lighted torch, throw a flip-flap, and jump down the throat of his younger brother Hassan. The younger brother, Hassan, will then also take a lighted torch, throw a flip-flap precisely similar to those of his elder brothers, and terminate the performance by jumping down his own throat. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen,—now's your time.

"Compartment the third and last. The pursuit of the Egyptians after the Israelites over the Red Sea. This compartment contains two divisions. In the first you see Pharaoh and his host, all alive and healthy, previous to their paying for their places, and getting on board the steamer. 'Please, Mr. Showman, which is Pharaoh?' That gentleman in the red coat, my dear, is Pharaoh, and that other gentleman in the green unwhisperables is his host. Now turn to the second division, and you will discover the actual passage over the sea—the Israelites a-flying, the Egyptians a-pursuing. 'Please, sir, I don't see no Israelites.' No, my dear; they've all passed safely over. 'And *I* don't see the Egyptians, Mr. Showman.' Don't you, my dear? That's because the sea swallowed them all up afore you paid your penny.

"And, 'tis, oh! the dancing and delights,
And oh! the lollipops and lights,
And oh! the fair ones and the frights,
And oh! the days, and oh! the nights,
You see at a country fair!"

"Well, I call that good, and no mistake," said the Mayor, as soon as the acclamations which followed had partially subsided.

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"So do I," said Raffleton. "It is some satisfaction at least to find, that the office which I once, however unworthily, filled, the office of President of the illustrious Society of Brothers, has fallen into such able hands during my absence. Gentlemen, I'll give you Mr. Lane's health, three times three, if you'll allow me."

The toast was given, and drunk accordingly.

"I say," said one of the Corporation, "I wonder what the crier meant this morning. He was crying it all over the place, just before the boat-race, that a gentleman was going to address the free and independent inhabitants of Henley in front of the White Hart. I wonder who it is."

"That," said Raffleton. "that I think I shall be able to explain. The reception which I have universally, I may say, met with from all classes in Henley, and the kind manner in which I have been fêted in every possible way, I humbly conceived to require some acknowledgment on my part. For that purpose, I ordered dinner early; and, precisely as the clock strikes seven, the window of this very room will be thrown open, and I shall make my appearance before an enlightened multitude with a neat speech from the window, and a barrel of beer at the door. Simple process, eh?"

"Why, really," said the Mayor, "I don't know. If I might venture to—I—don't you think, Mr. Raffleton—eh?—that—"

"Why," said the ex-President of the Brothers' Club, "you see, Mr. Mayor, it is rather too late to think at all about it. It's just seven—and"—

"But sir," interposed one of the Corporation, "don't you think it may lead to serious consequences? The passions of the mob—the windows might be broken—and you see—"

"Oh no," said Raffleton, "no fear. I merely wish to return thanks for the kind manner in which the grown-up people have made me a member of their cricket clubs, and the little boys stayed away from school on purpose to 'fag out,' for me. I—but it's just seven—the people must have assembled. Just look here," added he, rushing to the window, and motioning to the company to follow, which they did to a man, and discovered, to the particular horror of the Mayor and Corporation, who had pledged themselves in enormous handbills for the preservation of the utmost tranquillity during the day's proceedings, a large majority of the floating population of Henley gathered together in front of the White Hart, humming like bees, the hats and bonnets being interestingly relieved with the paper caps of mechanics, and red dittos of butchers' boys, in sufficient quantity to give the idea of a French Revolution in miniature.

In vain the terrified Mayor clutched at the arms, neck, and legs of his singular entertainer; in vain the Corporation implored him, with semi-tears in their official eyes, to relinquish his undertaking; held back by Eden and his friends, they at length gave up the struggle—the window was thrown open,—and the curiosity of the somewhat motley assembly beneath instantaneously gratified by the most unhesitating and unblushing appearance of Mr. John Raffleton thereat.

The Mayor and his colleagues shrunk back into the innermost recesses of the room.

That remarkable animal which mine host, Mr Williams, has selected to represent the sign of the White Hart of Henley, stands, or rather

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reclines not now, where once it reclined,—having been most unnaturally elevated from its old position immediately above the door of the inn, to the more exalted situation of the genius of the house-top. In the days, however, of which I am speaking, there it sate, exactly above the door, and equally exactly in front of the window which Mr. John Raffleton had selected for his rhetorical display.

To the additional horror of the Mayor, if addition there could be to that which was already complete, upon this extraordinary monster's back did the orator forthwith proceed to mount himself, quitting the window, and grasping firmly hold of a horn with one hand, while the other was suffered to repose, in an attitude of graceful gratitude, upon that part of a buff waistcoat which concealed his heart.

Three cheers followed this singular proceeding, under cover of which Raffleton delicately insinuated his head over his left shoulder, and requested the paralysed Mayor to ring the bell, and give an unlimited order for "Beer to those gentlemen," whom he was about to address.

The order was executed by Eden and his friends, not one of the Corporation being capable of muscular exertion of any kind, through pure fear.

"Gentlemen!" said Raffleton. No further was he allowed to proceed. "Worthy burgesses" might have done—"Free and independent inhabitants of Henley" they might have stood—but "Gentlemen!" The title was absolutely new. Shouts of applause followed.

"Gentlemen," resumed the orator, "I felt that to leave Henley without expressing my regret thereat, as well as gratitude for the uniform kindness I have received during my stay, would be, to say the least, unworthy of a man and a Briton.—Beer to those gentlemen."

The ale and applause were respectively repeated.

"It is a peculiar satisfaction to me," continued Raffleton, "that, in now taking my leave of you for the present, I am enabled to state a piece of intelligence, of which I have this day been the vehicle—an unworthy vehicle, perhaps—a slow coach, as a man may say, but still the vehicle.—More beer to those gentlemen."

Aristotle condemns the having recourse to any adventitious and unnatural resources in addressing a multitude. Aristotle never addressed the inhabitants of Henley, or he would have included beer as a requisite for popularity.

"That piece of intelligence," continued the orator triumphantly, "I received this very morning, in a letter from a near and dear relative of my own, who has the honour of holding a situation in the Ministry of this country. It appears that it has long been in contemplation to bestow on the ancient and loyal town of Henley on Thames the right of returning a member to serve in Parliament. (Terrific cheers.) That moment has at length arrived. The traffic by water, the trade by land, the industry, temperance, and sobriety of its inhabitants all demanded it.—A barrel of beer to those gentlemen.

"It is the wish of that exemplary and amiable public functionary, your never-sufficiently-to-be-respected Mayor, who is now present in that very room," (a groan from the Mayor,) "and under whose auspices I have now ventured to address you, that I should lose no time in soliciting your suffrages as a candidate for your first representation in Parliament." (Cheers, mingled with some expressions of incredulity, and cries of "Where is the Mayor? Let us see him.")

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Raffleton turned to the window. The unfortunate Mayor had incautiously advanced within reach, and was instantly seized by the orator, and drawn forward amidst loud shouts from the populace of—"It's all right—three cheers for the Mayor!"

The Mayor, who was a timid gentleman, with a sallow face and black hair, or what Raffleton called "a coal-and-candle-coloured man," turned deadly white at the prominence of his position, and tried to utter some explanatory words, but was cut short by loud shouts of "What are your politics, old boy?" to Raffleton.

"My politics," said the orator, rather taken aback, "my politics are —hum—the same as those of the Mayor and Corporation."

This was peculiarly distinct. The Mayor had never had a political opinion in his life, and the Corporation had as many as there were members of that most sapient body.

"What do you say to the window-tax," came audibly from the crowd.

"About the window-tax," said Raffleton, "there can be but one opinion. When I look around me,—when I see so many fair faces darting, from those very panes which are the subject of the tax, looks of the utmost kindness upon the humble individual who is now addressing you,—I think there should be—most decidedly—*no* window-tax. (Loud Cheers.)

"I shall now," continued the candidate for the representation of the future borough of Henley-upon-Thames, "conclude by leaving my cause in your hands, till the writ for the election is moved, convinced that it cannot be left in better—nor (*sotto voce*) in dirtier.—A butt of beer to those gentlemen."

Here the orator dismounted from the White Hart, and withdrew through the window, amidst the most discordant shouts from his self-created constituency.

The excitement, however, which Raffleton had caused among his auditors was not so easily to be laid; and while the orator was endeavouring to calm the outraged feelings of the Mayor within, sundry exclamations arose from such of the gentlemen beneath as had finished their beer, intimating an especial desire to be indulged with a speech from that highly respectable functionary's own mouth, in confirmation of what Raffleton had advanced.

There is no saying how far the autocrat of the corporation might have been frightened into complying with their request. His first impulse was to come forward and deny all knowledge of the proceedings to which Raffleton had alluded. A little reflection, however, told him he was no speaker; and such was the state of his mind when an unforeseen incident occurred to liberate him from his doubts, and rivet the attention of the fickle population below.

Immediately in front of the White Hart, and edging himself gradually in among the crowd, which speedily formed into a circle around him, there suddenly appeared a black man, very much resembling the Crown Prince of Ootaloota, except that his face was a little blacker, and his coat taken off for the purpose of leaving his arms free. The man was a juggler. In his hand he carried a little carpet, upon which he proceeded to seat himself, and taking from a boy who followed him several small bags, he forthwith commenced a variety of tricks common to that class of itinerants. First he swallowed a small armoury of swords and daggers, then he tossed up a number of gilt balls in the

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air, catching them all with wonderful dexterity; and finally, up went a little wooden tree, with timber leaves and imitation birds upon it, which he balanced on his forehead, while with a tube supported in his mouth he commenced an indiscriminate slaughter with parched peas upon the specimens of ornithology above.

At last the exhibition closed, and down came a handful of halfpence from the windows of the White Hart, and elsewhere.

"I say," said Raffleton, who had by this time succeeded in pacifying the astounded dignitaries of Henley, "I say, come up here, my man, and do that over again, will you?"

The juggler willingly complied. Meanwhile the crowd, finding there was no prospect of any farther fun, dispersed in different directions, to be in time for the fireworks which were to be let off at the water-side.

"Well," said Mr. Richardson Lane, when the juggler had performed sundry more astonishing evolutions, "I must say you're a first-rate fellow, you are. Take some sherry, will you?"

"Very like the Crown Prince," said Raffleton.

"Not unlike, really," said Eden. "What do you call yourself?" added he to the juggler.

"Mumbo Jumbo," said the man, tossing off a second glass of sherry.

"Very nice name," said Raffleton. "A negro you call yourself, I suppose?"

"Why, gentlemen," said the man, scratching his head with a humorous air, and alternately gazing at the company and the third glass of sherry to which he had been helped, "why, gentlemen, you see, Mumbo Jumbo, isn't exactly my real name, — only my travelling one. My real name is Giles Grump, and I come out of Yorkshire."

"Then that complexion isn't natural?" said Eden.

"No, sir," said Mumbo Jumbo; "but it's good for trade. A white man's a every day occurrence, — so I had my ears bored, and lamp-blacked and pomatumed myself in no time. Always carry my complexion in this here little bag, I do."

While Mumbo Jumbo was giving this account of himself and his profession, it was very evident, from the abstracted air of Raffleton, that he was revolving something of unusual interest in his mind. Meanwhile Mumbo Jumbo was enjoying his sherry with intense satisfaction.

"Is—is it — does it take long, I mean, to black your face in that way?" asked Raffleton at length of the conjurer.

"Oh no, sir — done in a minute," said Mumbo Jumbo, *alias* Giles Grump. "They use it at the theatres when they play Othello."

"Come off easily, does it?" asked Raffleton.

"Oh yes, sir, uncommon easy," was the answer. "I could show you how to do it in no time."

"Ah!" said Raffleton,—"ah! yes." Here he resumed his meditations for a few moments, totally unmoved by the various expressions of curiosity respecting his intentions which broke from the circle around him. Presently he commenced afresh.

"*One* more glass of sherry," said he, in the most insinuating of tones to the conjurer.

Mumbo Jumbo opened his mouth very wide to grin, and then still wider, to make room for the proffered sherry.

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"Could—could you black *my* face?" was Raffleton's next question.

The mayor edged his chair away from his host, as if he began to entertain a strong confirmation of a previous opinion which he had formed,—*viz.* that he was sitting next to a lunatic.

"Your face, sir?" said Mumbo Jumbo. "To be sure, sir. I'd do anything for you,—and such tipple as this here, sir."

"What in the name of goodness have you got in your head?" asked Mr. Richardson Lane. This inquiry was echoed by all the party.

"Head?" said Raffleton. "The best part of a bottle of port, and a sublime idea. Nothing more."

To state what this sublime idea was, or, indeed, to follow the conversation any further, would be, in the present stage of the proceedings, to do away with any little interest which might possibly attach itself to our next Chapter. We shall therefore content ourselves with the simple statement, that at the departure of the Mayor and Corporation, which took place soon afterwards, Mr. John Raffleton might have been seen sitting by the bedside of his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Ootaloota, manifesting particular satisfaction at being informed that he was positively too ill to proceed to Oxford till the morning, and instituting sundry inquiries into the nature of the territory of Ootaloota, and the extent of his Royal Highness's acquaintance with the before-mentioned missionary, Birch.

CHAPTER XI.

TRANSPORTS THE READER BACK TO OXFORD.

WHILE these proceedings are enacting at Henley, the course of events requires that we should return to the head-quarters of our story at Oxford, and bring the reader once more into close contact with that important personage, the Reverend Burnaby Birch.

The preparations requisite for the comfort of his expected visiter, the Crown Prince, had made it an unusually busy day for the Reverend Burnaby. The opposite rooms to his own had been fitted up for the reception of so distinguished a guest; the scout had been expressly ordered to keep an enormous warming-pan in readiness for his Royal Highness's retirement to his couch, and the Reverend Burnaby himself was seated over against an extensive cold supper, which he had considerately ordered, to impress his visiter with a favourable idea of college hospitality.

As the time, however, drew near for his arrival, the worthy Burnaby began to feel sundry misgivings as to his own wisdom in having given the invitation. He knew nothing either of his Royal Highness himself, or of the customs of the country from which he came. Ootaloota was to him, as to Raffleton, an unknown district. All that he had ever heard of his intended guest was through the letters of his brother, the missionary, and they merely stated the Prince's kindness to himself, and intention to visit England. Furthermore, inasmuch as the letter of invitation to stay with him during his visit to Oxford had been answered in the affirmative by his Royal Highness's private secretary, the reverend gentleman was not exactly sure whether his sable guest would be able to converse with him in such language as he would himself be

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able to comprehend. Upon the whole, therefore, he began to think he had done rather a silly thing.

"However, it can't be helped now," said the Reverend Burnaby to himself. "I hope he won't stay long. I shall get him off to bed as soon as I can to-night. I wonder what sort of English he speaks. Not much of a hand at that, I take it. Cold beef is a language everybody understands, though,—and these pickles are Indian, so they're quite in his way. Besides, after all, I should like to hear something of my brother. If he brings any interpreters or servants they must sleep at the Star—that's all. Richard!"

This invocation was answered by the scout, who appeared most elaborately adorned with a white neckcloth for the occasion.

"Richard," said his master. "I think it will be as well to have two of the college servants to stand with lanterns to light the Prince through the quadrangle."

In the propriety of this arrangement Richard fully acquiesced, and withdrew to execute it. Presently the Reverend James Smiler made his appearance, having been invited to supper, in consideration of his having given up his own rooms for the accommodation of his friend's expected guest; and, furthermore, of his having composed the Latin oration in which the worthy proctor had to propose his Royal Highness for a D.C.L. on the following day. The host now began to feel more at his ease.

Not long afterwards, a post-chaise drew up before the gates of the College. The porter was all alacrity; the scouts with lanterns rushed forward; and out of the vehicle deliberately descended a stout individual, of a most Oriental appearance, whose dark visage and singular costume at once announced to the submissive menials the expected arrival. The men with the lanterns bowed; and the black gentleman requested, in very tolerable English, to be shown to the Reverend Burnaby Birch's apartments. At the gates stood a knot of undergraduates looking at him.

"This way, your lordship," said the men with the lanterns, and away marched the black gentleman after them across the quadrangle, and was ushered with great state into the presence of the two ecclesiastics.

"I—I am delighted and honoured beyond measure, your Royal Highness," began the Reverend Burnaby.

"No, sir," said the gentleman in the turban: "I am not the Prince—I am only his interpreter. His Royal Highness has sent me to say he is ill, and unable to come to Oxford till to-morrow morning."

"Indeed, sir," said the Reverend Burnaby; "I am truly sorry. How is that?"

The foreign gentleman proceeded to recount the unfortunate accident which his patron had met with, and his inability to leave his bed that evening.

"Dear me," said the Proctor, "this is unfortunate. I hope, sir, that at all events you will stay with us till his Royal Highness's arrival."

"Thank you, sir," said the interpreter; "I must return to-night."

"At any rate you will take some supper, sir," said the Proctor.

"Why—thank you, sir," said the black gentleman; and after a little persuasion down he sat. As the meal proceeded, the Reverend

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Burnaby began to ask various questions respecting Ootaloota, how long they had been in England, &c. &c., to all of which he received most fluent answers.

"Pray, sir," said the Proctor, "I don't know—perhaps you may remember a brother of mine—a missionary—a Mr. Birch—eh?—who was out there?"

"Oh, perfectly, sir," said his guest.

"His Royal Highness was very kind to him, he wrote me word," pursued the Proctor.

"Yes, sir," said the interpreter, who seemed for some reason or other desirous of changing the subject.

"How was he, sir, when you saw him last, may I ask?" said the Reverend Burnaby.

"I believe, sir, he was very well in health," replied the interpreter.

"Good gracious! sir, you speak as if something had happened to him which I am not aware of," said the Proctor.

"Oh no, sir," said the interpreter; "nothing particular, I assure you."

"Pray let me know all, sir," said the agonized Burnaby.

"Oh, sir, it was nothing—a mere nothing. The fact was, that at first he was a very zealous missionary, and his Royal Highness was very fond of him; but latterly—"

"Yes, sir," said the Proctor; "latterly what?"

"Latterly, sir, he took to a more idle course of life. He used to lie on a couch of feathers all day—"

"Feathers!" said the astonished Burnaby.

"Feathers," said the black man, "while two slaves flapped him to sleep with other feathers."

"Flapped him to sleep!" ejaculated Burnaby. "He was such an active—quiet man!"

"Yes, sir, he altered sadly," said his informant. "His seraglio was the talk of all Ootaloota."

"Good heavens!" said the Reverend Burnaby. "You are not serious, sir, surely?"

"I am, indeed, sir," said the interpreter. "I am very sorry you have asked me, because I know how painful such things are to the feelings; but—"

What he was about to say, or what other tales might have come out of the missionary's delinquencies, can never be known; for just at that moment the scout announced that a man had brought a letter for the Proctor, and wished to speak to him outside.

At this news the interpreter jumped up, and suddenly announced his intention of departing immediately. The Proctor strove in vain to detain him; and, after assuring him that his Royal Highness would most probably be there in time for the Commemoration, his guest rushed hastily from the room, nearly knocking the man down who was waiting outside.

"Where do you come from?" he heard the Proctor ask.

"Henley, sir," said the man.

"The devil you do!" said Mr. John Raffleton, for he was the interpreter, and he rushed furiously out of the college gates.

What the letter contained, and the result thereof, will be seen hereafter.

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